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The criticism that we have too much politics in this country, and that elections are so frequent that it is impossible to persuade citizens to do their duty and go to the polls, is familiar; but, at the present time, the trouble seems to be quite the reverse. In an off year, when the interest aroused by the last election would be supposed to have died out, and when, under ordinary circumstances, it would be too early for active interest in the general election of next year, the political pot is seething and boiling, and safety-valves, in the form of special conventions, are being established throughout the country to let off the superfluous steam.

At the very time when the Argonaut was urging the calling of a convention of prominent men representing the various material interests of the State to discuss the monetary question, a body of silver advocates was calling a silver convention to be held next month, and a few days later, Senator Stephen M. White suggested the calling of a Democratic

silver convention in this State. These movements do not exactly meet the suggestion of the Argonaut. They have the fatal defect of being partisan in their inception and their intention. The silver convention is called in reality for the purpose of obtaining a declaration in favor of free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. This defeats the object suggested by the Argonaut of obtaining the opinion of the people of this State, and would exclude all those not in favor of the free coinage of silver at the proposed ratio. The purpose of the suggested Democratic silver convention is even more partisan. It is an attempt to take advantage of the feeling on the monetary question before the Republicans have an opportunity to do so. The purpose is not honest, and, should the convention be held subsequent to one similar to that suggested by the Argonaut, it may safely be predicted that the resolutions of the two conventions would be identical. The probability of holding the Democratic silver convention at the present time is very slim, however, for Chairman Gould of the Democratic Central Committee has declared that he sees no reason for calling such a convention. By which we may see that Mr. Gould is a better politician than Senator White.

The names suggested in the Argonaut last week as among those who should be delegates to such a convention were purely tentative. They were intended to suggest the character rather than the personnel of the delegates. Such a convention should be composed of prominent business men identified with all of the various material interests of the State and selected from every part of the State. The convention should be essentially non-political, the politicians should be rigidly excluded, and it should be convened for the sole purpose of obtaining free discussion and a well considered expression of the opinion of the State rather than to indorse any preconceived policy.

Throughout the United States there is deep interest on this silver question, and it is found in the discussions that have resulted that a wide variety of opinion exists. Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who has taken so prominent a position in favor of the free coinage of silver, found recently that he was not supported by his constituents, and a mass meeting in Philadelphia repudiated his attitude on this question. In Colorado, the home of the silver advocate, the League of Republican Clubs voted down a resolution declaring in favor of free and unlimited coinage at a ratio of sixteen to one. In Oregon, the League of Republican Clubs, after warm discussion, elected anti-silver delegates to the National Convention of Republican clubs, and the latter body has refused to make any declaration upon the silver question. A convention held in Memphis adopted very much the position that has been maintained by the Argonaut. It declared in favor of the gold standard in case international bimetalism can not be secured, but favored the use of both metals under international agreement. It further proposed to retire all circulating notes of a smaller denomination than ten dollars, excepting the silver certificates, in order to create a demand for the silver dollars and silver certificates.

It is clear from these various developments that the opinion on the monetary question is by no means settled; and as the question is not a partisan one, but one that involves the material interest of the whole country, the solid men of the country should not hesitate to come forward and express what, in their opinion, based upon their experience and their judgment, is the best policy for the country to pursue.

For the present, at least, the cause of ignorance has suffered defeat in the Manitoba Roman Catholic school fight. The Manitoba Legislature has refused to follow the instructions of the governor-general to reestablish the separate schools in that province, but has instead adopted a memorial to him, urging that he reconsider the question and withdraw his order. The result of this for the present will be to retain the single non-sectarian school system, but the fight is not yet ended. It will now be carried to Ottawa, where it will probably be fought in the Dominion

Parliament with even more bitterness than has marked its progress in the provincial legislature.

The contest extends back to the Educational Reform Bill passed by the Manitoba legislature in 1890. This bill abolished the separate Roman Catholic schools that had formerly existed, and provided that all of the public funds should be employed in the support of non-sectarian schools. The reason for this action was a recognition of the fact that by maintaining separate schools they were dividing the funds and weakening the efficiency of all the schools. It was necessary to maintain double establishments at a heavy increase in expense over what would be required to teach the same number of children in the single, non-sectarian schools. In addition to this, it was found that the separate Roman Catholic schools were inefficient as conducted by the Roman Catholic section of the board of education; that they did not possess the attributes of efficient modern public schools; and that their conduct, management, and regulation were defective. The result was that illiteracy and half-education were becoming far more common, and the province realized that they must reform the system and concentrate the work of the schools as an act of self-preservation. Prior to 1890, and since the admission of Manitoba in 1870, the Roman Catholics had enjoyed separate schools, and as these schools were mentioned in the constitution of the province, it was supposed that their maintenance was guaranteed by that constitution. In the discussions, however, it was pointed out that the provincial legislature was given unlimited power over the establishment and regulation of schools in the province. The theory that the maintenance of the separate schools was guaranteed by the constitution was incompatible with this provision, and it was therefore abandoned.

The provincial legislature then took up the question, and in the law of 1890 abolished the separate schools. Under the constitution of the province, the minority, where they feel that they have not been properly treated, may appeal to the governor-general of Canada for a remedial order. If this order is not carried out by the provincial legislature, it loses jurisdiction over the matter and the Dominion Parliament acquires jurisdiction and may act. Under this provision of the constitution, the Roman Catholics of Manitoba appealed to the governor-general, and he issued an order directing the provincial legislature to reestablish the separate schools. It was upon this order that the memorial was adopted last week. Under the regular procedure, the matter would now go to the Dominion Parliament, which would have power only to adopt a law enforcing the order of the governor-general. Should he interfere, however, and withdraw or modify this order, the Dominion Parliament would not act.

Should withdrawal or modification not be made, the Dominion Parliament would then act, and under these circumstances several important questions would arise. In the first place, it has been argued that the Dominion Parliament acquires the jurisdiction only for the purpose of carrying out and enforcing, in the form of a statute, the order of the governor-general, and its power ceases immediately upon the passage of such a statute. It would, therefore, have no power to act again in the matter. So far as the Dominion Parliament is concerned, then, the law thus passed would be perpetual, they having no power to repeal it. On the other hand, the provincial legislature has no power to repeal an act of the Dominion Parliament. Thus the establishment of the separate schools in this way, it is claimed by some, would be perpetual. On the other hand, it is argued that if this interpretation of the law is allowed to stand, the provincial legislature may be rendered absolutely helpless and all of its power taken away from it step by step. Thus, in the present case, it would lose its control over one branch of the educational system in the province. Other controversies would deprive it of other powers, until finally it would have no power to act upon any subject, and the constitution would be set aside. It is therefore argued that the only reasonable interpretation is that the provincial legislature would retain its control over the schools, modified only by the act of the Dominion Parliament or the

reestablishment of the separate schools. The provincial legislature may render the order of the Dominion Parliament nugatory by refusing to grant supplies for the separate schools; or it may, after a reasonable lapse of time, argue that the circumstances under which the separate schools were ordered to be reestablished have changed, that there is no longer any reason for separate schools, and it would therefore abolish them. This would place the question again in the position in which it was under the reform law of 1890.

Unusual interest attaches to this question because of the romantic circumstances under which Manitoba was first settled. It was in the year 1811, at the time when all Europe had been prostrated by the exhausting Napoleonic wars, that the Earl of Selkirk, then prominent in the Hudson Bay Company, set apart a large tract of land in the North-West Territory for a colony of Scotch Highlanders. These Scotchmen sailed across the Atlantic in their small boats and landed at Fort York, on Hudson Bay, early in 1812, followed the Nelson River from that point to Lake Winnipeg, and there laid the first foundations of what is now the Province of Manitoba. The Roman Catholics from other parts of Canada came in later, and the perennial religious contest was commenced. The position of Archbishop Langerin, commented upon in these columns some weeks ago, is peculiarly characteristic of the Roman Catholic, and adds to the interest with which the contest will be watched. He seeks to keep the Catholics up to the fight by appealing to their superstition and their fear of the penalties that the church might impose. He declares that those who do not strive to deliver over the public schools to the Roman Catholic Church are not Roman Catholics and can not enjoy the benefits of religion. The contest will be watched with extreme interest; but it is impossible to see how the governor-general can decide against the majority of the provincial legislature, the majority of the people of Manitoba, and the cause of civilization and intelligence throughout the world.

In a recent number of the *Argonaut*, there was a large advertisement, inserted by Mr. Victor F. Lawson, publisher of the *Chicago Record*, who offered the handsome sum of fifty thousand dollars to authors for "original stories, no parts of which have ever been heretofore published." The stories were to be "stories of mystery," the mystery not to be made known until the last chapter. The first prize to be paid in this competition was ten thousand dollars, and so on down, the smallest prize being five hundred dollars, of which five were offered. This advertisement has been printed in all the leading journals of the United States, and the tidal wave of stories which will deluge the *Chicago Record* will be enormous. It may be well to say here that the *Chicago Record* is not the only paper which is offering prizes to authors for stories. This is a fashion which has been pursued for years by a paper published in Boston called the *Youth's Companion*, and which is said to have the largest circulation of any periodical published in the United States. The fashion of offering prizes for stories has been taken up recently by numbers of other periodicals, generally daily papers desiring to extend their circulation by offering prizes to the successful guessers at the mysteries involved in the plot. It is therefore not a very high order of literary competition. The competition of the *Youth's Companion*, however, has always been on an honest literary basis, and has offered prizes purely for merit.

But this is not what we started out to discuss. It is not so much the merit of the stories as the mass of them. We learn that in the competition just closed by the *Youth's Companion*, seven thousand two hundred manuscripts were received! Out of these it is probable that more than a majority were of extreme mediocrity; yet when they are returned to their writers, they will constitute a vast mass of literary material which will hang heavily over the market, very much as the late Senator Fair's cornered wheat has hung over the wheat-crop of the present year. A journal published in New York, called the *Author's Journal*, and which announces itself as "devoted to the interests of writers," has an article in its last number in which it draws a gloomy picture of the "literary outlook." According to the *Author's Journal*, this new scheme of offering prizes for stories is calculated to break down the market rates for literary matter.

The *Author's Journal* points out the fact that a stimulus is given to many writers who otherwise would not enter into the production of manuscript, and that many of these are "amateurs." It is difficult to say what an amateur writer is. Technical rulings should be provided, such as those by which the League of American Wheelmen transfers riders from one class to another and bars out professionals when they have begun accepting money prizes. It is difficult to define an "amateur." Does the *Author's Journal* believe that an author who has accepted a money prize from the

Chicago Record or the *Youth's Companion* ceases to be an amateur and becomes a professional?

But, waiving this delicate point, there is much behind the gloomy prognostications of the *Author's Journal*. There is no doubt that the large prizes offered for short stories are stimulating unnumbered writers all over the country. It is true, as has been said, that the capital required for an author is a few sheets of paper and a bottle of ink. We may add, however, that for a successful author there is generally required a small stock of brains. This, however, does not occur as an indispensable requisite to the hordes of young persons who are rushing into the inky arena.

If a single publication has received by its prize competition over seven thousand manuscripts, the aggregate number entering into these contests must be very large. Inasmuch as there are at least ten or a dozen of these contests now raging, including the one inaugurated by the *New York Herald*, which we noticed at length some months ago, it is probable that there must be some fifty or sixty thousand manuscripts now in process of incubation, of preparation, or of editorial deglutition, in addition to the ordinary output from the manuscript mills throughout the country, which output is very large. As the *Author's Journal* remarks, many of these stories, in fact most of them, are doomed to be rejected. This vast amount of material will then be thrown upon the manuscript market, breaking down rates which the *Author's Journal* claims are at present inadequate.

What the outlook will be, it is difficult to tell. It is probable that if this glut in the market continues, good, fair to average love-stories can be bought for about two dollars a thousand words—they are now bringing from four to five dollars; while serials aggregating from seventy-five thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand words will certainly go a-begging at from fifty to seventy-five cents per thousand words, owing to the lack of demand. We very much fear that the authors of the country have been injudicious in accepting these glittering offers held out to them by the publishers of the land. It is only another instance of the vampire publisher preying upon the innocent and hapless writer.

The indications that the South African mines are nearing the limit of their production, and the consequent decline of interest in them in London and Paris mining circles, has turned the attention of investors toward the mines of this country. It is probable that in the near future many important transfers of mining properties will take place. The activity which has existed here on this account has caused some confusion to observers, and erroneous reports have been spread around. As an instance, the sale of the Kennedy Mine, in Amador County, to a French syndicate for \$2,000,000 has been widely reported and with great detail. This sale was announced in the papers here some days ago, but, as a matter of fact, there is no truth in it. The confusion arose from the fact that Douglas L. V. Brown, a mining engineer of Denver, was sent out here by a French syndicate to examine certain mining properties. At the same time he received a commission from an Eastern syndicate to examine the Kennedy Mine. His examination of the Kennedy has been completed and his report sent to the syndicate, and it is probable that the mine will change hands before long at a price in the neighborhood of the \$2,000,000.

Many other mines are being honed by French and English capitalists, and there is activity in all directions. Among the larger mines that are being investigated by foreign capital beside the Kennedy, already spoken of, are the Rawhide, which a London syndicate has bonded for \$2,000,000; a number of mines in Amador and Nevada Counties, upon some of which the French syndicate, already mentioned, has obtained options, and others of which it is still examining; the Bullyshorp Mine, on the boundary of Trinity and Shasta Counties, which has been bonded to an English syndicate for one-half million; the Bachman, in Calaveras County, which has been lying idle for fifteen years, and has recently been bonded and will be put in operation. In the New York district, in San Bernardino County, fifteen claims have been bonded by an Eastern syndicate. The Bay City Mine, in Amador, has been bonded for \$161,000. The Iron Mountain Mine, in Shasta County, is reported to have been recently sold to two factions in London, one of which represents the Rothschilds. The French syndicate, which has been examining Amador and Nevada County mines, sent out here Baron de Choisy, representing the Society of Industries, Mining, and Sciences of France, M. Bourgade, editor of the *Paris Matin*, and Douglas Brown, already mentioned. Their reports have been favorable on most of the properties, and will undoubtedly result in several purchases and extensive developments. The result of the publicity thus given to the mines of California in European monetary circles can not but be beneficial, and must result in increased inquiry for properties.

The trouble with the South African mines seems to have

been that the ore becomes poorer as they work down—the output per ton to-day averages about one-half of what it was six years ago. This fault has not been found with the mines in this State, as is shown by the fact that the two largest producers are already down long distances; in fact, many of the deepest shafts are in the large-producing mines. The Utica Mine, which produces a quarter of a million a month, is down 1,000 feet; the Idaho-Maryland, in the Grass Valley district, is down 1,015 feet; in Mari-rosa County there are shafts 1,500 feet deep; in Amador, several are 2,000 feet deep, while the North Star and the Eureka at Sutter Creek are down 2,400 feet. The Kennedy Mine has almost reached the 2,000-foot level.

As an example of one of these mines, it is interesting to note somewhat in detail the output of the Kennedy during the last few years. It has been worked intermittently since the time of its first development, which was in the sixties. After about ten years of operation, it remained idle for about the same period, was worked again until 1880, and then allowed to lie idle again until 1887. Prior to 1880, the mine was worked to the 900-foot level, but paid little more than working expenses. Since 1887 the mine has been worked continuously by the present owners. The deepest level opened up now is the 1,950, and above the 1,750 level there remains probably eighteen months of ore in place. The receipts of the mine have been enormous, and show a steady increase as the depth increases. During the year ending November 30, 1890, the mine produced \$217,275.86. The next year the receipts jumped to more than double that amount—\$484,763.07. In 1891-2 there was a slight falling off, the mine producing \$402,279.85; but the next year showed the heaviest production up to the present time, amounting to \$652,188.20. In the year 1893-4 the receipts were \$520,729.85, and during this year, should the present rate be maintained, an even greater output may be expected. From November, 1886, when the mine was reopened under the present management, to the same date, 1894, the total output was \$2,681,188.66, and the total amount of dividends was \$1,412,000. During this year, dividends aggregating \$195,000 have been paid, making a total of \$1,607,000. It is interesting to note that the receipts from the mine and the dividends declared have increased from year to year as the mine reached the lower levels instead of decreasing, and so it has been with other mines of this class which have reached extreme depths. As showing the extensive output of two of the large mines of Montana, the Montana Mining Company's mine turned out in one month this year \$66,300, which would be equal, if continued for a year, to nearly one million of dollars. The Hecla Consolidated Mining Company reported last year total receipts amounting to nearly one-half million of dollars (\$446,769.13).

With the mines in this country producing in such quantities and showing no signs of being worked out, it may be expected that the South African mining boom will be reproduced to a great extent in this country, but with this difference, that the value of the mines will justify the investments that are made in them, and the capitalists, instead of sinking their money in mining properties and receiving disproportionate returns, will receive increased returns from them.

Occasionally there are local items in the Western papers which shed some light on the vexed financial questions of the day. There is such an item in the *Rocky Mountain News* of June 16th. The *News* is published at Denver, in the heart of Silverdom. The item to which we refer is headed "Calling For Gold Coin—Eastern Creditors Of The City Cable Co. Make Demand—Over Five Millions Wanted In Twenty Days." The facts in the item, briefly stated, are these: On July 1, 1888, the Denver City Railway Company gave to the Central Trust Company, of New York, its bonds, amounting to \$3,581,000, "payable in gold coin of the United States of the present standard and fineness." A mortgage was given upon the entire system and its franchises to secure payment of the bonds. Default has been made, and the United States District Court has ordered the property sold to the highest bidder, unless the principal and interest, \$5,062,142.07, "in United States gold coin of the standard weight and fineness existing on July 1, 1888," be paid in twenty days.

The *Denver News* has nothing to say about this item, which appears in its local columns. It has a great deal to say about the silver question generally in its editorial columns, but nothing about this.

Why not?

It seems to us that this Denver local item contains matter worthy of comment by the Denver press. Seven years ago, it seems, the money-lenders of New York, foreseeing silver agitation, were keen enough to demand in payment United States gold coin of a specified weight and fineness, or ounces of gold hulsion of a specified weight and fineness. They

have been doing so ever since. Every bond and mortgage negotiated in New York or in Chicago contains these or similar stipulations. They will continue to contain them. No matter what laws the United States may pass concerning silver, no Federal laws can override contracts. That was definitely settled by the "specific contract law," by which California, during the war, refused to accept the national currency. If this be true—and it is indisputable—how is the country going to be placed on a silver basis, even if a free-silver law should pass? Borrowers will always go where they can get the money; lenders will continue to insert "gold or gold bullion" in their contracts. What are we going to do about it?

Of course the facts we here mention are familiar to financiers. Further back than 1888, the money-lenders and the trust companies of the East began making these stipulations for gold. The financial journals of the East have for years been warning the West of this fact. But this is the first instance that we know of where such a notable foreclosure has taken place, one for so large an amount, and one, as we said, in the heart of Silverdom. It ought to produce a marked effect, yet it produces no editorial comment from the *Denver News*.

In all sincerity, we ask the *Denver News*, how do the silver men intend to circumvent this plan of the gold men? Has it been discussed in silver circles?

Rarely is it that a hook of so solid a nature as Max Nordau's "Degeneration" is widely read. But it is exciting a keen interest, and a fortnight ago there was not a copy to be had in any San Francisco bookstore. Yet the subject is rather a recondite one, for the degeneration which Nordau treats of is physical, or mental. On the other hand, Dr. P. C. Remondino, a San Diego physician who has occasionally contributed to the *Argonaut*, has an article on physical degeneration in a recent number of the *National Review*. It is rather more practical than Nordau's work, and it is certainly interesting. We give some extracts from the article. Dr. Remondino begins by establishing the existence of physical degeneracy:

The existence of an actual physical and inescapable degeneration of the human race as a whole is questionable. If we take individual families—the Rothschilds, for instance, where, for financial reasons and to keep intact the rapidly increasing bulk of its wealth, the family continually intermarries, or some closely intermarrying manufacturing locality—there can be no question that we are degenerating, but take the human race as a whole, and with the continued influx of good sturdy country blood mingling with that of the worn-out families of the cities to renew the stamina, it is doubtful if we are to-day any more degenerate physically than were the Greeks in the earliest days of its medicine, or more morally so than when Cain slew his brother Abel. In those days there were consumptives as well as there then existed the insane; epilepsy and nervous diseases then found their prey as well as now. In former epochs the mental degenerate—the degenerate enough not to be perfectly sane and yet not insane enough in a general sense to be called mad and yet be an annoyance—were generally sooner or later knocked on the head by some impatient and unphilosophical fellow-man, and the physical degenerate stood then but little prospects for a long existence or for the propagation of his kind. The martial bend of the times in a national sense, and the dependence on a stout and able physique for self and family protection in an individual sense, offered but little encouragement to marriage for the weak or sickly. Hence the customs and habits of the times did not favor the propagation of the degenerate.

The degeneracy of the race is ascribed by Dr. Remondino to artificial causes:

Our degeneracy may, after all, whether it be physical, mental, or moral, be said to be altogether of an artificial nature—most certainly transmissible in the majority of instances in either condition—but still nothing that may be said to be cosmic or as being due to any general evolutionary degeneration of the human race as a whole. Under favorable climatic and social conditions, or the like influences which produced the war-like Franks or Goths, man still tends to produce as fine a physical development and as healthy a mental or moral stamina. Degeneracy in any sense is therefore the result of the *milieu*, or environment, and something that is wholly explainable as well as avoidable. The environments of civilization seem to act unequally; whereas they improve many, they seem to be unfavorable to the complete existence of the many more whose primary existence they have otherwise made possible. The too readily resorted to substitution of stimulants of alcoholic natures and of narcotic drugs for the physical comforts that should alone come from more natural food, unvitiated air, and a more resisting constitution, have greatly increased degeneration in every sense—these are wholly artificial causes, however, and with the departure of that crowding which civilization and hygiene have made possible, humanity will quickly right itself. The question, in the end, carries us back to the consideration of the principles of Malthus; we may well stop and ask ourselves whether that over-population for which all the larger populated cities are striving, as well as the same concern which seem largely to occupy national minds—France is now greatly worried about its deficient birth rate—is not rather a curse than a blessing.

The doctor becomes grimly humorous in discussing the degeneracy of the good liver:

A gouty man is generally a pusher at table or in business, and not a sitter on the back seats, even if his diathesis tends to physical degeneration. We have more than once seen the poor victim of gout shake off all fear, and, like the about-to-be-executed criminal, regale himself with a robust, *recherché*, and generous dinner. Oysters, turtle soup, delicate sole or turbot, fricandeaux, chicken sauté au champignon, rum omelets soufflé, washed down with some dry

hook and Apollinaris—the only drink that the poor exile from the gastronomic Eden can indulge in without his indiscretion savoring of an intestinal suicide—and then a small cup of fragrant Mocha and a light cigar follow in succession, and he feels that he has done it. Let the gout then do its worst, he has at least one more red-letter episode in his existence that he can look back to with some sense of satisfaction. He has *lived* for an hour or so, even if he has to vegetate for weeks in lugubrious penance.

Concerning the many causes which lead to degeneracy, the writer says:

There exist many degenerative causes which require the finest analytical inquiry to determine either their existence or their manner of operation. For instance, we will take the various expectations of life that a person may possess in a highly different degree owing to the varied local habits of habitation or house construction in the various towns that he may live in. Several years ago, it was ascertained, through the vital statistics of the office of the Registrar-General of Great Britain, that many towns differed most materially in these regards. In Liverpool, at the age of thirty, the expectation of life was then twenty-seven years; at the same period and age, it was only twenty-five years in Glasgow. At the period above mentioned for Liverpool, the expectation of life for an Irishman in Dublin, taken at the same age of thirty, was only twenty-four years. Butchers are proverbially healthy—at least they were so in an eminent degree before the introduction of the refrigerator-room—but yet their life-expectancy, after reaching a certain period of life, is far below that of otherwise more immediately unhealthy trades. The laborer exceeds the butcher in longevity, but when the former is compared to either the butcher, or the baker, or the clerk as to the matter of average annual sickness, he suffers more than any of the other three occupations.

The comparative duration of life as between rich and poor, industrious and indolent, is next discussed:

Some fifty years ago, William A. Guy, in the *Journal of the Statistical Society*, discussed the subject of the comparative duration of life of the families of the British peerage and of the baronetcies. As contrasted with the rest of the population, it was found that the duration of life in the upper orders of humanity was not so long as in some of the more lowly—the laboring classes exceeding in longevity both the middle and the upper classes. Then, again, a comparison between the peerage and the baronetage on the one hand and the expectant successors to these titles on the other, developed the astounding fact that, at the age of twenty-five, the expectation of life among those of the titled class exceeded the expectations of life among the expectant heirs or successors to the titles by five years, and by upward of two years at the age of thirty-five. Here is ample food for reflection. As we have stated, the average workman has a longer duration of life than the well-to-do average of the middle class or the average of the peerage, and yet we notice that those just below the peerage, and above the middle class, fall below the peerage or the baronetage in their expectation of life. This is all owing to a lack of cultivation of Christianity and of a proper moral sentiment among these expectant heirs. The prolonged existence of the titled incumbents, whom they are some day to replace, must have the same tantalizing effect upon these expectant heirs that a fat, sleek missionary has upon a restrained cannibal or a safely housed rooster has upon a fox. Guy reasons that while the persons who are in the peerage or in the baronetage are induced to follow some wholesome exertion of mind and body, the expectant heirs follow mostly a life of self-indulgence and abstain from those paths of useful bodily or mental exertion that bring health and long life. These latter poor devils are poor indeed in having no aim or end in life beyond waiting for some one to die.

It is cruel to place persons in a short-lived class by making them into heirs; as, whether they be heirs to an estate, to stocks or bonds, or to a title, there are certain unescapable degenerative influences due to anxieties and to a profligate and a generally dissipated life incident to the anticipation of great worldly stores, which at once begin their work. Many an expectant nephew has gone hectorically to his grave with a contracted kidney, wondering at the Methusalean tenacity of life possessed by some old, whalebone-constituted wreck of a rich uncle or a wealthy aunt. It would seem at times as if these vampire-like tough old uncles and aunts actually sucked the life-stamina out of their wearing-out and discouraged but still expectant heirs.

Continuing the subject of the degeneracy of expectant heirs, the doctor comments on a recent article in this journal:

There exists among a certain class of the rich a sort of maniacal desire to create a spirit of envy and of expectation in the mind and breasts of their poorer fellow-creatures. A late *Argonaut*, in commenting upon wills and other testamentary disposition of property, money, and other holdings, observes that elderly gentlemen with large fortunes are often in the habit of waving their wealth like a banner before the eyes of their kindred and friends, and making mysterious promises, and drawing up numberless wills.

"It is an innocent and harmless amusement," continues the philosophical *Argonaut*. "It is one of the outgrowths of the selfishness of age. The aged millionaire who puts down a son, a daughter, or a henchman for half a million in his will, and then withdraws it with a stroke of the pen, feels the calm and tepid joy of giving, followed by the fierce and overmastering joy of taking away. Added to this, there is a charm in the mystery, for the testator can, if he chooses, keep both his mean and his generous instincts to himself. Or he can let his bequests be known to its object, and conceal his subsequent revocation."

Meanwhile, while the inconsistent and uncertain-minded millionaire is enjoying the tepid joy of giving or the fiercer joy of taking away, and immensely enjoying the situation to which he alone holds the key, it must not be expected that the poor kinsman enjoys the situation in an equal degree; the poor kindred and other expectant friends are, in this matter, in the anxious position of the man who is holding on to a mad bull by the tail and not daring to let go; they suffer from a succession of chillings and warnings; their hearts' action and digestion, as well as sleep, are all sadly interfered with, and they are laboring under an attack of silent but continued series of nervous shocks which bring in their train various inevitable degenerative changes tending to shorten life.

The contract and common-law marriage system, which has been

such a curse to California, has wisely been abolished by its last legislature. This was a fruitful source of concubinage for the Solomon and Davidian millionaires of the Pacific Coast, who seemed to have developed a most peculiar mania for making new wills whenever some peculiarly attractive female fell in their path or under their notice. All that was wanted was a pen and ink or a pencil and some paper, and holographic wills innumerable were the result. Millionaires, and those not quite up to the millionaire watermark, made great use of this contract-marriage system, to the scandal of the State.

The fact that degeneracy often begins with infantile life is thus shown:

Flourens advanced the theory that if man followed the usual rule observed in the vertebrates—this being of living five times as long or five times as many years as it took for the completion of the skeleton—then man should live to be a centenarian. Benjamin Ward Richardson has lately concluded that man should live to the age of one hundred and ten years. But for the degenerative changes that take place in our anatomical structures and organs, man should still be in his prime at the age of fifty and sixty, instead of being then a comparatively very old man in many of his organs. The percentage of uninjured hearts at the age of fifty is small, and that of soundly acting kidneys is still smaller. Many men are like foundered horses before they reach manhood, either through some degeneration fastened upon them in their childhood by ignorant parents, who know no more about the natural needs of a child's body or constitutional physiology than a bull-frog knows of holy orders, or later on through the foolish and uncalculated indiscretions of youth.

We have often been amused at the combination of antics and seriousness displayed by a monkey in a picture which represents him as playing the mother to a wildly distracted poor little kitten; it is not much of an exaggeration to say that we have experienced as much apprehension in seeing some of the so-called better class in charge of their newly born heirs as we would experience were the said heirs to be left in the care of an irresponsible simian, as it is really a matter of wonderment that any of these first infants ever escape alive; that many do manage to escape with their lives speaks volumes for the inherent great physical stamina and endurance of our race, as between that which should be done that is really left undone, and much that is done that should only be perpetrated upon the infants of a race which are energetically attempting to exterminate, it needs no intercurrent epidemics to cause a large infant mortality. The infants of the poorer classes suffer largely from omission and less from commission than those of the richer, but the former have a poorer inherited stamina which seriously handicaps their start in the race for life—civilization is to infant life like a double-edged knife. The child of the rich is started in its descent through early degenerating kidneys from over and improper feeding and from too much pampering, and that of the poor often starts out badly with an inherited wrecked nervous system through the intemperance of its parents or from under-feeding and want of a comfortable habitation.

Some sage advice follows as to how to avoid degeneracy:

To guard against the encroachment of any degeneracy—he it physical, mental, or moral—one must be continually on the watch. Health is everything, and wealth gathered at the expense of health is of no earthly benefit when the latter is gone, as no expenditure of wealth can bring it back. Health is something that should never be risked or trifled with, any more than one's moral status or welfare. As a noted criminologist observes, there is no worse calamity that can befall a man than the successful issue of his first piece of villainy. So it is with the man who successfully gets through his first debauch, or who does not suffer at once from the evil effects of an unhealthy habitation, or while following some health-undermining occupation. The man who can not take a drink of liquor or smoke tobacco without suffering from headache may sadly lament his fate and envy the man who can navigate homeward under a quart load, or who can smoke from morning until bedtime, but he will outwind the latter in the long run. An inability to carouse or to drink like an Alexander the Great may be a sign of lacking nerve force and of lacking endurance, but it does not follow that this lacking vitality, or endurance, will hasten you on to any degenerative changes—such weak vessels are like some old, antiquated, swallow-tailed nuptial coats, made to last forever for want of wear. So, never envy the man who can eat for his breakfast a dozen or two of fried oysters, a porterhouse steak garnished with a pound of saratoga potatoes, a Spanish omelette, rolls and toast without end, and half a dozen of Dutch pancakes with lots of jelly, and the whole washed down with half a dozen cups of coffee. Congressman W. W. Bowers, of Southern California, and the writer once saw an athletic friend, a Southern Californian, dispatch just such a breakfast at the same table with ourselves at a hotel in San Francisco. We were very much together for some days, and this was a specimen of one of four daily meals that this healthy Californian ate, besides little appetizers in the way of small lunches at various sideboards. A man can not by any possibility consume and assimilate so much food, and although he may possess kidneys that will work like a pair of Dutch windmills and a pair of lungs as active and as forcible as a blast-furnace, such a gastronomic gait can not long be kept up.

Be temperate, keep cool, take the world as it comes, be satisfied, pay the clergyman to worry about your religion and the doctor to look after your health at all times—in an hygienic sense only—keep your premises in a sanitary condition, and make good, sound moral and physical health the watchword for yourself and family. Don't worry about the future nor try to see just where you come in in the Apocalypse—let your clergyman do all that for you. Build your house to live in and not to be looked at from the outside. Dress for comfort, for the climate, and for the season, and not for fashion nor for looks; eat to live and don't live to eat, and by so doing you will last longer and run the greater number of chances of going off like a horse or an ox—who happily is not weeks and months doing that which should be done in a few moments.

On the whole, it is evident that if the advice so pleasantly and so cogently given here were followed by us all, there would be little physical degeneracy, and there would be no need for doctors.

THE TOLTEC HEAD.

Calkins's Singular Adventure in the Cocopah Country.

The Archaeologist and the Artist were sitting under the brush porch of the little adobe station at Pampas, when, shortly after sunset, Calkins and I arrived, tired and travel-stained, from our fortnight's trip in the saddle through the New River country. They had just come in from a tour of antiquarian research through Northern Sonora, and, like ourselves, were on their way back to civilization, waiting at Pampas only for the west-bound stage, due to arrive within the hour.

Supper disposed of, we joined them. The Archaeologist was a robust, elderly man, with a round, bald head and a florid, small-featured face, wearing a chronic expression of surprise, induced possibly by his many startling discoveries among the mysterious remains of an early Toltec civilization. The Artist was an enthusiast on the same lines, and listened with sympathetic deference to the theories of his older and more experienced companion. As Calkins and I took seats beside them, the Archaeologist was speaking of Central American antiquities in general, and particularly of a colossal archaic stone mask at the ruined city of Baklum-Cham in Yucatan, of which the natives had a singular and superstitious dread. "The poor, simple, unreasoning creatures," continued the Archaeologist, "shunned the ruins of the ancient city where this mammoth mask was found even in broad day, and at night could not be induced either by threats, persuasion, or hope of reward to approach within a mile of its dismantled walls, insisting that, in some undefined way, there was actual danger involved in venturing too near the grotesque face. I did my utmost to convince them that their fears were groundless and but the result of an uncontrolled imagination; but they merely shook their heads at my remonstrances, saying that their fathers before them, though wiser than they, had yet believed as they did."

"You'll excuse me, gen'llemen, for cuttin' in this way regardin' things you, like enough, think don't no ways concern me," said Calkins, who had been listening with apparently the deepest interest, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe and drew the box upon which he was seated a little closer to the Artist. "But them Injuns was dead right in sayin' there was something more'n just imagination in their feelin's concernin' them stone heads and idols. I never seen your partic'lar stone face, I'll allow, but I had a sing'lar experience once, over'n the Cocopah country, with another of 'em that I judge was in most ways similar."

Calkins paused to refill and light his pipe, while the Archaeologist and his companion, after the partial abatement of their astonishment at these unexpected observations, expressed anxiety for further information on the subject of his adventure.

"I'm kind of reluctant-like, gen'llemen," continued Calkins, slowly and with a show of hesitation, "to give you this here account, bein' as the business I'm speakin' of was so partic'larly out of the common that you might think I was—well, exaggeratin', we'll say, and that would be distressin' to me; but seein' as you insist, why I'll just hang up my feelin's, and I'll give you the whole surprisin' racket as acc'rately as I can recollect it."

"This all come about more'n twenty-five years ago, when I was out with Major Bradstock's government engineerin' party, explorin' and triangulatin' all through the Cocopah country and the mountains of Lower California. It was well along into September, and we was calculatin' to go in by the first of October and break up our party for good, havin' about wound up the business we was set out on. I had charge of the pack-train, but when we wa'n't travelin' and I wa'n't busy with the mules, Major Bradstock'd have me mostly 'round with him, helpin' out at odd jobs, on account of me bein' handy at pretty much anything that way. We'd been surveyin' and takin' elevations, and bearin's, and levels, backward and forward, criss-crossin' over the country, till there wa'n't much we didn't know about in them regions, and the major was always pickin' up information about the Injuns in them parts, and partic'larly concernin' their languages, and habits, and history, and what little morals they had, and such like, and anything else outside that was interestin', all to put in the big official report he was preparin' to hand in when he got back East to Washington again. Aside from him bein' a way-up engineer, Major Bradstock was consid'able of a drawer and a painter, and was always makin' pictures of this thing and that, to illustrate his report to the government, so he said. Whenever he'd go out on these picturin' trips, I'd gen'rally go along, too, just to look after the animals and pack 'round his paintin' frame and big shade umbrella, under which he'd set while he was workin'. Them days, for me, were always picnics, havin' nothin' to do, when once Major Bradstock got to work on his drawin's and paintin's, but to stay within call somewhere in the shade of a rock, and lay back and smoke, and brush away flies, and drop off to sleep now and then."

"A good part of the territory we'd been workin' over no white men'd ever been through before, so far's we knew, and small blame to 'em, considerin' the kind of dried-out, horn-toad country it was, mostly desert and rough, precipitous mountains, with no wood or feed worth mentionin', and bad alkalied water, what little there was of it. So when, towards the end of September, we'd made a new camp near some *ciénegas*, half-way up a big cañon, with plenty of good grass and clear, sweet water, we was naturally pretty well pleased with the change, and felt right away like we wa'n't in no partic'lar hurry about gettin' in from the trip and breakin' up the party. Major Bradstock said he was plannin' to stop right there for a week to rest up the men and the animals before pushin' on in, and that suited all of us down to the ground. We pitched camp, just off the *ciénegas* and right under a steep, rocky wall of the cañon, risin' sheer for five hundred feet and beetlin' over in a flat table ledge at the top.

A little higher up the cañon from where we camped was a big *rancheria*, and before ever we'd got a tent up, the Injuns livin' there was down standin' 'round watchin' operations. They was a fat, good-natured, dirty-lookin' lot, dressed in nothin' in partic'lar, and friendly and obligin' till you couldn't rest, lendin' a hand to help out in settlin' the camp wherever it was needed.

"Right away, as usual, Major Bradstock begun investigatin' among them Injuns—he bein' well up in their blam-merin' dialects—to get facts concernin' themselves and the country 'round about to tamp in to his government report, and that same afternoon we'd come in, he had a long pow-wow with the cap'n of the *rancheria*, and come back from his talk consid'able worked up and excited. I'd been out, too, doin' a little explorin' just 'round about camp, and when Major Bradstock'd got back and called me up to his tent, I was pretty near as much toned up with the discovery I'd made as he was with his one."

"The first thing he said when I'd got to his tent was for me to be on hand sharp next mornin' at sun-up, with two ridin'-mules and a pack animal, and go along with him on a trip 'round the hills, so's to work up to the flat table-ledge I've spoke of as beetlin' out over the cañon. Then he went on to give me what he'd heard at the *rancheria* which had worked him up so. The cap'n there'd told him that on top, where he was plannin' to go next day, was a *mesa* walled in all 'round by high ledges, except on one side of the cañon, just over the camp, and that he'd find there the ruins of old stone buildin's, and carvin's, and such like. But the Injuns, being superstitious, Major Bradstock said, wouldn't go near 'em, they claimin' it meant somehow sure death to go in there. He'd fixed it all out, though, he claimed, about us gettin' up, havin' got the cap'n to agree to go part way along with us to point out the trail to a side-hill *ciénega*, where we'd leave our animals, walkin' the rest of the way in on foot to the ledges that walled in the *mesa*."

"Then I told Major Bradstock of the discovery I'd made, and he was that interested that he went right along with me to inspect what I'd found. Just under the table ledge I've been speakin' of was a white, ashy mound. When I first seen it from a little distance off, I took it for just a heap of rotten limestone, but then I begun noticin' there wa'n't no lime formation anywhere about, and, thinkin' it strange as to that white pile bein' there, I went up to it and got a reg'lar shock, when I seen what it was. It was all made up of human bones—ribs, and leg-joints, and fragments of skulls—there was no mistakin' what there was—the chips and pieces getting littler and finer down to the bottom of the heap. There must have been the remains of hundreds of skeletons in that there mound, and they must have been lyin' right there for hundreds of years, judgin' from the looks of 'em. When Major Bradstock seen the pile, he was as much upset and puzzled as I'd been about it, and no sort of theorizin' seemed to throw any light on how it come to get there. So we just give up conjecturin' and went back to camp again."

"Next mornin', me and Major Bradstock and the *rancheria* cap'n started off, not long after sun-up. The cap'n went ahead on foot, and we followed, me and Major Bradstock ridin' and drivin' the pack-mule, loaded up with the major's paintin' frame, and big shade umbrella, and the rest of his picture-takin' tackle. We asked the Injun about the bone-pile, or leastways the major did, but he just looked sort of scared and grunted, and pointed up towards the *mesa* we was goin' to, and we couldn't get no more out of him. It was a pretty steep trail up the side-hill *ciénega*, all overgrown with squaw-bush and buckthorn, but it wa'n't no no great ways from the mouth of the cañon, where we was camped, and we was up there in consid'able less'n an hour from the time we'd started. The Injun helped to tether out the stock, and pointed out a long, steep, rocky ledge, a little further on, risin' up dark and sharp like a ragged-topped wall, and told us we'd find the ruins we was huntin' just over beyond. He showed where the trail led up to the top, and then, lookin' solemn, he made a kind of speech to me and the major, which, not knowin' much of the language, I didn't no ways get on to. Then, when Major Bradstock smiled and replied somethin', he just shook his head and grunted, and started in a hurry, like he was glad to get back down the trail again. I asked Major Bradstock what the *rancheria* cap'n'd been sayin', and he laughed and said not much beside just givin' us a last warnin' that we'd get into trouble with bad Injun spirits if we kept on over to the ruins."

"I loaded up with the long-legged drawin' frame and big shade umbrella, Major Bradstock carryin' a little leather bag containin' his brushes, and pencils, and such like. There wa'n't brush any more, and though the ground was piled up all about with sharp, broken rock and big boulders, we found an old, deep-worn trail windin' in and out between 'em, and hadn't much trouble about gettin' on. It was an easy up-grade right to the foot of the ledge we'd got to climb over, and when we'd come there, the trail kept right on zig-zaggin' up the side, just like the Injun'd told us. There must sometime have been a lot of passin' over that there trail, for it was worn clean down in the sandstone, some places three foot deep, and bevelin' down from the top so't' you couldn't have got ridin' stock through."

"When we'd worked up the ledge, and had struck a sort of little flat landin' at the top, and had stopped for a minute to just get a breath, we seen a sight to make a man think he was dreamin'. Stretchin' out a hundred feet below, and all closed in by high natural rock walls, except on the side towards the cañon where we was camped, was a flat, triangular space of high on to two hundred acres, with big stone buildin's scattered all 'round, most of 'em bein' in ruins, without any roofs, and with not more'n half their walls standin'. They was mostly built on mounds, with big flights of stone steps leadin' up to 'em—like you gen'llemen was speakin' of just a while back—and though only long, one-storied concerns, they was imposin' to look at and pretty much covered over with ornamental carvin's. I never seen Major Bradstock so worked up before, and he give orders right away for me to set up his drawin' frame and open

out his big shade umbrella, so's he could make a picture from where he was standin' of what he called a bird's-eye view of the premises."

"While I was obeyin' directioos, all to once the Major begun usin' strong language, and naturally I looked 'round to see what was up, and I tell you Major Bradstock was a mad-lookin' man, and when he let on the reason, I didn't much blame him. He'd come away, clean forgettin', somehow, to bring any paper to draw or to paint on. I volunteered to go back to camp and bring it right up, and, allowin' full time for the trip, that would still leave him near the whole day to paint in, it bein' so early. But he wouldn't have it, sayin' as he didn't recollect where he'd left it, and that he didn't want no one maulin' over his private records and writin's, and for me to wait 'round where I was till he'd come back; and with that he starts off down to the camp, growlin'."

"Though the sun wa'n't far up, it had grown hot already, not a breath of air stirrin', and I settled down under the shade of the big drawin' umbrella, intendin' to loaf right there and take in the sights till the major'd come back. 'Way off beyond most of the buildin's, and standin' alone a little ways in from the edge of the ledge that hung over the cañon, I seen what at first sight I took for just a big, natural block of sandstone, rounded off at the top by the weather. But after I'd looked for awhile, I seen that the rock had been carved so's to look like a big, human head. The sun was shinin' full on it, and it stood out plain and clean-cut, now I knew what it was. The mouth was thick-lipped and grinnin', and the big eyes was rounded and starin', and there was shiny quartz crystals, or some such-like glintin' stones, set in the sockets, which flashed out in the sun. Then I got somehow to feelin' kind of toned up, and strange, and like I'd just bave to go down and look at that grinnin' head closer. So I picked up the big shade umbrella and started right away down to the ruins."

"As I've said, the mornin' was hot, and it was all the time gettin' hotter, and I'd have liked to've sauntered along and took the trip kind of easy. But no sooner'd I got down to the flat than it seemed, somehow, like I was bein' drawn in spite of myself, and I struck a gait right away of more'n five miles an hour. I tried puttin' on brakes and dug my heels in the ground so's to stop, but I couldn't slack speed noways I could fix it. It was like I was tied to a rope, and was bein' run in with a windlass. I just went tearin' past all them interestin' old ruins, with my umbrella open and trailin' and my gait gettin' faster and faster. I wa'n't more'n three minutes passin' the principal buildin's. Then I went sweatin' and puffin' over the open, makin' straight for a point just in front of the Head, and I seen that if I didn't bring up right away, or change my direction, in two minutes more I'd be over the flat, beetlin' ledge and droppin' down into the cañon. I commenced gettin' wild and hollered for help with what little breath I had left, and remembered the warnin' the Injun had given us, and thought of the big pile of bones heaped up under the bluff near the camp, knowin' now just how they got there. Then I tried to switch off from the line I was travelin', but kept right along, like I was set in a groove, runnin' straight to the five-hundred-foot drop-off over the ledge, and was bein' drawn on by a thousand-pound magnet. I went by the Head like a shot, and in passin'—from me being frustrated, maybe—its thick lips seemed to be movin' and its round eyes to roll, as I went over the edge with a yell and my umbrella wavin', and dropped plumb down into the cañon."

"When I left the hard ground and struck out into the air, my heart seemed to stop beatin', and the end of my backbone seemed like it was curlin' to hold on to somethin' to keep me from fallin', and my breath seemed to stop, and I closed up my eyes, still clutchin' tight—by natural instinct, I reckon—to the handle of the big umbrella. A wind came rushin' and roarin' 'round me, like a cyclone was blowin', and I beard shoutin' far down in the cañon. The next thing I knew, I brought short upon somethin' hard and rattlin', and was tumbled end over end for consid'able distance, and come to, surprised to find I'd stopped droppin'. Everything seemed swimmin' about me, and I felt sore all over and a sort of feelin' of goneness. When I next looked about, Major Bradstock, who'd just struck camp when I commenced tumblin'—so I heard afterwards—and the rest of our party, and a whole lot of Injuns was standin' about, and I found myself stretched out, with some one's coat under my head, on the big mound of bones I spoke of just a little while back. Then when I seen Major Bradstock examin' his big shade umbrella, which had stood the trip down better 'n I had—the steel ribs havin' borne the strain on 'em in a way no one could ever anyways have calc'lated on—I knew right away what had saved me from addin' my bones to the collection of old ones I was then lyin' on. That there uncommon big shade umbrella, bein' open, had providentially broke my fall all the way down and landed me, only a little bruised up, on the bone heap."

"I wa'n't so much hurt but what I could travel next day all right enough, and the whole of our party havin' got sort of rattled at bein' so near them ruins—seein' what had happened to me—Major Bradstock give up all i-deas of stayin' oo as he'd been intendin'. So we started right away in, and when we'd struck Yuma, we broke up the party."

"Major Bradstock, he thought at first of puttin' all about my sing'lar experience in his government report; but then, as he said to me afterwards, bein' as it was just a plain, official report as he was sendin' in, it might somehow live in it up too much for some tastes and wouldn't always seem just appropriate. So his report went in, never mentionin' me or my tumble, and referrin' only just gen'rally to the ruins."

"There's the stage comin', gen'lmen! You can hear the wheels below there on the flat. I reckon we'd better be gettin' our traps together, so's not to keep 'em waitin'." And Calkins arose, gazing imperturbably at the Archaeologist and the Artist, whose faces still wore the look of stunned amazement which his recital had produced.

EDMUND STUART ROCHE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

A "CHRONIQUE SCANDALEUSE."

Extracts from the "Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV."

—A German Princess's Revelations about Louis and his Loves—George Law and the "South Sea Bubble."

"Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency" is the title of an exceedingly interesting volume of reminiscences which has recently been reprinted from a rare English work. It consists of a series of extracts from the German correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent during the minority of Louis the Fifteenth, and is a veritable *chronique scandaleuse* of the French court during the last quarter of the seventeenth century and the first two decades of the eighteenth. Brought up in a German court and possessed of the native sturdiness of her race, she minced matters in neither her actions nor her words, and her correspondence, to which she devoted several hours a day, was as frank as it was voluminous.

From some eight hundred letters addressed to her high-born and royal relatives, the contents of the present volume have been taken. She recorded everything that came into her head, using a mixture of French, German, and English, and her freedom of expression was such that her editors have made generous use of asterisks to indicate passages unquotable to ears polite. But what is left is sufficiently curious and gives a vivid picture of the court life of the time, as well as the bonnet judgment of a hard-thinking woman on many famous personages.

She was the second wife of the Duke of Orleans, commonly called Monsieur, and of her royal brother-in-law, Louis the Fourteenth, she says:

It can not be denied that Louis the Fourteenth was the finest man in his kingdom; no person had a better appearance than he; his figure was agreeable, his legs well-made, his feet small, his voice pleasant; he was lusty in proportion; and, in short, no fault could be found with his person. Some folks thought he was too corpulent for his height, and that Monsieur was too stout; so that it was said, by way of joke at court, that there had been a mistake, and that one brother had received what had been intended for the other. The king was in the habit of keeping his mouth open in an awkward way. An English gentleman, Mr. Hammer, found him an expert fencer. He preserved his good looks up to his death; although some of my ladies, who saw him afterward, told me that he could scarcely be recognized. Before his death, his stature had been diminished by a head, and he perceived this himself. . . . The king, the late Monsieur, the Dauphin, and the Duke de Berri were great eaters. I have often seen the king eat four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton bashed with garlic, two good-sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterward fruit and sweetmeats. The king and Monsieur were very fond of hard eggs. . . .

Louis the Fourteenth carried his gallantries to debauchery; provided they were women, all were alike to him; peasants, gardeners' girls, *femmes de chambre*, or ladies of quality, all that they had to do was to seem to be in love with him. For a long time before his death, however, he had ceased to run after women; he even exiled the Duchess de la Ferté, because she pretended to be dying for him. When she could not see him, she had his portrait in her carriage to contemplate it. The king said that it made him ridiculous, and desired her to retire to her own estate. The Duchess de Roquelaure, of the house of Laval, was also suspected of wishing to captivate the king; but his majesty was not so severe with her as with La Ferté. There was great talk in the scandalous circles about this intrigue; but I did not thrust my nose into the affair. . . . I am convinced that the Duchess de la Vallière always loved the king very much. Montespan loved him for ambition, La Soubeise for interest, and Maintenon for both. La Fontange loved him also, but only like the heroine of a romance; she was a furiously romantic person. Ludres was also very much attached to him, but the king soon got tired of her. As for Mme. de Monaco, I would not take an oath that she never intrigued with the king. While the king was fond of her, Lauzun, who had a regular, though a secret, arrangement with his cousin, fell into disgrace for the first time. He had forbidden his fair one to see the king; but finding her one day sitting on the ground and talking with his majesty, Lauzun, who, in his place as captain of the guard, was in the chamber, was so transported with jealousy that he could not restrain himself; and, pretending to pass, he trod so violently on the hand which Mme. de Monaco had placed upon the ground that he nearly crushed it. The king, who thus guessed at their intrigue, reprimanded him; Lauzun replied insolently, and was sent for the first time to the Bastille. . . .

The king at first could not bear Mme. de Montespan, and blamed Monsieur and even the queen for associating with her; yet eventually he fell deeply in love with her himself. She was more of an ambitious than a libertine woman, but as wicked as the devil himself; nothing could stand between her and the gratification of her ambition, to which she would have made any sacrifice. Her figure was ugly and clumsy, but her eyes bespoke great intelligence, though they were somewhat too bright; her mouth was very pretty, and her smile uncommonly agreeable. Her complexion was fairer than La Vallière's, her look was more bold, and her general appearance denoted her intriguing temper. She had very beautiful light hair, fine arms, and pretty hands, which La Vallière had not; but the latter was always very neat, and Montespan was filthy to the last degree. She was very amusing in conversation, and it was impossible to be tired in talking with her. . . . Mme. de Montespan and her eldest daughter could drink a large quantity of wine without being affected by it. I have seen them drink six bumpers of the strong Turin Rosa Solis, besides the wine which they had taken before. I expected to see them fall under the table, but, on the contrary, it affected them no more than a draught of water. . . . It was Mme. de Montespan who invented the *robes battantes* for the purpose of concealing her pregnancy, because it was impossible to discover the shape in those robes. But when she wore them, it was precisely as if she had publicly announced that she affected to conceal, for everybody at court used to say: "Mme. de Montespan has put on her *robe battante*, therefore she must be pregnant." I believe she did it on purpose, hoping that it commanded more attention for her at court, as it really did. . . .

The marriage of Louis the Fourteenth with old Maintenon proves how impossible it is to escape one's fate. The king said one day to the Duke de Crequi and to M. de la Rochefoucauld, long before he knew Mistress Scarron: "I am convinced that astrology is false. I had my nativity cast in Italy, and I was told that, after living to an advanced age, I should be in love with an old drab to the last moment of my existence. I do not think there is any great likelihood of that." He laughed most heartily as he said this, and yet the thing has taken place. . . . All the mistresses the king had did not tarnish his reputation so much as the old woman he married; from her proceeded all the calamities which have since befallen France. It was she who excited the persecution against the Protestants, invented the heavy taxes which raised the price of grain so high and caused the scarcity. She helped the ministers to rob the king; by means of the constitution she hastened his death; she brought about my son's marriage; she wanted to place hastyards upon the throne; in short, she ruined and confused everything. . . . When she perceived that the harvest had failed, she bought up all the corn she could get in the markets, and gained by this means an enormous sum of money, while the poor people were dying of famine. Not having a sufficient number of granaries, a large quantity of this corn became rotten in the boats loaded with it, and it was necessary to throw it into the river. The people said this was a just judgment from heaven.

Montespan was the cause of the king's love for old Maintenon. In the first place, when she wished to have her near her children, she shut her ears to the stories which were told of the irregular life which the hussy had been leading; she made everybody who spoke to the king about her praise her; her virtue and piety were cried up until the king was made to think that all he had heard of her light conduct were lies, and in the end he most firmly believed it. In the second place, Montespan was a creature full of caprice, who had no control over herself, was passionately fond of amusement, was tired whenever she was alone with the king, whom she loved only for the purpose of her own interest or ambition, caring very little for him personally. To occupy him, and to prevent him from observing her fondness for play and dissipation, she brought Maintenon. The king was fond of a retired life, and would willingly have passed his time with Montespan; he often reproached her with not loving him sufficiently, and they quarreled a great deal occasionally. Goody Scarron then appeared, restored peace between them, and consoled the king. She, however, made him remark more and more the bitter temper of Montespan; and, affecting great devotion, she told the king that his affliction was sent him by Heaven as a punishment for the sins he had committed with Montespan. She was eloquent, and had very fine eyes; by degrees the king became accustomed to her, and thought she would effect his salvation. He then made a proposal to her; but she remained firm, and gave him to understand that, although he was very agreeable to her, she would not for the whole of her life. This excited in the king so great an admiration for her, and such a disgust to Mme. de Montespan, that he began to think of being converted. The old woman then employed her creature, the Duke du Maine, to insinuate to his mother that, since the king had taken other mistresses, for example, Ludres and Fontange, she had lost her authority, and would become an object of contempt at court. This irritated her, and she was in a very bad humor when the king came. In the meantime, Maintenon was incessantly censuring the king; she told him that he would be damned if he did not live on better terms with the queen. Louis the Fourteenth repeated this to his wife, who considered herself much obliged to Mme. de Maintenon; she treated her with marks of distinction, and consented to her being appointed second *dame d'atour* to the Dauphine of Bavaria; so that she had now nothing to do with Montespan. The latter became furious, and related to the king all the particulars of the life of Dame Scarron. But the king, knowing her to be an arrant fiend who would spare no one in her passion, would not believe anything she said to him. The Duke du Maine persuaded his mother to retire from court for a short time in order that the king might recall her. Being fond of her son, and believing him to be honest in the advice he gave her, she went to Paris and wrote to the king that she would never come back. The Duke du Maine immediately sent off all her packages after her, without her knowledge; he even had her furniture thrown out of the window, so that she could not come back to Versailles. She had treated the king so ill and so unkindly that he was delighted at being rid of her, and he did not care by what means. If she had remained longer, the king, teased as he was, would hardly have been secure against the transports of her passion. The queen was extremely grateful to Maintenon for having been the means of driving away Montespan and bringing back the king to the marriage; an arrangement to which, like an honest Spanish lady, she had no sort of objection. With that goodness of heart which was so remarkable in her, she thought she was bound to do something for Mme. de Maintenon, and therefore consented to her being appointed *dame d'atour*. It was not until shortly before her death that she learned she had been deceived by her. After the queen's death, Louis the Fourteenth thought he had gained a triumph over the very personification of virtue in overcoming the old lady's scruples; he used to visit her every afternoon, and she gained such an influence over him as to induce him to marry. . . .

Madame, as the writer of these memoirs was called, was cordially hated by Mme. de Maintenon—whom she constantly refers to in these letters as "that old Maintenon" or "the old woman"—and was frequently insulted and calumniated by her. The proud and honest German princess usually held her ground, however, as on this occasion:

She once had two young girls from Strasbourg brought to court, and made them pass for Countesses Palatine, placing them in the office of attendants upon her nieces. I did not know a word of it until the Dauphine came to tell it me, with tears in her eyes. I said to her: "Do not disturb yourself, leave me alone to act; when I have a good reason for what I do, I despise the old witch." When I saw from my window the niece walking with these German girls, I went into the garden and met them. I called one of them, and asked her who she was. She told me, boldly, that she was a Countess Palatine of Lutzelstein. "By the left hand?" I asked. "No," she replied, "I am not illegitimate; the young Count Palatine married my mother, who is of the house of Gellen." "In that case," I said, "you can not be Countess Palatine; for we never allow such unequal marriages to hold good. I will tell you, moreover, that you lie when you say that the Count Palatine married your mother; she is a busy, and the count has married her no more than a hundred others have done; I know her lawful husband is a hautboy player. If you presume, in future, to pass yourself off as a Countess Palatine, I will have you stripped; let me never again hear anything of this; but if you will follow my advice, and take your proper name, I shall not reproach you. And now you see what you have to choose between." The girl took this so much to heart that she died some days afterward. As for the second, she was sent to a boarding-house in Paris, where she became as bad as her mother; but as she changed her name, I did not trouble myself any further about her. I told the Dauphine what I had done, who was very much obliged to me and confessed she should not have had courage enough to do it herself. She feared that the king would be displeased with me; but he only said to me, jestingly: "One must not play tricks with you about your family, for it seems to be a matter of life or death with you." I replied: "I hate lies."

The character of the court may be inferred from these passages descriptive of the Duchess of Burgundy:

The young Dauphine was full of pantomime tricks. . . . She was fond, too, of collecting a quantity of young persons about her for the king's amusement, who liked to see their sports; they, however, took care never to display any but innocent diversions before him; he did not learn the rest until after her death. The Dauphine used to call old Maintenon her aunt, but only in jest; the *filles d'honneur* called her their *gouvernante*, and the *Maréchale de la Mothe*, mamma; if the Dauphine had also called the old woman her mamma, it would have been regarded as a declaration of the king's marriage; for this reason she only called her aunt. . . . It is not surprising that the Dauphine, even when she was Duchess of Burgundy, should have been a coquette. One of the Maintenon's maxims was that there was no harm in coquetry, but that a *grande passion* only was a sin. In the second place, she never took care that the Duchess of Burgundy behaved conformably to her rank; she was often left quite alone in her château with the exception of her people; she was permitted to run about arm-in-arm with one of her young ladies, without esquires, or *dames d'honneur*, or *d'atour*. At Marly and Versailles she was obliged to go to chapel on foot and without her stays, and seat herself near the *femme de chambre*. At Mme. de Maintenon's there was no observance of rank; every one sat down there promiscuously; she did this for the purpose of avoiding all discussion respecting her own rank. At Marly the Dauphine used to run about the garden at night with the young people until two or three o'clock in the morning. The king knew nothing of these nocturnal parties. Maintenon had forbidden the Duchess de Ludes to tease the Duchess of Burgundy, or to put her out of temper, because then she would not be able to divert the king. Maintenon had threatened, too, with her eternal vengeance whoever should be bold enough to complain of the Dauphine to the king. It was for this reason that she dared tell the king what the whole court and even strangers were perfectly well acquainted with. The Dauphine liked to be dragged along the ground by valets, who held her feet. These servants were in the habit of saying to each other, "Come, shall we go and play with the Duchess of Burgundy?" for so she was at this time. . . . Three years before her death, however, the Dauphine changed greatly for the better; she played no more foolish tricks, and left off drinking to excess.

Instead of that untamable manner which she had before, she became polite and sensible, kept up her dignity, and did not permit the younger ladies to be too familiar with her by dipping their fingers into her dish, rolling upon the bed, and other similar elegancies. It was the marriage of Mme. de Berri that effected this surprising change in the Dauphine. Seeing that young lady did not make herself beloved and began things in the very wrong way, she was desirous to make herself more liked and esteemed than she was. She therefore changed her behavior entirely; she became reserved and reasonable, and having sense enough to discover her defects, she set about correcting them, in which she succeeded so as to excite general surprise. Thus she continued until her death, and often expressed regret that she had led so irregular a life.

Quite an extended chapter in these memoirs is devoted to George Law, the famous Englishman to whose fertile fancy is due the "South Sea bubble." How the public opinion of him in France changed is reflected in the following passages:

Mr. Law is a very honest and a very sensible man; he is extremely polite to everybody, and very well bred. He does not speak French ill—at least, he speaks it much better than Englishmen in general. It is said that when his brother arrived in Paris, Mr. Law made him a present of three million (of livres); he has good talents and has put the affairs of the state in such good order that all the king's debts have been paid. He is so much run after that he has no repose by day or by night. A duchess even kissed his hand publicly. . . . Another lady, who pursued him everywhere, heard that he was at Mme. de Simiane's, and immediately begged the latter to permit her to dine with her. Mme. de Simiane went to her and said she must be excused for that day, as Mr. Law was to dine with her. Mme. de Bouchu replied that it was for this reason expressly she wished to be invited. Mme. de Simiane only repeated that she did not choose to have Mr. Law troubled, and so quitted her. Having, however, ascertained the dinner-hour, Mme. de Bouchu passed before the house in her coach, and made her coachman and footman call out "Fire!" Immediately all the company quitted the table to know where the fire was, and among them Mr. Law appeared. As soon as Mme. de Bouchu saw him, she jumped out of her carriage to speak to him; but he, guessing the trick, instantly disappeared. Another lady ordered her carriage to be driven opposite to Mr. Law's hotel and then to be overturned. Addressing herself to the coachman, she said: "Overturn here, you block-head—overturn!" Mr. Law ran out to her assistance, when she confessed to him that she had done this for the sole purpose of having an interview with him.

A servant had gained so much in the Rue de Quincampoix, that he was enabled to set up his equipage. When his coach was brought home, he forgot who he was, and mounted behind. His servant cried out, "Ah, sir! what are you doing?—this is your own carriage." "That is true," said the quondam servant; "I had forgotten." Mr. Law's coachman, having also made a very considerable sum, demanded permission to retire from his service. His master gave it him, on condition of his procuring him another good coachman. On the next day the wealthy coachman made his appearance with two persons, both of whom were, he said, good coachmen; and that Mr. Law had only to choose which of them he liked, while he, the coachman, would take the other.

People of all the nations in Europe are daily coming to Paris; and it has been remarked that the number of souls in the capital has been increased by two hundred and fifty thousand more than usual. It has been necessary to make granaries into bedrooms. There is such a profusion of carriages that the streets are choked up with them, and many persons run great danger. . . .

Some ladies of quality, seeing a well-dressed woman, covered with diamonds and whom nobody knew, alight from a very handsome carriage, were curious to know who it was, and sent to inquire of the lackey. He replied, with a sneer: "It is a lady who has recently tumbled from a garret into this carriage." This lady was probably of the same sort as Mme. Bejon's cook. That lady, being at the opera some days back, saw a person in a costly dress and decorated with a great quantity of jewels, but very ugly, enter the theatre. The daughter said: "Mamma, unless I am very much deceived, that lady so dressed out is Mary, our cook-maid." "Hold your tongue, my dear," said the mother, "and don't talk such nonsense." Some of the young people, who were in the amphitheatre, began to cry out: "Mary, the cook-maid! Mary, the cook-maid!" The lady in the fine dress rose and said: "Yes, madame, I am Mary, the cook-maid; I have gained some money in the Rue de Quincampoix; I like to be well dressed; I have bought some fine gowns, and I have paid for them. Can you say so much for your own?" . . .

Law is said to be in such an agony of fear that he has not been able to venture to his son's at St. Cloud, although he sent a carriage to fetch him. He is a dead man; he is as pale as a sheet, and it is said can never get over his last panic. The people's hatred of the duke arises from his being the friend of Law, whose children he carried to St. Maur, where they are to remain. . . . M. Boursel, passing through the Rue St. Antoine on his way from the Jesuits' College, had his carriage stopped by a hackney coachman, who would neither come on nor go back. M. Boursel's footman, enraged at his obstinacy, struck the coachman, and M. Boursel, getting out of his coach to restrain his servant's rage, the coachman resolved to be avenged on both master and man, and so began to cry out: "Here is Law going to kill me; fall upon him!" The people immediately ran with staves and stones and attacked Boursel, who took refuge in the church of the Jesuits. He was pursued even to the altar, where he found a little door open which led into the convent. He rushed through and shut it after him, by which means he saved his life.

There are a great many amusing anecdotes scattered through the book. A few of them are reproduced here:

Henri the Fourth had been one day told of the infidelity of one of his mistresses. Believing that the king had no intention of visiting her, she made an assignation with the Duke de Bellegarde in her own apartment. The king, having caused the time of his rival's coming to be watched, when he was informed of his being there, went to his mistress's room. He found her in bed, and she complained of a violent headache. The king said he was very hungry and wanted some supper; she replied that she had not thought about supper, and believed she had only a couple of partridges. Henri the Fourth desired they should be served up, and said he would eat them with her. The supper which she had prepared for Bellegarde, and which consisted of much more than two partridges, was then served up; the king, taking up a small loaf, split it open, and sticking a whole partridge into it, threw it under the bed. "Sire," cried the lady, terrified to death, "what are you doing?" "Madame," replied the merry monarch, "everybody must live." He then took his departure, content with having frightened the lovers.

Father Joseph was in great favor with Cardinal Richelieu, and was consulted by him on all occasions. One day, when the cardinal had summoned Duke Bernard to the council, Father Joseph, running his finger over a map, said: "Monsieur, you must first take this city; then that, and then that." The Duke Bernard listened to him for some time, and at length said: "But, M. Joseph, you can not take cities with your finger."

A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg catechism is this: "What is thy only consolation in life and death?" A young girl, to whom the pastor put this question, laughed, and would not answer. The priest insisted. "Well, then," she replied, at length, "if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker who lives in the Rue Agneaux."

St. François de Sales, who founded the order of the Sisters of Saint Mary, had in his youth been extremely intimate with Marshal de Villeroi, the father of the present marshal. The old gentleman could, therefore, never bring himself to call his old friend a saint. When any one spoke in his presence of St. François de Sales, he used to say, "I was delighted when I saw M. de Sales become a saint; in every other respect he was one of the best gentlemen in the world, and perhaps one of the most foolish."

Only five hundred copies of the book have been issued by H. S. Nichols & Co., London; also five extra copies have been printed on Japanese vellum, but are not offered.

THE AGE OF THE HEROINE.

Immaturity of the Early Novelists' Women—The British Matron's Ideas Ruled from Shakespeare to George Eliot—The Woman of Thirty Succeeds the Bread-and-Butter Miss.

The age of the heroine has advanced only slightly to meet the change in taste of the moving centuries. She was in the beginning of her teens in Shakespeare's day, and up to within the last few years she had only advanced to the end of her teens. From the times when the great Elizabethans met and were merry at the Mermaid Tavern to the times of Dickens and Bulwer, she had progressed from the fourteen of Juliet only to the eighteen of that tender, fragile sylph who smiled and fainted, loved and wept, through the fiction of this century's first half.

The English-speaking world has always demanded the juvenile heroine. In their novels, the British Matron in her drawing-room and her husband at his club have insisted upon the love adventures, the plots and counter-plots, centering round a girl of seventeen, who shall have the polished ease, the mental breadth, the knowledge of human nature of a woman of the world of thirty. Art was nothing to the British Matron and her spouse. Their forefathers had accepted Juliets of fourteen years as the proper age for the heroine of fiction, and though, as time passed and fourteen became indissolubly associated with bread and butter, pinafors and backcombs, the limit had to be raised to sixteen and eighteen and twenty, still the novel-reader was reluctant and let the years accumulate grudgingly.

As the British Matron has ruled English fiction in the department of morals, in that less important point of the heroine's age she has also held imperial sway. Her iron demand for a heroine of tender years has influenced the masters of romance. They have had to bow to her dictum, for she bought their books and the critics voiced her opinions. The author knew that if he made his heroine, with all the complex emotions, the developed temperament, the worldly knowledge and cultured intuitions, the age proper and fitting for such a woman, his public would fall upon him with bitter execrations for having given them an old maid as his ideal.

With the inception of a romantic English literature, this precedent was established. Juliet at fourteen was the ideal heroine of the love-story. Shakespeare, as a rule, was very chary of mentioning the age of any of his characters, evidently believing in the adage that a man was as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. His two most perfect heroines were married. But of the other illustrious feminines in his galaxy, only a few subordinate figures, such as Perdita, Anne Page, and Hero, were young girls in their teens. The others were women in the full splendor of mental and physical maturity. Some of them, like Portia and Helena, have the serene poise, the assured self-reliance of the woman of thirty who has been the mistress of her fate and fortune for a good many years of self-sufficing independence.

Following on Shakespeare came other romanticists, leading impossible, little-girl heroines on to the stage. Webster had already placed his Virginia at the fascinating fourteen; but the Duchess of Malfi, one of the great figures of the Elizabethan literature, was a widow with children, and the character study was artistically harmonious.

At the Restoration, a bunch of dramatists came forward with an army of heroines, gay as to morals, bright as to wit, and of a youthfulness most extraordinary in combination with their extremely knowing minds. Congreve does not tell the age of Mrs. Millamant—that ideal *mondaine*, that pattern great lady for all time; but she remains in the reader's mind as a superb, witty, languid, brilliant creature of perhaps twenty-eight. Wycherley's Hippolyta, who was wide awake for any age, will never be a day less than twenty-five, though the author had the tranquil audacity to say that she was fourteen.

Fielding, the first realist, the founder of the modern school, who broke the soil for Balzac and Thackeray, was too great an artist to submit to the popular idea. Sophia Western is seventeen when her love-story begins, and is but little older when she undertakes her journey to London and meets with various adventures in that brilliant metropolis. Though, according to the modern standard, she is too forgiving to be altogether praiseworthy and properly intelligent, she is a real girl, and it is no stretch of credulity to imagine her seventeen. When Fielding desired to paint the portrait of the woman of experience and matured character, he ran her age up to quite a considerable figure. He is wise enough not to tell us how old Miss Matthews was, and Amelia enters the scene as a married woman of several years' standing.

But with the outburst of romance writers that followed Fielding, art had to go to the wall, and the demand of a silly public for the spring-lamb heroine ruled the world of fiction. The great romancers wrote of women who, they tell us, were eighteen and twenty, and who, we know, were a regal twenty-eight and thirty. All Sir Walter's great heroines were women of thirty years, though Sir Walter, with a plaintive submission to the barbarous dominance of his public, meekly subscribed them seventeen. Does not Rebecca, the Jewess, remain in the mind as a beautiful, sad-eyed, mature woman, with none of the besitancies, the inexperience, the shy crudeness of girlhood about her? Even the cow-like, mild-eyed Rowena is no chicken. Could Di Vernon have been the self-reliant, splendid, conquering creature she was, and have had the timidity, the uncertainty, the fresh ingenuousness of budding eighteen?

Thackeray, like his master, Fielding, was too great an artist to conform to the popular error. His two young women heroines, Ethel and Beatrice, are touched on lightly in the years of their early bloom. Both are women past twenty-five when the storm and stress of their lives begin and the true bent of both characters is shown. On that fateful morning at Castlewood, when Esmond and Frank break their swords before the eyes of their prince, the

woman who causes that demonstration of fierce and silent hostility and renunciation, in the crude light of the morning, looks haggard and old. Dickens was not a great success in the drawing of heroines. There are only a few young girls in his books—Bella Wilfer, Dora, Dolly Varden. His ideal, the Agnes kind of woman, never gives one the idea of being young, in the sense of the boarding-school girl.

But it is especially in the hands of the women novelists of that great outburst of romantic talent, that the heroines were depicted as fearfully and wonderfully developed and advanced at the age when most girls are absorbed in their first long train and their first real admirer. George Eliot, a realist and an artist in most matters, fell in with the common error. Dorothea is not yet twenty, according to her author, when she displays the firmly molded character, the mental breadth, the wide, penetrating insight, of a woman who at thirty might have been set down as highly advanced and well able to take care of herself. She is only equaled by the thoroughly up-to-date Gwendolen. The latter is described as being twenty-one, yet her carefully calculated actions, her brilliant speeches, her intricate mental processes, her mature point of view, her admirable self-confidence and cool daring, would not be amiss in a woman of the world of thirty-five. These two—George Eliot's great achievements—are impossible creations when one tries to reconcile their characters and careers with the ages assigned them by their author.

Charlotte Brontë, being of a slightly anterior epoch, went even further. Any one remembering "Jane Eyre," will immediately call up a mental vision of the precise, trim figure of Mr. Rochester's governess, a self-contained, stiff, smart young woman of some two or three-and-thirty. When, in reading the book, one suddenly comes upon the statement that she is nineteen, the incongruity of her age with the character unfolded in the story is so absurd that, for a space, the book loses all artistic cohesion and falls into chaotic unreality. Jane Eyre is one of the most startling examples of this singular tradition as to the age of the heroine. As a woman of thirty, she is artistically conceived and developed. As a girl of nineteen, she is an absolute impossibility.

Into modern fiction, the novels of the moment, with their problems tacked on to their backs, the modern spirit has crept, and the heroine, when she is one of the noble, daring, advanced creatures we have worshiped for so many years, is beginning to mount upward toward the age where nature and art say she should be. Mrs. Ward, imbued as she is with the essence of contemporaneity, was one of the first to institute this move in the right direction. Catherine, in "Robert Elsmere," was twenty-six when she met that wavering apostle. Marcella, who is essentially a modern young girl, is from twenty-two to twenty-four. Sometimes, however, tradition remains too strong to break. Even so up-to-date a person as Mme. Grand can not shake off the fetters of custom. Her Evadne is quite an impossible character for the age assigned her. That a girl, brought up as she was, could, at her age, have decided and carried out the course of action described, is as unlikely as that Jane Eyre, at unsophisticated nineteen, would have known so well how to manage such a wary admirer as Mr. Rochester.

In this country, where the fiction is so largely a fiction of localities and where the artistic spirit of it is so obviously taken from France, the heroine's age fluctuates in a bewildering manner. At one side of the continent Bret Harte was fond of depicting the heroine of fourteen and fifteen, because he found, in the life he was describing, that she was as much an object of love and admiration as her sister of twenty-five would be in the colder, more conventional East. Miss Wilkins, on the other hand, constantly devotes her muse to describing the aged loves of men and women of fifty, who have been courting for a trifle over twenty years. Fifty in New England appears to be quite the correct age for the heroine. Down in New Orleans, Cable has it that the creole beauty is at her loveliest and most captivating at the old, conventional eighteen. According to Miss Murfree, in the Tennessee Mountains the heroine is even younger, being old, battered, and wrinkled at thirty. While in New York it would seem that the new heroine, the perfected blossom of culture and wealth, is that wonderful woman of thirty years that everybody is looking for and nobody ever finds.

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

Owing to the practical exhaustion of colonial coins and of early issues of the United States Mint, many collectors who desire to confine themselves to American coins have lately turned their attention to the issues of the three branch mints. These are distinguished on the reverse of each coin by the letters O for New Orleans, S for San Francisco, and C C for Carson City. While the greater number of the dates and denominations issued at those mints are quite plentiful, others, owing to the limited coinage of certain years, are extremely scarce, and this fact, having been quickly recognized by collectors, led to a rapid advance in the market value of many of these issues. For example, in Professor Ed. Frossard's one hundred and thirty-second sale, held in New York recently, quarter-dollars of the San Francisco Mint sold at the following prices: 1855, \$16; 1860, \$2.40; 1862, \$3.20; 1864, \$5; 1865, \$7; 1866, \$4.60; 1867, \$26; 1868, \$10; 1869, \$2; 1871, \$9.10; 1873, \$2; 1874, \$1.25; 1878, \$1.05. Quarter-dollars of Carson City Mint: 1870, \$3.55; 1873, \$16.25; 1875, \$1.

Public cycles as passenger vehicles have appeared in the streets of London. Whether they are tricycles or quadricycles we are not informed; but they are said to be operated by two men, and to have bireable seats for two passengers besides. For many years past, or long before the pneumatic tire made the bicycle a machine of practical use, the London butchers, and greengrocers, and various other tradesmen have used tricycles, driven by lusty boys usually, for the delivery of small articles.

OLD FAVORITES.

Count Gismond.

AIX IN PROVENCE.

Christ God, who savest men, save most
Of meo Couot Gismond who saved me!
Couot Gauthier, when he chose his post,
Chose time and place and company
To suit it; when he struck at length
My honor, 'twas with all his strength.

And doubtless ere that he could draw
All points to one, he must have schemed!
That miserable morning saw
Few half so happy as I seemed,
While being dressed in queen's array
To give our tourney prize away.

I thought they loved me, did me grace
To please themselves; 'twas all their deed;
God makes or fair or foul our face;
If showing mine so caused to bleed
My cousins' hearts, they should have dropped
A word, and straight the play had stopped.

They, too, so beauteous! Each a queen
By virtue of her brow and breast;
Not needing to be crowned, I mean,
As I do. E'en when I was dressed,
Had either of them spoke, instead
Of glancing sideways with still head.

But oo; they let me laugh, and sing
My birthday song quite through, adjust
The last rose in my garland, fling
A last look on the mirror, trust
My arms to each an arm of theirs,
And so descend the castle stairs.

Aod they could let me take my state
And foolish throe me applaud
Of all come there to celebrate
My Queen's day.—Oh, I think the cause
Of much was, they forgot no crowd
Makes up for parents in their shroud!

Howe'er that be, all eyes were bent
Upon me, when my cousins cast
Theirs down; 'twas time I should present
The victor's crow, but . . . there, 'twill last
No loo time . . . the old mist again
Blods me as then it did. How vain!

See! Gismond's at the gate, in talk
With his two boys: I cao proceed.
Well, at that moment, who should stalk
Forth boldly (to my face, indeed),
But Gauthier, aod he thundered "Stay!"
And all stayed. "Bring no crowns, I say!"

"Bring torches! Wind the penance sheet
About her! Let her shun the chaste,
Or lay herself before their feet!
Shall she, whose body I embraced
A night long, queen it in the day?
For honor's sake no crowns, I say!"

I? What I answered? As I live,
I ower fancied such a thing
As answer possible to give.
What says the body when they spriog
Some monstrous torture-engoe's whole
Strength on it? No more says the soul.

Till out stode Gismond; then I koew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before, but at first view
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan; who would spend
A mioute's mistrust on the eod?

He stode to Gauthier; in his throat
Gave him the lie, then struck his mouth
With one back-headed blow that wrote
In blood men's verdict there. North, South,
East, West, I looked. The lie was dead
Aod damned, and truth stood up instead.

This glads me most, that I enjoyed
The heart of the joy, with my conteot
In watchiog Gismond, unalloyed
By any doubt of the event,
God took that oo him—I was bid
Watch Gismond for my part. I did.

Did I oot watch him while he let
His armorer just brace his greaves,
Rivet his hauberk, oo the fret
The while! His foot . . . my memory leaves
No least stamp out nor how anon
He pulled his ringiog gauntlets on.

And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prooe lay the false knight,
Prooe as his lie, upon the ground;
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
Of sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove.

Which done, he dragged him to my feet,
And said, "Here die, but end thy breath
In full confession, lest thou fleet
From my first, to God's second death!
Say, hast thou lied?" And "I have lied
To God aod her," he said, and died.

Then Gismond, kneeling to me, asked—
"What safe my heart holds, tho' no word
Could I repeat now, if I tasked
My powers forever, to a third
Dear even as you are. Pass the rest,
Until I sank upon his breast.

Over my head his arm he flung
Against the world; and scarce I felt
His sword, that dripped by me and swung.
A little shifted in its belt—
For he began to say the while
How south our home lay many a mile.

So 'mid the shouting multitude
We two walked forth to nevermore
Return. My cousins have pursued
Their life untroubled as before
I vexed them. Gauthier's dwelling-place
God lighten! May his soul find grace!

Our elder boy has got the clear,
Great brow; though when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it . . . Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I just was telliog Adela
How many birds it struck since May.

—Robert Browning.

ELIHU VEDDER'S STUDIO.

A Glimpse of the Famous Illustrator of the "Rubaiyat"—His Loving Study of Fitzgerald's Translation—"The Cup of Death," "Sampson," and Other Noted Pictures.

Any one familiar with Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam knows how much its readers are indebted to Elihu Vedder as an interpreter of that marvelous poem, for certainly his wonderful illustrations have given force and power to the text. Indeed, one critic has said, "Vedder put more in his drawings than there was in the poem." While that is a matter open to question, without doubt we see far more in the text read with the illustrations than without them.

It would be strange if it were not so, for they were the result of years of study and thought on the poem. Long before that eccentric genius, Fitzgerald, could be persuaded to consent to the publication of his translation, through a friend Mr. Vedder had obtained a manuscript copy of it. Months and years he pondered over its despairing verses, taking it with him wherever he went, entering more and more into the insight, and spirit, and design of its writer. "Some day I shall illustrate the Omar Khayyam," he said to Mrs. Vedder. At last came his chance. The *édition de luxe* of the work was projected and the illustrating given to Mr. Vedder. Into it was put the result of ten years' thought and fancy. What wonder that the eyes in his drawing of the Soul who returns from seeing what life is once seen can not be forgotten, and that we thrill with pain at the recollection of those piteous, supplicating bands stretched out to the calm, inexorable Recording Angel! But this, the great work of Mr. Vedder's life, is too well known and has been too well described by abler pens than mine for me to linger long upon it.

I would rather pass on to some details of the work in his studio as I saw it in many delightful visits I made there in the winters of '91 and '92. In Rome, in a street not very far from the old Cappuccini Church, from whose walls shines, in deathless beauty, Guido Reni's Archangel Michael, which Hawthorne has made familiar to us all, are the three picturesque rooms which form Mr. Vedder's studio. There, every Sunday afternoon, be and his charming wife give a cordial welcome to the many visitors who fill their apartment. Hanging over the door of the second room is a "Head of Lazarus," one of the artist's latest productions and still not entirely finished—a bronzed Eastern face, with the white grave-cloths pushed back from the brow, infinite pathos about the beautiful mouth, infinite sadness in the large eyes—"healed of the wound of living." "Why could not I rest?" is their unmistakable question.

"I always thought Lazarus did not want to come back, and now I know it," I said to the artist, as we stood together before it.

"Certainly he did not, and I tried to put it in his face," was the reply.

On an easel is, painted in oils, an enlarged copy of the "Cup of Death," which my readers will remember as one of the most exquisite of the illustrations of the Omar Khayyam. In the book, it is a half length; in the painting, it is full length. The coloring is most delicate, with soft, pale pinks and pearly gray-blue tints, like the sea at Venice when the sun is low. The tender pity—in which there is no relenting—on the face of the solemn figure pressing the Cup of Death to the lips of the shrinking girl, whom he draws ever onward to the dark stream in which he stands, is a marvel of imagination and art. Near it is a wonderful group of women's heads—"Souls Waiting for the Judgment." Everywhere the same subtle suggestion; everywhere unrest, disquiet, ceaseless question, and the sadness and perplexity of life. To the masses this man will never appeal, and he knows it.

"My pictures are conundrums," I heard him say once, "and most people do not care for conundrums. They like a picture of a girl in a blue dress standing on the deck of a yacht. They know what that means, but I can't paint that sort of thing. I see this crowd of men and women around me every day, and there is something more in their faces and lives than what they are to eat, and drink, and wear, and I have to paint that." I asked him once if the faces in his pictures haunted him as they did other people. "Not after I once get them on to the canvas. They do until then."

There is a curious contrast between the man as he really is and as he might be expected to be from his work. Nothing weird or uncanny about him in any way. On the contrary. He is a man a little above middle height, rather inclined to be stout, light-brown hair, blue-gray eyes with a decided twinkle in them, a cordial, genial manner, a strong sense of humor, and his manner of speaking as thoroughly American as if he had not spent the last twenty years of his life in Rome.

In '92, he was engaged on a picture which he calls "The Soul between Faith and Doubt." Phototypes of the finished study can be obtained, and the picture itself was in the Loan Collection in the exhibition at Chicago. The Soul has a face full of strength, patience, sadness, and question. On one hand is the figure of Doubt, standing in a strong, lurid, semi-darkness; on the other hand, the shining figure of Faith, from whom is streaming a radiant light. I heard Mr. Vedder explaining it to a visitor: "The figure of Doubt, you see, gets his light from the world; the figure of Faith from"—after a pause—"the Lord knows where!"

Most of Mr. Vedder's pictures are owned in Boston and New York. "Identity," painted from a short poem of that name by Mr. Aldrich, is very remarkable. The lost, forlorn look of the hands of the figure is wonderful; indeed, the hands which Mr. Vedder paints are always most expressive. Like James Lee's wife, he asks: "Nothing but heavy in a hand?" and gives you the answer in his work.

Phototypes of many of his pictures can be had, and are most satisfactory. "Samson" and "Delilah," companion pic-

tures, whose frames also he designed, are very fine. Samson's splendid head, with flying locks of thick, dark hair, piercing eyes, and look of immense physical power, forms a fit contrast to the graceful creature who, with on her curved lips a smile half-cynical, half-doubting, and wholly alluring, accomplished his ruin. The moment at which Mr. Vedder has painted them is just as Samson has broken "the new ropes which were never occupied," and Delilah, from behind a curtain, with brows a little knit, watches the result. These also were in the Chicago Exhibition.

For people who like restful, amusing, or decorative pictures, Mr. Vedder's have no charm. The pain, the perplexity, the struggle and failure of life are in them. Each and all of them appeal powerfully to the imagination, and, as Charles Reade says, "imagination is so rare a gift." To the devoted adherents of modern French art, the faults of his technique, which sometimes fails, would overpower every other merit. Their standard of excellence is too deficient. A man of no mean ability as an artist of that school said to me recently: "Soul in a picture is not what any one wants in these days. It is a strong question whether there is a soul, and all now required of an artist is perfect, careful work." Judging from what I saw last year in the two Salons in Paris, I should suppose most of his fellow-artists agreed with him, for certainly most of their work was "of the earth, earthy." Perhaps this is "the conclusion of the whole matter" for this materialistic age. But there are a few left who still believe there is a soul; who still cling to the notion that art was given to keep alive the ideal; who care for something more in a picture than perfect management of color and perspective, and to them Mr. Vedder's work must be an unending delight. E. C. P.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1895.

In the higher courts of law, animals seldom make their appearance nowadays unless to be turned out by the officials. But in old times they often figured in the dock. In France, if an animal killed anybody, and it was proved that his master knew him to be viciously disposed, they were both hanged together. In 1584, the heavy rains brought out a vast number of caterpillars. "The walls, windows, and chimneys," writes Mr. Croake James, "were covered with them. The Grand Vicar of Valence cited the caterpillars before him; he appointed a proctor to defend them. The cause was solemnly argued, and he sentenced them to quit the diocese. But they did not obey. It was discussed whether to proceed against these creatures by anathema and imprecation, or, as it was expressed, by malediction and excommunication. But two priests and two theologians, having been consulted, changed the opinions of the grand vicar, so that afterward nothing was made use of but adjuration, prayers, and sprinkling holy water. The life of caterpillars is short, and these ceremonies, having continued several months, received the credit of having miraculously exterminated them." The most famous case of an animal criminal was, perhaps, the gardener's ass at Nismes, in Languedoc, which, being thirsty, strolled into a church and drank the holy water. It was tried for sacrilege, and though counsel was assigned to it, the evidence was too strong, and the poor creature was found guilty, sentenced to be hanged and afterward burned, and the gardener to pay the costs of the trial.

Professionalism is driving the sporting spirit out of England altogether. "Our young men," says *To-Day*, "used to be players of games; now they are only gaping spectators at a shilling or sixpence a head. They can not play cricket; they have to hire a set of men to play it for them, while they sit round and shout. They have only muscle and pluck enough to carry them through the gate of a foot-ball field, and to enable a few thousand of them who have lost their wretched half-crowns to attack the referee. The game itself is played by a set of professional rowdies, who do not care a toss of a halfpenny whether they win or lose, provided the takings are big. England hires Scotchmen to play foot-ball for her against Scotland, and this contemptible piece of tomfoolery is dignified by the name of sport. With the exception of the university boat-race, there is not a hit of fair and honest sport left in England. It is like our precious morality—all talk and no fact. The whole system is a disgrace to the players and a degradation to the spectators."

Very remarkable is the progress which has been made by the so-called Sunday Rest Association, which, founded in Paris about four years ago, now possesses a membership of several thousand, many influential names appearing on its roster. Its aim is to secure the reenactment of the law which prescribes the cessation of all work on the seventh day of the week, for France is one of the few countries in Europe where laborers and artisans are seen at work on Sundays just as on week days. True, the government has set an example by closing all public offices on the Sabbath, but shops are open and building operations, factories, mines, etc., are in full swing every Sunday throughout the year.

It is said that there are in the State of Kansas twenty well-built towns without a single inhabitant. Saratoga, in that State, has a thirty-thousand-dollar opera-house, a large brick hotel, a twenty-thousand-dollar school-house, and a number of fine business houses, and yet there is not a single person to claim that city as his home. At Fargo, a herder and his family constitute the sole population of what was once an incorporated city.

Professor Crooks thinks that if the electric lights were universal to-day, the candle, if suddenly introduced, would be thought a wonderful invention, as it enables a person to obtain light in its simplest and most portable form, and without the use of cumbrous machinery or the necessity of attaching the lamp to any fixed point by means of wire before it could be lighted.

A BIG BICYCLE PARADE.

Ten Thousand Wheelmen in Line—A Run from Prospect Park, Brooklyn, to Coney Island—The Girl who Wants Only One Bathing and Bicycling Suit.

What was probably the largest bicycle parade the world has ever seen took place last Saturday afternoon from Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, to Manhattan Beach. Enthusiasts say that fully fifteen thousand bicyclists—men, women, and children—were in line, and a conservative estimate puts the number at ten thousand at least, and the spectators in the park and along the line numbered fully twenty-five thousand more. The paraders rode four abreast, at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and it took fully an hour and a half for the line to pass Parkville, where it was reviewed by Mayor Schieren and a number of Brooklyn city officials.

The occasion was what is termed, in sporting circles, a double event. It celebrated the opening of the new bicycle path from Prospect Park to Coney Island, and at Manhattan Beach took place the annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen. The path is a smooth, gravel track, twelve feet wide and overhung along much of its length by the branches of trees that grow by the way-side, and it is five and a half miles long. It was built largely through the efforts of the Good Roads Association of Brooklyn, and this association, in conjunction with the League of American Wheelmen, had charge of the parade.

The paraders and their friends began to assemble at Prospect Park at noon. There was great confusion there at half-past one, the hour announced for the start, owing to the many non-paraders who were present on bicycles, and it took nearly an hour more to get the line in motion. Finally mounted policemen cleared the way of carriages, unattached bicyclists, and spectators on foot, and then the line was started, policemen on bicycles leading the way. They were not expert riders, like the three police bicyclists in Central Park, who seem to be able to catch any of the "scorchers" who ride there; but after they had got started, they rode along very smoothly. They wore their ordinary uniforms, with the exception of knickerbockers and black-ribbed stockings. After the policemen came the grand marshal, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Luscomb, who was accompanied by a staff composed of members of the National Guard of New York in uniform, and they were escorted by hundreds more of national guardsmen on wheels. There were fifty clubs in all in line, and some of them wore quite striking costumes.

One club of fifteen women was headed by a stout lady in white. She wore white bloomers, white cap, and a white cloth jacket, but her stockings made up for the lack of color in the rest of her costume by displaying all the hues of the rainbow. It was a noticeable fact that most of the women wore skirts that came a little above their ankles, but there were a number who wore bloomers. Among the unattached in the parade were several tandems and a number of "sociables," the latter allowing two persons to ride abreast, and one individual on a high wheel created much comment among the spectators. Occasionally in the line, too, could be seen a proud father carrying his baby in a basket on his handle-bar.

The head of the line reached Manhattan Beach an hour after the races had begun. Just before the cycle path terminates, it forms an S, which allowed the spectators on the grand-stand at Mr. Corbin's new cement track a good view of the paraders, as they came swarming in like ants out of the distance. The line was so long that people would watch them for a while, and then, tiring, would turn back to the races, and when they looked again, in a quarter or a half-hour, the line of bicyclists was still pouring in. This new cement track which Mr. Corbin has had built at Manhattan Beach cost him twenty-five thousand dollars, and it is his intention to have professional racing there during the summer months. He has put up prizes aggregating fifteen thousand dollars in value, and intends to have weekly meetings there from July 20th to September 15th, conducted, if possible, under the auspices of the League of American Wheelmen and managed as such things are in France, where professional bicycle-racing is a very popular sport.

By the way, a curious development of the bicycle craze appears in a letter which an original young woman sent to the New York *Sun* a few days ago. Mr. Dana seems to have inspired the more weak-kneed of his readers with unbounded trust in his ability to untie all the Gordian knots that hinder their path, and they apply to him, with a confidence that is really touching, for instruction and guidance in all sorts of usual and unusual predicaments, from settling disputed points in poker to weaning an errant husband from the cup that cheers. But few of their communications have excited more comment than the following:

"I am a young lady with a fondness for athletics, especially the bicycle and bathing. I am going to the sea-side in a few weeks for the summer, and, of course, I shall take my wheel with me. I have a bicycle-suit and a bathing-suit, and I know something about the proprieties, but I would like the *Sun's* advice. At the place where I spend my summers we have about eight miles of beautiful, hard, white beach, which will be just too lovely for the wheel, and I want to know if it will be proper for me to ride over it in my bathing-suit. I can go in bathing anywhere there, and walk about the beach with perfect propriety; but would it be all right for me to wear my bathing-suit on the wheel, so I can wheel or swim as the fancy takes me? I may say that my bathing-suit would scarcely be the thing for me to wear in the streets of New York, even on a bicycle. I had it made that way on purpose, for I do hate to be all cluttered up with clothes when I am swimming."

The *Sun's* reply to this query was, in effect, that its fair correspondent could go ahead and wear anything she chose, whether in bathing or on her wheel. If this advice he generally followed, a new feature will be added to our summer life. Proprietors of sea-side hotels will have no occasion to evoke the sea-serpent myth to lure the coy lodger to their lair; they will turn people away if they have among their guests a girl who hates in bloomers and bikes in a bathing-suit.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1895.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the gossip paragraphs in the *Bookman* for June we note the following:

"The collateral scribbling that has sprung from the inspiration given by 'Trilby' has at last produced one clever thing—a chapter published in the *Argonaut* of San Francisco, entitled 'Trilby's Husband,' and purporting to give the history of what would have happened had Trilby married Little Billee and settled down to the life of a British matron. It is quite in Du Maurier's vein, and is as amusing as a chapter from Bret Harte's 'Condensed Novels.'"

"A Study in Prejudices" is the title of the new novel by George Paston, author of "A Modern Amazon." This story, which is described as fresh and modern in conception, appears in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

"Tay Pay" O'Connor lunched with Maeterlinck not long ago, and writes of him:

"He is an excellent fellow. In appearance he is a typical Flemish man—stoutish, broad-faced, and with the singularly open and good-natured expression of his race. I am told by his intimates that he is one of the most modest, and I could see that he is one of the most unassuming, of men. He speaks English well, and is intimately acquainted with English literature—especially with George Meredith. Hitherto he has not made or tried to make any money out of his dramas; but he is getting popular, and by and by may get rich."

"Sentimental Tommy," Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story, relates the tale of the life of a poor boy in a great city. Mr. Barrie has now taken up his residence in London and is supposed to be making studies there. The author's favorite attitude, it is said, is reclining on the rug before the fire, where he smokes in peace with his great St. Bernard beside him; he does not like chairs. It is noted, also, that in company he preserves extraordinary intervals of silence; but he is always quick to catch and applaud some clever speech from those around him.

All bibliophiles and admirers of dainty verse will learn with regret that Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson died on May 30th, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. An English exchange says of him:

"He was the son of Mr. E. H. Locker, who ventured at least once into the land of literature, besides being civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. For some years Frederick Locker was in the admiralty office, employing his leisure in writing for the *Times*, and in fastidious research into the by-ways of poetry. His volume, 'London Lyrics,' appeared in 1862, and gained for its author many admirers. Other literary efforts were 'Patchwork' and 'Lyra Elegantiarum,' the latter an anthology which showed the discrimination of a scholar as well as the delicate taste of a poet. Mr. Locker married, first, Lady Charlotte Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin, and second, the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson. On the death of Sir Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Locker-Lampson went to reside at Rowfant, a picturesque home in Sussex filled with choice books and art treasures. The catalogue of the celebrated library, prefaced by charming verses from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang, was a labor of love on the part of one who was a bibliophile, as distinguished from a bibliomaniac. Mr. Locker-Lampson's daughter by his first wife was the wife of the late Lionel Tennyson, and is now Mrs. Augustine Birrell."

The sum paid for the English rights of "The Memoirs of Barras" is said to have been four thousand dollars. The third and fourth volumes of the work are promised for October.

Hector Malot announces that, having made a fortune, he has retired from literature. He has worked hard, having studied the theory of heat to write one book, spent three months in the cotton-factories for another, and he tells us, even spent the same length of time exploring the ruins of Rome. He chose his own subjects and indulged his own tastes, and let no editor, not even M. Buloz, browbeat him. Inasmuch, however, as he says that he has in his desk sketches for ten more novels, and plots for others in his head, the *New York Tribune* thinks that that retirement has somewhat the air of a "positively final last appearance."

The table of contents of the *Century* for July is as follows:

"William Cullen Bryant" (frontispiece); "American Rural Festivals," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "The Blighting of Mythen Van Steen: A Kityk Story," by Anna Eichberg King; "Casa Braccio"—IX., by F. Marion Crawford; "Books in Paper Covers," by Brander Matthews; "Corinna's Fiammetta," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Bryant and the Berkshire Hills," by Arthur Lawrence; "Old Dutch Masters: Gerard Terburg," with an engraving by the author, Timothy Cole; "The Strike at Mr. Mobley's," by Matt Cim; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William M. Sloane; "Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver"—II., by William Dean Howells; "The Future of War: Military Operations as Affected by the New Weapons," by Fitzhugh Lee; "St. Yves, priez pour nous!" (American Artists' Series), painted by Sergeant Kendall; "The Princess Sonia"—III., by Julia Magruder; "A Japanese Life of General Grant"; "Personal Memories of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Edmund Gosse; "Picturing the Planets: Portraits of Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn," by James E. Keeler; "Two Vice-Presidents: John C. Breckinridge and Hannibal Hamlin," by Henry L. Dawes; "Daniel Webster against Napoleon"—"Prefatory Note," by Abby Barstow Bates; "Notes and Memoranda for a Speech," by Daniel Webster; and verses by Madison Cawlin, W. C. Wilkinson, Jennie Oliver Benson, Bliss Carman, Harriet Monroe, Julia Schayer, Archibald Lampman, W. H. Hayne, Henry T. Stanton, W. D. Ellwanger, P. L. Dunbar, and Henry Van Dyke.

Experts like Dr. J. A. Allen, C. C. Merriam, Olive Thorne Miller, Bradford Torrey, John H. Sage, and many others, agree in the enthusiastic endorsement of Mr. Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," published by

the Appletons, which seems to have taken its place very quickly as the standard popular work on this subject.

Mr. Whistler is engaged in the collection of all the varied and amusing material which has accumulated since the publication of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" for a second volume on the same subject.

Albert D. Vandam, the clever author of "An Englishman in Paris," etc., has ready another volume of reminiscences, entitled "French Men and Manners."

Harper's Magazine for July contains the following list of articles:

"Commedia" (frontispiece); "Some Imaginative Types in American Art," by Royal Cortissoz; "Annie Tousey's Little Game," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe; "In the Garden of China," by Julian Ralph; "The German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow; "Rosamond's Romance," by G. A. Hibbard; "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"—IV., by Louis de Conte; "Bear-Chasing in the Rocky Mountains," by Frederic Remington; "Hearts Insurgent"—VIII., by Thomas Hardy; "Where Charity Begins," by Owen Wister; "Americans in Paris," by Richard Harding Davis; "The University of Pennsylvania," by Francis N. Thorpe; "The Horoscope of Two Portraits," by Candace Wheeler; and the departments.

The American edition of the *Bookman* has far outstripped its English namesake in interest. As the case stands now, the tail is wagging the dog, and the English *Bookman* is a pretty good paper, too.

The first volume of the Blaine biography will be issued within a few weeks. Before Gail Hamilton was taken ill, the work had been revised down to the close of the Minneapolis Convention, and the remaining chapters, except part of the last, had all been written. When it became evident that delay would result from Gail Hamilton's illness, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford was called upon to revise the final chapters, with the approval of Mrs. Blaine.

In addition to "A Study in Prejudices," by George Paston, the new works on the announcement list of D. Appleton & Co. are:

"The Story of the Plants," by Grant Allen; "European and American Cuisine," by Gesine Lemcke; "A Street in Suburbia," by Edwin Pugh; "The Mistress of Quest," by Adeline Sergeant; "The Canadian Guidebook," complete in one volume; a new edition of Tracy's "Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders," and new editions of Appleton's "General Guide to the United States," "Dictionary of New York," "Handbook of Summer Resorts," and "Guidebook to Alaska."

Speaking to Mr. Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," Mr. du Maurier recently said that he was surprised at the success of his books, considering that he had never written before. "Never written!" Anstey cried out. "Why, my dear Du Maurier, you have been writing all your life, and the best of writing-practice at that. Those little dialogues of yours, which week after week you have fitted to your drawings in *Punch*, have prepared you admirably. It was *precis* writing, and gave you conciseness and repartee and appositeness, and the best qualities of the writer of fiction."

Authors and Publishers.

There is much information for the general public on a subject of which it is strangely ignorant in a recent article on the relations existing between the men who write books and the men who publish them. It is from the *New York Sun*, and reads as follows:

"There is sometimes a disposition to blame publishers for the great number of useless books that annually come from the press; but for ten books published, nearly one hundred are suppressed by obtuse publishers. Of one hundred manuscript books sent unrequested to the publishers of New York, more than ninety per cent. are rejected by the house to which they are first sent, and probably more than seventy-five per cent. never find a publisher.

"Perhaps seventy per cent. of all manuscript books are condemned as hopelessly by the first reader to whom they are sent. Many are condemned, and rightly, after having been read only in small part. The reader dips in here and there when the first few chapters seem to condemn a book, and, if the thing does not improve, he makes a report of unconditional disapproval. The first reader sometimes commends a book, but suggests material changes. It then goes to another, and perhaps another, and finally is considered from the business point of view as to its probable salability. If it is deemed salable, the suggested changes are presented to the author, and, after they are made, perhaps the book is accepted and perhaps it is not. A novel recently sent to a conspicuous publishing house was enthusiastically commended by the first reader, severely criticised by the second, and not condemned by the third. It was then sent back to the author, with the suggestion that he make several radical changes, cut it down one-fourth, and re-submit the manuscript. He did all this, and the publishers finally declined to publish the book. The whole transaction occupied about eight months.

"When a manuscript is approved by the readers and by the publisher, the terms that the latter offers may not suit the author, in which case he declines the offer and takes his wares to another shop. Authors' agents, middlemen better known in England than in this country, hawk about manuscripts among the publishing houses, and manage sometimes to have an author's successive works published by many different houses. One result of this policy is that such authors have no one publisher desirous of publishing their works as a whole, so that it is difficult to get their books in sets, and individual works are apt to go out of print. This has been the fate of Julian Hawthorne.

"Publishers who are also printers put out many books that they would not take the risk of publishing on their own account. They sometimes appear as printers of such books, sometimes as publishers. There may be reasons of taste why a house prefers to appear in the former capacity rather than in the latter.

"Publishers say that novels now lead in the number of

books offered, and three-quarters of the rejected manuscripts are novels. The immense success and large profits of some novel-writers excite the cupidity of many imitators. Every publisher is a bear on the novel-market, and, indeed, upon every sort of manuscript. Theology is a much overwritten science, and scores of volumes on this subject are annually rejected by New York publishers. A few standard works on theology are supposed to have been fairly profitable to their writers as well as their publishers. Some houses are known as publishing only orthodox works. This is true of the Harpers and the Scribners. The Putnams have published theology of all sorts, from the strictly orthodox treatise to works of destructive criticism. The Appletons have published much of the latter class, though the head of the house is a sound churchman.

"Although many works on political economy are published annually, Carlyle's 'dismal science' is gingerly handled when it comes in manuscript to the publishers. The late Oliver B. Bunce was chief reader for the Appletons when Henry George's 'Progress and Poverty' came in manuscript to the office. Mr. Bunce, hardened reader as he was, sat up all night with the manuscript, having carried it home, and coming to the office next day apologized for recommending the publication of a politico-economic work. The publishers were not surprised at the apology, but they were at the recommendation. Mr. Bunce's advice was taken, however, and the Appletons gave 'Progress and Poverty' to the world. Its success was eventually enormous.

"Nearly all the poetry submitted to publishers in book-form is declined, and most books of verse issued are unprofitable. Even fairly well-known poets sell slowly. One living American poet whose verse commanded good prices in the magazine offices complained some years ago, when his fame was thoroughly established, that his royalties of the year before amounted to just two dollars. Will Carleton's publishers, however, have never regretted accepting his manuscript, and Riley's poems pass through many editions.

"Every publisher receives offers by letter of manuscripts that never reach the publication office. The letters are sometimes so crude and misspelled that the publisher has no hesitation in replying that the manuscript need not be sent, as his list is full. It is his disposition to send such a reply to nearly every letter of the sort, but, as a matter of fact, a well-expressed and seemingly sane letter offering a manuscript usually elicits by way of reply a request to submit the manuscript. All manuscripts sent in thus voluntarily are numbered and recorded, and the readers receive the manuscripts without knowing the names of the authors. Books are more frequently submitted type-written. This undoubtedly increases their chances of being thoroughly read. There is, however, a vast amount of very bad manuscript sent to every publishing house, and it is the jest of the trade that a neat manuscript on just the right kind of paper excites the suspicion that the writer is an amateur. The proverbial bad writing of great men has no longer its old terror for the printer since type-writing has come into vogue.

"Publishers issue a great many books that have been written by request. Many publishers have a series of one sort or another that is indefinitely long and that grows by additions at irregular intervals. Such a series may have been projected by the publisher, and the initial volume is likely to have been written by request; but so soon as such a series has been started, many letters come suggesting additional numbers of the series and offering matter for future volumes. Most of such offers have to be rejected.

"British writers, or their agents in dealing with American publishers under the copyright law, usually retain a copyright interest, but ask for an advance on future royalties. The publishers say that if the expected royalties do not accrue, the authors neglect to repay the advance, so that in such case the original payment was really the price that the publisher gave for his equity in the work. Only a small proportion of books published are bought by the publisher. As a rule, it is only authors of established reputation who can demand other payment than their royalty. It happens occasionally that publishers do so well with an unexpectedly successful book that they send the author an honorarium in addition to the agreed-upon royalty. The Harpers are said to have sent a handsome honorarium to Du Maurier, and Beatrice Harraden's American publisher sent her an honorarium of five hundred dollars, after which she complained because more was not sent.

"Publishers say that, with all their care and sifting, only a small number of the books published yield a fair profit. Some on which great expectations are built fall flat, and, on the whole, the reading public is as hard to calculate upon as is the theatre-going public. Most books die a natural death in less than five years, many are still-born, and of the few that are regarded as highly successful a considerable percentage are utterly forgotten in ten years. It is a high tribute to Nathaniel Hawthorne that, almost up to the time his copyright expired, his heirs received several thousand dollars a year from the royalties on his works."

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LITERARY NOTES.

"The Golden Pomp."

One of the most striking of recent books of English verse is "The Golden Pomp," a procession of English lyrics from Surrey to Shirley, arranged by A. T. Quiller-Couch. Mr. Couch, in discussing the limitations of his title, says that he "takes the lyric to be a short poem—essentially melodious in rhythm and structure—treating summarily of a single thought, feeling, or situation. This circumspection includes the sonnet, and excludes the ballad and the ode." He begins his book with "the epoch of Italian influence upon English song," which first made itself felt in the verses of Surrey, and he stops with those poets, like Herrick, and Herbert, and Shirley, who were born before Elizabeth died. Mr. Quiller-Couch's plan of arrangement is not chronological, for, as he says, his rule has been "to arrange this garland so that each flower should do its best by its neighbors." The result is that the book is a very charming one, without the primness and formality of many anthologies. It fitly begins with Shakespeare's beautiful

"Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On calcined flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-huds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty hin,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise."

Turning the pages at random, we come upon Robert Herrick's beautiful "Corinna's Maying." In fact, there are many of Herrick's fine poems scattered through the book. In the first dozen pages we find Shakespeare and Herrick cheek by jowl, for following "Corinna's Maying" comes Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine, Where are you Roaming?" and next to that is Herrick's "Upon Julia's Hair Filled With Dew," and Shakespeare's "It was a Lover and his Lass" is closely followed by Herrick's "Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May." Then comes Ben Jonson's

"Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can, the sports of Love,"

Followed by Shakespeare's:

"Crabbed Age and Youth
Can not live together."

Beaumont and Fletcher, too, figure freely in the book, as also does Christopher Marlowe, he who gave that dissipated Kit of the old days of the Mermaid Tavern. In fact, it would almost seem as if Mr. Quiller-Couch had collected these poems by reason of the acquaintanceship of those jolly tosspots in Shakespeare's salad days; among them we find Ben Jonson, Christopher Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Green. But as we go on through the book, the editor's love for Shakespeare is more apparent, for we find, as showing the fertility of the famous Shakespeare plays and songs, the following lyrics as we turn the pages:

"On a day—alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air."
"I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."
"Weaving spiders, come not here:
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!"
"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands."
"Where the hee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie."
"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,"
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."
"Who is Silvia? What is she?"
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

But a truce to mentioning the lyrics from Shakespeare. They are so numerous that it would almost seem as if the volume were made up of them. But it is not. Those who love our stores of English verse will find many other poems there. For example, there is Sir Walter Raleigh's "Silent Lover":

"Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams:
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

There is Ben Jonson's "Hymn to Diana":

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright."

There is Christopher Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to his Love":

"Come live with me and be my Love
And we will all the pleasures prove,"

and Sir Walter Raleigh's "Her Reply":

"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue."

There is Sir Walter Raleigh's "Shepherd's Description of Love":

"Shepherd, what's Love, I pray thee tell?"

There is John Lyly's "Cards and Kisses":

"Cupid and my Campasse play'd
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid."

There is Herrick's "Cherry-Ripe":

"Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow, I answer: There
Where my Julia's lips do smile;
There the land, or cherry-isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow."

There is Campion's

"There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow."

There is Herrick's "Delight in Disorder":

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness";
"A winning waive, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

There is Herrick's

"When as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
The liquefaction of her clothes!"

There is Ben Jonson's "To Celia":

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine."

There is Herrick's "Bracelet":

"Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this silken twist;
For what other reason is't
But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art?"

There is Herrick's "Night-Piece":

"Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,"

There is George Wither's "The Scorned Scorned":

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be?"

There is Shakespeare's

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."

There is the famous anonymous poem, "My Lady Greensleeves":

"Alas! my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.
For oh, Greensleeves was all my joy!
And oh, Greensleeves was my delight!
And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
And who but my Lady Greensleeves!"

"I thought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth as fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.
For oh, Greensleeves . . .

"Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidery gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendal right:
And these I bought thee gladly.
For oh, Greensleeves . . .

There is Sir E. Dyer's "My Mind a Kingdom":

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind."

There is Shakespeare's beautiful "Sea Dirge":

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong,
Hark now I hear them,—
Ding-dong, bell!"

There is a beautiful epitaph sometimes attributed to William Browne, but generally to Ben Jonson, on the Countess-Dowager of Pembroke:

"Underneath this sable bier
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

And last and oddest of all, there are some poems of gay swashbucklers and roystering blades like Herrick, and Drummond of Hawthorne, which show that they at times wooed the religious muse. There is, for example, a "Litany to the Holy Spirit" by Herrick:

"In the hours of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

"When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with dainties discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

"When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

"When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in the shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!"

Then there are some forty pages of notes, in which many another well-admired verse is quoted. Indexes to first lines and to writers conclude the volume.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

"Sister Gratia: Satan's Simplicity," a novel by Chauncey Edgar Snow, has been published by Charles Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

Marioo Crawford's popular novel, "Sant' Ilario," has been issued as the second number of the Nov-

elists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Cash vs. Coin: An Answer to 'Coin's Financial School,'" by Edward Wisner, has been published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Vengeance of James Vansittart," by Mrs. J. H. Needell, is a story in which the elder daughter of a broken-down gentleman marries the nephew of a very wealthy man in order to save her father and family from poverty. But the nephew, who had been brought up in luxury to believe himself his uncle's heir, is really the object of James Vansittart's hatred; and he is no sooner married than the uncle casts him forth without a penny. The story follows the unhappy life of this bride of a loveless marriage, who does not receive the wealth for which she sold herself. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A "Life of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria" has been prepared by Millicent Garrett Fawcett, the widow of the late head of the English post-office. The author dwells chiefly on the formative influences on the queen's character in her early life, and in later years refers to political and personal events only in so far as they illustrate her character and her conception of her political functions. In appendixes are given a chronological table of events in Victoria's reign up to the premiership of the Earl of Rosebery and a list of books of reference. A reproduction of a recent photograph serves as a frontispiece, and the book is indexed. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Lost Endeavor," by Guy Boothby, is aptly named. Its hero is a man who, living on Thunder Island, off the coast of New Guinea, is little better than the outcasts and ex-convicts who are his companions at this pearling station. He is dying of consumption and pawns his last ring to buy champagne. In the midst of his debauch, he learns that his father, the Duke of Exminster, is dead, and has left him one thousand pounds on condition that he never returns to England. Then he takes up with a forlorn Frenchwoman, and, under her influence, makes a brief endeavor to reform; but a Frenchman who has a hold on her turns up and arouses his suspicions. He takes to drink again, and soon dies of a hemorrhage, after learning that the Frenchwoman is a famous diamond-thief who had been transported from France to New Caledonia. The woman commits suicide, and the story comes to a doleful end. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

The series of papers on "Abraham Lincoln" which were printed in the New York *Independent* some months ago, and from which we made long extracts at the time, have been republished in book-form, with an introduction by the Rev. William Hayes Ward. They consist of tributes from his associates and reminiscences of soldiers, statesmen, and citizens. Among the contributors are the late George William Curtis; Senator Henry L. Dawes; W. J. Ferguson, one of the players at Ford's Theatre; Lincoln's law partner, W. H. Herndon; General O. O. Howard; Lincoln's private secretary, William O. Stoddard; Murat Halstead; ex-Secretary George S. Boutwell; ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James; Frank Carpenter; Grace Greenwood; Senator Morgan, of Alabama; and a number of other prominent persons. To their articles are added a number of Lincoln's epigrams and the text of his second inaugural address. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

A handsome volume that will commend itself to art-lovers is "Lorenzo Lotto: An Essay in Constructive Criticism," by Bernard Berenson, the author of "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance." It is a conscientious and exhaustive study of a great painter, made by a cultivated and erudite art-critic. The author has set himself the task of reconstructing Lotto's character, as a man and as an artist, and to that end, while excluding from consideration all pictures known only by hearsay, he has digested all available data regarding Lotto's career and made careful study of all his authentic works. By observing what habits have become so rooted in the artist as to be unconscious and by discovering under what influences he formed them, the author has reconstructed the history of the artist's education. The first chapter, "Lotto's Early Years," sets the date of the artist's birth at 1480, and is a critical catalogue of his paintings up to 1512. In the second, "Lotto's Antecedents," the school of Alvise Vivarni is analyzed. The third reverts to Lotto in his transition period, from 1508 to 1517; then follows "The Bergamask Period," 1518 to 1528; three chapters are devoted to the artist's maturity, old age, and last years; and, finally, there are two chapters on "Lotto's Following and Influence" and "Resulting Impressions." Supplementary to these are indexes to photographs of pictures and drawings not by Lotto mentioned in the book, to names mentioned incidentally, and to places. The illustrations consist of thirty reproductions of paintings by Lotto, Alvise, and others. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$3.50.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Lyceum Company will commence their engagement at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday, July 15th, in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." The play is one of Henry Arthur Jones's recent productions, and has enjoyed long runs in London and in New York. Miss Isabel Irving and Herbert Kelcey will have the leading rôles.

Young Henri Marteau's artistic career as a violinist has been temporarily stopped by the fact that he has been compelled to begin upon a year's compulsory service in the French army.

Mme. Patti has made her reappearance in opera in London, and scored as great a success as any in her career. She appeared in her favorite part of Violetta in "La Traviata," and was so enthusiastically received on her first appearance that she was quite unnerved and her first notes could hardly be heard. She quickly recovered, however, and her wonderful voice seemed to have lost none of its charms.

"The Senator," the comedy in which William H. Crane has been so successful, is to be given at the Columbia Theatre next week. It is a very amusing play, and, since Mr. Crane refuses to come to this "jay" town, it is a matter of congratulation to theatre-goers here that it is to be presented by such an excellent company of players as Mr. Frawley directs. The cast will be as follows:

Senator Hannibal Rivers, Madlyn Archuckle; Alexander Armstrong, George Osbourne; Count Ernest von Strahl, Charles Wyngate; Baron Ling Ching, H. D. Blackmore; Richard Vance, George W. Leslie; Lieutenant George Schuyler, T. D. Frawley; Isaiah Sharpless, Hudson Liston; Silas Denman, Charles W. King; Erastus, Brigham Royce; Mahel Denman, Helen Kelleher; Mrs. Schuyler, Phoea McAllister; Mrs. Armstrong, Belle Archer; Mrs. Josie Armstrong, Hope Ross; Mrs. Hilary, Blanche L. Bates.

"The Old Homestead" will be continued at the California Theatre next week, with a matinee on Thursday, the Fourth, instead of on Wednesday.

Ada Lewis, "the tough girl," has had a character part written in for her in May Irwin's new comedy, "The Widow Jones," in which Miss Irwin is to make her initial starring tour.

The Bostonians are in quite a flutter, according to this paragraph in the *Evening Sun*:

"For years the friends of Messrs. Barnabee and Macdonald have urged them to introduce a little young blood into their chorus. Whenever a new opera has been produced, both managers have promised to do so; but when it came to a question of dismissing some of the veterans, the heart of Uncle Barney waxed faint, and he would exclaim: 'Oh, but we can't possibly let her go. She's such a good girl, and, besides, she's been with us since 1871.' But the notices which the Bostonians' chorus called forth during the past winter have at last determined their fate. Messrs. Barnabee and Macdonald have decided to make a clean sweep next season and rejuvenate as many of the star members of the company as is possible."

Charles H. Hoyt is turning his genius to the construction of a new piece about our national game, and it is said that he has engaged Captain A. C. Anson, of the Chicagoes, to take a leading part.

Another San Franciscan is to make her debut at the Columbia Theatre next week, in the person of Miss Helen Kelleher, a handsome and clever young woman. She is to play the important rôle of Mabel Denman, whom the Senator eventually marries.

A rumor comes from London that W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan are reconciled once more, and that the old firm is again at work on a new opera.

Harry B. Smith's comic opera, "Tar and Tantar," will be revived at the Tivoli next week for the summer holidays. The cast will be as follows:

Muley Hassen, Ferris Hartman; Cardamon, John J. Raffael; Moket, Ed. Torpi; Khartoon, Phil Branson; Pajama, W. H. West; Yussuf, J. P. Wilson; Umpa, Fred Kavanagh; Alpaca, Louise Royce; Farina, Laura Millard; Taffetta, Gracie Plaisted; Lamhrequin, Irma Fitch; Tola, Vera Gray.

Agnes Booth, who has just returned from Europe, says that the "Trilby" craze has not reached England yet. Beerbohm Tree assured her that he would do the play, but she does not think it will take well, as hardly any one in England has read Du Maurier's book.

What should be a very curious play is one which is to be the joint production of Bill Nye, the humorist, and Paul Potter, who dramatized "Trilby" and has written several other very successful plays. It is to be a comedy, with a great deal of music in it, the story setting forth the ad-

ventures of a hunting-party of ladies and gentlemen, who spend the summer in the Adirondacks and meet with all the mishaps that are liable to befall a party of amateur sportsmen and sports-women.

Blanche Bates is to have the rôle of Mrs. Hilary in "The Senator," which Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore played when Crane was here.

Sihyl Sanderson has retired from the stage for the present, and is living quietly in a small town near Paris. Meanwhile, Antonio Terry is making every effort to secure a divorce, and the announcement of their marriage may soon be expected.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is having a run of more than three months in London. It is somewhat a new thing to the Adelphi audiences, but sufficiently in their line to please them enormously.

Charles H. Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Black Sheep," will follow "The Old Homestead" at the California Theatre. Otis Harlan will have the leading character, "Hot Stuff"; William Devere plays the part of the editor of the *Tombstone Inscription*; and the leading female rôle will be sustained by Fanny Johnston, formerly of the Boston Museum Company. Etta Gilroy, a dancer, is also a member of the company.

T. D. Frawley has secured the entire coast rights of an American play, "The Ensign," which he will produce during the engagement of his company at the Columbia Theatre.

E. H. Sothern will play three characters in Edward Rose's dramatization of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The opening chapter of the novel, in which Anthony Hope touches lightly on a tradition of the house of Rassendel concerning the relations of a red-headed king and a Miss Rassendel, has been elaborated by Mr. Rose into a prologue for the play. Mr. Sothern will, of course, play the king, and in the play proper will represent the red-headed descendant of the king and also his remarkable double, young Rassendel.

The company that is playing "Trilby" at the Garden Theatre, New York, is the one that will be seen at the Baldwin later in the season.

A new play is being written for Mme. Réjane by Edouard Pailleron, whose "Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie" is one of the most delightful of French comedies. The new play, however, is to be "in quite a new style."

Blanche Walsh, the daughter of "Fatta Walsh, the Eytalian's friend," made her first appearance in tights in Washington recently, and scored an unequalled success. It was in a one-act fantasy entitled "Romeo's First Love," and Miss Walsh played the part of Romeo in a Venetian cap of white and gold with a long, white feather, white jacket of gold and white lace, full puffed trunks of white, and white tights, with boots laced with gold strings to the knees. It is Miss Walsh's ambition to play Shakespeare's Romeo in a legitimate company, and she has "an idea that I can so deport myself that the audience will forget that I am a woman and regard me as a youth of about twenty." But those who have seen Miss Walsh in tights do not share this opinion.

There remain but a few weeks of the Frawley company's engagement at the Columbia Theatre. A new stock company, headed by L. R. Stockwell, will follow them, producing an extended repertoire of plays.

It is announced in New York that Augustin Daly has engaged Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrie Bellew, and that they will appear at his theatre in September in "Le Collier de la Reine." This play is a decided sensation in Paris, and so intimate are the relations established by Mme. Réjane and Mounet-Sully between the French stage and the New York Rialto, that it is glibly spoken of by American actors as "The Collier in the Rain."

Henry Irving acted in "Don Quixote" on the evening of the day on which it became known that he had been knighted. When Maria in the play says to the hero, "But you have not been knighted!" the audience rose and cheered, and toward the end of the play, where he says, "Knighthood sits like a halo round my head," the play had again to be stopped for several minutes till the house quieted down.

Mrs. Langtry has been well received as an actress by the London public. She has just made her reappearance there in Clyde Fitch's four-act play, "Gossip," and the *St. James's Budget* says that, though Mrs. Langtry may still rely on her magnificent presence, diamonds, and other attractions, beyond question she may now rely also on her ability as an actress. "Round after round of applause greeted her special scenes; in fact, the play, which was very well received, would not have had such a good reception had it not been for her all-round capability."

Liane de Pougy is a Paris music-hall attraction who plays at the Folies Bergères "almost a speaking part." That is, Mme. de Pougy comes on the stage attired in virgin white and robes of pearls. Perched on her hand and shoulders sit snow-white doves. She then whispers a little innocent song,

and retires amidst salvos of applause. This lady, when living at Mentone in a *petite* villa, which is like the inside of a jewel-box lined throughout with satin, has always standing in front of her door two *gendarmes*, who guard the treasures of her house. She likes pearls better than any other ornaments, and has them of all sizes, but in one necklace the pearls are really as large as pigeons' eggs. She has a girdle of emeralds and diamonds; the centre emerald is a good deal bigger than a trade dollar; and with this girdle she wears an enormous necklace, bracelets, and tiara of the same stones. Probably she is the only woman in Europe whose white satin gown is outlined down each seam by long rows of solitaire diamonds. Last winter she was giving a breakfast to some well-known men of Paris—noblemen, artists, financiers—and a young *bourgeois*, enormously rich, with no social position, was extremely anxious for an invitation. Pougy is exclusive, but finally an ambassador of the youth explained to madame that if the invitation was given, his friend would send her a necklace of the value of twenty-five thousand dollars. The youth attended the breakfast and sat next a prince. Pougy's plate was lined with pearls.

Hinricks—"Don't you think Boggs is a very subtle man?" Talkley—"Yes, indeed. He explained to me so ingeniously how he could pay back a V within two hours, that I let him have it."—*Truth*.

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On the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are open all the year round. Tuesday and Friday evenings at eight o'clock, water polo is played by clever amateurs. After the polo, there are clever feats of high-diving and somersaults. The baths are open at 6 A. M., for the accommodation of early bathers, until ten o'clock in the evening.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1895. GEO. TOUNRY, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Wehh.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 1, 1895. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT-gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and three-quarters (3 3/4) per cent. per annum for the six months ending June 30, 1895. Will be payable, free of taxes, on and after July 1, 1895. S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

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Mrs. Langtry's jewels are valued by experts at over eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mignon, the eight-year-old daughter of Mme. Emma Nevada, is said to have a wonderful voice and to be a marvelous dancer.

Lawyer Choate's fee in the income-tax case has now been reduced by the newspaper gossips from one hundred to fifteen thousand dollars.

Although Secretary Olney pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Owney," he has a brother who sticks to the old-fashioned way—"Olney."

Since Henry Irving has been made a knight, the sporting fraternity of England has begun to clamor for similar honors for Dr. W. G. Grace, the veteran and champion cricketer.

Sir Robert Hart, who created the Chinese customs service, employs 3,500 persons, manages an annual foreign trade of \$220,000,000, collects \$18,000,000 a year, clears 30,000,000 tons of shipping annually, and lights 1,800 miles of coast.

John Woomaker has increased his life insurance to the remarkable aggregate of \$2,000,000. He is certainly the most heavily insured man in America and possibly in the world. John B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, has policies on his life for \$750,000, and Hamilton Disston for \$600,000. Chauncey M. Depew is said to be insured for \$500,000.

William M. Evarts was going up once in the elevator at the State Department when it happened to be loaded with an unusual number of strangers, presumably applicants for ministerships and consulships. Turning to a friend, who accompanied him, Evarts said: "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time."

The late Lord Alcester, of the British navy, was noted for the scrupulous care and neatness with which he dressed. In his later years he was known as "the ocean swell." So punctilious was he about uniform regulations, that on one occasion he chased along the whole length of the Strada Reale, at Valetta, a luckless midshipman who was smoking in the streets in uniform.

Jim Fisk was worth about two millions of dollars when he was killed by Ed. Stokes. To-day Fisk's widow is living in an humble frame house in the tenement district of Boston on an income of fifty dollars a month. And even that beggarly stipend is derived, not from her husband's estate, but from property owned by her family in Brattleboro, Vt. Fisk's estate has vanished utterly.

Mrs. Langtry has determined to put her daughter Jeanne, who is now thirteen years old, at school in New York. Mrs. Langtry says that before she became an actress she hesitated whether to go on the stage or to try market-gardeniog. She had a famous garden in Jersey Lane, and had an aptitude for that sort of profession. But what interests her most now is her racing stable and stud farm at Newmarket, and, when in England, she contrives to spend two or three days a week there.

Stephen Bonsal, who has just been appointed to the first secretaryship of the United States Legation at Tokio, under Minister Edwin Dun, and passed through this city on his way to his post, a few days ago, is not yet thirty years old, but he knows a great deal about foreign ports and foreign affairs. For several years he was traveling correspondent for the New York Herald, and divided his time between Paris, Constantinople, Buda-Pesth, Rome, London, and other and remoter places. He has written freely for the magazines, and a book of his, "Morocco As It Is," is an authority on that country. For the last two years he has been secretary of legation at Madrid. He talks freely and instructively in six languages.

Ex-King Milan of Serbia has resigned from a smart Paris club, the Cercle de la Rue Royale, because the committee insisted on electing to membership Prince Arsène Karageorgewicz, who has just been exiled from Russia for coming out as a pretender to the Serbian throne, and is now spending royally the money he gained through marrying one of the immensely wealthy Demidoffs. Milan denounces Prince Arsène as the son of an assassin and the instigator of several attempts to murder himself and his son, King Alexander. On the occasion of the latter's last visit to Paris, the three met in a Turkish bath. Milan and his son were arrayed in elementary costume, when the door of the hot-room opened and in stalked their bitterest enemy, one of the three brothers whom they hold responsible for the numerous attempts upon their lives. There is no knowing what might have happened had it not been for the brawny bath employees, two of whom were in attendance on each of the three princes. But it is a pity that they were in the room, as a hand-to-hand encounter in the hot-room of a Turkish bath between a couple of kings and the pretender to their throne, all three in pre-Adamite attire, would have constituted the crowning absurdity of Servian politics.

— "Coin's Financial School," 25 cts. at Cooper's.

LOVE ON THE WHEEL.

A Biking Romance, by Anne Warrington Withrup.

"Then you wish me never to return?"

"Never," she answered, with an effort that cost her much. There was now no doubt in her mind that she loved him. If she had ever questioned the fact in those hours of solitude when she subjected her heart to the severe scrutiny of her reason, now in the cold moment of parting she did not doubt. He was going to leave her forever. True, he was going at her bidding, but how could it be otherwise? She was a woman of spirit and would not be dictated to, and when he said she must not ride a bicycle, her womanhood rebelled. Love will sacrifice much, but not all. The duties of a fiancée she was happy to meet and to perform; the responsibilities of wifehood, soon to be assumed, she was ready to assume; but how long can love last when it yields itself up a slave to tyranny? Not long, in very truth.

"You must not ride a bicycle," he had said.

"Must not!" she cried, springing from his arms, in which she had for the moment nestled.

"That's what I said," said he, petulantly. "It will make you round-shouldered."

She eyed him angrily for a moment.

"Round-shouldered!" she cried. "Oh, you men, you men! Had I married you and grown round-shouldered making my own dresses, you would not have murmured. Had we gone hand in hand into poverty and my shoulders grown round from bending over a laundry stove, you would have permitted it; but because I choose to acquire a humpback riding a wheel for pleasure, you use that word—that wicked word *must* to me, who have loved you, declined to dance and drive with others for you—oh, George, George, George!"

"Well, I mean it," said he, calmly. "Choose between us—me or the bicycle—which is it to be?" She made no answer, but walking to the porch, rang the bell of her wheel. It was his answer, and he realized it.

"I do not care for bicycling," she said, "but I can have no must notes in my life. Leave me."

He walked out into the night, and Parthenia, throwing herself limply upon her wheel, pedaled weeping in the other direction, forgetting to light her lamp.

George Washburne walked moodily down the road which one short hour before he had traversed with so light a heart.

"Heigho!" he said. "All my life shattered in a moment. If she but knew how I loved her—if she could only have guessed my motive in speaking as I did—that I wished always to be at her side, and that if she rode, I could not, since, try as I will, I can not myself ride a wheel, it is beyond me, and yet I have not dared confess to her that I have tried to learn and can not. In his wife's eyes a man should be a hero capable of all things. Supposing I had told her of the lessons I have taken in secret at the academy, of the dents my head has made in the hardwood floor, of the attendants I have run over and crippled, and the wheels I have shattered, until the manager of the place has told me—even as has she—never to return. It would have lowered me in her esteem. I can not, can not tell her, and shatter her respect for her former fiancé."

As he spoke, he reached his own front door and was about to enter, when his heart grew too full. "I can not go in yet," he said. "I will at least walk back and gaze upon the light in her window."

Prey to melancholy, the unhappy man fulfilled his destiny. Back he walked, gloomily ruminating over the future, now so black. Deep in his thoughts, he did not notice where he was going; he did not notice that he had passed Parthenia's house; he did not observe that he was ascending Coaster's Hill, a half-mile beyond; he did not even hear a rumbling noise in the distance which should have taught him caution. Alas! thoughtless mortal; and yet how happily all transpired! There came a crash, a thud, and a moan.

George Washburne lay unconscious in the road. Parthenia Hickworthy stood, having landed on her feet, ten yards distant.

Pressing the prostrate man into the earth were the shattered remains of her wheel, its punctured tires entangled in his feet, its cyclometer resting on his vest pocket, and its left pedal grasped firmly in the unconscious victim's hand.

It was spring. George Washburne, who had lain for three weeks delirious, opened his eyes. Reason had returned and his right arm had knitted.

"At last," sobbed a fair girl, who with his sister sat at the sick man's side.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

"Here, George," said Parthenia, for it was she—"here. I'll never ride again."

"Sweetheart, was it you?" he murmured.

"It was, George," she answered, with a sob. "I had not lit my lamp—and I was coasting—and then—it happened. But never mind, my darling, I shall never bike again."

"Oh, my love!" he said, grasping her hand and lifting it to his lips, "do not say that. Bike as much as you will; the wheel that I maligned brought us together again. We owe it much. I will tell why I objected."

And then he told her all: how he had tried to learn, and could not; and how the desire to be with her always had led him to speak as he had. And she, imprinting a kiss upon his forehead, comforted him.

"You were right, darling," she said. "We will get a bicycle built for two, and I will work the pedals, while you can sit on the hind seat and whisper words of love in my ear."

His answer was a smile, and happiness oozed more dawned for George Washburne and Parthenia Hickworthy. They were wed last week, and the groom's gift to his bride was a nickel-plated safety for two, with a russet-leather tool-chest and gold wire guards to keep her skirts free from the wheel. —Bazar.

Reckless Thoughtlessness.

The judge of a Western court, in order to secure a safer and more civilized condition of affairs in the court-room, asked the twelve jurymen and the ten attorneys present to place their pistols in a pile in the corner of the room, but there seemed to be some hesitancy in complying with the request, and the judge insisted.

"If your honor will put his down first," suggested the foreman of the jury, "I guess the balance of us will follow suit."

"Certainly, gents," replied his honor, and laid his gun down in the corner.

In a few minutes all the others had done the same, excepting the sheriff and his deputy, who were not included, and twenty-three pistols were reposing peacefully on the floor.

"Now, gents," said his honor, suddenly whipping out a gun, "the first man that goes near that pile gets it in the neck."

In an instant every man's hand went to his other hip-pocket, and as his honor dived behind the desk, twenty-two bullets went through the window back of where he had been sitting, and twenty-two men were waiting for him to stick his head up, but he did nothing so rash.

"Put up them guns," he yelled; "put up them guns, or I'll fine every d—o of you for contempt of court." —New York Sun.

Subscribers

Going to the country for the summer can have the Argonaut mailed to them regularly by sending their new addresses to this office.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING CO.,
213 Grant Avenue.

First cyclist (nearing a road-house)—"Do you suppose we can get anything to drink there?"
Second cyclist—"Just look at the enormous aggregation of wheels in the carriage-shed." —Life.

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the modern cleaner, which is a blessing to any home. It helps keep house by keeping the house cleaner. It is not only the best preparation of the kind, but it is also by far the cheapest—large packages cost only 25 cents. Get a package to-day. Be sure it is the genuine. Look for the darkey twins—the trade mark of the sole manufacturers—

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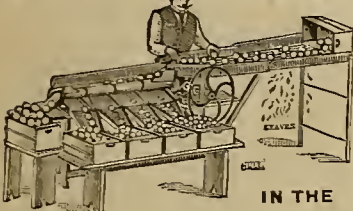
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A necessity for the TOILET in warm weather is MENNEN'S Borated Talcum

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Be sure to get "Mennen's."

Endorsed by highest Medical Authorities. A Skin Tonic. Positively Relieves Chafed Skin, Prickly Heat, Sunburn, etc. Cures Eczema and kindred troubles. Delightful after shaving. Makes the skin smooth and healthy and beautifies the complexion. For Infants and Adults. At Drugists or by mail, 25 cents. Send for FREE sample (name this paper).

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VANITY FAIR.

"A girl came over here," writes a *Basar* correspondent from Paris, "to take one of the rare positions that are occasionally found, by a piece of good fortune, in the American colony. We will say it was a secretaryship; and this girl, who was bright, clever, and interesting, as well as of a good family, lived a delightful life for perhaps a year, when, for some reason or other, her position failed, and she was thrown out on the world. There are simply no positions to be found in Paris of any description. The first refuge of the girl who is trying to make her living is generally in the idea of English lessons; but she soon finds that the superfluous woman from the British Islands has crossed the Channel several thousands strong, and already is mistress of the situation. She finds, too, that there is a prejudice abroad against the American accent, and that the French will prefer cockney to even the most cultivated American. Her next idea is to get a machine and do type-writing; but she has not investigated that many days before she finds that the colony of English and Americans is so small in Paris that the type-writer is at a discount. People have come over here to rest and amuse themselves as a general thing, and not to work enough to need labor-saving means of any description whatever. She finds that the French do things entirely differently from us, and that there is scarcely a single man of letters, even among the best known, who employs even a secretary. Men like Zola and Daudet write every line of their manuscripts with their own hands. And in French business and official life, unless our American girl without money has had very rare advantages, she is not capable of taking French *duties* for publication. She puts a modest little advertisement in the Paris editions of the English and American papers, offering to shop with people or offering her services as traveling courier. Perhaps after waiting months, during which time her board-bill is running on without her having the slightest idea where the money is coming from to pay it, she gets a little position to travel with some elderly and unattached female, generally of a type so warped and disagreeable that none of her relatives can stand her at home. They take a little journey, which never amounts to anything serious, and then the girl finds herself once more back where she started from, with a little less courage and much less chance; for lack of success has told upon her buoyant disposition; and, more than that, she is beginning to have the pinched and painful look of the *déclassée*. Her clothes are shabby; her hat is out of style. The bright, gay, smart-looking American girl of the year before has gone forever.

"Meanwhile," the same correspondent continues, "all this time she has been thinking of foreign correspondence as a means of support. She has always written such good letters, and her accounts of art-student life in Paris and the latest fashions, written soon after her arrival, were the pride and admiration of her family, as well as of a large circle of admiring friends. She burns the midnight oil getting off what she thinks, and what probably is, a spicy letter, and, after long weeks of waiting and watching the steamers, and many experiences, she finds that there is no such thing now, practically speaking, as foreign correspondence for the newspapers. The system of cabling has monopolized everything. If I had the time I could go through with pages of the experiences of the American girl stranded in Paris, of all of which this one girl of whom I speak could furnish an example. The last thing I heard of her was that she was perfectly destitute, and certain women of the American colony had taken up a subscription for her benefit, and had given her underclothing out of their own private stores. But why not send her home to her family, which is certainly the only sensible thing to do, since she has a family, and since in America, where people speak English, an English-speaking girl has some chance of making a success? But this one is a New Woman, and no one can interfere with her 'career.'"

Powder and paint are apparently destined to constitute conspicuous features of the present season (writes *Vogue's* London correspondent), and there is a marked recurrence of that outbreak of rouge, powder, and pencilling which was all the rage four or five years ago. That year was distinguished by the small number of marriages which took place, and it is to be feared that the return to complexions "out of boxes" will exercise an evil effect upon the matrimonial market. Not only are even young girls of nineteen and twenty rouging and powdering and pencilling their eyebrows, but they are also dyeing their hair, the new and fashionable color being of a yellow so deep as to verge on red. Of course the revival of powder and paint has necessitated a return to veils, and the skill expended on them is quite extraordinary. The fairy-like fineness of the net, with the meshes inclosing round dots of soft blackness, set forth to the best advantage the mingled hues of the pink and white, and when a girl or a woman suddenly takes off her veil, with that well-known rapid, upward, circular movement of the arm, which disengages it from the head-gear in a moment, the disappointment is sometimes great. It is a pity that women whose

complexions are thus artificially prepared can not live in their veils.

Rational-dress enthusiasts assembled in great force at the Cavendish Rooms, in London, the other night, at the invitation of the "Healthy and Artistic Dress Association." The gathering was truly remarkable for the manner in which grown-up men and women made fools of themselves. All the women wore knickerbockers, and most of the men disported themselves in knee-breeches, silk stockings, and colored garters, a few adding scarlet dress-coats. Some eccentric females wore sandals instead of boots, the latter, it seems, being hygienically accursed and, of course, abhorred. The corset was conspicuously absent. The speeches were defiant, but a vein of melancholy ran through all of them. It was admitted that the great movement made little progress, owing to the tyranny of fashion. Women continued to wear corsets despite the demonstrable fact that the average size of the female waist has been reduced by it two inches; and men would not discard suspenders, although that unhealthy contrivance made them stoop.

In the *Woman at Home* there has been a controversy carried on by competent persons respecting long engagements. One of them considers that long courtings should be encouraged as a safeguard, but she does not explain this dark saying. Perhaps, like an Oxford tutor, James Payn quotes, she thought it protected the morals of youth. At all events, his first question on a pupil being introduced to him was: "Have you a virtuous attachment?" To which one ingenious freshman replied, with great frankness, "Several." If it is supposed that long engagements are a safeguard, because they give an opportunity for the lovers to become acquainted with one another's characters, the notion is a mistaken one. "A husband or wife," as one of these lady controversialists justly observes, "can only be known as husband or wife." They are, or at least they may be, altogether different from what they were as lovers. This will be found a hard saying, because it strikes at the root of the views of the sentimentalists, and is inconsistent with "love at first sight," the "meeting one's fate," as girls call it, and so on. Of course it is sad to lose one's love, cut off in her flower by a premature death, but it is no reason why you should drown yourself. There are others, so to speak, where she came from, as bewitching as herself, and about whom you will know just as much and no more than about her. When you say to yourself, "No one can tell the extent of my loss," you speak a wider truth than you intended, for you can not tell yourself; until you marry her, your *fiancée* is an unknown quantity. To pretend that you feel her loss as a widower feels that of his companion and the solace of his life for years, is a ludicrous assumption. How can you? The intuition of genius is said to be equal to the experience of ordinary folk; but few of us are geniuses. Marriage is more or less of a lottery at the best; the man knows but little of the woman, and the woman still less of the man; this ignorance is not remedied by long engagement, which, moreover, has the disadvantage of being more likely to be broken off than a short one.

—THE MARCH BICYCLE, A HIGH-GRADE MACHINE, which has been well and favorably known throughout the Eastern States, is soon to be placed upon the market here. Joe Fawcett, who is well-known to riders, is to handle it.

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"SEEING THE ELEPHANT"

On the label, attests the genuineness of the tea. Ceylon's spicy breezes are no sweeter to the traveler than the aroma and flavor of TETLEY'S blended Indian and Ceylon teas are to the tea-drinker.

The fragrance of the tea-garden is retained in this delightful blend, and by reason of TETLEY'S system of packing the tea, solely in lead packages, this fragrance is transmitted unimpaired to the ladies' tea-table.

Three qualities, all good: Pure Ceylon, Gold Label, \$1.00 per pound; No. 1 Yellow Label, 75 cents per pound; No. 2 Green Label, 60 cents per pound. For economy these teas are unsurpassed.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Of Bishop Bathurst, who was a great whist-player, it is related that on hearing the name of a new appointment in the chapter there was wrung from him the passionate exclamation: "I have served the Whigs all my life, and now they send me down a canon who doesn't know clubs from spades!"

At a recent large country wedding (says the New York Tribune), all the carriages, far and near, were engaged to convey the guests from the station and the various country-houses to the bridal reception. "I am sorry, ma'am," said the village undertaker, to whom one of the perplexed hostesses had applied in despair for a couple of coaches, "but we had to put off two funerals to-day on account of this wedding."

Robert McLean, of Greensboro, N. C., was once practicing before Judge Tourgee, when he lost his temper at some ruling, and used some petulant expression. Instantly the judge said, "Mr. McLean, the court does not understand you. Do you mean to express contempt for the court?" Recovering his temper, McLean, balancing himself, said with the greatest good humor, "I hope your honor will not press that question."

Mme. de Cornuel went to Versailles to see the French court, when M. de Torcy and M. de Seignelay, both very young, had just been appointed ministers. She saw them, as well as Mme. de Maintenon, who had then grown old. When she returned to Paris, some one asked her what remarkable things she had seen. "I have seen," she said, "what I never expected to see there: I have seen love in its tomb and the ministry in its cradle."

Joseph H. Choate, of New York, at a dinner, when he and Mrs. Choate sat at the same table, was asked whom he would prefer to be if he could not be himself. He hesitated for a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones on earth, when his eye fell on Mrs. Choate, who was at the other end of the table, looking at him with intense interest depicted in her face, and he suddenly replied: "If I could not be myself, I would like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

It was the custom in Scotch parishes for the minister to bow to the laird's pew before beginning his discourse. On one occasion, the pew contained a bevy of ladies, and the minister, feeling a delicacy in the circumstances, omitted the usual salaam. When they next met, the laird's daughter—a Miss Miller, widely famed for her beauty, and afterward Countess of Mar—rallied the minister for not bowing to her from the pulpit. "Your ladyship forgets," replied the minister, "that the worship of angels is not allowed by the Scotch Church."

When William E. Chandler was Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Meade was commandant of the Navy Yard in Washington. They got into trouble somehow, and the commandant was summoned before the Secretary one day on a matter of importance. The Secretary told the commandant that if he kept on, or words to that effect, he should be obliged to punish him by sending him to sea. "Mr. Secretary," said Meade, "I haven't anything to say except that when it is punishment for an officer of the navy to be ordered to sea, what is your service coming to? I should like to go to sea, sir. Good-day."

A few years ago a prominent oil-producer of Pittsburg was putting down a well in a territory that had never been tested for oil. He was keeping the fact a profound secret, in order that, in case he got a good well, he might without difficulty secure all the leases he desired in the vicinity. He was on the ground himself, watching with great interest the indications. Everything pointed to success. Two days before the well was expected to "come in," he was called home. Anxious about the result, he arranged with his contractor to telegraph him as soon as the drill reached the sand. He knew, however, that secrets will sometimes leak out of a telegraph office, and so he told the driller that the sentence, "Pine-trees grow tall," would mean that he had struck oil. The driller promised to do as he was ordered. The mingled satisfaction and vexation of the producer may be imagined when, two days later, he received the following telegram: "Pine-trees grow tall." His hope that he should have no competitors for leases was disappointed.

There is a story of an English curate who, having been instituted in his new office, went about the parish to make acquaintance with his congregation. One day he called on an honest farmer, who asked him how he liked Devonshire. "Oh, I like it exceedingly," said the curate; "but I find it rather muddy. I notice, however," he continued, pointing to the farmer's boot, which had a prodigiously thick sole, "that you take a very sensible precaution to keep out of the wet." "Well, you

see, Mr. S—," said the farmer, "I have a club-foot." The curate, who was the shyest and most sensitive of men, fled from the house, so much was he grieved over the unintentional cruelty of his speech. James Payn says he always considered this story very humorous, and once told it in his "best manner" at a large dinner-party in a house where he had never dined before. During the narration, he received a violent kick under the table from his next neighbor; but, supposing it to be accidental, went on talking. The tale was received in total silence, and it was some time before general conversation was resumed. "That was a very amusing story," whispered his neighbor. Mr. Payn was a little indignant at the want of appreciation shown by the others, and rejoined quickly: "But exceedingly stupid people to tell it to!" "No, my dear fellow, it isn't that. Our host has a club-foot."

Don't Get Scared

If you should hear that in some place to which you are going malaria is prevalent. To the air poison which produces chills and fever, bilious remittent, and dumb ague there is a safe and thorough antidote and preventive, viz., Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The great anti-malarial specific is also a remedy for biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness, and debility.

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The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days. Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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During this season of the year the most pleasant route to the entire East, with no high altitudes or snow blockades, is via El Paso, the Texas and Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain route. Through Pullman palace and tourist cars daily between California and Chicago, St. Louis and Arkansas Hot Springs without change. For information apply to any agent of Southern Pacific Company, or to GEO. E. MAGUIRE, General Agent, 121 California Street, S. F.

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—"COIN'S FINANCIAL FOOL," 25 cts. at Cooper's.

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No shoes are too good for the boys and girls. While they're young, their feet are made sound and healthy or ruined for life.

Goodyear Welt Shoes are easy and comfortable, have no tacks where they will hurt, do not press the feet out of shape, bring no corns, —just the shoes for boys and girls, as well as grown-up men and women.

ASK YOUR SHOE MAN.

Goodyear Welts are LEATHER SHOES—not rubber.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 14, 1895.	ARRIVE.
6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Yone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	5.45 P.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	10.45 A.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	8.45 A.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	9.00 P.
1.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Cerrito, and Santa Rosa.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	9.15 A.
4.30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.00 A.
11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
8.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	10.40 A.
3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.06 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	7.40 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Thursdays only, § Sundays only, † Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1895. Coptic... (via Honolulu)... Wednesday, July 3 Gaelic... Tuesday, July 23 Belgic... Saturday, August 24 Coptic... (via Honolulu) Thursday, September 12 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. June 9, 24, July 5, 9, 24, August 3, 8, 18. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, June 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, June 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, June 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer Pomona, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf 1, Saturdays at 4 P. M. For Eureka, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer Willamette Valley, 2nd at each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

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Teutonic..... July 10	Teutonic..... August 7
Britannic..... July 17	Britannic..... August 14
Majestic..... July 24	Majestic..... August 21
Germanic..... July 31	Germanic..... August 28

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SOCIETY.

The Jennings-Ziska Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Beatrice Ziska and Mr. Cassius Monroe Jennings took place at noon on Friday, June 21st, at the home of the bride's mother, Mme. B. Ziska, 1606 Van Ness Avenue. Only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute in the handsomely decorated parlors. Miss Geraldine Bonner acted as maid of honor and Mr. Leslie Martin was the best man. The bride appeared in an elegant robe of blancivoire satin, trimmed with rare old point lace and made with a court train. Miss Bonner wore a modish gown of white organdie. After the ceremony and congratulations, a déjeuner was enjoyed, and later in the day the newly married couple left on their wedding tour. When they return, they will pass the remainder of the season at Blythe-dale. They were the recipients of many elegant presents.

At the Burlingame Club.

The Burlingame Club is becoming more popular day by day, and as its popularity increases, the members are taking more interest in it. Saturday and Sunday are the favorite days there for visitors, and many an enjoyable luncheon and dinner is served there either on the wide veranda or in the spacious dining-room. Quite a crowd is expected there to-day, and members of the Burlingame and Country Clubs will soon have a match shoot at live pigeons. It is expected that some excellent scores will be made. Arrangements are being made to have a series of polo tournaments at the club every Saturday and Sunday hereafter.

Several pleasant affairs took place at the club last Saturday. Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a lunch-party at which she entertained Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. William Othoot, Mrs. A. Page Brown, and Miss Jessie Newlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a lunch-party, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict, Mrs. E. M. Bliss, Major Bates, U. S. A., and Mr. John Lawson.

Lieutenant-General Schofield, U. S. A., was the particularly honored guest at a luncheon given by Major J. L. Rathbone. Among the others present were General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Miss Daisy Casserly, and Mr. J. B. Casserly.

A Dinner to General Schofield.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and her sister, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, gave an elaborate dinner-party last Sunday evening in honor of Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., at their residence, corner of Second and Bryant Streets. Beautiful flowers adorned the table, and an exceptionally fine menu was served. The others present were:

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Judge and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Kilbourne, General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. John T. Doyle, Mr. James D. Phelan, Captain J. Pitcher, U. S. A., Mr. Andrew D. Martin, Mr. R. M. Schofield, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles B. Schofield, U. S. A., and Mr. Peter J. Donahue.

The Jewett Matinée Tea.

Mrs. John H. Jewett gave a delightful matinée tea last Thursday, at her residence on Bush Street, in honor of Mrs. Stephen J. Field and Mrs. Condit Smith, of Washington, D. C. Only married ladies were invited. The parlors were handsomely decorated with vari-colored poppies and sweet peas and a profusion of tropical plants and fine ferns. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman.

During the afternoon Mrs. Frances Edgerton and Mrs. Wildman delivered some recitations and Miss Cressy sang several selections, one in particular, "Good-Bye, Sweet Day," being very much

admired. Refreshments were served at tête-à-tête tables, and the hours were very pleasantly passed. Among Mrs. Jewett's guests were:

Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. Condit-Smith, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. Aldrich, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. James S. Wethered, Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Mrs. M. Cheesman, Mrs. Horace Beach, Mrs. Peter Decker, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Dazell Brown, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mrs. E. Ransom, Mrs. I. S. Belcher, and Mrs. Hughes.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Colonel C. F. Crocker gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at his residence on Leavenworth Street at which he hospitably entertained nine of his friends. The table was ornate with beautiful flowers and some of the elegant silver service that Colonel Crocker purchased in Europe. A sumptuous menu was served. Colonel Crocker's guests were:

Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. George T. Mayne, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Louis E. Parrott, and Mr. Frederick W. Zelle.

The Tavern of Castle Crag.

The season at the Tavern of Castle Crag has commenced brilliantly, and there are a large number of guests there who are enjoying the picturesque scenery and the invigorating atmosphere. Among the recent arrivals there are:

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Birdie Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. W. M. Gwin, Jr., Mrs. J. A. Hooper, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Jeannette Hooper, Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Lillian Follis, Mrs. John Garber, Miss Garber, Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goewey, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss J. M. Hyde, Mrs. William P. Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Mr. Emil A. Bruguière, Jr., Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. M. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken, Misses Hilda and Dorothy Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, Mr. I. O. Upham, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Homer S. King, Misses King, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. E. R. Folger, Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Miss Requa, Miss Jeghers, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Madden, Mr. Alexander R. Baldwin, Mr. Frederick E. Magee, Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, and Miss Elsie Lilienthal.

The Tennis Tournament.

The eighth annual lawn-tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific States will be played in San Rafael next Tuesday and Wednesday, and the final will commence at two o'clock next Thursday afternoon. The winner of the all-comers' tournament will have to play Mr. Samuel Hardy, the present champion, for the two-hundred-dollar trophy. All matches will be three out of five sets. Mr. A. B. Wilberforce will act as referee, and the tournament committee will comprise Mr. R. J. Whitney, Mr. George Whitney, Mr. D. E. Allison, Jr., and Mr. Walter Magee. There have been quite a number of entries, and it is expected that the games will be warmly contested.

Notes and Gossip.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. W. White, in Highland Park, Oakland, on Saturday, June 22d, Miss Mabel E. White was married to Mr. R. F. Stewart, of Seattle, by the Rev. Dr. Law, assisted by the Rev. Lewis Thompson. On account of recent bereavement, the wedding was very quiet, only the family and a few intimate friends being present.

Mr. Horace G. Platt gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at the Bohemian Club. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mrs. Condit-Smith, Misses Condit-Smith, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Aileen Goad, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Frank L. Owen, and Lieutenant Landis, U. S. A.

Mrs. J. D. Fry gave an enjoyable lunch-party at her residence last Monday in honor of Lady Hesketh. The others present were Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. S. F. Thorn, and Mrs. Bessie Dargie.

While in Paris, Colonel C. F. Crocker purchased a painting by Corot entitled "Le Matin," which he brought over with him from France.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Major A. E. Bates, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, U. S. A., and Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Bell, U. S. A., left last Monday to visit the Yosemite Valley. Rear-Admiral John Irwin, U. S. N. (retired), and family, are passing the summer at Amagansett, Long Island, N. Y.

Colonel Francis L. Towne, A. S. G., U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, commencing July 1st.

Major William B. Kennedy, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is away on a three week's leave of absence.

Commander G. W. Pigman, U. S. N., has been detached from duty with the monitors at Richmond and ordered to command the *Bennington*, relieving Commander C. M. Thomas, U. S. N., who has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Medical Director A. C. Gorgas, U. S. N., was placed on the retired list, June 7th, for disability.

Lieutenant George E. Stockle, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Miss Emily Kihy Hoppersett, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Hoppersett, will be married in Philadelphia on July 6th.

Captain Charles A. P. Hatfield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S.

A., has been granted six weeks' leave of absence, to commence July 1st.

Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed recruiting officer at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Oliver E. Wood, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away on a three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Clough Overton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Maryland Agricultural College, College Park, Md., to take effect September 1st.

Lieutenant W. G. Cutler, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant A. G. Winterhalter, U. S. N., will be detached on July 15th from the Bureau of Equipment, and ordered to the *Bennington*, leaving here on July 23d.

Ensign Victor Blue, U. S. N., was detached from the *Thetis* last Tuesday, and left on Thursday to join the *Bennington* at Honolulu.

Ensign George Mallison, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Olympia*, and ordered to the Mare Island Naval Hospital for treatment.

Ensign C. D. Stearns, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Thetis* July 23d, and two days later will sail to join the *Bennington*.

Ensign Charles B. McVay, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Bennington* on August 1st, and ordered home with three months' leave of absence.

Ensign H. J. Ziegemeir, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Bennington* on August 1st, and ordered home with three months' leave of absence.

The trip from Fruitvale down to Haywards on the O. S. L., & H. Electric Railway makes a delightful excursion any day or evening, and on Sunday there is the added pleasure of a free public concert at Haywards Park.

The California Camera Club will give its sixty-first illustrated lecture on Monday evening, July 1st, at Metropolitan Hall. Rev. E. R. Dille will be the speaker, and his subject will be "Patriotic America."

Fireworks.

Save time and money and patronize home industry by buying an assorted case of fireworks from the California Fireworks Co., 219 Front Street.

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Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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— FOR THE —

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— WILL BE HELD AT THE —

Courts of the HOTEL RAFAEL, San Rafael, Cal.,

— ON —

Tuesday, the 2d, and Wednesday, the 3d, of July, commencing at 10:30 A. M. each day.

The championship final round will be played at 2 P. M., on Thursday, the 4th of July.

The winner of the all-comers tournament will be called upon to play Mr. Samuel Hardy, the present champion, for the trophy presented by the Association, valued at \$200, to become the personal property of the player who is champion three times, not necessarily in succession. Entrance fee will be \$2.00 for each player, and no entry will be accepted unless accompanied by the fee.

All matches will be but three out of five sets. Wright & Ditson's championship balls will be used. All games will be governed by the laws of the U. S. L. T. A.

A. STARR KEELER, Secretary.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, of New York, are in Paris. Mrs. A. M. Easton and her grandchildren have been passing the month of June at Aix-les-Bains, France. Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. George Almer Newhall are occupying a cottage in San Rafael.

Miss Carrie Taylor will pass the coming holidays at San Rafael. Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Clementina and Mary Kip will go to San Rafael on July 1st for the season.

Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper will come down from St. Helena early in the week to visit the Misses Williams at San Rafael.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low will sail from New York to-day for Europe.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe is visiting friends in San Mateo for a couple of weeks. Baron and Baroness von Schröder returned last Wednesday after an absence of two years in Europe, and are at San Rafael, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Macdonough returned from Japan last Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ellicott will pass the remainder of the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. W. F. Goad, the Misses Ella, Aileen, and Genevieve Goad, and Mr. Frank Goad are at San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will occupy their new villa at Burlingame some time in July. Mr. Edward H. Garthwaite sailed from New York on the *Syrie* last Tuesday for Johannesburg, South Africa, where he will manage a mine for Mr. John Hays Hammond. His wife, formerly Miss Augusta Lowell, who is well known in musical circles, will join him as soon as he is settled in his new location.

General Wade Hampton, Mr. H. F. Emerig, Mr. W. C. Murdoch, Mr. Alexander Vogelsang, and Mr. Curtis will leave to-night to enjoy several days of fishing at Wehner Lake.

Miss Ethel Tompkins will give a house-party at her home in San Rafael during the holidays, and will entertain Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Hannah Williams, Mr. Samuel G. Buckner, Mr. George de Long, and Mr. Milton S. Latham.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are passing the summer in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are now occupying their new cottage at Burlingame.

The Misses Clark, of San Jose, have been passing a couple of weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedel and Mrs. George H. Howard will remain at the Hotel del Monte all of the summer. Mr. Howard is staying at the Burlingame Club, but visits Del Monte once a week.

Lady Hesketh returned to the East on Friday after a brief visit here. She accepted very few invitations during her stay, on account of illness contracted in Washington, D. C., while en route here.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard are occupying their cottage at San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman will remain at Burlingame about six weeks more.

Mrs. A. D. Moore and the Misses Miriam and Frances Moore are at the Hotel del Monte for the season. Miss Alice Ames will pass the coming week at San Rafael as the guest of Miss Crosby.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is passing the summer at her cottage in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams are at Santa Cruz, where they will pass the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose are traveling in Europe.

Mr. J. Talbot Clifton and Mr. Henry L. Simpkins will leave next Saturday to make a trip to Alaska. They will go up the Yukon River, where Mr. Clifton will investigate some mining properties.

Mrs. Joseph Austin left on Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman and Mrs. Louis Aldrich have returned from Ukiah.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins, Miss Alice M. Mullins, and Mr. A. M. Cumming returned from Santa Cruz last Monday after a brief outing.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, who are visiting Colonel W. C. Little in Oakland, will soon leave to pass the season in the mountains.

Mr. J. Henry Mangels returned to the city last Monday after passing a fortnight at Ukiah. Mr. William J. Shotwell left last Wednesday on a trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Davis have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. William H. Keith arrived in New York city from London last Wednesday, and is expected here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck and family are passing the summer at the Blue Lakes.

Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle and Mr. Lawson S. Adams will return from the Yosemite Valley in a few days.

Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., and Mr. T. B. Berry are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. George W. Prescott is passing the summer at her villa near Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis are enjoying a month's outing in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones have returned from their visit to Castle Crags.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Madison has been heightened by the advent of a little son.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder have leased a cottage at Blytheedale for the summer.

Mr. Joseph M. Quay and Mr. Harry E. Hall returned from Santa Cruz last Monday, after enjoying fishing for a couple of days.

Mrs. Pendar Sather, of Oakland, will soon leave to make an Easter visit.

Mrs. Jerome Madden and Miss Eva E. Madden left on June 20th to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, will leave soon to visit the Eastern States.

Mrs. B. F. Norris has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Sherwood are passing the summer at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister are passing the season in a cottage at Blytheedale.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft are passing the summer at their country place, "Aloha," near Walnut Creek, in Contra Costa County.

Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty has returned from a visit to Yellowstone Park, and is the guest of Mrs. Frederick Seymour, at Seattle, Wash.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wilder and Miss Harriet Wilder have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. William H. Stinson has returned from a two weeks' visit to the Santa Catalina Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes left last Friday for the

Hotel del Monte. Mr. Barnes will pay weekly visits there, and Mrs. Barnes will remain until late in August.

Mr. Walter Mansfield will leave in August to make a trip through the Yellowstone National Park.

Mrs. James Mee and Miss Genevieve Mee have returned from Santa Cruz, and will soon leave to visit British Columbia for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Livingston, *né* Rich, are here from New York city on a visit to Mr. Joseph Rich, at his residence, 108 Oak Street.

Mr. L. B. Feigenbaum returned from New York city last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will return from Europe next October.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. C. F. Smurr, and Mr. J. C. Martin left last Saturday on a brief trip to Portland Or.

Mr. Everett N. Bee will go to San Rafael in a few days to remain a month.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is passing the summer at San Rafael.

DCCLXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, June 30, 1895.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise. Parisienne Potatoes.
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Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Lettuce.
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Caller—"I have a little poem which—" Editor (busily)—"That gentleman over there, sir." Caller (genially)—"Is he the literary critic?" Editor (politely)—"No, he's the houncer."—*New York Weekly*.

"Pity a poor blind man with a large family!" cried a wayside beggar. "And how many children have you, unfortunate man?" asked a lady, in great concern. "How can I tell, madam? I can't see 'em."—*The Waterbury*.

Aunt Ann—"Do you mean to tell me that them Hilles actually served claret-punch at their gather-in's? How wicked!" Maud Edith (who had sampled some of the punch)—"Not wicked, aunty, merely weak."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

The bride—"Yes, papa has given us an awfully unwieldy wedding-present—a thousand five-dollar gold pieces." The bridesmaid—"What are you going to do with them?" The bride—"Oh, George says he thinks he can pawn them."—*Truth*.

Watts—"I see they are talking of running a trolley line from Jerusalem to Jaffa, or Joppa, whichever it is. What do you think of that?"

Potts—"I think the good Samaritan will have to wait overtime after the thing gets to going."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Magistrate (severely)—"You are charged with kissing this young lady against her will, and on the public highway." Prisoner—"She was in a bicycle costume, and I mistook her for my long-lost brother." Magistrate (briskly)—"Discharged! Call the next case."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Are all the animals in?" asked Noah, taking another look at the harometer. "All but the leopards," replied Ham, "and I think we have a pair of them spotted." Noah shook his head gloomily, and muttered something about "that boy coming to a bad end."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

"Proverbs was largely the ruin of me," said Mr. Everet Wrest. "How?" asked the sympathetic citizen. "Take, for instance, that one about the race not being to the swift. I guess that there has made me lose more money on forty-to-one shots than would hurt a wet dog."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

She—"I should like to draw your attention to something, but you are so jealous." He—"Say on; what is it?" She—"A gentleman has been dogging us for a considerable time." He—"Unfortunately I have no ground for jealousy on this occasion. The gentleman is—a sheriff's officer."—*Wiener Lust*.

Darkeytown captain (interested financially in the association)—"See heah, Mistah Emphah, de laws ob dis assosyashun 'low yo' toe fine a playah one hundred dollahs fo' drawin' a razzor. Wha'd yo' mean, den, by only finin' dat fitin' coon sixty caints?" *Umpire Jefferson*—"Well, de 'socyashun's got a fitin' chance of gittin' de sixty. Dat's whad I means."—*Judge*.

"My friend," asked the man with the red nose and watery eyes, "is the Home Saloon, where they sell the bishop's beer, anywhere about here?" "Yes, my good man," eagerly answered the tall, ministerial-looking man in black; "it's right over there across the street." "Thanks," mumbled the other, moving on; "I was afraid I might wander in there accidentally."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Well, is there anything I can do for you?" asked the sharp-featured woman who had come to the kitchen door in response to the knock. "There is, ma'am," responded the way-worn tourist; "you can give me a good meal of victuals, with pie, and cake, and real cream in the coffee, but I am something of a mind-reader and a physiognomist, and I can see you ain't going to do it. Afternoon, ma'am."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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The socialistic trades-unionists of San Francisco and Oakland who declined to participate in the celebration of the Fourth of July, because the republic is not being governed in a manner to merit the approval of their high judgment, have been astonished at the response which their insolence has provoked. The reputable press of California and reputable men of all stations have shown quick resentment, and taught the foreigners of these unions that, though Americans are exceedingly tolerant as to a good many things, they have the sensitiveness and the temper of a warm patriotism. Not one voice that is heard by the general public has been raised in defense of the sour and impudent unions, which will not be likely to repeat their offense. They have learned that public opinion hereabout has no fear of that tremendous thing, "organized labor," when orgaoized labor, suffering under the illusion that dominion over society has been intrusted to it, adopts the language of treason toward our common country.

Yet, with a surface inconsistency which must puzzle the foreigner, the masses of Americans who are most instant in loyal anger when the Fourth of July is assailed by the sacrilegious jaw of the walking-delegate or the foolish tongue of the "social-problem" crank, are themselves the readiest to bolt from its sulphurous and detonating terrors. The Fourth

of July as an abstraction, a glorified date marking the birth of the republic and standing for the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, is one thing; the Fourth of July as an actual holiday, as twenty-four unescapable hours that have to be lived through by breathing human beings possessing nerves, is another, a dreadful another. The civilized residents of nearly all American cities flee to the country when practicable, in order to get away from the unlovely folly of the day. The old-time celebration, in which all classes of the population participated with enthusiasm, has vanished. The primary purposes of observing the day are, of course, to commemorate the defiance of royal authority that gave us liberty and made us a nation, and to educate the young in patriotism, as well as to keep alive that sacred fire in the breasts of their elders. The time-sanctioned method of doing this is to burn powder, disturb the peace, endanger property by fire, and organize a procession, to fill the ranks of which we must depend on trades-unions, benevolent societies, citizen soldiers, and miscellaneous volunteers, all headed by foreign-horn musicians who insist on full union rates for soullessly howling and heating their instruments.

The United States has outlived this sort of thing. Every American approves the Fourth of July, but no American with the smallest susceptibility to disagreeable sounds and humiliating sights cares to take a hand in the proceedings, except as a painful duty to his country. We need new methods of observance if the national fête is not to be surrendered to the small boy and the hired celebrant. Everybody recognizes the need, yet American invention, so prolific in other fields, has proved singularly barren in this. California has made a determined, if not specially engaging, attempt to accomplish something novel by seeking to project local female beauty into the foreground. Stockton has halloted for a "Queen of the Carnival," and Marysville for a petticoated "Commandress of the Oregon." Grass Valley, Visalia, Selma, Petaluma, Woodland, Suisun, Napa, Angels, and Cloverdale have likewise halloted for "queens," the crowns going ostensibly to the fairest candidates, but actually to the girls whose admirers best understand the art of rounding up votes. Oakland decided on a goddess instead of a queen, and, frowning on the chances of the hallot, preferred the staid judgment of the dice-box. The question of the claims of feminine delicacy aside, it is not at all likely that the innovation of the "queen" as a Fourth of July feature will take root. The incongruity of even mock royalty as a conspicuous element of a democratic celebration is too obvious.

In the more secluded country districts, the inventor is not missed. The Fourth of July picnic, where the Declaration of Independence is read, a patriotic speech delivered, and a poem offered as dessert, still holds its own. These proceedings are essentially the same as the incidental "literary exercises" in cities, and these exercises must furnish the basis on which the innovator must build. Out of them a real, an appropriate American celebration of the great American holiday must be evolved. As a people, we are not fond of pageantry, and have never distinguished ourselves in attempts at it. This is due to our want of the artistic sense and to our Anglo-Saxon common sense, which impels to ridicule in the presence of spectacles that would excite and charm people of Latin or Oriental blood. Our celebration must be rational in order to please. Since a procession of some sort is indispensable to a national holiday, it would be well to call in the aid of artists to attend to this department, instead of merchants, lawyers, and politicians, as is now the custom. The "literary exercises" might readily be given a character that would attract the educated and the thoughtful. Instead of choosing as the speaker of the day some youth oratorically ambitious, or some war-horse of one of the parties who has his far-seeing eye on an office, the ablest men in the community should be invited to address us on the state of the Union. If, on the Fourth of July, 1896, President Jordan, of Stanford University, President Kellogg, of the University of California, Judge Garber, or other gentlemen of like intellect and stand-

ing, were to speak briefly in the Pavilion on the condition of the republic, there would be few empty chairs, and the listeners would learn something. Such orators would understand that it was not expected of them to make the eagle scream, unless the bird deserved it. As for the poem and recitations and music, there should be none unless the best could be had. But with philosophical addresses, poetry worth listening to, and a concert that would delight musicians, the men and women who now either shut themselves in their houses on the Fourth or flee to the wilds for silence, would be drawn out to the hall where so much instruction and pleasure were offered. As for the multitude, it is hardly to be asked that they should be deprived of the savage pleasure of exploding fire-crackers and bombs. And a succession of processions, designed and directed by artists, would give them what they so very much need, a little aesthetic instruction.

The American principles of the Declaration of Independence are immortal; they are the foundation-stones of the republic, and it is not well that the one day of the year devoted to freshening them in the people's minds should be surrendered to the harharians, and the Fourth made a torment to the intelligent. Better that the day should lapse into desuetude than this. But there is no necessity for the decay which has come upon the fête. Some braios, impelled by tasteful patriotism, can easily rescue the Fourth of July from its present forbidding state and restore it to the high place of which it is deserving.

The wisdom of the policy of the Federal Government, in awarding to a Pacific Coast concern the contracts for building some of the cruisers of the new navy, is becoming apparent through recent developments. The Union Iron Works has proved its ability to manufacture large vessels profitably by securing, in competition with the ship-builders of the whole world, contracts for building steam vessels to operate in Russian waters.

When about ten years ago it was proposed to award the contract for the building of the *Charleston* to a Pacific Coast concern, the proposition was declared to be foolish. It was argued that ship-building on this coast was a new industry, and that builders here had not proved their capacity to construct such enormous vessels successfully. On the other hand, it was urged that, in a country of such vast extent, it was necessary for defense, in case of war, that the facilities for constructing and repairing cruisers should exist upon the Pacific Coast as well as upon the Atlantic, and also that plants should be developed here for the construction of the heavy ordnance required in modern warfare. In order to transport ordnance from the Atlantic Coast, under the most favorable circumstances at least two weeks would be required, while for a cruiser to arrive here from the Atlantic Coast, under existing conditions, several months would be consumed, and it would be necessary to stop at several points for the purpose of taking on coal. Furthermore, in order to build a cruiser in any ship-yard two or three years would be consumed, and even then it could not be done without a certain amount of preliminary experience. It was therefore urged that it was better to develop the plants upon the Pacific Coast, even at an increased expense for the time being, rather than to take the chances of being placed in a defenseless condition along the entire Pacific Coast line in case of hostilities with any foreign country.

These considerations prevailed, and the contract for the construction of the *Charleston* was awarded to the Union Iron Works of this city. Since that time two other cruisers and one monitor have been constructed, and one battle-ship is now in course of construction. For the construction of these vessels the government has paid ten and one-half millions of dollars, including the premium of one hundred thousand dollars on the *San Francisco* for excess of speed above the requirements of the specifications, and on the *Olympia* of three hundred thousand dollars, making a total premium fund of four hundred thousand dollars. The *Charleston*, the first vessel built, fell slightly short

the requirements, and a fine was imposed, as was also done in the case of the *Monterey*; but the two fines together amounted to but seventy thousand dollars. The result of this policy has been to develop the ship-building facilities on this coast to such an extent that the builders have been able to branch out and compete in the construction of the merchant marine. The largest merchant vessel built by the Union Iron Works is the *Peru* for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which has a displacement of five thousand tons—slightly in excess of that of the cruisers *Charleston* and *San Francisco*, and slightly less than that of the *Olympia*. Other steamers built by the company are the *Pomona*, the *Arago*, and other smaller vessels, including a number of tugs and the steam yacht *El Primero*, and it has rebuilt nearly all the steamers that have been repaired on the Pacific Coast in recent years.

At the present time, a further advance is being made. Private companies, operating a general freight business on the Amoor River, in Siberia, recently placed with the Union Iron Works a contract for eleven steam barges. The contract for these vessels was secured by this company in open competition with the ship-builders of the whole world, and proves how rapid and yet how healthy has been the development of the business. In addition to this, they are constructing a stern-wheel steamer for use upon the Amoor River and another steamer for the Pacific Oil Company. Another large contract, though in another branch of the business, is the order for two nine-hundred-horse-power triple-expansion engines, to be delivered to the Anaconda Mine, near Helena, Mont., within two or three months at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. In order to accomplish this work, they have recently put on four hundred extra men.

As a collateral result of this, it may be mentioned that a determined effort is being made to bring the plant of the Ostrander Repeating Gun Company, now located in Boston, to San Francisco. While the owners of this plant are naturally inclined to favor San Francisco, it is undoubtedly true that they would not have considered the proposition feasible had not the success of the Union Iron Works demonstrated beyond question the possibility of manufactures of this class being successfully conducted on the Pacific Coast. Their action will undoubtedly attract others who will establish plants here, and the result can not but be beneficial to California. Hitherto, while our agricultural interests—our grain, our fruits, and our wines—have prospered, while our mining interests have shown a healthy and steady development, our manufactures have been almost dormant. With the development that will result from these new plants and the others that will be attracted by them, we may hope to see California taking its place among the manufacturing States of the Union.

The recent discussions of the silver question have given a new interest to the special-contract system, or those contracts in which a specific kind of money is agreed to be paid. We commented upon this system last week, in connection with the foreclosure of the mortgage on the Denver City Railroad Company, made to secure bonds sold to an Eastern trust company. Throughout the East the capitalists are now inserting in their contracts for the payment of money at some future time a clause providing that it shall be "payable in gold coin of the present weight and fineness." In Alabama, all contracts made with Eastern capitalists now contain this clause. In Colorado, the same practice prevails, and so it will be throughout the country, should the proposed free coinage of silver, without the co-operation of other countries, be carried out.

All of this lends special interest to the series of events leading up to the adoption of this special contract system in the State of California. It was during the early days of the war, when the government first issued its legal-tender notes. California, being then the greatest producer of the precious metals in the United States, had always transacted its business upon a purely metallic basis. The extreme difficulty of communication with the Eastern States rendered it almost impossible that the State bank-notes in use there should be brought out here; while upon this coast the output of the mines furnished sufficient specie for use in all business transactions. When the legal-tender notes began to come here, the business men feared a currency that would be more unstable than that to which they had been accustomed, and therefore they were received with distrust and antagonism. In the Eastern States, on the other hand, the people had been familiar with the State bank-notes, the most unstable currency that this country has ever known, and the legal-tender notes came to them as an improvement upon what they had been accustomed to.

The proposal to introduce legal-tender notes in the business of this State was met with considerable opposition, and discussions were carried on by the daily press suggesting various plans for fighting the innovation. It was proposed to form a union among the merchants, each of the leading

houses agreeing not to receive or pay out the legal-tender notes. This agreement was to be signed by the principal merchants of the city, and then to be sent to the country merchants for their signatures. This agreement was effected in November, 1862; but in the same year it was suggested by a correspondent to one of the daily papers that such an agreement could not be enforced, and it was better to provide in all contracts that payment should be made in silver or gold. This, we believe, was the first suggestion of the special contract. As showing the spirit that animated the community, the board of supervisors declared that the interest on the bonds of the city then held in New York city should be paid in gold, although a payment in legal-tender notes would have been perfectly valid.

In the legislature which was then in session, the discussion was carried on and a memorial to Congress was introduced, asking that California be exempted from the operation of the legal-tender law. This memorial was defeated, the opponents claiming that it was tantamount to a request that California be allowed to secede. In March, 1863, it was proposed in the *San Francisco Herald* that the legislature pass an act declaring that contracts might be made for payment in a specified kind of currency, and the next month such a law was passed. This law provided that

"In an action on a contract or obligation in writing for the direct payment of money made payable in a specified kind of money or currency, judgment for plaintiff, whether the same be by default or after verdict, may follow the contract or obligation and he made payable in the kind of money or currency specified therein."

This special-contract law was brought before the supreme court, and in July of that year was declared constitutional. Opposition to it, however, did not cease, and the next year at the session of the legislature an attempt was made to repeal it. The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco drew up a violent protest, which was signed by all of the leading firms in the city and was indorsed by the labor organizations. Since that time the law has been in full force and effect in this State.

This is a question that those who favor the free and unlimited coinage of silver would do well to consider. Those who have money will not be willing to loan it, except upon such terms as are satisfactory to themselves. It is a recognized fact that the capitalists are opposed to free coinage of silver. They will therefore introduce in all contracts for the payment of money at some future time a clause providing that it shall be paid in gold coin of the present weight and fineness, and nothing that the debtors can do will impair the obligation of this contract.

It must be an opaque understanding which does not perceive that the onward march of the New Woman is alarming the male of the human species here and in England, the two countries wherein the iron tread of the advancing female shakes the ground most violently. The disturbed male, with that duplicity which is characteristic of tyrants who feel their power slipping from them, usually asks it to be believed that his anxiety is not for himself, but for the woman. Affecting chivalrous concern, he inquires what will become of her when she shall succeed in withdrawing from his protection and setting up for herself. Having exhausted the deterring and punitive resources of ridicule and found menace unavailing, he is, however, sometimes driven in his trepidation to reveal the truth. "What," he asks, somewhat wildly, "what shall I do when woman outgrows the habit of loving me?" That is practically what the London *Saturday Review* asks, speaking for the threatened and rattled men of this era, cowed as they are by the triumphant and somewhat truculent Susan B. Antonyms and Rev. Anna Shaws. "That sublime faith in love," says the dejected *Saturday*, "which has been a living spirit in the soul of 'Eve throughout the ages,' has gone down before the eyes that are at last unhandaged and the mind whose perceptions have been whetted by education into seeing life steadily and seeing it whole. In the love of the modern woman, there is not a shred of illusion." The more our British brother thinks of the outlook, the worse he feels. The New Woman's life, he mourns, has opened her mind and "swept many new things within her reach, new perceptions, new aspirations, new affections. As her nature blossoms, it bungers for fresh food at every stage of its development—interests with a pulse in them—sensations with a bloom on them. How," he demands, in gloomy and apprehensive conclusion—"how should the man of her maiden favor fulfill the need of her maturity? To every season its hook and its bonnet; why not also its love?"

That is going very, very far. Even the newest of New Women, who still retains a desire to be respectable, will be apt to resent it. To lay in new ideas at every forward point on the march is very well, but to accuse her of a wish for a new husband to match every intellectual advance is quite a different matter. The New Woman is queer, certainly, but she still cares to have it known that she is a lady. There is comfort in that—comfort for even the *Saturday* re-

viewer, who has, perhaps, huilt an equally broad and despondent social philosophy on a personal jilt or two. Yet it is not to be denied that in his desolation he gives voice to an expanding masculine dread.

The *Argonaut* deems it timely to utter some words of solace to the scared sex. The rock of truth on which we must lay hold, amid the disconcerting din of the Amazons' march, is that though the New Woman is new, she is still woman. That being so, there is hope for man. He may decline bodily and mentally as woman develops her muscle and brain and takes his place in the world, but yet he will not go unloved. The notion that where there is no respect there can be no love, though generally accepted, is not borne out by observation. Men, in the time of their supremacy, which is passing away, have not been prone to fall in love with the mature approval of their sober judgment. It is known that gentlemen far advanced in years and possessed of large means—just the husbands for sedate widows and spinsters past the effervescence of youth—have been given to bestowing their affections and estates on chits in whom women of sense could see nothing to admire; it is known that the glance of a dewy eye, the flush of a fair young cheek, have ever had more to do with determining man on matrimony than the acquisitions and talents of ladies not endowed by nature with the fleeting and unsubstantial charm of beauty; it is known that passion and sentiment have induced the procuring of a thousand marriage licenses where esteem for feminine mind and character has made one groom. Hitherto, women have been more calculating than men, because marriage has been woman's career. Only by capturing a husband could she hope to achieve an establishment and those other ambitions which have made her life worth living. But the New Woman, being self-supporting, will become more disinterested. Like man under the old social régime, she will consult her fancy in selecting a husband, and, despite the forebodings of the *Saturday* reviewer, it may be expected that the laws against polygamy will be replaced by equally binding statutes prohibitive of polyandry. For man is not to be disfranchised, even if he is to be reduced to the status of the plaything of an idle hour. Women may become lawyers, merchants, politicians, scientists, reformers, and bread-winners, but still there will be a demand for husbands. Through many centuries men have been all these, yet they have not outgrown the taste for wives.

Masculine alarm is natural, inevitable, but reflection should be called in to still the tumults of the agitated male bosom. There is no evidence whatever that the fiercest of New Women is in the smallest degree less susceptible to the charm of sex than the most frivolous of her old-time sisters. The New Woman will love and marry—against her better judgment it may be, but still she will marry. The hope of men is that the revolution in the relative positions of the sexes will not proceed so rapidly as to debar the diminishing male from accommodating himself synchronously to his new environment. Let him but be given time, and he will end by acquiring those qualities, those arts, which will render him irresistible to the New Woman, as he has ever been to the old. Evolution can be trusted to develop the kind of husbands for whom there will be the greatest call. Of course there will be a remnant of the rejected, but they will have their uses, too. The twentieth century will be made to ring protestingly by these, who will call themselves the New Man, even as the peace of the nineteenth century has been shattered by the New Woman.

It is difficult to realize, as we read the accumulating reports of revived business and general prosperity that are pouring in, that industry was at a stand-still at this time last year. It was little more than twelve months ago that the country was overrun with organized bodies of tramps, who quartered themselves upon the cities and levied forced contributions from the farmers along their lines of march; who took possession, *vi et armis*, of railway trains, and insolently demanded that the government should furnish the wherewithal to prolong their worthless lives. A little later came the railway strike, beginning in the little town of Pullman and spreading through the western country until business in that section was wholly prostrated and the more isolated communities saw famine staring them in the face. There were those who declared that this was an inevitable outcome of democratic government and that we might look to see an annual repetition of the reign of King Debs, with such lieutenants in high office as Altgeld of Illinois, Penoyer in Oregon, and Waite in Colorado.

This year the picture is very different. The majesty of the law has been sustained, the leader with the ridiculous name is suffering the penalty of his misdeeds, and notice has been served upon all would-be imitators that this country will not tolerate interference with the peaceful and orderly conduct of business. If any class of citizens feels that it has a grievance, it must be settled by an appeal to the ballot-

box instead of to the hayonet or the hludgeon. Pennoyer and Waite have been retired to well-deserved obscurity, and Altgeld is seriously threatened with a commission to inquire into his sanity.

With the quieting of the powers of unrest has come a general revival of industry. An investigation, conducted by *Bradstreet's* in seventy-five cities east of the Rocky Mountains, showed that during the months of April and May, 227 establishments that had shut down during the depression of 1893 had resumed work, giving employment to 53,000 laborers. At the same time, other establishments employing an aggregate of 178,000 laborers had voluntarily increased the wages of their employees, thereby making them sharers in the increasing prosperity. In the latter part of June, the *Chicago Tribune* made further inquiries and found that 250 concerns had voluntarily increased wages, favorably affecting the incomes of 250,000 employees. These were nearly all in the iron and steel industries, which are generally regarded as an index to the tendencies in business generally. Andrew Carnegie increased the wages of his 24,000 employees ten per cent., to take effect on June 1st, and his example was followed by the employers of practically all the iron-workers around Pittsburgh. This advance in wages is a result of and at the same time has been accompanied by an increase in prices. Wheat has advanced 25 to 30 cents a bushel since the opening of the spring season; Bessemer pig-iron has advanced \$2.20 a ton, or twenty-two and one-half per cent. above the January minimum; steel billets have advanced, since March, \$3.25 a ton, equivalent to twenty-two per cent. in three months.

It is rather amusing, in connection with this revival of industry, to see the desperate efforts of the Democratic press to make it appear that it is a result of the policy of their party. When business was prostrated by their blind and stupid adherence to exploded theories, they had but little to say; now that the natural recuperative force of the country is asserting itself, they are eager to take to themselves the credit for the improvement. When the Democrats went into power the country stood back anxiously waiting to see what they would do. For a year they continued their bickering, unable to agree upon any policy and unwilling to accept the assistance or advice of those who could act. Merchants throughout the country were unwilling to lay in new stocks of goods until they could know what changes in prices were to be effected by Democratic legislation. The stocks on hand were allowed to run down; the mills and the manufacturers, receiving no orders for new goods, curtailed their work and discharged their employees. How to care for the unemployed became a serious problem.

When the tariff question was settled and a Republican Congress was elected last year, confidence began to be restored. The merchants sent in their orders that had been accumulating, the mills and factories began to be busy once more. This reestablished confidence, and new orders began to pour in. The demand coming upon the manufacturers so suddenly, they were unable to meet it. They were obliged to work day and night, employing double shifts of men. Then they began to extend their plants, giving orders to the iron and steel men for more machinery.

All of this has given the appearance of general prosperity. Men who have been struggling along, denying their families all but the barest necessities, find a prospect of steady and remunerative employment, and extend their expenditures accordingly. But, as we have seen, the cause of the business revival is, at present, purely temporary. Its permanence depends upon maintaining the confidence that now exists. Should the Republican party prevail in the elections next year—and there is every reason to believe that it will—the merchants and manufacturers will be justified in feeling that there will be no legislation to affect unfavorably the material interests of the country. The natural resources of the United States are so inexhaustible that, when business is allowed to follow its natural course, prosperity must result. We have seen how it can endure and recover from the stupid blundering of the Democrats. With the Republicans in power, we may feel confident that the present revival will not only be permanent, but will continue to grow until the unemployed as a class are unknown.

With becoming humility, and, perhaps, with a just appreciation of the manifest defects in their system of education, the Roman Catholics have always displayed a certain modesty in exhibiting the text-books they would use, were they permitted to control the public schools in this country as they desire. They have never been backward in pointing out the shortcomings in the text-books already in use. Myer's history, for instance, is filled with statements impregnated with that most pernicious quality—truth. Other books inculcate in the young and huddling mind ideas equally repugnant to the teachings of the church; but heretofore the Roman Catholics have confined themselves to tearing down rather than building up; they have found fault

without suggesting a remedy. A book that has recently been unearthed in Canada throws some light upon their conception of education. It is entitled "Le Petit Catechisme de Quebec, publié avec L'Approbation et par L'Ordre du Premier Concile Provincial de Quebec . . . Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier et Cie., Librairie Catholique, 1886." On page nine of this notable publication appear the following questions and answers for the edification of the young:

Q.—Who has created you, miserable Protestants, and who has brought you into the world?

A.—Luther has created us and brought us into the world.

Q.—For what purpose has Luther created you and brought you into the world?

A.—To protest, after his example, against God and against his church, and to sin grievously after his example and by that means reach eternal life.

Q.—What is a Protestant?

A.—A Protestant is one who, whether he has been baptized or not, it makes no difference, believes what he likes and does what he likes.

Q.—What is the mark of a Protestant?

A.—It is his horror of the cross, his hatred of the Holy Virgin, of the Pope, and of the saints, and also his entire forgetfulness of the poor souls in Purgatory.

This valuable contribution to human knowledge is from the pen and brain of Mgr. de Ségur, and has received the approbation of the Bishop of Montreal and the approval of Pope Pius the Ninth. It would be difficult to find a more suitable foundation for broad and liberal citizenship than such instruction as this furnishes.

The awakening of civic interest that this city has experienced during the last year has brought to the front many projects of improvement, each of them backed by some reform organization or by some body of individuals urging the necessity of immediate action. For a number of years, public spirit in this city has been dormant, or at least sluggish, and needed improvements have been postponed from time to time until the accumulation is now appalling. The board of supervisors, who have been considering the tax levy for the coming year, have shown a disposition to meet the popular demand, but as the proposed appropriations accumulate, they are staggered by the tax rate that must be levied to meet them, and the people, ever ready to clamor for increased expenditure, are even more ready to protest vigorously against any increase in taxation.

That all of the proposed improvements are necessary and that the need for them is pressing, can not be denied by any person alive to the best interests of the city. Nor can it be denied that it will be impossible to pay for all of them out of the levy for any one year. Under these circumstances, the proposed appropriations should be divided into two classes—those that are for current expenses and those that are for permanent improvements. The first class should, of course, be provided for in the current levy of the year. The other should properly be provided for by an issue of bonds. The bonded indebtedness of San Francisco is now very low, and there are some who have taken a pride in this fact. How low it is may be seen by a comparison with the larger cities of the United States. The seven cities with a population greater than San Francisco have a bonded indebtedness per capita ranging from \$70.03 in Boston to \$12.31 in Chicago. The bonded indebtedness of San Francisco amounts to \$1.76 per capita, or one-seventh of the smallest indebtedness among these larger cities.

While all of these proposed improvements are urgently necessary, there is one that should not be undertaken at the present time. The repavement of Market Street should be postponed. In saying this we are not lacking in sympathy with the wheelmen, nor do we ignore the impression that must be made upon strangers visiting the city when they are driven over this, the main thoroughfare, in its present condition. The pavement now laid would be a disgrace to a country town. It is a fixed principle of engineering that the quality of a pavement is determined by the character of the foundation rather than of the top dressing. Market Street is now paved with basalt blocks laid upon a foundation of sand at least two feet in thickness. The unevenness that is seen upon the surface is but the natural result of the character of the foundation. There should be a bed of broken rock covered by at least eight inches of properly rolled cement, and over this either the basalt blocks or a good asphalt dressing. This would make a good and proper pavement for the main thoroughfare of the city.

But even this pavement would not be permanent if it is to be torn up in places from time to time by corporations and patched by them afterward. There should be under the middle of the street a conduit sufficiently large to provide for the sewerage, and upon the sides provision made for gas and water-mains and for electric wires of all kinds. Manholes at proper intervals should provide for getting into it to reach the pipes and wires, and for cleaning the sewer. No permission should be given under any circumstances to tear up the street. It is for this reason, and for the further reason that an issue of bonds would be required before such

construction could be made, that we urge the postponement of any improvement of Market Street.

We notice by the dispatches that a resolution was submitted recently to the Reformed Church Synod of Grand Rapids, Mich., condemning bicycle-riding on Sunday. When the fact was brought up that many church members were in the habit of riding to church on bicycles, another resolution was submitted, condemning that practice also. Both resolutions were referred to the Committee on Morals; but we have not yet heard what disposition the Committee on Morals of the Reformed Church Synod of Grand Rapids, Mich., has made of the resolution.

Another religious blast against the bicycle comes from New York. Dr. Rossiter, a Protestant parson of some repute, preached there the other night, and in the course of his sermon said: "I hear that the boulevard is black with bicyclists on the morning of the Sabbath and during the day. Do you think that the bicyclist who goes out into the country to enjoy the scenery and the pleasure of a bicycle keeps the Sabbath day as God intended he should? Is he keeping the day holy? Is it not as harmful to ride a bicycle on Sunday as it is to play hase-hall?" We are rather struck by the difference of opinion existing between the East and the West as regards the bicycle. In New York and in Michigan, as will be seen from the foregoing extracts, bicycle-riding on Sunday is condemned. In California, on the other hand, there are clergymen who ride bicycles on Sunday, and a San Francisco minister recently cordially invited all bicyclists to attend divine service at his church before going out for their Sunday ride. He informed them that racks had been provided for the accommodation of their wheels while they were in the church.

It is difficult to understand by what curious process of reasoning these parsons should have evolved the idea that bicycle-riding on Sunday is wicked. Bicycles are propelled by the movements of the flexor, extensor, gluteus, and lumbar muscles principally, most of which muscles are also used in walking. If it is wrong to ride a bicycle on Sunday, is it wrong to walk on Sunday? If so, why is it wrong? Is it the exercise of the muscles which is wicked, or the mental gratification resulting from walking under pleasant circumstances? Is it praiseworthy to walk to church on Sunday, and is it wicked to walk out for the air? Is it praiseworthy to walk to a church where a man is telling us about God's handiwork, and is it wicked to walk out in this pleasant world under the beautiful sky which God made himself? If it is wicked to walk on Sunday, all other muscular exercise must also be wicked. It must be wicked to talk on Sunday, because that involves muscular exercise, as the maxillary and sub-maxillary muscles are called into continual play. If it is wicked to talk on Sunday, it must be wicked to think, because talk is necessarily a resultant from thought. If it is wicked to think on Sunday, it must be wicked to sleep, for the brain, even when wrapped in slumber, works in a zig-zag, uncertain way and dreaming may be considered as slumberous thought. Inasmuch, therefore, as nothing can be done on Sunday which is not wicked, including walking, talking, thinking, and sleeping, it would seem to us that the only safe thing to do would be for all good Christians to take a dose of some opiate and remain wrapped in a sound, stertorous, dreamless slumber from midnight of Saturday to midnight of Sunday.

One of the most reassuring and pleasing features in connection with the proceedings preliminary to the celebration of the Fourth in this city has been the refusal of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to take part in the parade. The officers of that organization, acting probably under directions from the diplomatic representative of the Court of Erin, have declared that as the national flag of Ireland can not wave above their heads, they can not see their way to taking part in the celebration of the anniversary of American independence. This refusal on their part will have a tendency greatly to improve the celebration. In fact, it is difficult to see why an invitation to take part in the parade should have been extended to this or to any other foreign organization. The Fourth of July is distinctly an American event, and the celebration should be participated in only by Americans and by those foreigners who have become so assimilated and so imbued with the American idea as to be practically Americans themselves. The refusal to allow the Irish flag, or any other flag save the stars and stripes, to be seen in the procession is perfectly proper, and it is difficult to see why the Irish, of all people, should have objected to the restriction. The Irish national flag is an anomaly, being the emblem of a dependency which has never been a nation. The parade will be all the more attractive in American eyes for the absence of the harp and sunburst, and its ancient and pot-valiant followers can well be spared.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

A Tale of Two Hold-Ups in the Land of the Collapsed Boom.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. The mud-baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an Inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam, through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt-sleeves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing the mud-baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silky mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my finger into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "Ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water-bath, and beyond that is a dressing-room. These divisions are separated by half-partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself for the ordeal in the adjoining dressing-room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gunny-sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature, come constantly boiling and bubbling through the ground, and the baths can be made seven times hotter than Nehuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, the baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to follow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when, balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm, at his closed eyes and heavy, immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration.

"Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation.

"Ten o'clock," I said. "Want to get out? I'll call the attendant."

"Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon.

I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and, for the next fifteen minutes, I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery coverlet of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it had come, and to help him out of the tenacious, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and he put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat for an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long, lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't you want a mud-bath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go.

"Not to-day," I replied. "To-morrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in three-quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon, reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, professing to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward, and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem affected. I was told that he was a "49er"; that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his business was real estate. He was said to be very clever in working off acreages of cactus-land, sage-brush, and hill-side upon new-comers. His ungainly, honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boomopolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Springs, the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green hay-tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among cañons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed, and numbers of men who had lost all their

money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result, crime, particularly robbery, was rampant.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a livery team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection, he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this, after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the horses were tired, and also that the exercise of climbing the grade afoot would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch-house, and, just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a cañon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way, a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first, and, as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient, voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that grip-sack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head.

Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed, he would have fought—as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon balked and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off, and his long coat-tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it—except to give up his money, and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled by in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He stumbled, tripped, and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand, and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the cañon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the cañon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms toward heaven as he watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury. The remarks of the passengers on the stage, which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured. "Guess it was all a fake." "I didn't hear any shots." "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat glum, indignant, and silent until they reached the house.

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court-plaster on his wounded wrists. "If I had only had a gun, that fellow would never have got out of there alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home, these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you."

"Possibly," said the deacon; "but I would have fired as long as I could have crooked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing-stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich."

"Do you think you would know the fellow, should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both of his, and wrung it until it ached.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him, you will see the prettiest fight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual-winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and I took it with me, also ten dollars in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boomopolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passer-by, there was

then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling-places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room, on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green-covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins. Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game." As many more, including ourselves, were interested on-lookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing.

I was enjoying the character of amateur detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or, rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar-store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game. There is something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense, excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon when I heard a quiet but distinct voice, at the end of the room, say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the loungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar-store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door.

The gamblers rose as one man.

"Now, then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about.

"March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop."

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door, as some one inadvertently lowered his arms a trifle. "We're not through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness, they requested us to give up our watches, money, and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

"D—n, the thing!" he said, and threw it on the floor.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another—another—and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was hanging over a form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager wolf-light in his eyes; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eyes softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's—all—right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came—into—the—game—on—a bluff, but—you've—called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any—"

"Bend down here," said the man.

The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon; "I'll do it, so help me, God!"

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime-stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs enjoying a sun-bath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a profligate," said the deacon, in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success, there are millions who make it a failure."

I knew that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure.

"Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, "or he might have succeeded better here."

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing. Do you see that vulture way up there in the air? Look, how he sails. And never moves his wings. Isn't it wonderful?"

I looked in the direction indicated, but could see nothing, except a wide expanse of clear, blue sky.

"Your eyes are better than mine," I said.

"It's the mud-baths," replied the deacon. "Take them a hundred and ten, and stay in about an hour. They purify the blood, quicken the circulation, and keep you young and vigorous."

WM. M. TISDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

A year or so ago, in writing on the Italian law prohibiting the sale outside the state of historic masterpieces of art, Alfred Trumble explained in the *Collector* how the impecunious or grasping modern owners of such works evaded this edict by having copies made which they substituted for the originals, the latter being smuggled away and sold in Paris or London. Mr. Trumble drew attention to the danger that in time to come the copies would probably also pass into the hands of collectors as originals, with the full indorsement of the famous collections from which they came. It seems that this Italian practice has imitators elsewhere. In a recent interview about the sales of old English pictures, Mr. George H. Boughton, the artist, said: "Very often, when the noble owner parts with his family Reynolds, or Gainsborough, or Hoppner, he has them well copied, and the void is not remarked. 'They have gone to be cleaned'; and the clean copy and a large check take the place of the original. Now, in the years to come, the danger is that these 'understudies' will impose even on the heirs to the estate; will impose (innocently) on the 'snapper-up' of such treasures, with such antecedents of genuineness. A leading dealer told me the other day he was offered—by the new heir—a Gainsborough portrait, a copy of the original, which the same dealer bought of the just deceased nobleman years ago." Verily, the way of the collector of old masters is far from easy.

A few years since, a number of high Chinese officials united in a petition to the throne (writes Chester Holcombe in "The Real Chinaman"), asking that a stop be put to mining coal and iron at a point near the imperial tombs, upon the plea that this mining would disturb the bones of the empress, who had recently been buried. A few years earlier, the viceroy at Foo Chow formally reported to the emperor that permission ought not to be granted to certain foreigners to erect buildings upon the slope of a hill within the walls of the city. He based his objection upon the asserted fact that a great dragon rested underneath Foo Chow and supported the foundations of the city; that at the spot named, the veins and arteries of the dragon came near to the surface, and hence that the weight of the buildings, if constructed, would impede his circulation.

"One learns many things by coming to the Mediterranean," writes a correspondent of the *Bazar*, "that most of the yachting that is done here, for instance, is done in the harbor. Even Guy de Maupassant, whose chapters on yachting are everywhere quoted, preferred making most of his journeys by rail, sending his boat ahead when it was rough. He could write with more enthusiasm shut up in his villa at San Raffael while storms were brewing. The harbor at Nice is packed with yachts that never go out except in fine weather, when a short run to some other port is made, or a longer one to Corsica—always visible on the horizon. These people know no more of seasickness than the rich do of poverty's cramp."

English ladies in China have started a "Natural Feet Society," for the purpose of putting an end to the practice of compressing the feet of Chinese girls. A Chinaman wants to know if Englishwomen are ready to stop tightening their waists. "Foot-binding," he says, "is painful, but does not do so much harm, as it does not affect vital organs. I have heard of people who have met their deaths by waist-tightening, but not by foot-binding."

The Governor of Rhode Island is "his Excellency So-and-So, Governor of the State of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations, Commander-in-Chief of the Militia, and Captain-General of the Fleet"—though no more of this rigmarole than the first two words is often used.

THE CAREER OF ROSA BUDD.

How her Life was Mapped Out and how she was Fitted for It—
Her School-Days and her Début—What she Learned
in Two Seasons and how she Married.

It was the boast of Rosa Budd's family that she had been eminently well educated and well brought up. She had learned to read when she was four years old, and at five started the piano. She had had a French nurse and learned to talk *patois* French with accomplished fluency. When she was in her early teens, her parents spared no expense in having her mental equipment made as ornately elaborate as possible by several years' strict training at Miss Brown's academy for young ladies.

Here Rosa Budd added much to her store of accumulating learning. The design of Miss Brown's curriculum was to make the fund of knowledge of her pupils as diversified and varied as possible. So soon as one of the young ladies began to know the primer of one branch, she was whisked off to another. There was a touch of botany and a *souçon* of chemistry, then there was a wild dash made at history, with, perhaps, a few weeks' diversion in geography. Rosa Budd trifled with rhetoric and coquetted with etymology. She even tried a little Latin, and then took a four weeks' course of English literature; and attended First-Aid-to-the-Injured classes and took Delsarte lessons on the outside.

Beside these solid accomplishments, her mother desired her to fit herself for her future sphere by learning either the guitar, or the zither, or even the plebeian banjo, because it is always right and proper that a well-thinking, correctly brought up young lady should be able to play some musical instrument in case she married a musician. Then her father subscribed for her to two magazines, a review, and three fashion papers. Beside this, she had a ticket to a circulating library, in which she read all the new novels, and so gained a large fund of theoretical experience of the world, which she might have occasion to find useful in her future career.

All Rosa Budd's education and up-bringing were supposed to centralize upon this career, for her parents were conscientious people, and they wanted to equip Rosa for the battle of life. So, when she was seventeen, they thought she knew about enough of chemistry and Latin and Delsarte and First Aid to the Injured, and her education was pronounced complete. Only the library, the two magazines, the one review, and the three fashion papers might continue to add finishing touches to the noble edifice of learning that Miss Brown had built up; and Rosa continued to patronize and peruse them, and came to possess quite an amount of information on a diversity of subjects.

Her education being an accomplished fact, the attention of Rosa Budd was now turned to other and equally serious matters. It was the beginning of her career—that much-talked-of career which began with a débutante's tea and ended up with a white veil and orange-blossoms. It opened with the gravity attending all weighty matters, and Rosa Budd entered upon it with befitting seriousness of purpose. The dressmaker became to her the solemn arbiter of her success that Miss Brown had once been. Rosa Budd, her mother, and the dressmaker became three conspirators, making plots for the discomfiture of man. Rosa let the two magazines and the one review lie neglected on the parlor table, where they looked well and gave a touch of refined local color to the scene, and allowed her cultured mind to range through the columns of the three fashion papers. Even the guitar was forgotten in these days of engrossing occupation, and where Rosa had once studied how to bind up a broken leg and tie a severed artery, she now knew things about the set of a skirt and the cut of a sleeve that were dark and mysterious to the uninitiated.

The career began in a blaze of millinery. From the débutante's tea, when Rosa Budd wore the marvelous creation especially constructed for the occasion, it opened up into dazzling vistas of other teas, and dances, and dinners, at which Rosa, always in new creations, was radiantly in evidence. She had never been so busy as she was now, fitting herself for the future developments of the career that had always been a matter of so much moment and concern. This was one of the stages of the career, but it went so rapidly and was so crowded that Rosa had no time to realize it.

In the morning she did not get up till very late, for she had not gone to bed till so late the night before. Sometimes she was wide-awake enough to read the morning papers, and sometimes she was not. After luncheon or breakfast, she took her mother and they went solemnly to the dressmaker's and heard the words of the oracle. Then they squeezed in a few visits to people whom they afterward execrated for being at home and thus clogging the joyous pace of the career which must be unimpeded in its course of reception-haunting and tea-attending.

Three or four times in the month Rosa Budd dined at home, and, sitting with her father and mother, they all felt, in this respite in the heat and burden of the life of a highly accomplished and desirable young lady, that the career was triumphantly marching on to its natural conclusion. In the evening, Rosa generally attended a ball or a theatre-party, and stole upstairs in the small hours, with her mother toiling in her wake, both feeling that the sleep of honest toil was a sweet and soothing thing. Never had Rosa's days been so crowded. She looked back upon those juvenile years dedicated to learning as periods of comparative idleness. What was studying the dead languages and the modern sciences to making conversation with Mr. Smith, or entertaining Mr. Jones? But Rosa Budd was a well-brought-up, conscientious girl. She knew that she was being trained and fitted for the great destiny of woman, and that one does not earn the sacred crown of orange-blossoms without a subduing preliminary martyrdom.

In this overcrowded season of arduous training, Rosa added a great deal of general knowledge to her already rich

store. She was not a dilatory or dull pupil. If she did give up the zither and forget what she knew about Delsarte, she had supplanted these winning accomplishments with the graceful art of being able to make conversation better and more rapidly than any other girl in her set. So successful had been Rosa Budd's training that it was not mere vulgar bragging for her to say that she could extract the most flattering compliments from the roughest and stupidest of men. Add to this that she could wear her clothes with more style than any other girl of her age; that her knowledge of the incomes of her friends and acquaintances was never known to be at fault; that she was thoroughly conversant with the mysteries attending the etiquette of leaving and folding down the corners of the visiting-card; that she could tie any kind of a necktie into any kind of a knot, and one may clearly see how thorough and conscientious had been her preparatory training in the opening season of her career.

For the two seasons following this, the great work went inexorably on. Rosa Budd, week by week, added a little here and a little there to her steadily accumulating culture. She was reaching a high state of elaboration. There were really very few suitable acquirements that she had not thoroughly mastered. There was not a subject that can be conversed upon in well-bred society that she could not make a few suitably non-committal remarks upon. She also had learned how to be gushing and how to be distant upon occasion, and these, every one knows, are very useful accomplishments. She knew how to snub presuming people with a word, and how to freeze undesirable acquaintances with a look. She could tell the social possibilities dormant in the gawky débutante; she knew what to say to the dull millionaire to make him think himself an eagle among men.

When Rosa Budd's parents saw what a flower among her kind their daughter had become, they felt that their efforts to educate and train her in the comely ways of worthiness and rectitude had been repaid a hundredfold. Rosa Budd's mother told how she had spared no time nor expense in fitting her child for the duties of life, and other mothers of growing daughters harkened to her words. Few hoped, however, to develop from the unpromising material in pinafores and pig-tails that romped upon their domestic hearths anything as gorgeous and ornate as Rosa Budd. These perfect examples of the species were as rare as perfect gems. Upon what an eagerly receptive mind, a sensitively impressionable nature, had the fabric of Rosa Budd's ideal education been built up! The raw material had been rich, and its rarest potentialities had been developed under the fostering advantages of intelligent direction.

And now came the long-anticipated, the important event in Rosa Budd's career—her marriage. She had been so excellently educated, so suitably placed and directed in the world, that it was known she would enter upon this new relation of life with befitting seriousness and deliberation. She had selected the partner of her joys from the impetuous multitude of two suitors who sighed at her feet for one mad, glad season. People said that the one upon whom her choice fell was just the sort of man they would have expected her to choose.

To her union with this happy being, Rosa Budd brought all those treasures of education, those pearls of experience, that she had been garnering up these many years. All her dazzling accomplishments would go to the decking and cheering of her home. She could take up the zither and guitar again, and try to remember her Delsarte. Her conversational capabilities would undoubtedly be useful, and her social adaptability would be a fine foundation upon which to build up a solid structure of domestic happiness. Then all those minor details of her education would be so valuable. It would be pleasant for her husband to know that she was perfectly competent to dress herself in refined and elegant taste, if he were perfectly competent to pay the bills. Her complete knowledge of the etiquette of calling and card-leaving would be a most important factor in their domestic life. Neither of them would ever run the chance of making a social mistake while she was there to direct and oversee their line of action. She could also instruct her husband in the various ways of snubbing and crushing the common herd, and, if she were very good-natured, she might teach him how to tie his neck-tie in half a dozen different ways.

With this firm foundation upon which to build the edifice of their happiness, the marriage promised to be one of unalloyed success. The bridegroom felt that he had won a paragon. Not only was his bride a creature of beauty and charm, but she was so well educated, so well brought up! He felt how ornamental, how brilliant, life would be with her. He would have a hard time living up to the standard of any one so much educated, so oppressively well brought up, but he would have to make a conscientious attempt. The bride felt that a new phase in her career had begun, but she was quite confident that her married life would be happy and successful. For was she not of all women one of the best educated, the most carefully brought up?

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

A Paris mother lately, on returning from a ball sooner than she was expected, found her baby and its nurse missing. The nurse was traced to a *café-chantant*, the Moulin Rouge, and the baby was found asleep in a cot at a restaurant near by, with eight more aristocratic infants. The proprietor called his place "Au Rendezvous des Bébés," and said that nurses left their charges with him every night in the year, paying a franc and a half for each child.

Fourteen *cobras de capello* from Haiphong were recently received at the Paris Jardin des Plantes. M. Bertrand has analyzed their poison, and finds that it contains three substances, two of which affect the respiratory organs, while the third brings on creeping paralysis. Combined they cause instant death.

"LE SPORT" IN PARIS.

The Grand Prix, a Great Day for Racing and for Gowns—The Crowds, the Gowns, and the Races—Curious Origin of the Event.

The Sunday of the Grand Prix is a great day for Paris; it is the last grand parade day of the season. No man "who respects himself"—as the French express it—would care to be seen on the asphalt of the boulevards after the Grand Prix has been lost and won; and no lady, who for three months previous to that event has been exercising her mind on a toilet for the occasion, would dare to show herself after "all Paris" had seen that toilet.

The last race of the season is the signal for a general departure for Trouville, Dieppe, Vichy, Aix-les-Bains, etc.; the beginning, in fact, of the summer *villégiature*. The Grand Prix was this year what it was last year and the year before. The only changing elements are the weather and the fashions.

The journey to Longchamps and back again was attended with the usual amount of discomfort, which was borne with the usual good humor. "All Paris" arrived in their finest equipages; the ex-Queen of Spain drove up in a vast landau; people admired the amplexes of her majestic figure; all the princes and potentates in Paris graced the tribunes with their august presence. The duchesses from the Noble Faubourg, with their "big-nosed" spouses, the aristocracy of the robe, of finance, and of commerce, the "stars of the stalls," the queens of operetta, the celebrities of the theatre, the sylphides of the ballet, the *élite* of the *demi-monde*, the *vieille garde* and the *jeune garde* surrounded by elegant escorts of papilionaceous youth, the delightful *gommeux*, the kings of the cotillon, the bope of their aristocratic mothers and the ambulatory figures of the fashionable tailors—all decked the charming lawn of Longchamps and gayly backed the winning or the losing horse. It is a sight worth seeing, and, perhaps, no great race can be seen under such agreeable circumstances.

At a very early hour on Sunday morning all Paris seemed to be afoot, and long before midday a continuous stream of vehicles of every description began to set in for the Bois de Boulogne. So great was the demand for conveyances that the drivers of the victorias, which are constructed to carry two persons only—Parisians having the conviction that in most situations three is trumpery—demanded and easily obtained as much as fifty francs for the short transit to the race-course, while in some instances as much as eighty francs was given, as many as five people being crowded into these small carriages.

Huge lumbering omnibuses and old diligences, that had been for a long time past laid up in limbo, were also brought into requisition, and these machines—drawn in most cases by four gaunt-looking quadrupeds decorated with noisy bells, the jingling of which failed to impart anything like emulation to the poor brutes that wore them—were greatly affected by the mass of the Parisian pleasure-seekers.

Hackney carriages, driven by men in showy uniforms of scarlet and gold, with shiny hats—looking, in fact, as like as possible to the Postillon de Longjumeau of operatic celebrity—were also greatly in vogue. All the better class of conveyances had been bespoken for days previously at fabulous prices of from two hundred to four hundred francs for the day, and even private carriages commenced their journey before one o'clock, in order that their occupants might secure chairs or seats in the tribunes.

The Grand Prix de Paris owes its origin to a pure sentiment of politeness. For a long time the English races had been open to French horses, while all the French races had been closed to foreign horses. The Jockey Club could not spend a penny on foreign races, and so the French owners went on winning prizes at Ascot, and Goodwood, and elsewhere, without offering the English their revenge. The Duc de Morny bridged the difficulty by creating an important prize—one hundred thousand francs in round numbers, which were to be contributed by the city of Paris and by the railway companies.

At the beginning there was a great debate as to what day should be chosen for the race. If it were run on a week day the Parisians could not come in such large numbers; if Sunday were chosen, would the English come? The difference between a Parisian Sunday and an English Sunday made this question one of great importance. However, as the reputation of the poliest nation in the world was at stake, the Parisians fixed the day to suit themselves; and, nevertheless, five English horses ran for the first Grand Prix in 1863, and one of them—the Ranger—won it easily.

Then the French began to wonder what was the use of creating a prize which they could never possibly win; but in 1864 the victory of Vermouth silenced the malcontents and produced immense enthusiasm, and since then the popularity of the Grand Prix has gone on increasing year after year, until it has become, not only the most famous race in the world after the Derby, but also the greatest holiday in the Parisian year.

At noon the plain of Longchamps is black with people. During three long hours, carriages of all descriptions, as we have said—victorias, cabs, mail-coaches, four-in-hands, breaks, and landaus—bring in the spectators. For weeks previous to the great day, the dressmakers and milliners have been, as the French say, *sur les dents*, and now the results of their labors may be seen in the most brilliant display of toilets that is visible in modern times. By half-past one the weighing paddock is packed. Inside and outside these sacred precincts may be seen all the *vie parisienne*: all the aristocracy, all the legislature, the army, and the magistracy, the loveliest women of society—a most compact and a most courteous crowd.

The aspect of the course is curious; it is a beautiful natural landscape, and, at the same time, it reminds you of a finely painted scene at the theatre. In the background of

the wooded slopes stand out the frowning citadel of Mont-Valérien; the coquettish spire of St. Cloud; the legendary, ivy-covered windmill of Longchamps, a relic of the last century, with its equally legendary group of enthusiasts who wait to see the jockeys pass; the opening of the grand avenue, the Allée des Acacias, the famous drive, where all the world congregates on spring and summer afternoons; the Cascade, with its gay and celebrated restaurant; and, on the edge of the wood, outside the inclosure, a thickly packed crowd—that excellent and philosophic crowd that will go home happy without, perhaps, knowing the name of the winner.

A prominent feature in the scene was the assemblage of huge, gaudily painted tents, from which the speculators of the *pari-mutuels* exercise their calling. They did a famous business during the day, over three millions of francs passing through their hands; and as for the gate-receipts, they took in more than five hundred thousand francs.

For the Parisians, indeed, and especially for the Parisiennes, the most important event in the Grand Prix day is not the going to the course, nor the race itself, nor the winner of it—it is the return, the *retour des courses*. Five-and-twenty thousand vehicles returning in eight interminable files, and passing from five to seven o'clock between the serried ranks of sight-seers drawn up on each side of the Champs-Élysées from the Place de la Concorde up to the Arc de Triomphe.

Cabs roll along side by side with four-in-hands; the postillions of princely Daumonts crack their whips, stopped in their course by a vulgar *char-à-banc* at twenty cents a place; hired hacks rubbing flanks with thorough-breeds; modest shop-keepers, perspiring and dusty, trudging wearily along the foot-path with one hand leaning on the hood of a fashionable actress's victoria; horses galloping along the road set apart for riding, women smiling, diamonds sparkling, harness glittering, chains clinking, bells ringing, amid the rumbling and grating of innumerable wheels; overhead the blue sky and blazing sunshine, and on each side the verdure and trees, and superb, gay-looking houses that line the splendid avenue of the Bois de Boulogne; such is the aspect of the *retour des courses*.

At half-past seven it is all over, and a dinner at some "swell" restaurant, prolonged with wine and dessert, is a prelude of a visit to the *cafés-chantants*, or a promenade under the trees of the Jardin de Paris—the traditional scene of a genial and friendly *bousculade* between the English and the French, between the victors and the vanquished. This international *intermède*—*les coups de poing de la fin*, as it was called under the Empire—is one of the features of the Grand Prix day.

The great prize, originally one hundred thousand francs, was raised three years ago to two hundred thousand, which was won by M. Edmond Blanc's filly, Audrée, together with the cup, a beautiful work of art, presented by the president. This is the fourth time that M. Blanc's stable has won the much coveted prize. DORSEY.

PARIS, June 10, 1895.

In the *Geographical Journal*, Captain F. E. Younghusband, mentions, among other things, seeing in the Hindoo state of Hunza a water-course constructed by the natives for artificial irrigation, which in one part went through a tunnel "scooped out entirely with ibex horns." Iron tools, he adds, "were until recently almost unknown in the country." This recalls the fact that the Siwash of our north-west coast still shape their cedar canoes with buck-horn adzes. Captain S. L. Hinde gives a rather gresome account of the Belgian expedition which he accompanied across the Free State, and which destroyed the strongholds of the Arab slave-hunters on the Upper Congo. One of their towns had four gates, "each approached by a very handsome pavement of human skulls. . . . I counted more than two thousand skulls in the pavement of one gate alone. Almost every tree forming the boma was crowned with a human skull." Professor B. H. Chamberlain tells of the distinctive customs of the Luchu Islanders. Referring to the absolute seclusion of the ladies, he says that Japanese who have been long residents in the islands declare that they have never seen a Luchuan lady. On the other hand, every Japanese trader arriving in Luchu engages one of the numerous *hetaira*, "to whom he intrusts everything, even to the management of his mercantile affairs; and when he departs, the girl sells to best advantage the articles confided to her charge, so that when her master comes back again, she is able to render him a satisfactory account, in which there is never any error or prevarication to the amount of a single penny." She keeps accounts involving tens of thousands of cash by means of knots tied in cords. The principal product of the islands is sugar, of which about thirty-four million pounds is annually exported to Japan.

Professor Thayer, in the *Harvard Law Review*, attributes the exceptional liberality of Massachusetts law in the admission of the testimony of witnesses which the common law would exclude, in part to the presence of Quakers and Indians. The former refused to swear, and the belief of the latter in false gods made their oaths extremely unsatisfactory to the Puritan lawyers. But as their evidence, like that of the negroes in the Southern States, was frequently necessary, concessions were made which undermined the common-law rule. Professor J. C. Gray, it may be added, in his essay upon judicial precedents, brings out the true nature of the doctrine known as *stare decisis*, to which the income-tax litigation has given such prominence. "The highest courts of the respective States, as well as the Supreme Court of the United States, all consider that they have the power to depart from their former rulings, however inexpedient it may be to exercise it."

Mr. Sze, of the Chinese legation at Washington, is an enthusiastic cyclist, but must ride a woman's wheel on account of the peculiarities of his costume.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Fire-King.

It is recorded that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

Bold knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear,
Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear;
And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.
Oh, see you that castle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?
Now, palmer, gray palmer, oh, tell unto me,
What news bring you home from the Holy COUNTRY?
And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand?
And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?
Oh, well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave,
For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have;
And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon,
For the heathen have lost, and the Christians have won.
A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung;
O'er the palmer's gray locks the fair chain has she flung;
O palmer, gray palmer, this chain be thy fee,
For the news thou has brought from the Holy COUNTRY.
And, palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
Oh, saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,
Oh, saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?
O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows;
O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows;
Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high;
But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.
The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls,
It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls;
The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone;
Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon.
Oh, she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed;
And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need;
And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land,
To ransom Count Albert from Soldan's hand.
Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie,
Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he;
A heathenish damsel his light heart had won,
The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.
O Christian, brave Christian, my love wouldst thou be;
Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee;
Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take;
And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.
And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore
The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore,
Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake;
And this shalt thou next do for Zulema's sake.
And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand,
To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land;
For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take,
When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake.
He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword,
Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord;
He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on,
For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.
And in the dread cavern, deep, deep under ground,
Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround,
He has watched until daybreak, but sight saw he none,
Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.
Amazed was the princess, the Soldan amazed,
Sore murmured the priests as on Albert they gazed;
They searched all his garments, and, under his weeds,
They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.
Again in the cavern, deep, deep under ground,
He watched the lone night, while the winds whistled round;
Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh,
The flame burned unmoved, and naught else did he spy.
Loud murmured the priests, and amazed was the king,
While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing;
They searched Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast
Was the sign of the cross, by his father impressed.
The priests they erase it with care and with pain,
And the recreant returned to the cavern again;
But, as he descended, a whisper there fell:
It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!
High bristled his hair, his heart fluttered and beat,
And he turned him five steps, half resolved to retreat;
But his heart it was hardened, his purpose was gone,
When he thought of the maiden of fair Lebanon.
Scarce passed he the archway, the threshold scarce trode,
When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad;
They made each steel portal to rattle and ring,
And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.
In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmered through smoke,
And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke:
"With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long and no more,
Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."
The cloud-shrouded arm gives the weapon; and see!
The recreant receives the charmed gift on his knee.
The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires,
As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.
Count Albert has armed him the Paynim among,
Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong;
And the Red-cross waxed faint, and the Crescent came on,
From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.
And horsemen and horses Count Albert o'erthrew
Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.
Against the charmed blade which Count Albert did wield,
The fence had been vain of the king's Red-cross shield;
But a page thrust him forward the monarch before
And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.
So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stooped low
Before the crossed shield, to his steel saddlebow;
And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,
"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.
Sore sighed the charmed sword, for its virtue was o'er,
It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more.
He clenched his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand;
He stretched, with one buffet, that page on the strand;
As back from the stripling the broken casque rolled,
You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.
Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare
On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair;
For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.
The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallion, the saltier, and crossletted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethesda's fountains to Naphthali's head.
The battle is over on Bethesda's plain.
Oh, who is yon Paynim lies stretched 'mid the slain?
And who is yon page lying cold at his knee?
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!
The lady was buried in Salem's blessed bound,
The count he was left to the vulture and hound;
Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring;
His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.
Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell,
How the Red-cross it conquered, the Crescent it fell;
And lords and gay ladies have sighed, 'mid their glee,
At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

—Sir Walter Scott.

W. S. Gilbert is coming to New York soon to superintend the production of "His Excellency."

AN ENGLISH HOUSE-PARTY

As Pictured by Mrs. Burton Harrison in "An Errant Wooing"—
The Company of Notables Gathered by an Englishman's American Bride.

Some one has divided novels into three classes: stories of incident, stories of character, and stories of manners and customs. To these must now be added a fourth class, guide-book stories. We have already referred to Richard Harding Davis's "Princess Aline" as an example of this new type, and with it must be classed Mrs. Burton Harrison's *Century* story, "An Errant Wooing," which has just been issued in book-form. It is aptly named, for its heroine's love-affair runs its course from the pastoral scenes of rural England to the bazaars and flower-decked plains of Tangiers, and the happy end is not reached until the reader has viewed the Moorish ruins of Granada and witnessed a hull-fight and Holy Week in Seville.

The heroine, Paulina, or "Polly," Standish, is half-pledged, through her grandfather's determination to keep the great Woodbury property intact, to marry her cousin, Roger Woodbury; but she meets her fate in another man, and eventually all is made right by Roger's falling in love with that other man's daughter. The personages are so real, and the story is so well told, that one is tempted to "skip" Mrs. Harrison's descriptions of the scenes through which she leads her readers, but it would be a pity to do so.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is that in which Mrs. Harrison describes the house-party to which Lady Edmund Blount—formerly Lucy Lansing, of New York—invites Mrs. Standish, her daughter Polly, her young son Woodbury—familiarily called "Toodles"—and her daughter's *quasi-fiancé*, Roger Woodbury. After their arrival at Wooton Magna, the house the Blounts have leased for the season from its impoverished owner, Sir Piers Gilchrist, Lady Edmund names her other guests to them in this fashion:

"Amaranth Clyde came yesterday with—whom do you suppose?—your old neighbor in Thirty-Third Street, Mabel Whitman that was."

"My dear," interposed Mrs. Standish, helplessly, "did you visit the Whitmans at home?"

"Oh, dear! no; but she's Mrs. Lancelot Kirby now, and goes everywhere on this side. The men admire that unearthly whiteness of her skin, and lately she's got a new pose. She walks with a tortoise-shell stick, and wears black with lots of jet, and does mind-reading. It takes tremendously. Amaranth and she are great chums. Be careful, though, how you speak to Mabel of her former home and her relatives in New York. She will summon them up by the greatest effort of memory, and call them 'those people,' as if they were subjects of the Queen Liliuokalani. And whom have we here besides? Oh, Mr. Lucius Cartwright, our swell New York lawyer, who is abroad on a flying journey for his health; and Paddy Blount, my husband's youngest brother, the nicest boy, who wants you and Billy to take him on the ranch. Our great gun is my husband's cousin, Lady Emily Borgès, a fine lady of London society, who is out riding with Ned just now. She doesn't show up till it's time to ride or drive in the afternoon. Between you and me, Polly, she is painted like a house-front in town in April. Her fellower is Gerald Mortimer. He's been on the stage, but you needn't bother even thinking about him; he's perfectly harmless. Lady Emily is married to a Brazilian baron, who is at present in Brazil, trying to pick up the remnants of his property that went to pot when their emperor went out. Then let me see—there's Mr. Clarkson, who was in our legation at Rome last year. Such a nice fellow, if he didn't look at our own country through the broad end of an opera-glass. Ted prefers Americans just now, and so there aren't so many of his pals as usual. Lord Barchester's coming to-morrow, but Amaranth will want him, and there's not much chance for the rest of us."

"And does Lord Barchester want her?" queried Roger.

"Nobody knows exactly; but if pork remains steady, Mrs. Clyde has hopes."

Presently we meet this company in a charming scene of English country-house life:

"Isn't it a nice old-granny garden?" Lady Edmund cried, as the others came up with them. "And here beyond is the far-famed Wooton Magna court for bowls, where we'll find some of them having their tea."

A step through an iron gateway flanked by peacocks cut from yew, and behold! they were in the eighteenth century. In this green-walled close the grass was wonderfully fine, and smooth, and thick. Some preceding generation had set in the middle of it a now moss-grown sun-dial, and planted in the borders a row of standard rose-bushes. At one end an arbor dripping with purple wisteria contained a wicker tea-table, around which fair women and some men were grouped in the westerling sunshine.

The spot, the tall silver urn, the fluted china cups that came and went under the superintendence of my lady's footman, belonged to the period of patch and powder; but of the fag-end of the nineteenth century were the people, their ways, and talk.

Mrs. Lancelot Kirby, a pallid, muse-like personage, who wore her hair drawn in night-black bands over her ears, stopped in her talk with Amaranth Clyde and Mr. Cartwright to give a nod and two fingers to her old neighbors from West Thirty-Third Street. That she was handsomer, better dressed, than Mabel Whitman ever had been, that she had toned down, adopted the soft English speech, was much to Mrs. Kirby's credit. And Mrs. Standish, who had made up her conservative mind to let Mabel at once know she was not to be imposed upon by exotic airs and graces, found the attempt a distinct failure.

As for Amaranth, she might have been "born anybody," her admirers were wont to say. Her small head, set on a long, white throat, had the features of a certain Greek goddess in the Lateran museum. Her skin was fine and pure of grain; her brown locks, knotted lightly behind, were silken soft; the lines of her form perfect. How could such a creature come from progenitors whose proudest boast was that they could put a pig in at one end of a machine, and bring him out ham, spare-ribs, or sausages at the other?

Yet here was Miss Amaranth, forsooth, prating about the drawing-room, the Row, the good ball and the bad ball, the habits and haunts of duchesses, the late sayings to her of royalty. She spoke kindly to Mrs. Standish and Polly, however, but was a trifle cool to Roger. Was not Lord Barchester to arrive upon the morrow?

Between these two charmers—sitting well back in a Market Harborough chair, balancing his egg-shell tea-cup with a plate containing buttered brown bread as deftly as he had balanced the lawsuits that made him rich and famous—was Mr. Cartwright. It was the first time in years that he had been fairly out of harness for an acknowledged holiday, and he had run down from London to spend three days with his client, Lady Edmund Blount, wooed by the information that other pretty Americans were to be of the party. For Mr. Cartwright, like many another grave and reverend signor, had found out, near the end of the long, hard struggle for fame and fortune in New York, that there are apples of Hesperides to be had for the plucking. He might mention Lady Blount's house, husband, baby, in his weekly letters to Mrs. Cartwright and the girls, but we question whether he would tell about this rather ponderous flirtation he had struck up with Mabel Kirby. As good Mrs. Cartwright innocently said to her friends at home: "There is so much he can do on the other side that he can't do here, poor love."

Into the keeping of Lord Patrick—a kindly, long-legged, red-headed youth in flannels—Master Toodles was consigned for a visit to stables, kennels, and keepers' cottages. As they went off across the long shadows cast by great trees upon the turf outside the howling-court, Toodles was surprised by the request from an approaching menial for his keys, which he surrendered in silence, determined not to let "that lord fellow" see that he was not "up to everything." It was a relief to him, later, to find in a yellow room, like the heart of a sunflower, assigned to him in the bachelor's wing, that his belongings were unpacked and neatly disposed in drawers and wardrobe, while on the bed lay his evening clothes—an attention not paid Toodles since he was valeted by his old nurse Bridget, who, however, never thought of putting the buttons in his shirt.

Mrs. Standish fell into conversation with Mr. Clarkson, whom she had seen lately in Rome. Roger and Lucy walked away down a "pleached alley," he to tell, she to hear, about her twin brother in Wyoming. To Polly remained the alternative of joining in conversation with the two women and Mr. Cartwright, or (which she attempted) of making it for the benefit of the esthetic Mortimer, who had "been on the stage," and whom she wasn't to "bother thinking about." From this intellectual banquet she soon turned, satisfied, to hear what Mr. Cartwright had to say.

"It is such a sensible, commendable affair, this five-o'clock tea," that gentleman was remarking, his clear-cut, shrewd face, relaxed in every line, looking from his cup to the beautiful scene about him, then back to the smiling faces turned upon him. "I'll declare, I am perfectly in love with it—"

Here he stopped suddenly. Memory, the pitiless one, had conjured up into the mind's eye of the distinguished American a vision of the tea-table spread religiously by Mrs. Cartwright and the girls in the front parlor of their brown-stone house in New York. To this, on-arriving from the nearest station of the elevated railway, jaded and captious after a long day in court, with a bundle of papers in his pocket, and his hat a little back upon his head, how often had he been bidden by the domestic deities; how often had he turned away with the remark: "I should think, Maria, by this time you'd know better than to offer me that stuff!"

"I may tell you a rather droll experience of a client of mine on his first visit to England," he hastened to observe. "He is a worthy, estimable man, with a keen sense of the ludicrous and a limited experience in the customs of the leisure class of society. A banker, to whom he was accredited in London in a matter of business, invited him to pass the night at his country-house. Arriving at the station late on a winter's afternoon, my friend was driven a couple of miles through a frosty atmosphere to his entertainer's house. Received with all civility, he found the household at tea around a welcome fire, where, standing up to thaw out, he consumed two cups of tea, a few thin slices of bread and butter, a cheese-straw, and a bit of cake, without feeling his appetite appeased. Soon after, seeing the company break up, one by one taking a candle from a table in the hall and gliding away, my client, supposing this to mean bed-time, was led off by a servant. He was ushered into a most comfortable room, fire burning, easy-chair, all that could be desired, where, after a few moments' indulgence in melancholy reflection upon the frugal notions of British householders as to an evening meal, he undressed and went to bed. He had hardly fallen asleep when he was aroused by the noise of a gong, and a touch upon his shoulder by a servant: 'Beg pardon, sir, but the dinner is just served.'"

"Is that true?" asked Mabel Kirby.

"Absolutely true."

"I should think Mr. Cartwright would have more pride than to tell such ridiculous things about one of our own countrymen," whispered Mrs. Standish to Clarkson, who quite agreed with her.

"Luckily, we are all Americans here," Polly remarked, overlooking the shadowy Mortimer.

"Oh, so you are!" said Mrs. Kirby, languidly. "Do go on, dear Mr. Cartwright, and tell me some more of your droll American anecdotes. I am making a collection of them to amuse Lord Kenmore when we go to Kirkington. Sometimes I can't believe that I was ever really over there in New York. It entertains me to hear about it, really it does."

"It's your turn now to entertain me. Don't you know what Emerson says? 'In the art of conversation woman is the law-giver.'"

"Emerson? Is he one of your funny men, who travel about and have dinners given them, and people tell their jokes over again in country houses?" asked Mrs. Kirby, prettily.

"I'll forgive you, Mabel," said the lawyer. "A few nights ago, an Englishwoman informed me that Longfellow is the one of the English poets she likes best; and I recently had the honor of meeting one of your new compatriots, a young lady of high position, who said to me she had never been inside Westminster Abbey—much less the Tower of London."

"When you begin to call to account poor creatures who are in the treadmill of society, it is time for me to leave," said Mrs. Kirby. "Reach me my stick, please, Mr. Mortimer. I'm going to get a little rest for the strain on me this evening. Of course you all know Lucy's been lucky enough to secure Miss Chester, the mind-reader, to come for a night, and she is to give us an exhibition after dinner."

"Delightful rubbish!" said Mr. Cartwright. "Oh, but I won't be offended. You must talk more with me and know Miss Chester, and you'll believe," said Mabel, as, with much movement, she arose and, leaning on the tortoise-shell stick, went off across the turf with Mr. Mortimer, who at least knew how to lend himself to a pose.

"I could hardly keep my feelings in," remarked Mrs. Standish, to whom Mr. Cartwright now turned. "What an absurd creature she has become! Only three years since she married and came here to live. And never to ask after her aunt and her own first cousins, when she knows they live next door to us in New York!"

Next came upon the scene their host and his cousin, Lady Emily:

It was no wonder to Lucy's friends that she had fallen romantically in love with Teddy Blount, who had an Irish way with him few people could resist; always ready for a laugh, a game, a jest, a tilt, his honest eyes meeting his interlocutor's squarely, his voice clear and hearty, with just a little something in it to suggest his forebears in Erin.

Lady Emily, the first specimen of a London fine lady with whom Polly had been thrown in familiar intercourse, had the square shoulders, flat back, steady, imperial walk of her class; but her unnaturally high bloom, small waist, and darkened eyes suggested a "little" lady of the Bois or the Cascine rather than one of England's great. That she smoked cigarettes, used at moments more than strong language, made her luncheon on grilled bones with Scotch whisky and soda, rode splendidly to hounds, boasted of her eleven stone two in weight and her five foot ten in height, and outfitted any woman in the party, were details to be revealed to the further confusion of Mrs. Standish's Puritan spirit. Just now it was quite enough for her when she heard Lady Emily, who, to her knowledge, had met Mr. Cartwright for the first time only the night before, salute him as "good old boy," and ask him to pour her out a cup of tea.

For Mr. Cartwright, to whom all was fish that came into his belated net, the sensation was rather a pleasing titillation. At any rate, he laughed and obeyed, going off with Lady Emily afterward for a stroll in the garden, while Mrs. Standish gave up battling with thoughts of what Mrs. Cartwright and the girls would say, and remained astonished in her wicker chair.

And here is the company as they perform the most important function of the day:

A moment later they were in the drawing-room, and Lucy's attention was claimed by some neighbors who had driven to dinner from eight miles distant (fetching their footman to help to wait, after the friendly, old county fashion). Directly afterward arrived the rector and his wife, a high-nosed lady wearing a black satin gown of which the front presented a pattern of marguerites painted in oils. Mrs. Trefusis, who also wore white silk mittens, came of a noble family, wrote sweet books for girls, and was to be placed on the left side of her host, Lady Emily Borgès taking the seat of honor. And then all eyes centered upon the unpretending entrance of the owner of Wooton Magna.

Polly had immediate reason to withdraw her decision that Sir

Piers lacked interest save as a landlord. He was without doubt the most striking figure her gaze had ever rested upon; blonde, of great height, of athletic person, his face giving an impression of manly force and boyish simplicity rare among the representatives of a similar class in her own country—exhaling straightforwardness, she said to herself while trying to find a phrase—and so youthful it was hard to imagine the pink-tinted blossom at his elbow had put out from her parent stem.

Miss Gilchrist, in a white liberty-silk frock tied with a yellow sash, looked like a Christmas-card. Roger, obedient to a nod from his hostess, tucked her under his arm, and fell into the long line ending with Toodles and Paddy Blount.

The table, decked with primroses in a geometrical pattern of flowers and leaves laid upon the cloth, having bunches of primroses in pale-green glass between candles with pale-green shades, was scanned by the artistic and political bias of the company with approbation. In the midst of the light discussion that ensued, Polly looked about her with curiosity.

There was Amaranth, easily the most beautiful woman present, sitting on the other side of Lord Barchester, who had taken in his hostess. Polly wondered whence her young countrywoman had procured her adaptability to the mood of the important new-comer, who, after a few words with Lucy, had settled down to the business of letting himself be talked at by Miss Clyde. Of his lordship's conversation, she caught one sentence only.

"I wish somebody would tell me why, when most Englishwomen are free, Frenchwomen freer, you Americans are so devilish prudish," he observed; and although the response of Amaranth was inaudible, Polly felt its fine effect in the manner of a startled fawn that accompanied it.

"Amaranth is really immensely clever. She knows so well how not to show it," she found herself thinking.

Mabel Kirby, having left off her jet by day (a good deal of it) and put on her jet by night, had come out in some sparkling black stuff, with a great crescent of diamonds above her dusky head, and was giving the benefit of this, her expanse of milk-white shoulders, and her views on thought-transfer, to the rector, who, emitting no suggestion of theology, ate everything and drank everything within reach, and invited his neighbor to a game of billiards after dinner. That Mabel felt rather than saw the stern scorn of the lady of the painted marguerites opposite, assuredly did not decrease her efforts to render the situation agreeable to his reverence.

"Now you are looking bored," she said. "I must think of something in your line to amuse you. I heard last week about a dean who asked a Sunday-school child what proof we have of St. Peter's repentance, and received for an answer, 'Please, sir, he crowed three times.' And of course you know this: 'Little boy, what is an epistle?' 'An epistle is the wife of an apostle.' There, I have exhausted my clerical anecdotes; but don't laugh, please; your wife is not at all satisfied with me. We are talking of Sunday-schools, dear Mrs. Trefusis," she added, raising her voice. "Your husband has been telling me about his nice little choir of village boys, who stick pins in each other's calves while he is preaching. What dears they must be!"

"Yes," said Mr. Cartwright to his host, "I am told that old Moët, of Moët & Chandon, once said to a visitor: 'You English are the driest people in the world. The Russians are the sweetest; next to them, Prussians; then the French and Belgians; then the Americans; and you English are the driest.'"

"It may be true, but is that very polite to the English, Mr. Cartwright?" whispered Mrs. Standish, in mild rebuke.

"God bless me, madam! he meant in the matter of champagnes," blurted her countryman, turning around to look at a literal American.

Polly's bright eyes, noting these things, were reclaimed to her neighbor on the right by the voice of Sir Piers in her ear.

"Mayn't I show you the menu?" was his remark while extending to her the white porcelain plaque exhibiting the pencilled bill of fare. "No? Then, please, a bit of toast," and a silver rack followed.

"You see, I am particular to neglect nothing conventional. I don't want you to go upstairs and write in your diary, 'Met a mad Englishman, who lives on a mountain-top in Spain and kept the toast to himself at table.' Wasn't it a stroke of genius for our hostess to send me in with Mrs. Trefusis, then separate us by the whole length of the table? It was like a reprieve at the moment of execution. Now, I'm not going to begin by asking you about your country, because I've been over it from Canada to Mexico, and I spent a season in Central America, and have made a little run into South America. But I'm going to hope you are pleased with ours. I know you have been taking observations, for I've watched you off and on ever since we sat down. I know your name, too, but not your middle initial. Laurence Oliphant once told me that to get to know Americans to their middle initials is the height of Yankee intimacy."

"And that speech, I suppose, is what you and Laurence Oliphant would call the height of British politeness," she said.

"There, I've offended you; I knew I should. I told May, coming here, that I'd be sure to throw a stone to break somebody's window among all you Americans."

"Once for all, if we are to do nothing but fence about England and America, I'd rather not talk to you."

"Why?"

"It's stupid, it's fruitless, and, besides, it's out of date."

"Go on. I like this. Lady Edmund says you illustrate the best type of girl in your society—that you are a voice, an influence."

"An influence I may be, but a voice for you no longer," Polly said, the color coming into her face, as she deliberately turned away from him, irate at his cool tone, the mocking light of his eyes.

"She won't listen to me," he said with pretended misery, to Lady Edmund.

"Nobody is listened to nowadays," Lucy answered. "But perhaps you did not show her sufficient deference. Miss Standish is accustomed to it at home, I can tell you. Mercy! they've done talking down at that end of the table; and Emily Borgès is looking bored out of her wits because I don't move," cried Lucy, making furtive dives in her lap for gloves and handkerchief.

And here is a brief glimpse of the breakfast at Wooton Magna:

"Another fine day, miss," said her mother's maid, who brought Paulina's letters and a cup of tea betimes next morning to her bedside. Declining the tea, and glancing hastily at the correspondence, Miss Standish enjoyed her tub and her toilet, as a right-minded person does who has slept the sleep of perfect health.

Glimpses from the window at the park and gardens made her quicken her movements in the desire to get out into the beautiful green world. In the dining-room a few people were having what Mrs. Standish called a "hugger-mugger" breakfast—jumping up with their plates to carve for themselves slices of cold ham or lamb on the side-table; diving down to the covered dishes before the fire to secure hot kidneys, fish, or bacon; and laying hold, across the table, of eggs, butter, scones, and marmalade.

"I'll declare," said Mrs. Standish to herself, "I think it would be nicer to sit still and have servants to wait, as we do. This is like eating in a gale of wind."

"You see, my wife has taught us your American way of beginning with hominy porridge—or grits—how do you call them? Only we haven't quite the hang of cooking it," said Lord Edmund, coming back with her plate, with which he had been careering about the room in search of provender.

"Ted, toss me a scone," cried Lady Emily, who sat, in her habit, on the other side of the table.

"All right. Catch," said Lord Edmund, briefly; and to Mrs. Standish's horror, the desired dainty was neatly sent sailing through the air, to land in Lady Emily's bread-and-butter plate.

"Well played!" exclaimed Toodles, with irresistible satisfaction. "And to think, Polly," the lad said, when he went out on the flagged walk with his sister to await Lord Edmund and Lord Patrick, who were to show Paulina the pheasants, "how awfully well we have to behave when they come to see us!"

"An Errant Wooing"—which is copiously illustrated from drawings by Joseph Pennell, Blum, and others, and from photographs of African and Spanish scenes—is published by the Century Company, New York; price, 75c.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A dispatch received in this country on June 13th brought the news that Mr. du Maurier has just finished another novel. On an interview on the subject, one of his American publishers said:

"It is hardly correct to speak of Du Maurier as having finished another novel. In February last he had only completed two-thirds of his manuscript, and Du Maurier considers the mere writing of a story as only a very small part of his work. He is the most painstaking author I know, and he finds it difficult to satisfy himself with his own efforts. In a letter I received from him a little while ago he wrote: 'When I have finished the writing, I mean to go over every line again and revise it many times. I do not mean it to leave my hands until I am reasonably satisfied with every line'—and that means a good deal in the case of Du Maurier. Look at the labor he infused into 'Peter Ibbetson,' his first novel. He first wrote it in English, rewrote it in French, and then in English again. He assures me that his new story will not be ready for the publishers until December, 1896. I can not tell you much about the book itself yet, but it will not be in any sense a sequel to 'Trihly,' except so far as it will succeed that book. The new story will deal in its opening chapters with French school-life, and then with English life, both fashionable and rowdy; then the artistic world of Antwerp and Dusseldorf is exploited, while the closing stages occur in England. There will be love in the tale, of course, and Du Maurier also brings in the supernatural again. There will be plenty of liveliness and some tragedy. The book, I am given to understand, will be capable of illustration; but I am sorry to say there is some doubt as to whether Du Maurier himself will illustrate it. It will depend upon the state of his health, which of late has not been of the best. The length of the story will be greater than 'Trihly,' and it will first be published in serial form."

G. W. Smalley recently came over from England to enter upon his new arrangement with the *London Times*. Mr. Smalley is writing for the *New York Herald*, while his place as London correspondent of the *Tribune* is being filled by Humphry Ward.

It is said that Mr. Walker has secured the autobiography of Prince Bismarck for the *Cosmopolitan*. Unfortunately this interesting story can not be published for ten years.

Apocryphal of "As Others Saw Him," the latest attempt to make Jesus of Nazareth the central figure of an imaginative narrative, Mr. Zangwill says: "Neither Renan nor Farrar nor any Christian writer has ever possessed the knowledge or the insight or the sympathy necessary to reconstruct the conditions of the *status quo ante* in Jerusalem, and I know of only one man capable of the task—Dr. Schechter, the reader in Talmudic at the University of Cambridge." This is the latest guess as to the volume's authorship.

Some new anecdotes of Thackeray, Jerrold, Mark Lemon, and others of the original *Punch* staff are promised in a volume by Mr. Athol Mayhew, which is just coming from the press. It has the elaborate and interesting title of "A Forum of *Punch*," with those who viewed it; being the Early History of the *London Charivari*."

The table of contents of the July *Scribner's* is as follows:

"Moonlight" (frontispiece); "Life at the Athletic Clubs," by Duncan Edwards; "Story of Bessie Costrell"—Scene V., by Mrs. Humphry Ward (concluded); "American Wood Engravers—Elbridge Kingsley"; "Posters and Poster-Designing in England," by M. H. Spielmann; "The Art of Living—The Summer Problem," by Robert Grant; "The Price of Romance," by Robert W. Herrick; "A History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States, V.—The United States Will Pay," by President E. Benjamin Andrews; "An Assisted Destiny," by Francis Lynde; "As Told by Her—Stories of Girls' College Life," by Abbie Carter Goodloe; "The Amazing Marriage"—Chapters XXV., XXVIII., by George Meredith; "The Point of View," and verses by Burr Wilton, Mildred Howells, Hannah Parker Kimball, and J. Russell Taylor.

Robert S. Hichens, who wrote "The Green Carnation," has written a novel called "An Imaginative Man." It is not at all like his first venture in literature, and he prefers to be judged by this rather than by that.

Commissioner Carroll D. Wright will soon publish a volume entitled "The Industrial Evolution of the United States," in which he shows how our industries have developed from the colonial period to the present time.

Edmund Gosse's "Personal Memories of Stevenson" record that Stevenson was long proposing to write a life of the Duke of Wellington; and relate "a splendid dream of romance"—a grotesque fancy—which Stevenson had of an organized system of hotel piracy on Sundays in the heart of London, which he unfolded with a most convincing air. Mr. Gosse calls him out only "the most exquisite English writer of his generation," but "the most unselfish and most lovable of human beings."

The announcement that Mr. Kipling is about to return to India elicits the following from the *Bookman*:

"It is generally regarded as a wise thing for him to do, for it is impossible that even such a genius as he is should long be able to reproduce the mystic spirit of India while living in Brattleboro, Vt. No person should ever be long absent from his proper milieu. Mr. Howells, for instance, left his home some time ago when he ceased to be a Bostonian, and has, in consequence, lost much of his subtlety of touch and all his *Gemshilchheit*, and will produce little more than an able spinner of 'copy' with anarchistic tendencies. Mr. Stevenson, in like manner, assisted on writing Highland stories in the South Seas,

and although he did it wonderfully well, he will be remembered only by what he wrote while the spell of the hills and the heather was still freshly laid upon him. Outside of his *milieu*, in fact, no person can be more than superficially interesting."

The *Book-Buyer* will follow its bibliography of Whittier with those of Lowell, Hawthorne, and R. L. Stevenson. These bibliographies are the work of experts, and are valuable accordingly.

The *London World* has published a caricature of Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwock," from which we extract two stanzas:

"Beware the Yallerbock, my son!
The aims that rile, the art that racks.
Beware the Aub-Aub Bird, and shun
The stumious Beerhomax.

"And hast thou slain the Yallerbock?
Come to my arms, my squeamish boy.
Oh, highteous peace! Purlie! Purlie!
He jawled in his joy."

The third volume of Rhodes's "History of the United States" is announced for immediate publication. It begins with the Compromise of 1850, and is chiefly devoted to the events of 1860-62.

Mrs. F. A. Steel has returned from India, where she has been collecting material for her story of the mutiny from within the walls of Delhi. Mrs. Steel has succeeded in getting accounts of the mutiny from all the native survivors, living for the purpose alone among the natives, without even a servant. She expects to finish this story within two years.

Lord Rosebery has bestowed a Civil List pension of one hundred pounds a year on the widow of Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

"C. K. S.," of the *Illustrated London News*, has just come across a batch of hitherto unpublished letters written by Robert Browning. Here are a few trifles taken at random:

"The poorest man of letters (if really of letters) I ever knew is of far higher talent than the best actor I ever expect to know; nor is there one spangle too many, one rouge-smutch too much, on their outside man for the inward."

"I say nothing of my wife's poems and their sale. She is, there as in all else, as high above me as I would have her."

"I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So perhaps, on the whole, I get my desserts and something over, not a crowd, but a few I value more."

"There is no need to tell me how greedily the little men will catch up and carry about a little lie in the shape of a charge of plagiarism. Last year I wrote and published a poem about Aristophanes, and somebody, wholly a stranger to me, reviewing it in the *Athenaeum*, observed (for fun's sake, I suppose) that it was 'probably written after one of Mr. Browning's Oxford Symposia with Jowett.' Whereupon half a dozen other critics reported the poem to be 'the transcript of the talk of the Master of Balliol'—whom I have not yet set eyes on these four years, and with whom I never had a conversation about Aristophanes in my life. Such a love of a lie have the verminous tribe."

Emile Zola contemplates coming to America. The series which he began with "Lourdes" will be followed by "Rome." After that will come "Paris." Whether "Paris" will be followed by "London" and "London" by "New York," he can not say yet. He has thought of it, he says; if he decides to carry out this plan, he will make a very careful study of his field.

At the Rider Haggard dinner of the Authors' Club in London recently, Sir Walter Besant regaled the members with the following observations on his three favorite books:

"I take three books by different authors, all of which have that same firm grip, by which I mean that if you begin them you simply have to go on with them. The first of these is Zola's 'L'Assomoir.' I took it home with me on a Saturday night; I read it before dinner; I read it all the evening after dinner; I read it all Sunday; I was unable to stop or put it down, it had such a very extraordinary grip. The second was 'She,' which is shorter. I read it on a single night; it was impossible (while the book was in my hand) to take my eyes from a single page. The third was 'The Light that Failed.' I took that home with me, and began to read it after dinner, say at eight-thirty. I read it till ten, and tried to go to bed; but at ten-thirty I had to start it again, and I read it right through. These three books simply seized me."

Clement Scott is preparing a review of all Sir Henry Irving's productions at the Lyceum Theatre, from his appearance in "The Bells," in 1871, down to his last success, "King Arthur." The volume will be illustrated with over thirty drawings by F. C. Burdoad, Bernard Partridge, Hawes Craveo, and others.

Novelists' Journalists.

There was recently printed in an *Eastero* paper an interesting article on the editors and reporters that the writers of fiction have presented in their ovals. From it we take the following passages:

"Long ago Cooper caught an editor on an African coast, and made a good deal of the editor's defenselessness to accuse him, as some one else has noted, 'of every failing that can make human nature unlovely.' Steadfast Dodge, of 'Homeward Bound,' is a people's man, 'and so far did he carry this gregarious propensity that he had in many things lost all sense of his individuality, as much so, in fact, as if he breathed with a pair of county lungs, ate with a common mouth, drank from the town pump, and slept in the open air.' Dickens, not long afterward, had Martin Chuzzlewit meet a New York editor, 'Colonel Diver, of the *Rowdy Journal*,' to whom ship-masters sent cases of champagne that the colonel might not take it into his mind to denounce their ships. Dickens wrote more kindly things of editors in 'David Copperfield,' because its characters were drawn not from fancy, but memory.

"Possibly, British journalists of that date were more

likable than the journalists of America. At any rate, Thackeray had an amiable conception of them. He, as well as Dickens, had been one himself. It was in 'Pendennis' that that fine apostrophe to 'the great engine that never sleeps' was written, and it was in 'Pendennis' that one met Warrington, all heart and soul, always swigging beer, always advising wisely and practicing unwisely. Therein, too, one became acquainted with the most celebrated journal of fiction, Thackeray's *Pall Mall Gazette*, and its genial editor, Captain Shandon. Sitting in a torn dressing-gown on the edge of his bed, in Fleet Street prison, he wrote the prospectus: 'We address ourselves to the higher circles of society; we care not to disown it—the *Pall Mall Gazette* is written by gentlemen for gentlemen.'

"Trollope fell into the error commonly fancied to be the exclusive possession of the reporters—bad drawing of the truth. He caused three of the writing class to appear in 'The Way We Live Now.' How shall they respond to a fair lady's appeal for a favorable mention of her meretricious novel? One 'powerful in his profession' and fond of the ladies, 'having been allowed to kiss the authoress,' finds that he is inclined to give her book a good send-off. By not reading the book another avoids becoming prejudiced, and dashes off something complimentary out of hopes for reciprocal treatment when his own book is issued. In the columns of the paper of the third, there is the scathing notice the novel deserves—but written, according to Trollope, because this editor had 'discovered that eulogy is dull and did not sell papers.'

"Shall one say that William Black is as far above the fact as Trollope was below it? In Black's 'Shandon Bells' the hero is a journalist—a wild Irish lad who writes musical critiques for the *Cork Chronicle*. He is rather 'half a young game-keeper and half a young squireen, and the remainder a fair-haired Apollo Belvedere with a delightful accent and a most ingenious blush.' He was manful and always a good comrade, who could cast a fly, or make one, as well as he could write.

"One of the novelist's journalists best known in this country is Bartley Hubbard, the interviewer of Howells's 'Silas Lapham.' Bartley Hubbard is confessedly sketchy; he appears to get Lapham to tell how he grew from a barefooted boy to a millionaire, prints the 'life' without—because of motives unexpectedly tender—including those parts which would have made the account more 'readable,' but the subject exceedingly ridiculous. Then Bartley disappears from the pages. Against this sketch of a reporter there was a protesting outcry eight years ago. Very few critics saw that Bartley was, in a way, superb. With such an interview—with the slang, and the eccentric syntax, and the *bourgeois* pride of Lapham fresh in mind—it must be acknowledged that Bartley used admirable forbearance. And there you have what no one before Howells represented; the immense kindness which transforms banality into something not creditable to the one interviewed.

"With editors, Howells was less fortunate. Mr. Marsh, of *Every Other Week*, is far from being conceivable. As a man he is amiable, gentlemanly, and interesting, but as an editor he is all but impossible. Whoever heard of an editor without a waste-basket? Yet this is the anomaly Howells would have us believe in. Mr. Marsh never quite knew his own mind, his own attitude. He was the antithesis of the editor Henry James outlines in 'Sir Dominick Ferrand.' The *Promiscuous Review* was conducted by a man whose life was spent weighing questions of propriety; it was his business to come to a prompt decision in that little wainscoted house which had the smoky brownness of an old pipe-howl. Somewhere between these two exists the real type.

"John Oliver Hobbes fancies the happy mean to be 'a man of slender frame with fewer inches than the ordinary; a small mortal whose boundless spirit—imprisoned, yet not impatient for release—gazed through his eyes.' Such was Mr. Wiche in 'A Bundle of Life.' He was a man who had learned what he knew of human nature through self-abandon. He knew his own character and its possibilities, and he knew other men who had the same capacity for self-analysis. This author quoted him as a type of the modern, who can not believe that what he takes for beauty will always be so fair, or what seems good for the moment could be inspiring forever. Satisfaction only makes him restless; he sighs for happiness, and having found it, sighs lest, after all, it should only be a shadow cast by his own desires. As one meets him only at an English country-house, far from his desk, and in a sentimental environment, one is hindered in forming a professional estimate of him, even from so good and psychological a study as this author has accomplished.

"Intellectually, one would imagine he was fine, and strong, and well equipped. Most of the editors in English fiction are at least that. Witness Rolf Luard in Mrs. Campbell Praed's 'Christina Chard.' Woman-like, Mrs. Praed, as well as John Oliver Hobbes, gives a personal description of her hero. He looked less than his age—a closely built, lean man, with dark hair, blue eyes, short, dark beard, and a studious, preoccupied expression. Rolf Luard was created to be admired. Pretty speeches, an unfeigned indifference to women, who made no secret of caring for him, and a fine chivalric friendliness, are all qualities calculated to catch the sympathy of feminine readers. And then he scorns riches. Luard is one who had always 'vaguely'; his impractical point of view was his curse. He 'vaguely' after an ideal in literature, forsook it, because of the necessity of earning enough to live on, and went into journalism, which, Mrs. Praed thinks, 'is the death of imagination.'

"What a reporter is, according to the novelists, may be gathered from Ludovic Halévy's story, 'My Nephew the Reporter.' An old apothecary of Versailles declares that if he had a son he should besitate a good deal before giving him any notion about literature. In that way, at least, he would not be exposed to the danger of becoming a journalist. 'It is so easy, so tempting! One takes paper and pen, writes something about anything—and, behold, a newspaper article! To be a journalist you need have nothing at all.' His nephew, the reporter, has nothing at all; no equipment. One day he was the looker-on at a murder. For telling two papers all about it he received forty francs. What was the use of drugging as an apothecary's apprentice when one could describe a murder and receive forty francs? So he applied for regular work. As the editors found him sharp, bold, and clever, they employed him and sent him to take notes about strikes, fires, and the like. Thus develops Halévy's reporter.

"France has been held up as the country of the excellent press. Leaders, *feuilletons*, and correspondence were invariably the product of carefully educated and specially gifted men. Does Halévy mean that a change is coming about, and the conditions which America is outgrowing are just beginning to prevail in Paris? One hopes not. Augier can be quoted to the contrary. The editor of the *Public Consensus*, in the fine comedy of 'Les Affrontés,' may be a rogue, but he is, in the Continental sense, a gentleman. And he is likewise an artist; for doesn't he declare that 'the press is a marvelous instrument, and that the performers have hitherto been mere fiddlers? Place for Paganini!' Zola, too, has drawn attractive pictures, and, as to his realism, Halévy would be among the last to raise a doubt."

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters," by "An Idle Exile," and "Dr. Endicott's Experiment," by Adeline Sergeant, have been published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Three Graces," a novel by "The Duchess," in which three young women are successfully married off, in spite of their irascible father, has been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Aunt Belindy's Points of View; and, A Modern Mrs. Melprop," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, a series of character sketches in the style of "Josiah Allen's Wife," has been published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"Die Monate," by Heinrich Seidel; "Das Hiedendorf," by Adalbert Stifter; and "Der Lindenbaum," "Die Alte Gouvernante," and "Daniel Siebenstern," also by Heinrich Seidel, with introductory notes on the authors and German-English vocabularies, have been published by the American Book Company, New York.

"The Company Doctor," by Henry Edward Rood, is a story intended to warn Americans of the dangers of unrestricted immigration. The scene is laid in the Pennsylvania mining regions, and while the love-tale in it is commonplace, the incidents described constitute a strong argument in favor of restrictive legislation. Published by the Merriam Company, New York.

"The Cat," by Rush Shippen Huidekoper, M. D., is a guide to the classification and varieties of cats and a short treatise upon their care, diseases, and treatment. It is a curious fact that, except a technical book by St. George Mivart and a smaller book by Gordon Stables, Dr. Huidekoper's book is the only one of its kind in our language, so far as we know. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"St. Ann's," by W. E. Norris, has for its hero a blundering, good-hearted young Englishman, whose vacillations between a good girl and a coquette fill some three hundred and fifty pages. Those who remember Mr. Norris's "Matrimony" need not be told that this story is well written; there being much of the same Thackerayan quality in it. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A Modern Pagan," by Constance Goddard du Bois, is a musical novel. Its hero is an organist and composer who marries a wealthy young woman because she is the niece of a famous pianist. Her wealth has not attracted him, but he marries her in the hope that the great Blavatsky will produce his sonata. This situation does not augur well for the happiness of their union; and, indeed, they have a stony road to travel before he discovers that art is not all in this life. Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"A Little Sister of the Wilderness," by Lilian Bell, is a story of the bottom-lands of Western Tennessee. The heroine is an uncultured daughter of the soil who saved a young preacher's life by stopping his runaway horse; being thrown together at "protracted meetings" and in their missions of charity while the yellow fever is raging, they, of course, fall in love and eventually marry. The human interest of the story is strong, and it presents graphic pictures of the scenery and customs of the country. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"Punishment and Reformation," by Frederick Howard Wines, LL. D., special agent of the Eleventh United States Census on crime, is an historical sketch of the rise of the penitentiary system. Its purpose is to give to the ordinary reader a clear and connected view of the change in the attitude of the law toward crime and criminals during the present century, and of the honorable part which the United States has borne in the movement for a better recognition of the rights even of convicted criminals. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

One of the best of the new school of writers who make college tales their specialty is Jesse Lynch Williams, whose volume of "Princeton Stories" has just been issued. Mr. Williams has been out of college only three years, and his stories are full of the spirit of the campus and the classroom. Cane-rushes, hazing, freshmen's hero-worship, foot-ball, the public days "when girls come to Princeton," and "Jimmie" McCosh are among the subjects that figure in his tales, and the book will be found interesting for summer reading by outsiders as well as by college men. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

The initial volume in the Appleton Library of Useful Stories is "The Story of Primitive Man," by Edward Clodd. The first two chapters discuss the place of man in the life-history and in the time-history of the earth. Then the author takes up the remains of the ancient stone age, the newer stone age, and the age of metals, showing by the implements men then used the stage of development to which they had attained. At the end of

the volume is a selected list of books showing the authorities who have been consulted and where fuller information may be found. The book is illustrated and indexed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

"The Condition of Woman in the United States: A Traveler's Notes," by Mme. Blanc, has been translated into English by Abby Langdon Alger. The author is well known as "Th. Bentzon," who has translated the works of many American authors into French, chiefly for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She came to this country during the Chicago Exposition, and in this book she has recorded her impressions. Among other topics that she discusses are women's clubs, colleges for women, co-education, university extension, a woman's prison, homes and clubs for working women, domestic life, industrial schools, and negroes and negroes at Hampton Institute. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Into the Highways and Hedges," by F. F. Montresor, is a novel of unusual power. Though religious feeling plays a prominent part in it, it is by no means a controversial novel. It tells the story of a girl, well-born and well-educated, who is almost driven from her father's house by the persecutions of her insanely jealous aunt. In her despair she meets Barnabas Thorpe, an itinerant preacher, and fate hurries her on to a union with him which is a marriage in name alone. It will be seen that from such a situation as this a story of absorbing interest can be written, and Miss Montresor has admirably succeeded in this case. All her leading characters have strongly marked and well developed personalities, and the reader follows them through the tale with lively sympathy. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The Rev. Henry M. Field has written his eleventh book of travel in "Our Western Archipelago." He is an observing traveler, detailing many characteristic minor points and incidents as well as presenting a broad view of the country through which he passes and its resources, and in this book he has recorded for those who stay at home his impressions of the north-western portion of this continent. Commencing in Montreal, his route lay along the north shore of Lake Superior, through Rupert's Land, past Banff and the Rocky Mountain Park, to Vancouver and Victoria; thence he went north to Sitka and returned to Puget Sound, his homeward journey being by way of Montana and the Yellowstone Park. The book is handsomely illustrated with reproductions of photographs and paintings of northern scenery. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

Frank M. Chapman, who is assistant curator of the department of mammalogy and ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, has written a "Hand-Book of Birds of Eastern North America." The author's purpose has been to make his book as comprehensive as the best scientific authorities, and yet to present his matter so clearly and simply that the work will be thoroughly popular. In a long introduction he discusses the study of ornithology, the study of birds out-of-doors, and collecting birds, their nests, and eggs, and then he describes the plan of his work. The birds are entered under orders and families; each one is described as to its physical appearance, its range, its nest, and other characteristics, and the text is supplemented with many drawings and two colored plates. In the index, the birds are entered under both their scientific and popular names. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

The initial volume of an international series of "Public Men of To-Day," edited by S. H. Jeyes, is "The Ameer Abdur Rahman," by Steven Wheeler. The ameer has proved himself a capable prince, a shrewd politician, and a liberal-minded man, and in these days of rapid intercommunication it is well for the world to know more of him than that he exists in a far Eastern country. Born in 1844, he was proclaimed ameer in 1880; but he had, in the meantime, taken an important part in the history of Afghanistan, and his rule since then has been marked by many important events of internal administration and in relation with England and Russia. A translation of the autobiography which Abdur Rahman wrote some time ago, and which he gave to the Governor-General of Russian-Turkistan during the time of his exile, has been translated from the Russian version and is given as an appendix to this book. Portraits of the ameer, of his predecessors, Dost Mohammed and Shere Ali, and of Shahzada Nasrulla Kahn, his son, who is now making a visit to England, are scattered through the pages, and there are maps of Afghanistan and the country about the upper Oxus. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The second of the books by Pierre de Lano, in the series entitled "The Secret of an Empire," will soon appear, and will deal with the curious and enigmatical personality of the Emperor Napoleon the Third. It is rich in anecdote, and historically is of even greater interest than the first volume on the Empress Eugénie, which reached a second edition in a few weeks after its appearance.

WOMEN AND BOOKS.

To Amoryllis, Who Would Write.
When lovely Amoryllis speaks,
Her words my homage so compel,
That readily for days or weeks
Content I'd sit,
To hear the wit
And wisdom from her lips which fell.
And ah! when Amoryllis sings,
All conversation dies away;
A bird she is, heretofore of wings:
The nightingale,
Would wholly fail,
To imitate her upper A.
But oh! when Amoryllis writes . . .
She hopes to conquer fame by dint
Of scribbling stories, and invites
Her swain to praise
Each clumsy phrase,
And bids him get the stuff in print!
Nay, let an easier plan be tried,
And if for sure renown you look,
You've best to lay the pen aside;
We'll soon declare,
The maiden rare,
Who never even wrote a book!

—St. James's Gazette.

A Woman's Library.

I do not care so much for books,
But libraries are all the style,
With fine editions de luxe
One's formal callers to beguile;
With neat dwarf cases round the walls,
And china tea-pots on the top,
The empty shelves concealed by falls
Of India silk that graceful drop.
A few rare etchings greet the view,
Like "Harmony" and "Harvest Moon";
An artist's proof on satin, too,
By what's-his-name is quite a boon.

My print called "Jupiter and Jo"
Is very rarely seen, but then
Another copy I can show
Inscribed with "Jupiter and Jo."

A fisher-boy in marble stoops
On pedestal in window place,
And one of Rogers' lovely groups
Is through the rich lace curtains traced.
And then I make a painting lean
Upon a white and gilded easel,
Illustrating that famous scene
Of Joseph Surface and Lady Teazle.

Of course, my shelves the works reveal
Of Plutarch, Rollin, and of Tupper,
While Bowdler's Shakespeare and "Lucille"
Quite soothe one's spirit after supper.

But when I visited dear Rome
I bought a lot of photographs,
And had them mounted here at home;
And though my dreadful husband laughs,

I've put them in "The Marble Faun,"
And envious women vainly seek
At Scribner's shop, from early dawn,
To find a volume so unique.

Here, once a week, in deep surmise,
Minerva's bust above us frowning,
A club of women analyze
The works of Ibsen and of Browning.

—Irving Browne in the Critic.

Mme. Récamier's correspondence was sold lately for 5,000 francs in Paris. The best price was 480 francs for two letters of George Sand; 84 letters of Prosper Mérimée, telling of his artistic tours, were bought by the Ministry of Fine Arts for 700 francs; Lucien Bonaparte's 33 love-letters brought 590 francs; and 13 letters by Queen Hortense, 89 francs. A very rude letter by Baron Gerard, the painter, was bought up by his grandson.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Harry Dam's play, "The Shop-Girl," reached its two hundredth performance at the Gaiety Theatre in London on the fourteenth of June.

M. Got, who has retired from the Comédie-Française, receives a sum of about eighty thousand dollars and a pension of two thousand two hundred dollars a year for life.

The re-opening of the Baldwin Theatre on July 15th will be the beginning of its fourteenth season. The sale of seats for the Lyceum engagement will begin on Thursday, July 11th.

William Gillette's play, "Too Much Johnson," from which he has been making a very comfortable income lately, will come to the Baldwin Theatre after the Lyceum company's engagement.

"The Seator," as given at the Columbia Theatre this week, seems to be as popular as when Crane played it at the Bush Street during his last engagement here. It will be continued throughout next week.

When Henry Irving was knighted the members of the Comédie-Française held a meeting and sent him an address of congratulation, signed by Jules Claretie, the administrator; Mounet Sully, the *doyen*; and all the *sociétaires*.

"Tar and Tartar" is the holiday attraction at the Tivoli. It is by no means a novelty, but a lot of new songs and specialties have been written into it, and it seems to be decidedly popular. It will probably be continued next week.

The Lyceum Company's engagement at the Baldwin is to last three weeks, during which time they will put on four plays. Three of these are new here, "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Amazons," and "An Ideal Husband."

The third and last week of "The Old Homestead" at the California Theatre commences next Monday. It will be followed by Hoyt's latest farce-comedy, "A Black Sheep," which is now approaching its one hundredth night in Chicago.

Still a new addition to Mr. Frawley's company at the Columbia Theatre is the well-known actress, Helen Dauvray. She will be seen in Bronson Howard's comedy, "Ooe of Our Girls." Miss Katherine Gray, who has been specially engaged, will also appear in this play.

Augustin Daly's London season began on the twenty-fifth of June with "The Railroad of Love." The other plays in his repertoire so far as announced include also "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Honeymoon," and "Nancy & Co."

M. Bemberg, the young French musician, whose opera, "Elaine," was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, was the only pupil of Bizet, the composer of "Carmen." When he was only twenty-four, he wrote an operetta, "Le Baiser de Luzoo," that ran for eighty nights at the Opéra Comique in Paris.

Camille Walzel, who, under the pseudonym of F. Zell, wrote the librettos for many of Vnn Suppé's, Strauss's, and Gédé's operettas, died recently in Vienna. He was the author of "Fai-nitza," "Boccaccio," "The Beggar Student," "The Merry War," and "A Night in Venice," and translated many of Offenbach's operas into German.

Rnse Cogan, Henry E. Dixie, and Maurice Barrymore will be at the head of a company which is to follow the Frawley company at the Columbia Theatre under the direction of Mr. L. R. Stuckwell. They announce a magnificent revival of "Twelfth Night," and both Mr. Dixie and Mr. Barrymore will produce two plays new to San Francisco.

Mascagni and Leoncavallo have quarreled fiercely. The latter wrote an article attacking "Cavalleria Rusticana," giving a long list of passages which he said were not original, with the sources from which they were taken. Mascagni retorts that he is preparing an account of what is original in Leoncavallo's work, and that it will be a very short one.

M. Carvalho, director of the Paris Opéra Comique and husband of Mme. Minlan Carvalho, the great soprano, is about to publish his musical reminiscences in *Le Matin*. He has been an opera

manager for nearly forty years, first at the Théâtre Lyrique and afterward at the Opéra Comique. It was he who first produced Gounod's operas, "Faust," "Mireille," "Philemon et Baucis," and "Roméo." He was director of the Opéra Comique when it was burned in May, 1887, and many persons lost their lives.

Amelia Summerville, who will be remembered as "the merry little mountain maid" of "Adonis," is now in the burlesque scene of Trilby in "The Merry World" at the New York Casino, and the papers are full of paragraphs about her marvelous reduction in weight. She says that by dieting, exercise, and Turkish baths, she has reduced her weight by seventy pounds in the past six months. "I used to wear number twenty-nine corsets," she said to a reporter, "and now I wear a twenty-two. My collars are two sizes smaller, the number of my boots and slippers is changed, my hush measure is very different, and even the length of my skirt has had to be considered. In fact, my parasols and handkerchiefs are the only things that fit. I weigh now one hundred and seventy-three pounds, and stand five feet nine and a half inches in my stocking feet."

Very few people know that Joseph Holland, the young comedian of Mr. Frawley's comedy companies, is so deaf that he can not hear the cues given him on the stage. His father was deaf, and his brother, George Hollaod, the Philadelphia manager, is slightly affected in the same way. Mr. Holland does not consider this a hardship, so far as his stage work is concerned. Not being disturbed by trivial noises, he can concentrate his attention and learn his lines very easily. He learns not only his own part, but also the entire lines spoken by other people when he is on the stage. The fact that it takes them so long to say their various speeches, and when he is not facing the actor from whom he takes his cue and so can not tell when his turn comes by the movement of the other's lips or the expression of his face, he times the intervals by counting. This plan is so successful that the other actors are invariably astonished at Mr. Holland'sadroitness when they learn of his disability.

Kate Field has taken to wearing knickerbockers as she rides up and down the smooth streets of Washington.

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Sheyer, city; *Chas. Staude, city; Mrs. C. M. Williams, city; Fred W. Loch, Oakland, Cal.; William P. Mee, city; *David Britton, Wrights, Cal.; *Henert W. Welch, city; Alice Donovan, city; *Charlotte Shine, city; Rebecca Armstrong, Byron, Cal.; B. E. Patchette, Fisherman's Bay, Cal.; M. L. Schweitzer, St. Helena, Cal.; Manuel Ramirez, Guatemala, C. A.; Chester Hemenway, Winters, Cal.; *Rose H. Schuhert, Half Moon Bay, Cal.; Robert Gallegos, Mission San Jose, Cal.; Fred R. Walker, city; *John Nute, city; *Ben. Boas, city; Georgia Emerson, Seminary Park; Samuel Cereni, Bodega; *Geo. W. Byrnes, city; *John F. Anderson, city; *Lottie Hopper, Oakland, Cal.; Chas. M. Dufficy, San Rafael, Cal.; William Wolfskill, Copala, Mexico; *Mary A. Moore, Oakland, Cal.; Fred C. Fisher, Dixon, Cal.; *Newland McFarlane, San Bernardino, Cal.; *Jos. M. Nahan, Bishop, Cal.; Alto V. de Roche, Belmont, Cal.; S. J. Domeniccoi, city; Addison Barrett, Alameda, Cal.; *Morris Evans, Chico, Cal.; Phil. R. Whelan, San Leandro, Cal.; *Frank F. Buettel, Jr., city; David V. Cuneo, city; *Vellie M. Holleran, city; *William F. Kutter, city; William E. Nixon, Salinas, Cal.; Jas. T. Nixon, Salinas, Cal.; *Philmore Renaud, Tulare, Cal.; Royal Cudworth, city; M. F. Burris, Traver, Cal.; Walter Megarry, Vallejo, Cal.; William H. Gray, Martinsville, Cal.; Nelson Freund, Napa Junction, Cal.; Felix Russell, Madison, Cal.; *Mamie L. Doyle, Oakland, Cal.; Dora Cronan, Oakland, Cal.; Percy Lishman, Honolulu, H. I.; Barney Berger, Honolulu, H. I.; Fred Stahl, Pleasanton, Cal.; *Jas. E. Bove, West Berkeley, Cal.; Katie Cox, Alameda County, Cal.; Ernest A. Duveneck, city; Fred Kronenberg, city; *Jos. Gilmacher, city; *Oswald Mish, city; Emma B. Jenkins, Rosendale, Wis.; Carson C. Hansen, San Rafael, Cal.; Angelo Bernardacci, Sausalito, Cal.; William Cal. Porter Roberts, city; Wm. B. Hudson, Marysville, Cal.; Charles E. Hilton, Modesto, Cal.; Frank M. Lyle, Cloverdale, Cal.; F. I. Pagnello, Cedarvale, Cal.; John M. Ratto, city; Andrew Ahrott, West Berkeley, Cal.; Clark Duncan, city; Mathew G. Russi, Pacheco, Cal.; Edward P. Canney, Port Wine, Cal.; Wm. H. Newell, city; Miss Annie Brown, Redwood City, Cal.; Miss Minnie Dumont, Modesto, Cal.; Llewellyn F. Starks, Modesto, Cal.; Herman R. G. Quast, city; Ahe A. Peters, city; Thos. V. King, Honolulu, H. I.; G. de la Celle, Paris; Lena McKinnon, Oakland, Cal.

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The dull days of summer are upon us. Everybody is going away. Last Saturday the list of passengers sailing for Europe on that single day filled two columns of fine type in the dailies. Every man who can is leaving town—the women have already gone. Out of the one million eight hundred thousand people which our police census gave New York, there are probably not more than one million seven hundred and fifty thousand left.

To amuse this mass of people there is but little left in town. The theatres are nearly all closed. The roof-gardens are all in full blast—those dreadful roof-gardens. Who would imagine, to see the giddy pictures in *Leslie's Weekly* or the gaudy pictures in *Truth*, what the roof-gardens really are? Take the Casino, for example. You go up in a badly managed elevator, run by a dirty lout of a boy. You emerge upon a "garden," which is typified by a few frowzy plants in pots. Under foot, the boards of the flooring creak ominously, for the Casino roof is getting old, and "roof-gardens" are apparently never repaired. The reason probably is similar to that of the Arkansas Traveler—in winter it makes no difference, and in summer they have no time. Around the edge of the "roof-garden" run circles of colored gas globes, many of them cracked. These are the points of light which figure so effectively in the pictures drawn by Thure de Thulstrup and other artists in the weeklies of which I just spoke. At little tables are seated myriads of young men, in last year's straw hats, in last year's tan shoes, with this year's shirt purchased at Simpkins's for eighty-nine cents, and smoking bad cigarettes and worse cigars. These are the originals of the dashing New York swells drawn by De Thulstrup, Dana Gibson, and others, in the picture papers. To these cheap swells, seated at the little tables sticky with beer, there come slatternly waiters demanding orders. The cheap swells are generally accompanied by middle-aged fairies, with painted faces and cracked voices. Orders are given, and presently the slatternly waiters fetch to the cheap swells and the middle-aged sirens mugs or bottles of warm beer. Upon the stage, meantime, there is going on a performance of varying vulgarity and stupidity. Knockabout Irish comedians, musical mokes, and shrill-voiced French "chanteuses excentriques" make up the bill.

This is the dramatic pabulum given to the New Yorkers during summer. Just now, it is all they have, for the only plays running still are "The Merry World," "Trilby," and "Trilby."

Yes, "Trilby" is still running to good houses. It has been on now for nearly three months—this is the eleventh week. The cast remains the same. The beautiful Miss Virginia Harned—for she is considered a beauty in New York—still plays Trilby in a distinctly superlative way—a sort of Madison-Square-Lyceum manner—with an Early English accent of the most pronounced kind. Miss Harned's Trilby sees Little Billee for the "lawst" time at "hawf-pawst eleven," and always "fawnies," and is buffeted by life's "chawnces." Her accent is to an extent set off by that of Mr. Burr McIntosh, the Taffy of the cast. Mr. McIntosh's accent is Yewnited States of the most aggravated kind, and when from the familiar British face of Taffy and from between his Piccadilly weepers (for his make-up is good) there are emitted such sounds as "Thar naow, Trilby, yew mustn't be too har-r-r-d on him," the contrast is peculiar, not to say ludicrous.

Miss Harned rivets the attention of all the women in the house in the third act, when she makes her appearance in "bare feet." Her idea of "bare feet" consists in wearing sandals, which display her carefully pedicured pink toes, and which sandals are garnished with heels at least three inches high.

One of the characters in "Trilby" which is a great favorite is that of Zouzou, very cleverly played by Leo Ditrichstein, well Mme. Vinard, the old wife of the *concierge*, is well done by Mathilde Cotrelly. It does not seem so many years ago since Mathilde Cotrelly was playing such dashing rôles as that of Fatinitza. Well, well! Time flies.

Wilton Lackaye as Svengali is undoubtedly the hit of Trilby. Such has been his success that the burlesque of "Trilby" now running at the Garrick is largely based on his performance. His make-up is certainly grotesque, but he is so powerful in the rôle that it does not seem ludicrous—that is, it does not seem so until you see it reproduced at the Garrick by Alexander Clark as Spaghetini. Clark is certainly very droll. He begins by hypnotizing Trilby, then Little Billee, then Taffy, the Laird, and Gecko, finally the piano, which responds to his passes; by playing automatically, and at last, having hypnotized everything in sight, he hypnotizes the door, which opens in response to his passes, and he walks out.

In the burlesque of "Trilby," the studio scene is a very lively one; but it is certainly no more *risqué* than the original scene in "Trilby" at the Garden Theatre. There the young women who are visiting Taffy and the Laird dance a frenzied

can-can, and the high-kicking is fully as frank and free as at the public balls in Paris. It slightly startles our Female Country Cousins, who fill the theatre now every night, for, as usual, they have selected midsummer as the time for their annual visit to New York. Why the belief should remain imbedded in the rural breast that New York is a summer resort, I have never been able to understand. But it does.

Well, our Female Country Cousins have all read "Trilby," and they want those seated around them to know it. They hail the advent of each new character upon the stage, as for example: "Oh, there comes Trilby, ain't she sweet!" Or, "There's that horrid Mrs. Bagot coming to break off the match between Trilby and Little Billee!" They pretend to be shocked at the many French speeches of Zouzou, and are in reality shocked when he induces a little *grisetle* in the studio scene to kick off his cap. But when he says: "Tiens, Litre Bili de mon cœur, tu m'en diras des nouvelles," they giggle spasmodically, and refuse to translate when the Male Country Cousin says irritably:

"Hey—what's that?"

Which he repeats many times during the play. But he does not know that all of these French remarks of Zouzou are perfectly harmless. Neither do the giggling Female Cousins.

NEW YORK, June 25, 1895. FLANEUR.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Senator James Harlan, of Iowa, the only surviving member of Lincoln's Cabinet, is likely to receive the Republican nomination for Governor of Iowa.

Keir Hardie has introduced an innovation in the House of Commons. While other members sweated in frock-coats and top-coats, he looked cool and easy in his jacket suit and knickerbockers.

George Gould, it is said in New York, has been blackballed recently by the Paris Polo Club. It is composed of the heavy swells of Paris and London, but George's wealth and titled brother-in-law could not land him.

Miss Boswell, the only woman delegate in the Republican convention at Cleveland, is decidedly handsome, though of delicate physique. She has what is described as "warm-colored" hair, transparent complexion, and expressive brown eyes.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, is an expert operator on the type-writer. The keys of the machine have the letters in bas-relief upon the buttons. Recently she received two hundred and fifty dollars for an article written for a magazine.

Long as she has resided in England, the Princess of Wales has never mastered the English accent. "Channel," for instance, she pronounces "shannel," and there are many other little difficulties of speech which betray that she is a foreigner born and bred.

Ysaye, the violinist, who sailed from New York for Europe about a fortnight ago, is said to have had too much fun in this country. A Gotham paper says of him: "He leaves with a pocketful of boodle, a blanched face, dank hair, enfeebled kidneys, and a triumphant smile."

It is said that Corot, the painter, used to give needy artists paintings which he had done, and would tell them that by skillful bargaining they might get twelve francs for each of them. One of these paintings was recently sold for forty-six thousand francs, and another for twelve thousand francs.

Krupp, the gun manufacturer, pays an income tax of two hundred thousand dollars a year. But the brewer and alcohol manufacturer, Marinisco Bragadir, at Bucharest, leaves him far in the lurch, for he pays one million six hundred and fifty-one thousand two hundred and forty-one francs a year in taxes.

Cardinal Vaughn's name looks queer in the long list of subscribers to the testimonial to Dr. W. G. Grace, the cricketer, started by the *Daily Telegraph*. Among the subscribers so far are Lord Rosebery, the Rothschilds, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Marie Corelli, actors, authors, doctors, clergymen, public schools, vestries, besides newspapers and cricket clubs.

Mme. Paul Blouet, who was Miss Mary Bartlett, of England, is not only the translator of all her husband's books into English, but she is also an excellent cook, a model hostess, and is at her best when entertaining her husband's friends. She is a brunette, with dark-brown eyes. She finds recreation in drawing, although her efforts are only seen by her husband and daughter and a few intimate friends. She is extremely well read in French and English literature.

Eugene Field is outgrowing his former habit of inviting people to dinner and then forgetting all of the engagement, but he still dearly loves a practical joke—on some other man. He used to receive his office visitors in a three-legged chair, which a slight movement of the poet's foot would cause to topple over, and at other times he would

pull a cord that would rattle a roll of sheet-iron suspended over their heads in a terrifying way. When a country cousin came in to see him, he would say, "Just wait a moment till I dash off a poem," and in five minutes he would hand the awe-struck visitor a charming piece of verse that he had carefully elaborated hours before.

Professor Simon Newcomb, of the National Observatory at Washington, who has just been elected an associate of the French Academy of Sciences, has had degrees conferred upon him by Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Leyden, and Heidelberg. He holds the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society and the great gold Huygens medal of Leyden, bestowed only once in twenty years. It is now thirty-four years since he was appointed a professor of mathematics in the United States navy, and he has been senior professor for nearly twenty years.

Queen Isabella of Spain, who came to the throne at three years of age, was married on her sixteenth birthday. Queen Victoria of England, who was crowned at eighteen, was married at twenty. Queen Maria da Gloria de Braganza, born in the same year as Queen Victoria, ascended the throne of Portugal at the age of seven, and at fifteen wedded the Duke of Leuchtenberg, one of the Beauharnais family, who left her a widow before she was sixteen, and the year after she married Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, from which alliance the reigning house of Portugal proceeds. From these examples, it will be seen that there is nothing premature in these projects of marriage which the Queen Regent and the Privy Council of Holland have set on foot on behalf of the fifteen-year-old Queen Wilhelmina.

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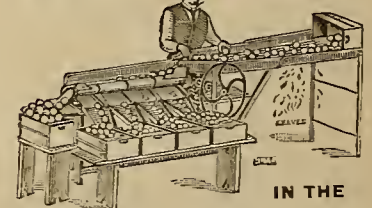
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Alphonse Daudet found much to admire during his stay in London, but the Englishwomen did not captivate him. The less said about their looks and dress the better. They have neither beauty nor taste. Thus ungallantly is he reported to have delivered himself. M. Daudet's description of the Englishwoman is precisely what generations of people have read in the French newspapers: "Not only is the Englishwoman not handsome in features, but there is nothing seductive in her physical form, and, moreover, she is an utter stranger to elegance and good taste. The Englishwoman whom you encounter driving about Paris, whom you run up against in our picture-galleries, with her flattened-down air and huge feet, differs in no single particular from the English lady of rank whom you meet in salons, on the turf, and at the play. On getting out of the train in Paris, on Monday evening, it gave me a real thrill of pleasure to behold our pretty Parisiennes, with their fascinating toilets lighted up by the gleams of a sun quite unknown in London, and I infinitely prefer them to all the Englishwomen in existence, even though these latter may be more serious, read more, and are less extravagant."

The college youth of the period who goes to his commencement ball in a Tuxedo jacket, or arranges himself for class-day in whatever hot-weather clothes the contemporary modes permit, may be interested to know how seriously his forerunner in the early part of the century took the matter of costume. This is what a graduate of the University of North Carolina wore to the commencement ball in the year 1818: "My coat was of broad-cloth of sea-green color, high velvet collar to match, swallow-tail, pockets outside with lapels, and large silver-plated buttons; white satin damask vest, showing the edge of a blue under-vest; a wide opening for bosom ruffles, and no shirt-collar. The neck was dressed with a layer of four or five three-cornered cravats, artistically laid, and surmounted with a cambric stock, plaited and buckled behind. My pantaloons were white Canton crape, lined with pink muslin and showing a peach-blossom tint; stockings were flesh-colored silk; low-cut pumps with shiny buckles. My hair was very black, very long, and queued. I should be taken for a lunatic or a harlequin in such a costume now."

England has recently followed New Zealand's lead in having a "bicycle wedding." It took place in a Surrey village, and every member of the party assisting at it went on a cycle of one kind or other. The bridal procession started from Leatherhead amid plaudits of the assembled villagers. From Leatherhead to Ashted there is a straight run of some two miles of capital highway, along which the merry party sped, the happy couple leading on a tandem, with the bride on the front saddle making the pace. The bride was attired in a fawn-colored cycling costume, knickerbockers included, and her coiffure, from which streamed a white veil, was garlanded with orange-blossoms. The bridesmaids also were dressed in light-colored raiment, and they followed with the groomsmen as fast as they could, the former wearing "scorcher" brooches presented them by the bridegroom. In this guise they made their appearance at the church, where the incumbent united the couple. The bridal party then remounted their machines. The wedded pair hopped upon their tandem, and all scudded off to the breakfast, ordered at some hostelry a few dozen miles down the road.

"Why women write postscripts" is a problem that has been engaging the attention of one of the London woman's weeklies. The answers betray that the sex understands itself, and does not mind exposing its amiable weaknesses. All are from women who ascribe, among others, these reasons: "Because they seek to rectify want of thought by an afterthought"; "Because they are fond of having a last word"; "Because they write before they think, and think after they have written." One correspondent puts down the feminine P. S. to the same cause "which leads women to prolonged leave-taking in omnibuses, namely," and rather profoundly it appears to the casual observer, "that they lack organization of thought." Another woman comes to the defense of her sisters with the suggestion "that when women have anything special to communicate, they know that their P. S. is equivalent to N. B."; and yet another friendly soul turns a neat compliment in her reason: "Probably because woman herself is the embodiment of the P. S. in the scale of creation: she—the indispensable—was added last."

There are some interesting statistics dealing with the marriages of the Newham and Gilton girls, who take university honors, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* by Mrs. J. E. H. Gordon. Of the Gilton girls, one in ten marries, and of the Newham girls, one in nine. Most girls would rather secure a husband than figure in a tripos, and in this they are right, for in all probability a husband conduces to more happiness than a tripos. Most of the girls have become teachers—a calling which they might have pursued without the honors.

It is a pity that Mrs. Gordon is unable to give the percentage of the unmarried that have declined "offers." But one is inclined to think that this would be found to be small.

Music is all the rage at the present moment in Paris. The so-called "raouts," or evening parties, formerly were devoted to conversation, and it was at these receptions that one heard the current gossip and news of the day detailed in the most sparkling and witty manner possible. Nowadays, however, if one ventures to raise the voice above a whisper during the performance of some aria, the neighbors cast glances of reproach, while the hostess either frowns or raises her eyebrows in token of her displeasure. Moreover, the women are all seated together, as if in some country church, while the men are relegated to the rear and generally compelled to stand throughout the concert. One of the results of this has been a marked decline in the attendance of men at evening receptions. Women like the Comtesse de Greffuhle, the Vicomtesse de Trédern, Countess Wolkenstein, wife of the new Austrian Ambassador, and other ladies who have great wealth at their disposal, and who may be described as melomaniacs, can afford to be indifferent to such considerations, but the average *mondaine* (says the *Tribune's* correspondent) is anxiously hoping that some one of her set will have the courage to send out cards for a reception on which, in lieu of the ordinary intimation, "On fera de la musique," there will be an inscription to the effect that there will be no music.

Editor—"I want you to do this banquet." Reporter—"What a pity! I have just had a steak." —*St. James's Budget.*

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"What!" exclaimed Robinson Crusoe, as he spied the foot-print on the island, "Is Trilby here, too?"—*Truth.*

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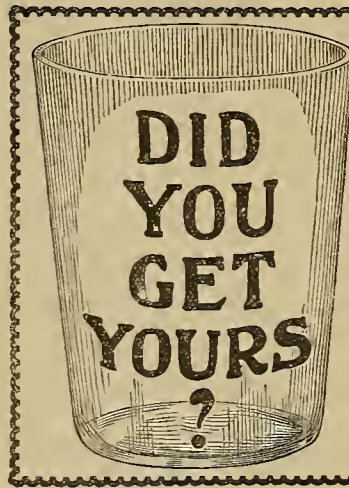
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or 313 Million, 494 Thousand, 7 Hundred glasses, sufficient to give every man, woman and child in the United States, five glasses each—Did you get yours? Be sure and get some this year? The whole family will enjoy it. A 25 cent package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Made only by

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Soon after Lord Sydney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

An old lady, far advanced in years, was walking one day through a church-yard, when she stopped before three mounds that formed, as it were, three sides of a square. The graves were those of the late doctor and parson of the parish and of an old East Indian, noted whist-players in their day. "There they are," she remarked, placidly, after a pause; "the auld rubber, just waiting for me to cut in."

Mme. de Longueville, a beauty of Louis the Fourteenth's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy, where her husband was. Those who were about her said: "Mon Dieu, madame, you are eaten up with ennui; will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?" "No," she replied; "I don't like hunting." "Will you work?" "No; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "No; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do, then?" they asked. "What can I do?" she replied; "I hate innocent pleasures."

A well-known artist, who spends several months of the year in Venice, tells how, the morning after his first arrival in the "water-logged" city, he hired a gondola in order to see the sights. Having passed under the Bridge of Sigbs, and reached the spot rendered memorable by the mournful history of Marino Faliero, the gondolier took out his watch, and politely said: "We rest for ten minutes here." With that he lighted his pipe. "What are you waiting for?" asked his fare. "Sir," replied the gondolier, "it is the usual time allowed for emotion, for poetic feeling." And they waited till the ten minutes were up.

A newly married couple on the train near Gainesville, the other day, attracted a good deal of attention by their peculiar behavior. A lady got on the train at a station, and took a seat in front of them. Scarcely was she seated, before they commenced making remarks in loud whispers about her wearing last season's hat and dress. She was severely criticised by them for some moments. Presently the lady turned around. She noticed at a glance that the bride was older than the groom, and, without the least resentment in her countenance, she said: "Madam, will you please have your son close the widow behind you?" The son closed his mouth instead, and the bride did not giggle again for an hour.

Louis Armand, Prince of Conti, was an ill-made little man, and was always absent-minded. When it could be least expected, he would fall over his own walking-stick. The folks in the palace were so much accustomed to this in Louis the Thirteenth's time that they used always to say, when they heard anything fall: "It's nothing; only the Prince of Conti tumbling down." At a masked ball in Paris, some one who had dressed himself like the Prince of Conti, and wore a hump on his back, went and sat beside him. "Who are you, mask?" asked the prince. The other replied, "I am the Prince of Conti." Without the least ill-temper, the prince took off his mask and, laughing, said, "See how a man may be deceived. I have been fancying for the last twenty years that I was the Prince of Conti."

When the Prince de Joinville was at Bathurst, many years ago, he was received by the Royal African Corps, black troops offered by white men. He attended a dinner-party, wherein mulattoes appeared in full evening-dress, low bodices, lace handkerchiefs, and fans. Afterward, dining at Washington with Charles Sumner, the great abolitionist, the prince amused himself by telling about his Bathurst dinner, and asked Sumner whether he had ever given his arm to a negress. The prince awaited his answer with some curiosity, to see whether he would dare answer in the affirmative before the American ladies, who were quite sensitive on the color question; but he got out of it very adroitly. "My dear prince," said he, "in every religion each man has his own share of work. I preach and you practice. Don't let us mix the two things up together."

One afternoon in June, when the young woman whose duty it is to show visitors about Wellesley College was particularly weary and warm, sixteen spruce young Harvard students appeared and asked to see the sights of the place. The young woman, with an assumption of cordiality, piloted them from ball to hall. Soon they reached the chapel, and as they paused upon its threshold, one of the Harvardites was inspired to ask: "How about chapel? Do you have a hard time getting the girls to go?" Whereupon the weary cicerone, a trifle tried by the question, answered: "Oh, our girls like to go to

chapel." Quick as a flash the youth nearest her turned to the youth nearest him and repeated, gravely and impressively: "Oh, our girls like to go to chapel." That youth immediately repeated the words to the next, who passed them along to his neighbor, and so on down the whole sixteen lined up upon the staircase. It was all so gravely done that the young woman could not give vent to her feelings by laughing, as she longed to do. What was more, she was obliged to prolong the ordeal by showing those youths over all the rest of the college.

Colonel William R. Morrison (says the Washington Post) has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their rooms was afire, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests. "Now, my dear," said the colonel, "don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me." He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest-pocket, put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street. "Now, my dear," he said, when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here you are dressed, and over yonder are several ladies in complete dishabille." Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband. "You are right, William," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you, I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers."

The Pursuit of Happiness.

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From June 14, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 4:15 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	5:45 P.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San José, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12:00 A.
† 11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7:45 A. Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz..... † 8:05 P.
8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations..... 5:50 P.
* 2:15 P. Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations..... * 11:20 A.
4:45 P. Newark, San José, Los Gatos..... 9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A. San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations..... * 1:45 P.
† 7:30 A. Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations..... † 8:35 P.
8:15 A. San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations..... 7:05 P.
† 9:47 A. Palo Alto and Way Stations..... † 1:45 P.
10:40 A. San José and Way Stations..... 5:00 P.
11:45 A. Palo Alto and Way Stations..... 3:30 P.
* 2:30 P. San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove..... * 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P. San José and principal Way Stations..... * 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P. San José and Way Stations..... * 8:06 A.
5:30 P. San José and Way Stations..... * 8:45 A.
6:30 P. San José and Way Stations..... * 9:40 A.
† 11:45 P. San José and Way Stations..... † 7:40 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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Gaelic... Tuesday, July 23

Belgie... Saturday, August 24

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29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Burlingame Club.

Affairs were very quiet at the Burlingame Club last Saturday. There was a freeze-out and sweepstakes shooting contest at live pigeons between Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. William H. Howard, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Richard H. Sprague, Mr. Faxon D. Atherton, Mr. George H. Leot, and Mr. Harry Jerome, of New York. The new traps were used and worked excellently. There will be some blue-rock shooting at the club soon, and on Saturday, July 13th, another pigeon contest will take place. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin gave enjoyable lunch-parties at the club last Saturday, and pleasantly entertained quite a number of their friends.

Recent Wills and Successions.

By the recently filed will of the late Joseph Macdonough, the value of whose estate is estimated at about \$2,000,000, the following testamentary provisions were made:

I direct my executors to pay off the debt which is due by my sisters and secured by a mortgage on their house, 133 East Ninety-Fifth Street, in the city of New York, provided that at the time of my death they are beneficially interested in the said property. I give and bequeath to my sisters, Marcella Macdonough and Ann Costello, an annuity of \$3,000 each during the life of each. And upon the death of each of the annuitants, the capital of the fund so held to secure the annuity of each shall sink into my residuary estate, and he subject to the dispositions thereof hereinafter specified. I give the rest of my estate to my executors, in trust, during the lives of my two grandchildren, John Giraud Agar, Jr., and William Macdonough Agar, to divide the net income into three equal parts, and apply one of said three equal parts to the use of each one of my three children, Joseph M. Macdonough, William O'B. Macdonough, and Agnes M. Agar, during each of their lives, and at the death of any of my said children, to apply the portion he, she, or they would be entitled to if living to the use of his, her, or their children, if they leave any children; but if any of my said children leave no children, then to apply the share which he, she, or they would take if living, equally to the use of the brothers or sisters of the one or ones of my said children surviving. But if any of my said children should die without lawful issue, and without leaving any brothers or sisters, then to apply his, her, or their share to the lawful issue of his, her, or their brothers or sister per stirp. And in the termination of this trust on the death of my two grandchildren above named, to deliver one equal third part of the remainder of my estate to each of my said children as may be then living, and to the lawful issue of each of my children as may be dead, leaving lawful issue, the said issue to take if living, per stirp. But if any of my children die without leaving lawful issue, then the share which he, she, or they would receive shall go equally to the surviving brothers and sister. But if any of my children should die without leaving lawful issue, or any brothers or sister, then the share or shares which the said brothers or sister would take if living shall go to the lawful issue of said brothers or sister, per stirp. But if any of my children should die without leaving lawful issue, or any brothers or sisters, or any brothers' or sister's lawful issue, then the share or shares which the brothers' or sister's lawful issue would take if living shall go to the person or persons whom my said children shall appoint by will or any instrument in writing in the nature of a will.

The testator's daughter, Mrs. Agnes M. Agar, and his son-in-law, Mr. John G. Agar, are appointed executrix and executor.

Not all the bicycle ordinances now being passed so plentifully all over the country are designed to regulate the cyclists and their doings. One recently passed in Chicopee, Mass., imposes a fine of from two to twenty dollars on any person throwing in any street, lane, or alley, ashes, glass, crockery, scrap-iron, tacks, nails, or any other articles liable to cause injury to the tires of bicycles.

John Sebastian Bach's bones have been discovered and measured at Leipzig. He was buried in the Thomas Kirchhof one hundred and forty-five years ago, but within this century a street was built through the graveyard and many of the graves, including his, obliterated.

WHEN POLLY WANTS HER WAY.

"I wish you wouldn't," said Polly, dolefully. "Wouldn't what?" I asked. "Wouldn't be an editor and have to work at night." "What is it now?" "What is what?" "What is it you want me to take you to?" "Nothing." A pause. "Only the Wheelers are going to have a dance Thursday night, and I thought—perhaps—"

I smoked oo. Polly viewed me in aggrieved silence.

"I wish you would take that horrid cigar out and talk to me."

"My dear child," I began. (This is a form of address I invariably use when about to say something disagreeable). "My dear child, I have many times explained to you the impossibility of my leaving the desk in the evening, even for you. Oo a paper like ours," I continued, lapsing into my professional tone, "with an extensive circulation and a high standard of excellence to maintain—"

"Oh, bother the paper," said Polly. "You used to do it."

"True; once or twice—"

"Exactly seven times!"

"Or thereabouts, I have disregarded my duties and left my labors to Wilson. On each of these occasions the paper has suffered. The last time the circulation fell off nearly one-half."

Polly eyed me suspiciously. "I don't see any fun in being engaged," she said, as I thought, somewhat irrelevantly.

"Then let's get married," I promptly suggested. Polly paid oo attention to this, rightly regarding it as merely an attempt to change the subject.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go with Mr. Weld, though he's a horrid old stick!"

"Has he asked you?"

"Still, it would make Minnie jealous, and so—"

I sat up and removed my cigar. "Polly," I said, "rather than oblige you to undergo the torture of being with that empty-braided ass, I'll take you myself, if it annihilates the paper!"

Polly perched herself on the arm of my chair. "You're a dear old goose," she said, softly.

"Of course, dear," she whispered, after a while. "I wouldn't have goose with him even if he had asked me."

"Polly, didn't he ask you?"

There was no answer. I couldn't see her face, but I noticed a convulsive movement of her shoulders and thought I heard a suppressed giggle.

I kissed her sternly.—Life.

A seventy-seven-year-old citizen of Great Falls, Wash., is undergoing a peculiar process of physical regeneration. About a year ago he contracted pneumonia, and his life was for some time despaired of, the doctors saying his right lung was hopelessly wasted. He recovered, however, but when just able to hobble around he fell and broke his thigh-bone, and was confined to the hospital again for six months. Since leaving, however, his physical condition has improved remarkably. His lungs began to open up until they became almost as well as ever; his skin shed off and a new skin grew, and his hair and beard, which were snow white, are coming out a jet black. His limbs and muscles have limbered up, and he started a week or so since to take a herd of young horses across a long trail to market. He says if he continues to grow young, he will get married again and grow up with the country.

The twenty female school-teachers appointed, a few days ago, to teach in the West Chester, Pa., public schools during the ensuing year, were required to sign an agreement not to get married during the year for which they were appointed. There is no rule against courting, provided it is done out of school hours. The board says it is by no means opposed to matrimony, but that it has found such an agreement necessary in order to prevent breaks in the corps of teachers at inconvenient times.

There doubtless will be folk mean enough to attribute to the New Woman movement the fact that a woman in Ligonier, Pa., was arrested and fined for swearing, a few days ago. She swore ten oaths, which the court assessed at forty cents apiece, fining her four dollars. It certainly was because of some new movement, for it was the first case of an arrest for such an offense in that town.

A convict in the Kansas State Penitentiary, who has served six years of a life sentence for murder, petitioned the governor, a few days ago, to sign his death-warrant and order that he be executed as soon as possible, saying he preferred to be hanged at once rather than suffer imprisonment, with no hope of release, for what promises to be a long life.

Miss Anna Miller Wood has decided to remain in London longer than she at first intended, so she has resigned her position at the Temple Emanu-El, where she has sung for four years.

A Far-Sighted Cowboy.

The cowboy was sitting in a chair tilted back against the shady side of the saloon, taking it easy, when one of his friends came by.

"Hello, Dick!" he said. "What's this story about the barkeep over the way calling you a liar yesterday and bullyraggin' you around for an hour or more?"

"That's what he done," admitted Dick, boldly. "What did you let him do it for?"

"I had my reasons."

"Fraid of him?"

Dick jumped up. "Hold on there, pard," he said. "You ain't in the same fix that the barkeep was, and it ain't safe."

"Don't you worry about me. What about the barkeep?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Dick. "The barkeep was negotiatin' fer a policy on his life fer ten thousand dollars in favor of his widder. The business wasn't settled till this mornin'. Now it's in workin' order, and I'm going over after awhile and give him a chance to bullyrag me some more. Then I'll go round and have a little talk with the widder. You must think I'm a chump that can't see past the eod of my oose."—Detroit Free Press.

Anti-Semitic agitation in Vienna has led to an incident that reads like Chaucer. A boy was missing in the Währing suburb recently, when a Galician Jew, with his long kaftan, tall hat, and ringlets, happened to pass by a children's play-ground. A woman, pointing to him, cried: "There's the Jew; he stole the child!" when the children rushed at him, knocked off his hat, pulled his coat-tails, beat him, and pelted him with stones. He took refuge in his brother's shop, and a crowd of hundreds of men and women smashed in the windows, and would have lynched the man if a large body of police had not come to the rescue.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.

[New York Recorder.]

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are:

Pommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings.

Moët, 75 shillings.

Perrier, 72 shillings.

Mumm, 70 to 75 shillings.

While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Hannah Williams, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. George de Long, and Mr. Samuel G. Buck-
hee have been entertained during the week by Miss Ethel Tompkins at her home in San Rafael.

Baron J. H. von Schröder passed last Saturday and Sunday at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle are visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are in Paris.

Mrs. James Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, and Miss Phelan are at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Frank L. Owen is at Belvedere for a few days, visiting Mrs. J. C. Tucker and family.

Mr. James B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, and Mr. Henry N. Stetson are passing the season at a cottage in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht are visiting Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy are passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. George Rice and Miss Birdie Rice are passing a few weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. Walter Hohart has returned from Harvard, and is at the Hotel del Monte.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick will pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. H. Ward Wright and family, of San José, are passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Lawson S. Adams and Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper, of St. Helena, are the guests of the Misses Williams at San Rafael.

Mr. William T. Sesson and his sister, Mrs. Joseph Austin, are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Clementina and Mary Kip are at San Rafael for the season.

Miss Alice Ames is visiting Miss Crosby in San Rafael.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has gone to San Rafael to remain during the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sanford Barnes are at the Hotel del Monte.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. C. F. Smrrr, Mr. J. C. Stuhls, and Mr. J. C. Martin have returned from a visit to Portland, Or.

General Wade Hampton, Mr. H. F. Emeric, Mr. W. C. Murdoch, Mr. Alexander Vogelsang, and Mr. W. C. Curtis have returned from a successful fishing trip at Wehler Lake.

Mrs. S. P. Young and Miss Georgie E. Curtis left last Saturday for Vacaville, where they will pass the summer months.

Mr. Edward H. Sheldon returned last Monday from a visit to friends at Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Clyde S. Payne are passing the summer on the Mackinac Islands, in Northern Michigan.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischl are at Tallac on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from Europe, leaving Mrs. Cushing ahead.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold and Miss Irma Triest will leave on Saturday, July 6th, for a three weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Frank B. Peterson is rusticating at a country resort in Lake County.

Mr. R. D. Bristol and her little daughter have returned to Chicago.

Miss Viva Cummins, of San Francisco, now studying music in New York city, distinguished herself at the commencement exercises of the New York School of Opera and Oratorio by carrying off three medals.

Miss Cummins, with her mother, will spend the summer with relatives in Boston and in Maine.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Francis L. Town, U. S. A., is away from duty on a two months' leave of absence.

Captain Charles A. P. Hatfield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is absent from duty on a six weeks' leave.

The following officers have been relieved from duty as recruiting officers: Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, Adjutant, First Infantry, U. S. A., at Angel Island, and Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A., at Benicia Barracks.

Preparations are making at Long Cove, Me., for one of the biggest quarry blasts ever made in this country. The object of attack is a miniature mountain of granite, seventy-five feet in perpendicular height. In the face of this ledge, at the foot, a tunnel is being driven, which, when completed, will be T-shaped, the main stem fifty-five feet long, with two cross-arms some thirty feet in length each. Eight tons or more of powder is to be put in these side-tunnels, the main tunnel cemented up, and the big charge touched off. It is expected the explosion will make a rock-pile of the mountain.

A delightful way to spend the Fourth will be to go down to Haywards on the O. S. L., and H. Electric Railway. You take the electric cars in Oakland, and it is a very pretty run across the country to Haywards, where an excellent *cuisine* and free popular concert contribute to the sojourner's pleasure.

On June 9th, the hundredth anniversary of the death of the little dauphin, Louis the Seventeenth, in the Temple, a solemn mass was celebrated at the Madeleine by direction of the Duc d'Orléans. It was attended by the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Alençon, and many leading Royalists.

This pathetic but belated appeal appeared in the London *Times* the other day: "Would the gentleman speak yet again, who said in London, 1864, that he loved me, and then that he was thrown over? All remembered. Parents are dead. E. D. C."

—Tolstoy's "Master and Man," 50 cts. at Cooper's.

DCCLXIII.—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons, July 4, 1895.
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Fried Pompano. Cucumbers.
Broiled Chickens. Saratoga Potatoes.
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Pineapple Sherbet.
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms and Truffles.
Roman Lettuce.
Salted Almonds.
Strawberry Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.
Coffee.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.—Take a can of grated pineapple, add one quart of water and enough sugar to make a thick, rich syrup; boil slowly about an hour, strain, and, when cold, add a claret-glass of brandy and the well-beaten whites of two eggs; stir well, and freeze as ice-cream. A little lemon-juice may be added.

The English two-mile whistle bracelet is now the fad for women cyclists. Those who wheel in the country and are venturesome enough to go off unattended should wear them, as the call is warranted to be heard two good miles. If some enterprising American (*Vogue* suggests) will improve on this English one by adding an automatic screech of "Tramps!" all the objections to women's flying round the country by themselves are done away, and a fortune will accrue to the inventor and deliverer.

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For many years the world has been intermittently shocked by the wrongs of Russia's "political" prisoners. Many of us were shocked as children by the fervid pages of "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia." The children of this generation have been shocked by Mr. George Kennan's burning words about Siberia, as set forth in the *Century Magazine*. As a whole, the helief of the non-Muscovite world may be summed up as follows:

1. That the governing classes in Russia are all very bad.
2. That the governed classes in Russia are all very good.
3. That at stated intervals the Russian Government sends numbers of these good people to Siberia, for no reason at all.
4. That the Russian Government loads these innocent people with chains, and hires wicked and muscular ruffians to flog them with knouts all the way to Siberia.
5. That when these good and innocent people arrive in

Siberia, the wicked Russian Government sets them to work in underground quicksilver mines.

6. That they become afflicted with mercurial ptyalism, their teeth drop out, and they die horribly.

7. That such treatment of human beings, even if they were criminals, would be indefensible; and that inasmuch as all the Siberian exiles are good and innocent people, the Siberian situation is a scandal to the Western world.

This, we submit, is a brief statement of the views entertained by the average man and woman concerning Russia and her Siberian prisoners. That it is the popular view is plainly shown by the fact that Mr. George Kennan's *Century* articles, Mr. George Kennan's lectures, and Mr. George Kennan's dramatic platform appearances, loaded with Russian chains, *à la forçat de Sibirie*, have invariably excited the keenest sympathy and the utmost horror in the American and English breast.

We are free to confess that we have not always shared this popular helief in its entirety. We have not believed that the average government is disposed toward causeless cruelty. We have not believed that the Russian Government would exile its people without good and sufficient reason. We have not looked upon all the "political" prisoners in Siberia as being such angels of light as Mr. George Kennan paints them. And we have always believed that most of the people who were sent to Siberia by the Russian Government were sent to Siberia for good and sufficient cause.

A chain of events, occurring in and near San Francisco and of which the last link has just been forged by the arrest of a murderer, corroborates us in this view which we have so long entertained. The events are curious enough to hear recital, and they are pregnant with instruction for those people who still helieve that all of Russia's Siberian prisoners are "political," that all of them are wrongfully imprisoned, and that all of them are "good." Listen to a plain, unvarnished tale of some "Siberian exiles"—possibly not so dramatic as Mr. George Kennan's tales, possibly not so sentimental, certainly not so sensational, hut infinitely more terrible.

In the year 1893, the American whaling hark *Cape Horn Pigeon* picked up on the high seas, in the North Pacific Ocean, an opeh boat, containing ten men. These ten men were Siberian prisoners, who had escaped from the Russian penal settlement of Saghalien, in Eastern Siberia. The whaling captain brought them to San Francisco. There, as they were not mentioned in his ship's papers, he called the attention of the United States officials to their case. The United States Commissioner of Immigration at once placed them in detention, and communicated with the Department of State at Washington. During the few days that these men were detained by the United States Commissioner, our local daily press reveled in sensationalism. The *Examiner*, in particular, surpassed itself. Daily it demanded, with indignation, whether this free and powerful republic would permit the delivery of these "Siberian exiles" to the "tyranny of the Russian Czar." It printed portraits of the ten men; it interviewed them through interpreters; it told a graphic and touching tale of how they had been flogged with the knout in the dead of an arctic winter until the blood ran down, freezing as it ran—forming "crimson stalactites," to use the disordered rhetoric of the *Examiner*. It closed with an impassioned appeal against the restoration of these men to the "dungeons of Siberia."

Well, the *Examiner* won. The men did not go back to Siberia. They stayed here. This was largely owing to the fact that Russia did not want them back—seemed, in fact, rather glad to get rid of them. The United States Government, unmoved by the *Examiner's* rhetoric, seemed extremely anxious to have the Russian Government recover its exiles, hut was unable to deport them, owing to the fact that they had not been taken on Russian soil or in Russian waters, hut on the high seas. Had they been picked up within the marine limit line off the Russian coast, the United States Government would most certainly have returned them, despite the ravings of the anguished

Examiner. But this government could not deport them to the place whence they came—to wit, the spot on the high seas where they were picked up, as indicated by the latitude and longitude marked in the whaling skipper's log. This would have been inhumane. So, as Russia displayed absolutely no anxiety to recover them, and as there were no charges against them in this country, these ten wild heasts were let loose upon a peaceful community—greatly, we presume, to the gratification of the excited *Examiner*.

The inquiries of the State Department showed that more than half of the men were murderers. They did not tarry long in convincing the hospitable country which had received them what manner of men they were. Two days after they had been released, a police officer patrolling his beat in the northern part of the city of San Francisco noticed a window in a residence which had apparently just been shattered. He made an investigation; he found that the glass had been broken for the purpose of opening the window catch. He entered the house and found crouching in the darkness a man who was armed with a slung-shot made of a paving-stone wrapped in a piece of cloth and a murderous knife which he had stolen from a hutch-shop. The man was arrested, and was found to be one of the *Examiner's* harmless "Siberian exiles."

Some months ago a small shop-keeper was returning late at night, with the day's cash receipts about him, to his home in the city of San José. On a dark street he was attacked by two footpads. The shop-keeper made a plucky fight, drew a knife, used it, according to his own story, and made such an outcry that the police came up and the footpads fled. He insisted that he had wounded one of the men, hut the police refused to helieve his story. The next morning, however, a trail of blood was found leading from the scene of the attempted robbery. It was followed to a piece of vacant ground near hy, where was found the body of an unknown man, evidently a foreigner, with two knife-wounds through the heart. It has since developed that the body was that of Cherhakoff, another one of the *Examiner's* "Siberian exiles."

On the twenty-ninth of last December, F. H. Weher, an aged grocer, who with his wife lived over their grocery store in the city of Sacramento, was found in the morning, dead—fouly murdered. Near him lay the body of his old wife. Both had been murdered with a hatchet; their skulls had been cleft in twain, the hodies mutilated with countless wanton cuts, and the house robbed. Ever since, the police have been on the trail of the murderer. He has just been found—it is Ivan Kohaleff, another one of the *Examiner's* "Siberian exiles."

Associated with Kohaleff in the murder were one Nikitin and the same Cherhakoff who was slain by the San José shop-keeper whom he was attempting to roh and perhaps to murder.

We have thus heard from four of the "Siberian exiles." There are six yet to hear from. Let us hope that the news of them will not be signalized, as has the news from their fellow-"exiles," hy deeds of violence and murder.

It is always hest to hase a judgment upon things close at hand—to judge of men and events from our own observation rather than from that of others. Very few of us, like Mr. George Kennan, have had the advantage of visiting Siberia. Very few of us know anything at all about Siberian prisons or Siberian exiles, except at second-hand—hy looking through the spectacles furnished by Mr. George Kennan and others. But a great many of us here in California know about the ten "Siberian exiles" who were cast up by the sea, first on the deck of an American ship and then upon the coast of California. Of these, the Russian Government claimed that six had been sent to Siberia for murder. Two of them were cowardly murderers—one, a soldier, had shot his commanding officer in the hack; the other had heaten a woman to death. In this country two of the ten have been robbers and potential assassins, and two others have been hrutal murderers. This is rather a high percentage of murder to be found among the innoc

helpless "Siberian exiles" whom Mr. George Kennan and other inflammatory historiographers delight to paint.

We are very much inclined, after this experience, to disbelieve, even more strongly than before, the sentimental narratives of sensation-mongers about Siberian prisons and "Siberian exiles." If only forty per cent. of them are such bloody-minded murderers as are forty per cent. of the ten whom Divine Providence in its inscrutable wisdom landed upon our shores, we think the remainder can scarcely be honest men. We think that almost any kind of a prison, subterranean or Siberian, Russian or Saghalien, would be too good for them. We think that human tigers of such incredible fiendishness and ferocity had better be left to Russian prisons, to Russian methods, and to Russian law. California is too mild for them—both the climate and the newspapers. Hereafter we hope that all fair-minded men will not criticise Russia too harshly for her necessarily severe treatment of a kind of criminal perhaps unknown in other lands. And if the American officers of the law do not get hold of the remaining six "Siberian exiles" before they commit any more murders, we commend these wandering Russian lambs to the tender care of Mr. George Kennan and the San Francisco *Examiner*.

The eyes of the Catholic world will this month be turned worshipfully toward Aix-la-Chapelle, where Mayor Sutro was born. It is not as the birthplace of San Francisco's mayor, however, that the town will be the focus of pious interest, but because of a notable exhibition of relics. "They comprise," it is stated in the unsmiling news columns of the American press, "the garment of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, the cloth wrapped round his loins on the cross, and the cloth in which the head of John the Baptist was wrapped after he was beheaded." The first thought of the unregenerate modern mind on reading this intelligence is that these relics are frauds—that fabrics of linen and wool could not outlast eighteen centuries. But, then, we know that such fabrics have in reality come down to us from a period twice as remote as the beginning of the Christian era. If it be objected that burial in the hermetically sealed tombs of rainless Egypt is one thing, and exposure to the damp of European churches—as well as to the chances of travel, invasion, and sacrilegious theft—is another, the answer is that the special care of heaven obviously is a much more trustworthy preservative than any climate, no matter how dry. Besides, we know that the seamless Holy Coat, worn by the Saviour of mankind, is intact at Treves, where it is periodically placed on view, to the great stimulation of Roman Catholic ardor and the production of much revenue to the church. Indeed, it will not do to question the genuineness of the relics at Aix-la-Chapelle, unless we are prepared to sweep away an immense body of facts which form the basis of a solacing belief in a hereafter to countless thousands.

To some, of course, it may appear that it is degrading alike to the Almighty, the Saviour, and the Virgin Mary, that supernatural power should be exerted to keep from nature's destructive processes sundry old rags and bones and bits of metal and wood, such as comprise the treasures at Aix-la-Chapelle, those of Treves, and of other sacred depositories. It may also seem that it is a very low, unimaginative, and grossly material order of mind which requires such aids to faith and devotion. But it can never be sufficiently insisted upon that reason has nothing whatever to do with the mysteries of religion. Were it admissible to apply to them the same good sense which men employ in mere secular affairs, the one true church would have gone out of business more than a thousand years ago—say, when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Mobammedans. When that calamity was happening to the metropolis of Christendom, miracles were being daily performed as usual by relics at unnumbered shrines throughout Europe; yet the place of the Saviour's earthly life, containing his sepulchre, the true cross, and souvenirs immensely more imposing than the priceless heirlooms of Aix-la-Chapelle, had not one wonder worked to keep it out of the possession of the unbelieving Saracen. Even the successes of the crusaders were but temporary; the Holy City remains the property of the defiling infidel unto this day. But, though Jerusalem fell without the expected intervention of heaven in its behalf, faith in miracles, and the power of relics to produce them, did not, happily, perish from off the face of the earth. The crusaders, worsted in the trial by battle, brought back from Palestine, as Draper tells us, "bottles of the milk of the Blessed Virgin, which they sold for enormous sums, and these bottles were preserved with pious care in many of the great religious establishments." Are we permitted to doubt that, if the needs of the present time required the discovery, a careful search of the crypts of Aix-la-Chapelle and Treves would reveal a few of those precious bottles?

Of the most peculiar characteristics of relics is their tendency to pass out of the protection of heaven, and even

of the church. Though the Holy Coat is still at Treves and the Virgin Mary's garment and the other articles already enumerated are housed at Aix-la-Chapelle, as good as ever, what has become of yet more celebrated articles which once were greatly prized and of high repute? A monastery in Jerusalem allowed the visitor, for a fee, to gaze upon "one of the fingers of the Holy Ghost." Quantities of earth were also imported to Europe by the crusaders, and sold as antidotes against devils. Real estate in Palestine has fallen since those days, not even the Jews now caring much to become purchasers by the acre, to say nothing of by the vial. Several abbeys at one time possessed not only the true cross, but also the crown of thorns. Though to the carnal mind it would seem impossible that there should be more than one true cross, one authentic crown of thorns, it was as much as one's life was worth in that blessed era to advance so impious a proposition. If, however, some relics have gone out of fashion, it is not to be presumed that Mother Church has changed her mind about the efficacy of relics as such since the time she banished all Jewish physicians from Europe and required the sick and injured to trust exclusively to miracle-cure.

It is true that, in deference to the prejudices of the fleeting hour, she does not in non-Catholic countries obtrude her relics on public attention. Yet even in the United States proof is frequently given that in this, as in other respects, the church is always the same. Treves has the Holy Coat, Aix-la-Chapelle the garment of the Virgin, and Rome is a wholesale warehouse of inestimable remains. We know, too, that the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in New York, has a piece of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, mother of the Virgin Mary, and therefore, as Archbishop Corrigan and the Roman Catholic press reverently describe her, "Grandmother of God." Her wrist is in the Cathedral of Quebec, and has performed many bealing miracles there. The wrist, on its passage from Rome to Canada, was tempted for a few days in the New York church, and worked therapeutical and surgical marvels among the Tammany Democracy, as is attested by piles of crutches, numerous affidavits, and the files of the metropolitan press. During the exhibition, the Church of St. Jean Baptiste took in more than twenty thousand dollars, and naturally could not rest until it had sent an accredited importer to Rome and secured from the Pope a piece—a larger piece—of the same lady.

Under every Roman Catholic altar in San Francisco there are relics of saints, all warranted to practice medicine successfully, yet, for reasons which can only be surmised, Archbishop Riordan, with a regrettable disregard for the interests of his people, permits the ailing to call in and pay fees to living and secular, and therefore fallible, doctors. With all this wealth of relics, we do not recall a solitary miracle worked by their agency in this neglected city. This is not as it should be, and our friend Archbishop Riordan is unquestionably blameworthy. Of course he may plead, as an excuse, want of time to stir the relics up to their duty—that he is so engrossed in looking after the bequests to the church of expired Irish millionaires and by other affairs of administration that he is without the leisure to superintend miracles. It is likely that he will be awakened to a truer sense of the relative importance of things ere the month is out, when at Aix-la-Chapelle the "garment of the Virgin Mary, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, the cloth wrapped around his loins on the cross, and the cloth in which the head of John the Baptist was wrapped after he was beheaded," are being adored by kneeling multitudes, and the lame and halt and blind are being made well and generous in their financial recognition of what has been done for them.

Archbishop Riordan may be aroused to his folly in allowing his honanza of relics to remain unworked. If not, the matter is one, it seems to us, coming legitimately within the purview of the Half-Million Club. Could San Francisco, like Treves, Aix-la-Chapelle, Lourdes, New York, Knock, and Quebec, he made a miracle centre, great crowds of tourists would be attracted—not hard-headed, skeptical persons, but desirably credulous tourists, with money to spend. As a citizen, as well as an ecclesiastic, Archbishop Riordan owes something to the city of his adoption, which has been very kind to him and his enlightened church. It is manifestly unfair that we should be excluded from the miracle belt, when we have every right, with a full outfit of relics, to be strictly in it.

The government of this country has usually been described as free, and orators and writers have exhausted their vocabularies of superlatives in setting forth the blessings enjoyed by people living under such liberal institutions. In a certain sense these pæans of praise are deserved. We have advantages here that are unknown elsewhere; we enjoy liberties; we exercise privileges and have offered to us opportunities that are elsewhere sought in vain, if they are aspired to at all. But, from the point of view of hard cash, these blessings are far from being free. In the fol-

lowing consideration of the cost of running this government the average cost to each average family is taken as the basis. To take the total expenses of administration would give an inadequate idea of the cost; the average man is so unfamiliar with the enormous figures that they give but a vague idea of magnitude; and, furthermore, the cost of government is affected by the number governed and the extent of territory involved. A per capita calculation would eliminate most of these difficulties; but, as the head of the family usually pays the taxes for the entire family, the family basis has been selected.

Taking first the cost of the Federal Government for the year 1894, the cost of administration of the civil division of the government, including executive, legislative, and judicial departments, with their various divisions and bureaus, amounted to \$6.87 per family. The support of the army cost \$2.61 more, and the navy \$1.14. The permanent improvements, such as public buildings, improvement of harbors and rivers, the construction and improvement of forts, and the building of the vessels of the new navy, taken together, amounted to \$2.87, or slightly more than the cost of supporting the army. The total cost of administration and permanent improvements, or, in other words, the ordinary expenses of the government, amounted to \$13.50 per family. The interest on the public debt, not included in this, amounted to \$1.99, and the payments for pensions amounted to \$10.08. These figures furnish the basis for some interesting comparisons. For instance, the cost of permanent improvements, including the construction of public buildings, the building of land defenses, and the improvement of rivers and harbors, amounted to twenty-seven cents less than the amount paid as interest on the public debt, the last inheritance of the war. The amount paid out for pensions amounted to only about fifty cents less than the cost of administration, including the expenses of the civil departments of the government, the support of the army and the support of the navy. The expenses of the army were slightly more than double those of the navy, notwithstanding the activity there has been of late years in the construction and rehabilitation of war-ships.

In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, Edward Atkinson gives an estimate of the average cost of running the government during the last fifteen years, and a comparison of the figures for 1894 with the averages presented by him will enable us to determine whether the government is being more expensively administered at the present time than in former years or not. We find that the cost of administration was greater in 1894 than in the average presented by Mr. Atkinson. The cost of improving harbors and rivers and the payments on account of new vessels of the navy were also greater than the average, and the payments for pensions were nearly fifty per cent. greater. On the other hand, the cost of supporting the army and the navy is somewhat less, and the interest on the public debt is about one-half of the average as would be expected from the retirement of bonds and the refunding operations by which a lower rate of interest has been secured. The reduction of the rate of taxation as a whole is illustrated by the fact that the taxes in 1865, at the close of the Civil War, amounted to a per capita tax of \$15.73 on the whole population, but, as the tax was paid wholly by the Northern States, the per capita tax may be placed very close to \$21. Had the same rate of taxation been maintained in 1894, the total amount of money raised would have been \$1,470,000,000. The total expense for 1894 and the entire bonded indebtedness for that year amounted to less than this amount by more than \$200,000,000.

Turning to the State government, we find that this branch costs less than any other. At the last session of the legislative appropriations were made for carrying on the government for two years, and in order to estimate the annual expense of the State government, it is necessary to divide the appropriations by one-half. Taking, then, one-half of the appropriations, the taxation per family for all State purposes amounted to \$10.83. The most expensive branch of the State government is the maintenance of asylums and institutions for the insane and defective classes. Nearly one-half of the total appropriations (\$4.515 per family) went for this purpose. The executive department, including the various boards and commissions under the direction of the governor, amounted to \$1.91; the legislative department, to 57 cents; and the judicial department, including the State's portion of the expenses of the superior courts, to \$1.14. The cost of providing for the insane and defective class amounted to slightly more than the sum of the expenses of the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, the expenses for education, and the disbursements for fostering the leading industries of the State, including viticulture, agriculture, and mining. The cost of handling the insane and defective and the criminal class amounted to slightly more than one-half of the expenses of the State government.

Taking now the city government, we find that the

cost of maintaining the government of the city of San Francisco is three times as much per family as that of the Federal and State government taken together. Each family paid, in 1894, \$82.17 for the support of the city government. Of this, the largest amount (\$16.62) went to the support of the schools, and the next largest amount (\$14.84) was for streets and parks. The executive department cost \$10.30, and the police practically the same amount. For the collection of this \$82.17, the various departments concerned in the assessment and collection of taxes cost \$3.12. The salaries of the various departments of the city amounted to \$40.33, or nearly one-half of the total expense of the government.

By way of comparison, the family rate of taxation in the seven cities of the United States larger than San Francisco may be taken. Of these, Boston shows the highest rate of taxation, amounting to \$121.02 per family; New York city comes next with \$79.65; Brooklyn, \$75.06; Philadelphia, \$67.99; Baltimore, \$60.35; Chicago, \$53.55; and St. Louis, \$48.02. It will be noticed that, with the exception of Boston, where the rate is extremely high, San Francisco has the highest family rate of taxation of any city of its size in the country. But it must be remembered that the government of San Francisco includes the county as well as the city government, while in all of these cities, with the exception of Baltimore, the expenses of city government alone are included. Making due allowance for this, however, a large amount of money is wastefully expended, for there is little in the way of permanent improvements to show for the money paid out. The average of \$40.33 paid out annually by each family for salaries of public clerks and officials proves that the machinery is unnecessarily complicated and expensive.

An analysis of the expenses of the government of San Francisco shows that they may be divided into four nearly equal classes: the first, including the cost of administration; the second, the cost of maintaining and lighting the streets and parks; the third, protection from fire and violence; and the fourth, education. The cost of handling crime in the city amounts to \$13.07 per family, and in the State to \$1.74, making a total cost per family of \$14.81. The amount paid for education in the city and State is \$17.89—very little more than the cost of handling criminal classes. When the cost of handling the insane and defective class is added to the cost of criminals, it amounts to \$19.33, or about \$1.50 more than the amount paid out for education.

By way of recapitulation, then, we find that the annual cost per family of the government of this country is \$118.57, divided as follows: \$25.57 for the Federal government, \$10.83 for the State government, and \$82.17 for the city and county government.

The cause of international sport will suffer for a time from the unfortunate experiences of the Cornell crew at Henley this week. When the picked athletes of Yale went to England last year, the heat of feeling prevailed, and, though they were defeated, they returned to this country loud in their praises of their English opponents and of the treatment that had been accorded them. The games proposed for this year between Oxford and Cambridge on one side, and Harvard and Yale on the other, fell through; but it was hoped that the visit of the Cornell men to England would serve to keep up the interest. For the mistake of the first day, in which the Leander men were not altogether blameless, the Cornell crew was subjected to the most bitter abuse, and on the second day they were roundly defeated—whether because of their condition or on account of the superiority of the Trinity Hall crew does not appear as yet. It would certainly have been more sportsmanlike had the Cornell men insisted upon another trial with Leander. They went to England to try conclusions in a fair contest of speed, and the fiasco of Tuesday established nothing as to the relative merits of the two crews. On the other hand, the treatment to which they were subjected was far more to be expected of rowdies than of gentlemen. The blame can not be laid entirely at the door of the ignorant and brutal lower classes, for the members of the Leander crew were among the leaders in abusing the Americans. That the experience of Cornell will discourage other colleges sending their athletes to England to compete in field and aquatic sports is undoubted, but the feeling that has been engendered will pass away in time. The proposal to hold a series of international games at Athens next year, in which representatives of other countries, as well as England and America, will compete, will furnish an opportunity for the athletes to come together again in friendly contention. But what is really needed is that an English team should visit this country to learn how a well-bred crowd behaves at amateur sporting contests.

Since Ward McAllister made his how and departed to another and less select world, mankind has beard less of New York's Four Hundred. Mankind is able to summon

fortitude to hear this deprivation; but it is hard on the Four Hundred, which is as rich, as conscious of its riches, and as eager for notice as ever. It is as an army without a general—as unlucky as France in her last war, for the hour does not always produce the man. In the absence of the man, a woman has, however, arisen. It is Mrs. Burton Harrison, who can write, and who speaks as one having authority for the Four Hundred of her town. Mrs. Harrison has in the current number of the *Cosmopolitan* a curious and characteristic article. It is curious in showing how local environment may affect a good intelligence with illusions, and characteristic in proving that when released from the dominance of these near influences this lady's good sense hursts out like the sun through a fog. The title of her paper is "The Myth of the Four Hundred," which is encouraging; but after correcting the rest of the world, with the superior air of the insider, for cherishing certain alleged misconceptions, Mrs. Harrison turns about and gives a description of fashionable society in New York which justifies all that has been said by critics of its bullioniferous basis, its unpleasant ostentation, its emptiness, and its essential vulgarity. Mrs. Harrison, nevertheless, being of this society, though better than it, shares its own notion of its surpassing importance.

In her travels beyond Manhattan Island, it has astonished her to find, as she says she has found, a pervasive interest in the society of New York. This reflection of the metropolitan mirror that she has carried about with her is the "myth" of which she writes; but presently she reveals her conviction that the Four Hundred is no myth, but a large and serious fact—the largest and most serious fact under the star-studded floor of Ward McAllister's present place of residence. She says:

"When it falls to the lot of a resident of New York to go away from home westward or southward, rather than due eastward, in search of incidental studies of minor sociology, he is surprised at the extraordinary dominance of the sovereign body styled 'New York Society' over the imagination of numbers of respectable people who have never seen it or partaken in the remotest degree of that unrest which men miscall delight in its functions. In cities, towns, hamlets, on farms and ranches, in remote, thinly settled neighborhoods throughout the length and breadth of our spacious country, men, women, and, above all, 'young persons' are found eagerly perusing every detail obtainable in newspapers, magazines, or novels of the day, to find out what the small circle in New York known as the 'smart set' are doing."

This illusion is produced by the circumstance that Mrs. Harrison lives in New York, that she is of the "smart set," that she is continually writing about it, and reading what others write about it. Her copy is in demand, and it is natural enough that she should fancy everybody else is as profoundly interested in her theme as she is. That is a common weakness of the scribbling writer, fashionable or unfashionable. But of this society which glitters in the modest belief that the eyes of the earth are upon it, and that all other human business is frequently suspended in order to read about it, Mrs. Harrison informs us that it is as restless as a squirrel in its cage, and that it makes of wealth the sole standard by which candidates for admission are tried. "Many families of well-horn, well-bred people, feeling themselves to have every claim to position and consideration in the home of their birth and ancestry, are, through want of wealth alone, jostled out of place," and condemned to a life of funereal gloom because they are not invited to the festivities. "It is no uncommon experience to hear upon the lips of one of the old régime, whose immediate predecessors have controlled opinion and social customs in New York, about one of the leaders of the new: 'I don't go there; she doesn't want me; I am not rich enough.'" A story told last season was of a plutocratic young matron, who observed: "Really, now that society in New York is getting so large, one must draw the line somewhere; after this I shall visit and invite only those who have more than five millions." Ancient aristocrats, who can trace their lineage back to Dutch peddlers or English shop-keepers, and who are well off financially in a moderate way, either suffer eclipse in pathetic silence, or sadly pack their belongings and depart for foreign lands, where "blisters" will not be laid upon "their tenderest sensibilities."

Why any human being, with a rational conception of what life is for and what pleasure means, should want to join this unpleasant Four Hundred—Mrs. Harrison generously expands it to One Thousand—the lady does not reveal. She sees signs of a better era, babbly. Intellect and talent are actually beginning to attract the attention of a few of the dancing and feasting plutocracy, and she dreams a bright dream of a time when art and literature will be received.

Mrs. Harrison means well, and in places her article evinces a good, womanly spirit, but she amuses. She records that it was recently "gravely suggested to a writer on current themes"—current themes is good—"that a syndicated letter upon the feet and ankles of the feminine leaders of New York society would prove an immense success all over the country." The newspapers have had their

share in deceiving Mrs. Harrison and her brethren and sisters of the metropolitan Four Hundred as to the space they take up in the American mind. In brain and taste the ordinary daily newspaper is not above the servant grade, and it only follows the law of its being in loving to prattle of wealth and fashion. That is one reason why the press is so intolerable to most men and women of decent education and good sense. Such people, many of them themselves persons of wealth and given to the pleasures of society in their respective localities, really could manage—though Mrs. Harrison may find the statement incredible—to exist without the literature which she fancies the inhabitants of the United States crave with a craving that is not to be satisfied.

New York's plutocracy does not differ substantially from the plutocracy of our other large cities, except in number and a more lavish and ostentatious expenditure. The metropolis is the centre from which the press of the country gets its telegraphic news daily, and as the newspapers of New York are for the most part intensely local, whatever occurs on the island is given an attention in their columns out of all proportion to its relative importance. The newspapers of other cities, including San Francisco, are so foolish as to accept the New York measure of news. Hence it comes about that happenings there which would get little notice if their scene were under Chicago and San Francisco editors' noses are accorded much room and tall headings. The metropolitan Four Hundred comes in for its share of the benefits of this hairless system of news-gathering and distribution, precisely as do the men about town, the politicians, the lawyers, the sluggers, and other New York people who rise an inch above the surface. To make a national newspaper reputation, a young New Yorker of the fashionable caste has but to slap another's face, fall in love with an actress, or get drunk, any of which triumphs he could achieve elsewhere than in a news centre and wholly escape fame. That the press of the republic answers a general demand by echoing the petty home gossip of the large village of New York, it is not wonderful Mrs. Harrison and the plutocracy of her region should believe, but it is an error notwithstanding. The average human being above the station and calibre of a lady's-maid, a dressmaker, or a "dancing man" cares no more about the doings of New York's plutocracy than about those of the plutocracy of Chicago, Oshkosh, Kansas City, or Denver. Indeed, as we have said, since the translation of the able McAllister, New York's plutocracy has been suffering somewhat from newspaper neglect, a fact which, while annoying to his hereaved Four Hundred, adds another to his claims on remembrance, for it demonstrates that that variously great man knew how to work the press in the interest of his clients and followers as well as the advance agent of a circus does.

Mrs. Harrison is a smart writer and doubtless a charming woman, but she has all the innocence of the cockney whose town is to him the world. Let her travel west in reality and consult facts instead of her imagination, and then courageously write another paper on the extent and nature of the interest felt by the rest of her countrymen and countrywomen in her little auriferous social circle—one thousand out of a population of seventy millions. She would lose her faith in newspapers forevermore, to be sure, but the experience would do her a world of good. Her paper would, of course, surprise and pain the not very wise, nor very interesting, nor very well-bred hand of over-rich folk on the study and celebration of whom she wastes her rather considerable literary cleverness. That is why, as one of the Four Hundred which is awaiting the second coming, or at least the reincarnation of McAllister, she would need courage to write it.

We are informed by the dispatches this week that the Czar of all the Russias offered to help the American Czar out of his financial difficulties by a little loan of fifty millions of dollars, or more if it was needed, and to advance the money at an extremely low rate of interest. This was most kind and generous, and is rendered more touching by the further announcement that the offer was made by him as a token of appreciation of his co-laborer in the cause of autocracy. The announcement is marred by one item of improbability, however. It is declared that Cleveland declined the loan, because he did not feel that he had authority to issue bonds. If this could be believed, it would furnish a most interesting example; the only case on record where Cleveland felt that he had not authority to do anything he wanted to do. There was nothing to assuage the pangs of his conscience between the receipt of this offer and his subsequent sale of bonds to the American and foreign syndicate at a price which raised the charge for interest far above that suggested by the Czar in his offer. We should be loath to believe that the probability of gaining the favor of those who have more voice in the politics of this country than has the Czar had anything to do with his action.

THE FATAL GAME.

How Sultan Murad Won and Lost his Grand Vizier's Life.

Sultan Murad was devoted to the game of chess. To say, without flattery, that he was a good player, is to say that he was a man of considerable intellectual power. But Sultan Murad in his play had two failings: he liked to have an adequate stake on the event of the game, and he could very ill brook defeat.

These weaknesses are always trying, but, in the case of so powerful and absolute a monarch, they rendered the game one of exceeding danger. To lose pretty constantly meant ruin; to win too often might easily mean death. Under these circumstances, it became difficult for his majesty to find an adversary, and an invitation to a contest came to have as fatal a significance, and to be as much dreaded and, if possible, avoided as the post of Grand Vizier had been in the reign of Selim the Grim. So many had lost all they possessed, and some their lives into the bargain, that every high officer of state shunned, as far as possible, the dangerous honor of facing his master across a chess-board. Naturally, no official could with more difficulty escape the ordeal than the Grand Vizier himself; and, indeed, it was owing principally to this cause that so many occupants of this high post had rapidly succeeded one another during the reign of Sultan Murad.

It so happened that the present Grand Vizier was as keen an enthusiast for the game as the Sultan himself. This had been probably his chief recommendation for the office; and, being a born gambler and of a constitutionally bold and reckless nature, he was always ready to play, counting neither the cost nor the hazard.

He played on with varying fortune, but generally losing, until he had staked and lost everything he possessed or could scrape together.

At length, one afternoon, on the Sultan saying to him, "Well, Grand Vizier, and what dost thou venture on this new game?" he answered ruefully: "My Padishah, except the garments in which I stand before thee, and which are thine already, there is of a truth no one thing I possessed that I have not staked and lost, and only by the bounty of thy majesty shall I and Fatima, my daughter and only child, find bread or shelter, so great is the skill of your majesty at this infernal game."

"Come, Vizier," said Murad, "if it be so bad with thee as that, I will tell thee what thou shalt do. Thou shalt on thy part stake thy daughter, and I on my part will stake the loveliest *odalisque* in my harem, and ten thousand gold pieces to boot, and we will play yet another game."

The Grand Vizier heard this proposal to stake his daughter, his only child, with dismay; but he knew his imperial master too well to venture a refusal.

Therefore they played, and he lost. Then the unhappy father, in the bitterness of his heart, said: "Oh, Sultan, I have my head only, and that is at thy mercy, but if thou wilt on thy part stake my daughter, whom thou hast just won, I will wager my head against her."

"Vizier," said Murad, gravely, "the stakes are hardly even, but if thou wishest it, so it shall be."

And once more they played, and again the Vizier lost.

Then Murad laughed, and said: "Be not alarmed; I give thee thy last stake, for thou hast never flinched, but hast ever played boldly and well; only this understand, we have played our last game, and thou holdest thy office only until I appoint another in thy place."

After this final defeat of his courageous and indomitable Grand Vizier, Murad was hard put to it to find any suitable opponent to face him at the chess-board. All men shirked the dangerous honor, and the unhappy Vizier, or Pacha, commanded to undertake the duty, found it difficult to guess whether victory or defeat might prove more perilous.

At length the Sultan bethought him of a plan which seemed to promise more diversion than could be obtained from encountering these timorous and unwilling adversaries. He caused it to be proclaimed that any man might challenge his majesty to a game of chess, the conditions being that the challenger staked his own head against the office of Grand Vizier.

To such lengths will the cupidity and self-confidence of many men carry them that numbers were found ready to face the Sultan on these terms; but whether Murad's skill was invincible, or whether his opponents were frightened and unnerved by the risk they ran, at any rate each succeeding aspirant lost his head instead of attaining the object of his ambition—the coveted position of Grand Vizier.

At the time of issuing the proclamation, there lived in Adrianople a family consisting of three persons—father, mother, and one son. The latter was a young man of pleasing manners, a good presence, and of remarkable energy and intellectual capacity.

The news of the Sultan's offer had reached this retired and secluded family, and the son, who had long been a devoted student of the game, had just announced to his father and mother his determination to proceed to the capital and put his life on the hazard of the event.

To this both father and mother vehemently and very naturally objected, and tried by every argument they could think of to dissuade him; but the young man would not be gainsaid, and at length he set out on his dangerous adventure.

When Osman was ushered into the presence of the Sultan, and the object of his coming explained, Murad himself felt some regret that so handsome and intelligent a youth should risk his life in a combat apparently so unequal.

After regarding him in silence a few moments, he asked him: "Dost thou understand clearly what are the conditions of the game we are about to play?"

"If I have been correctly informed, sire," said Osman, "the conditions are these: if I win, your majesty will ap-

point me your Grand Vizier; if I lose, my life is the forfeit."

"And dost thou still wish to play on these terms?" asked Murad.

"I have," answered Osman, "traveled far to seek that honor."

"But what can that fatal honor avail thee," asked Murad, "or what benefit can accrue to thee if thou must die?"

"Hope sustains the soul," said Osman, "and makes us willing to risk life for an adequate reward."

"How long hast thou studied chess?" demanded the Sultan.

"My father taught me as a boy," answered Osman, "and all my life I have loved and studied it."

"Very good," said Murad; "then at thy desire this day shalt thou play for thy life."

But first, by order of the Sultan, a sumptuous repast was served, and at his invitation Osman partook of it with him. Then, after a period of rest during the midday heat, the chessmen were brought out, and amid a circle of high dignitaries and officials of the palace, the youthful stranger faced his imperial lord and essayed the difficult and, as it appeared to all present, the foolhardy task of checkmating him.

Only five moves had been made, during breathless silence, when Osman calmly pronounced the word "Checkmate," and on inspection the fact was clearly established.

All were astonished. And the Sultan, amazed and almost stupefied, was filled with fury.

"What," cried he, "beaten, and in five moves, by a mere boy! What is the meaning of this? Say, what demon hath helped thee, or by what power of enchantment hast thou been able to accomplish the feat?"

"Sire," replied Osman, "this opening of the game is a new one. Being completely unexpected, it has given me, for this time, the victory which I can never hope again to attain over so great and experienced a player as your majesty."

These words somewhat mollified the Sultan, and, after having sat silent for a few minutes, his wrath being partly appeased, he said: "By whatever means the victory has been gained, incontestably it has been won, and since thou must have paid thy forfeit hadst thou lost, Allah forbid that thou shouldst fail to receive the reward that I have promised."

He thereupon commanded that Osman should be arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the office, and summoning all the officers and high dignitaries of the Seraglio to the Hall of the Throne, he presented Osman to them as Grand Vizier.

Then, as he dismissed him, he said, significantly: "Grand Vizier, to-morrow we will play again."

In the evening Osman sat in the official palace of the Grand Vizier, and the Reis Effendi, an old friend of his father, by his invitation, sat at meat with him, and they discussed what had passed and what was to be apprehended.

"Osman," said the Reis Effendi, "thou hast played a bold game and won it; yet I know too well the character and disposition of Murad to be able sincerely to congratulate thee. To-day thou art victorious and Grand Vizier, to-morrow thou mayest only too probably be defeated and slain."

"Reis Effendi," answered Osman, "each must yield to fate; but for my part, I have no intention of playing a game against the Sultan to-morrow."

"Thou hast no intention!" cried the Reis Effendi, in amazement. "Nay, but he has the intention to command thee to do so, and art thou so simple as to suppose that thou hast power to refuse?"

"I am hardly so country-bred as to suppose that," said Osman; "nevertheless, I venture to hope that I may be able so to order things that Murad shall not demand a game again to-morrow."

"And how is that to be accomplished?" demanded the Reis Effendi. "What dark scheme is this thou hast in hand?"

"At present I have no scheme completed," said Osman, "but only the outline or idea of the tactics which must be resorted to. My aim must be to set some affair of such urgency and importance before Murad to-morrow morning that, for the nonce, he will have neither the leisure nor the inclination for chess-playing or any other form of amusement. In the concerns of so great an empire—"

Before Osman could complete the sentence an attendant entered, and announced that an old man was waiting without who desired earnestly an interview with the Grand Vizier.

"It is late," said Osman, "but if he be an old man, doubtless he must have an adequate reason for coming at this hour. Let him enter."

When the applicant entered the apartment, what was Osman's astonishment to behold in him no other than his own father. After having been warmly welcomed by both Osman and the Reis Effendi, the old man was pressed to say how it came to pass that he had undertaken so long a journey.

"My son," he replied, "after thy departure, neither thy mother nor, sooth to say, myself either could control the anxiety and apprehension we suffered on thine account. Therefore, having sold a ring—the last remaining valuable in our possession—in order to provide the small fund necessary for my journey, I followed thee to learn the result of thy rash attempt. Happily, it appears that thou hast won and not lost the game, yet whether thou art not still in imminent peril is much to be doubted."

"That thy son is even now in extreme peril of his life there can be no question," said the Reis Effendi. "To-morrow he must again play, unless, indeed, he can manage to divert the Sultan's attention and alter his declared intention. But in what way such a diversion is to be accomplished I can not imagine."

"If that be the case," said the old man, "it is indeed well that I undertook the journey hither, for I have brought intelligence which may now stand us in good stead. On my

way I learned by accident of a conspiracy that appears to be hatching in Roumelia, the early knowledge of which may prove of great value to the Sultan and his advisers."

"Thou art indeed fortunate," said the Reis Effendi, "to be in the possession of that information. His majesty will doubtless be alarmed, and his attention engrossed by the details of such a project."

When, next morning, Osman, in his capacity as Grand Vizier, was closeted with Murad, he hastened to impart to him the intelligence he had received concerning the projected rising and the design of the rebels to march upon the capital.

On hearing this account, Murad, seized with panic, talked of raising a large army and at once marching upon the disaffected province.

Osman, however, said calmly: "If your majesty will permit me to express my opinion, I should say let no man know of this conspiracy, for even the rumor of insurrection is apt to unsettle men's minds and spread the infection of revolt. The plan of the conspirators at present is secret; let it never be declared; crush it in the bud. At this stage a very small force will suffice, even as the beginning of a fire, which neglected would waste a city, may be quenched with the contents of a bucket. Let me, your majesty, take five hundred Janissaries with me, proceed with all speed to Adrianople, and two hours after my arrival the leaders of the plot will be executed and the movement will be at an end."

The Sultan approved this reasoning and the advice given him by his new Grand Vizier, and bade him start at once on the mission he had proposed.

Within an hour the Grand Vizier, with his escort of five hundred men, left the capital; Osman, as he parted with his friend the Reis Effendi, observing simply: "The game of chess is adjourned."

The Grand Vizier, on reaching Adrianople, proceeded immediately to the house of the Governor of Roumelia, and had him executed on the spot. Having also put to death several of his creatures and officials who had been guilty of the grossest tyranny and extortion, and also those who had been in any way implicated in the projected rising, he replaced, to the great joy of all, his father in his former position of Governor of Roumelia, and hastened back to report to his majesty that the province was now perfectly contented and loyal.

The Sultan was delighted with the promptitude and energy of his new Grand Vizier. He began from this time to rely on his judgment and to take his advice on every occasion, and for a time Osman ruled the empire with unquestioned authority and conspicuous success. Murad often commanded the presence of his Grand Vizier at the chess-board; but the stakes to be played for were always fixed within the bounds of reason and moderation, and whether the game were lost or won—and Osman was too prudent often to win—the terrible claws of the imperial tiger remained sheathed in velvet.

This happy state of affairs continued some time, and might perhaps have continued indefinitely had not the Bostanji Bashi, in revenge for some imaginary slight or unintentional discourtesy on the part of the Grand Vizier, contrived his downfall. This was a task not difficult to be achieved with a master such as Murad. A few words alluding to "the policy and aims of our new ruler," which he was allowed to overhear, excited the jealousy and suspicion of the Sultan. And with him the interval between jealousy and suspicion, and the determination to rid himself of the object of them, was short indeed. He determined at once that Osman should play again for his head, and that this time he should lose.

On the same afternoon he took occasion, on winning a game, to address Osman as follows: "My good Grand Vizier, I notice that in these little friendly contests of ours you seldom win. Now, I like not to play with one who puts not out his full strength." With a mocking smile he continued: "Probably the stakes are now too trivial to make it worth while for you to exert your full powers. This must be remedied. I on my part will stake one of my daughters; you shall, if you win, have her to wife, and with her a dowry of two hundred purses of gold. And you on your side must, I suppose, play for the stake you played for at first, and then, you remember, you won in five moves, and easily enough."

"Your majesty," said Osman, who saw at once that the temper of the Sultan had changed, and who entertained no doubt but that his own fate was already determined upon, "whatever stakes you decree must, of course, be accepted, but this time I have no new gambit to pit against your unrivaled and ever victorious skill."

The Sultan appreciated the compliment, but it did not cause him to alter his decision.

The afternoon of the next day was fixed as the time appointed for the playing of this fateful game. During the interval Osman pondered deeply on the best course to pursue in the predicament in which he now found himself. He was in little doubt that, even though he should win this game, another equally momentous would follow, and that nothing could avail to keep his head on his shoulders if Murad had, as he shrewdly suspected, determined to get rid of him. Yet it was clear that, under these circumstances, to win would probably be less immediately fatal than to lose; it might for a short time delay, if it could not avert, the end that seemed inevitable. Therefore, when, on the following afternoon, the Grand Vizier faced the Sultan at the chess-board, each of these good players sat down determined to win if he possibly could manage it.

They were not alone. A large number of the great officers and high officials of the state and the palace sat watching the game which might so suddenly terminate the brief and brilliant career of one of the players. Every move was followed with the keenest interest. The game was fought with great skill and indomitable patience by both combatants. It lasted long, and the chances of victory and defeat still held an even balance.

It was the Grand Vizier's turn. He moved his piece, when suddenly it flashed upon him that the move was a mistaken one. Virtually, it sealed his fate. Unless the Sultan should by some extraordinary obtuseness overlook the opportunity afforded him, three moves would at once terminate the game and cut short the life of Osman. He dared not raise his eyes from the board, lest his glance should involuntarily betray to the Sultan his consciousness of the blunder he had committed.

For some time the whole assembly sat silent and motionless. The Sultan made no move. What could be the cause of his delay? Was he gloating over the assurance of victory and purposely prolonging the anxiety and apprehension of his victim, or could it be possible that he had really failed to observe the opportunity provided for him and was still considering undecided his next move?

The pause continued so long that Osman ventured at length to raise his eyes to his adversary. Rather than such suspense it would be preferable to know the worst. As he looked up a strange sight met his gaze. The Sultan sat with his head bent down; the afternoon was sultry, and at the very crisis of the battle he had fallen asleep!

There was little doubt that when he woke the first glance must reveal the opportunity that was presented to him.

Meanwhile, none dared to disturb him, and the unhappy Osman was compelled to await, with as much patience and fortitude as he could command, the tragic and inevitable result.

No man in that large assembly either spoke or stirred. With calm, unruffled demeanor, truly Oriental, they sat silent and watchful till the Sultan should awake and deign to continue the game which his sleep had so suddenly interrupted. Silence reigned in the court without no less than within the hall itself.

At length the call to prayer of the Muezzin on the mosque resounded through the heavy air: "Come to prayer, come to prayer, God is most great, God is most great. There is no God but God." Still the Sultan slept, and no one in that bejeweled crowd dared to disturb his slumber.

At last an incident that none could have foreseen occurred to break the silence. One of the soldiers stationed at the door followed unconsciously the example set him by his imperial master and fell asleep, and suddenly his scimitar, falling from his relaxing grasp, fell clanging on to the marble steps.

All looked up with amazement; all excepting Murad.

Then Osman rose and touched the Sultan lightly on the shoulder, and he fell forward with a crash among the chessmen—for he was dead.

H. N. CRELLIN.

"Voici le Bois que ma Sainte Angelette."

Here is the wood that freshened to her song;
See here, the flowers that keep her footprints yet.
Where, all alone, my saintly Angelette
Went wandering, with her maiden thoughts, along.
Here is the little rivulet where she stopped;
And here the greenness of the grass shows where
She lingered through it, searching here and there
Those daisies dear, which in her breast she dropped.
Here did she sing, and here she wept, and here
Her smile came back; and here I seem to hear
Those faint half-words with which my thoughts are rife.
Here did she sit; here, child-like, did she dance,
To some vague impulse of her own romance—
Ah, Love, on all these thoughts winds out my life!
—From the French of Pierre Ronsard.

The leading article in the Leipzig *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift* for April 25th gives the results of a long series of clinical experiments conducted by Professor Rudolf Emmerich and Dr. Hermann Scholl for the purpose of curing cancer by means of *Krebsserum* or *Erysipels serum*. During the last ten or twelve years physicians have repeatedly noticed the remarkably sudden alleviation and rapid healing of carcinoma and sarcoma in consequence of the intercurrent of erysipelas. These observations indicated that in the struggle for existence between pathogenic microorganisms, the microbe of erysipelas attacks and destroys the microbe of cancer. In 1886, Professor Emmerich proved also that the microbe of milzbrand or anthrax (*Bacillus anthracis*) is effectually checked in its ravages by the microbe of erysipelas (*Streptococcus erysipelatis*), and the disease healed within forty-eight hours, and sometimes even sooner. The *Krebsserum*, or specific for cancer, is procured by bleeding a sheep infected with a pure culture of the microbe of erysipelas, and preserving the blood for some time in a sterilized vessel; the microbe is then eliminated, and the residue of blood-serum is the aforesaid specific, which has been applied by Professor Emmerich to six cases of advanced and aggravated cancer in Munich, Bavaria, apparently with complete success. Whether in these inveterate cases the disease has been wholly cured or only temporarily checked, it is as yet impossible to determine; but Professor Emmerich is firmly convinced that his serum will prove to be an infallible remedy for carcinoma, sarcoma, and all kinds of malignant scirrhous tumors, if taken in their early stages.

People scarcely realize (says the London *Sketch*) how large an amount of fine, rare wine and spirits lies hidden in old-country hostleries. Outside London, few people care for any but sweet wines, and on this account clarets and dry champagne of great age and fine flavor are often to be found. These wines probably belong to an age before adulteration became a fine art, and long keeping has made them perfect. Nobody among the natives cares for them, and Boniface usually keeps the supply for the benefit of favored visitors from London.

Germans are nothing if not methodical. Herr von Osten-Sacken, a lieutenant of Hussars, recently wounded himself mortally by accident. The doctor told him he had only three hours to live, whereupon, after making his will, he drew up the official report of his own death and sent it to his superior officer.

THE MEDIOCRITY OF WOMAN.

Her Insignificant Achievement in the Paths of Genius—Few Great Women as Compared with Men—The Famous Women of the Ages.

The nineteenth century has been called the "Woman's Century." During the latter half of it, the gates have been opened and the women have been given "the keys of the field." For the first time they have been permitted to range over the paddock and to try their speed in gay and unrestricted freedom. They have enjoyed their liberty immensely; they have availed themselves of it with prudent sedateness; they have shown no inclination to abuse it.

They have gained for themselves admittance into the arts and professions, many of the latter having been until lately closed to them. In the short time that they have had to prove themselves worthy of this extending of their privileges they have made astonishing progress. Judging by what has been already done, in the next half-century they may be throned on high with the earth's greatest. The Woman and her partisans, realizing this, have talked greatly about her advancement and her achievements. She has had her detractors, but she has had her adherents, and these have sounded her praises in the land, not wisely but too well. They have not only said of her that in the future she is to be intellectually matured and free—which we hope will be true—but that in the past she was so, too—which we know to be untrue.

This extravagant and unreasoning praise has done much to bring The Woman and her cause into ridicule. She has had much laudatory comment to expend upon her sister who writes and her sister who paints, but she has not been so foolishly lavish in her encomiums as are those outside hangers-on who beat the drum and gather the crowd and proclaim the wonderful intellectual superiority of the female of the race. They have it that The Woman is not only mentally superior now, but always has been, and they cite a sporadic case or two of a woman who wrote plays, like Mrs. Inchbald, or one who was fond of scientific study, like Mme. de Châtelet, as proof of their assertion. Their prophecy of future distinction is bright with the hope of fulfillment. But their statement as to the glorious record of the past shows a melancholy disregard of fact.

Up to the present time woman's intellectual achievement has been absolutely insignificant as compared with man's. Save in the one department of histrionic and operatic effort, The Woman's contribution to the intellectual life of her time has been almost nothing. It is astonishing, considering the force and quickness they have shown when the way was made clear to them, that there are not more examples of women breaking the bonds of their domestic prison-house and liberating their suppressed genius. But they seem to have been content to pass onward through the centuries of darkness and light, blood and peace, doggedly plodding on in the heavy routine that Iago described in one short sentence.

After the stage, women's talents are said to have blossomed most luxuriantly in the field of literature. To the woman who was poor but honest, the pen was a means of support when female doctors, and lawyers, and college presidents were as unknown as the telephone. Women have been writing for centuries, and, though the pay was as small as the succeeding fame, there was no interdict against their exercising their talents in graceful writing. Yet, as compared to the list of great male writers, how small, how painfully small, is the collection of women.

From Sappho to Adelaide Proctor the poetesses come in sparse Indian file. Centuries divide them. There must have been many who longed to liberate their burning thoughts in song. There must have been many who tried—mute, inglorious Miltons, whose lyres were dumb and harps remained unstrung. But those who did shake off the lethargy of centuries and rise up before the world were but a handful.

In the Bible, Miriam and Deborah sang as grandly as the mystic and mellow-tongued prophets. The genius of Vittoria Colonna cast a broad gleam of light across the dimness of the Middle Ages. In the great intellectual tumult of this century, Elizabeth Barrett rose upon the poetic horizon and was hailed as a new star. Caroline Norton had preceded her. That the literary performances of these two talented women should have met with the enthusiastic acclaim which greeted them, is surely proof that the world agreed with Dr. Johnson when he compared a female writer to a dog walking on its hind legs—"It is not well done," the great lexicographer had tolerantly observed; "but you are surprised to find it done at all." Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge had written then. Elizabeth Barrett was to marry the greatest of modern poets. Tennyson was rising into fame. Swinburne, Matthew Arnold, and Rossetti were yet to come. Against this splendid galaxy the advocate of woman's mental equality has to offer Mrs. Browning, Caroline Norton, Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, Mrs. Hemans, and L. E. L.!

In prose, women have a higher and a fuller record. They have been spasmodically breaking out into prose for centuries. It was an amusement for princesses, as Margaret of Navarre proved. The peculiar *espièglerie* and sparkle that so often mark the talent of the writing woman were possessed in perfection by Mme. de Sévigné. In the dusk of the past centuries, Anna Comnena is said to have written histories. Agnes Strickland wrote them in modern times, and there are still people who read "The Queens of England." As romance writers, a few women touched a point of excellence where their works could be justly compared with those of men. Jane Austen is now largely read. George Eliot was a woman of supreme talent; the Brontës were women of genius. George Sand in her day stood higher in public favor than Balzac, though to-day her books are not in demand. Mme. de Staël was also cited as a genius, but who reads "Corinne" and "Delphine" now?

Mary Shelley, who was a really wonderful woman, wrote what was considered a really wonderful book; but ask at the libraries if there is ever a demand now for "Frankenstein." The Margravine of Bayreuth left some vivacious memoirs, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague some bright letters of which she thought more than any one else. All through the Elizabethan renaissance The Woman was mute; but at the Restoration a little handful of "literary ladies" took to writing plays, which were witty and more or less disreputable, according to the fashion of the time. Mrs. Behn's were the most successful. Nearly two centuries later, Mrs. Inchbald was a popular playwright, and was probably the first woman employed as a dramatic critic. In this country there has been but one literary woman of the first class—Margaret Fuller. She was a woman of astonishing talent and strange temperament, yet already her writings are neglected, and the new generation hardly knows her name.

It is as a romance-writer only that The Woman has shown talent comparable to that of The Man. As historian, poetess, essayist, dramatist, her performances are so inferior to The Man's that a comparison is absurd. Her advocates may bring forth Sappho against Homer and the Greek dramatists, Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, Dante and Petrarch, the singers of the Norse Sagas, Virgil and Horace, but the solitary figure of the Lesbian Muse looks small and lonely opposed to the solid throng of her masculine rivals.

In the other arts she has made even less of a mark than in literature. No woman has ever been a celebrated musical composer, though it is said that Mendelssohn's sister assisted him in composing "The Wedding March." No woman has ever written a great opera, a great oratorio, a great symphony. They have been fairly successful as composers of ballads and light music, but have never risen above agreeable mediocrity. As musical performers they have made a better record, but even there there has been no great distinction shown. No woman has ever played the piano like Liszt or Paderewski. There has never been a female violinist to compare with Wilhelmj or Ysaye, not to mention Paganini. Clara Schumann and Carréno, Camilla Urso and Norma Neruda, are not names to stand with those of these great ones of the artist world.

As painters, women have done more, though their achievement as compared to that of men is sadly small. There were no women artists among the Italians of the times of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Margaret Van Eyck is said to have painted with her brothers, but, after all, little is known of her. Angelica Kaufmann gained a great prestige in her day. She was the one woman artist of note among the company of talented men who preceded and followed Sir Joshua Reynolds. She is described as having been charmingly pretty, accomplished, and captivating, which may account for the unusually exalted position in which contemporary judgment placed her work.

Mme. le Brun beld, and still holds, a high position among the artists of her nation. She was a woman of remarkable talent; her painting of Marie Antoinette and her children being recognized as one of the most perfect portraits of the unhappy queen. In modern France and England, Rosa Bonheur and Elizabeth Thompson stand as high in their own lines as any one man or woman. Below these two are numerous women artists, but none of the first rank; none—to jot down names at random—to rank with Orcardson or Millais, with Sargent or Whistler, with Roghegrosse, or Jules Breton, or Dagnan-Bouveret. Abbéma is held in high esteem by the art world of Paris, but her pictures rarely find their way across the water to this country.

As patriots there have been remarkable women from Jael the Hittite to Théroigne de Mericourt. France, however, seems to have had the monopoly of these. We hear of isolated cases in other lands, like the Roman Clodia, and Judith hacking off the head of Holofernes, but Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday and Mme. Roland were Frenchwomen. In England, the patriot woman seems to have kept well in the background. Since the days "when wild in wood the early Briton ran," Boadicea has had no worthy successor. In statesmanship a few women have shown marked ability. Isabella the Catholic, Christina of Swedeo, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, were great as rulers, whatever they may have been as women.

It is only on the stage that The Woman's artistic performance has equaled, and in some cases surpassed, The Man's. In England their talents seem to have been equally matched. There was Peg Woffington, and Dora Jordan, and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Nance Oldfield, and there was Garrick, and Macready, and Keane, and Kemble. Fanny Kemble was a favorite, and Adelaide Neilson won a first position by fair talents matched with exquisite beauty.

In France, the woman player surpassed the man in talent and finish. There has been no French actor who has stood on the same plane as Rachel. Adrienne Lecouvreur and Clairon were the great dramatic stars of their day. Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Mars live in the history of the stage, while the names of the men who acted with them are forgotten. The two Brohans and Rose Chéri are remembered as kindly as Regnier and Got. As for singers—there the women are far ahead! What a list of sonorous names, mighty in the annals of opera, they make!—Catalani, Malibran, Grisi, Sophie Arnould, Succ, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Sophie Crevelly, Tietjens, Trebelli, Lucca, Patti, Nilsson, Lagrange, Anoa Bishop, Scalchi, Gerster, Materna, and so on, and so on. One could fill the page up with them—the women who have succeeded in one art better than men.

GERALDINE BONNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

Siberia is becoming civilized. A German flute-player, named Terschak, has just ended a tour of concerts in which he played at Omsk, Irkutsk, Tobolsk, Tomsk, and many other towns, and a pianist has been engaged for next year to begin a tour at Vladivostok on the Pacific and to travel through Siberia back to Europe.

A HEADSMAN'S MEMOIRS.

Grievous and Pathetic Incidents from "The Diary of Charles Henri Sanson: State Executioner"—Famous Personages He Guillotined—Why He was Called "M. de Paris."

One of the most curious of recent hooks of personal memoirs is "The Diary of Charles Henri Sanson." The diarist was the first of the family of Sansons who for several generations held the office of public executioner in Paris, and it was his aristocratic hearing that first earned for the French headsmen the sobriquet of "M. de Paris." His book is full of interesting, if ghoulish, details about notable figures and events in French history, but its most striking characteristic is the terrible pathos of the isolation his abhorred profession forced upon him.

How Charles Henri Sanson de Longval became a public executioner is told in this passage:

In the year 1762, I was a lieutenant in the regiment of M. le Marquis de LaBoissière, which was quartered in the town of Dieppe. One day I had a bad fall from my horse. They carried me to the abode of a poor man who lived in the Clos Mauduit. He tended me until I was cured. But I caught an illness more serious. I fell in love with his daughter, Marguerite. At first I tried hard not to think of her, but at length, yielding in spite of myself, I found myself in the road near her house. I went round the hedge, and catching sight of her in the garden, I leaped the inclosure, and running up to her, confessed my love. The girl was not angry, but she begged me to go away as her father might come out and see us. I obeyed at last, and left her. But henceforth I paid her regular visits. My love increased so much that I cherished her as if she had been a queen's daughter. One day I received a summons from M. le Marquis de LaBoissière. On entering, I found him in violent anger against me. He told me I had disgraced the regiment by my affection for the daughter of an executioner, speaking of her in such terms as I dare not repeat out of respect for her memory. Hearing which, I retorted so bitterly that M. le Marquis ordered me to remain under arrest until he had acquainted the king with my conduct. At this I drew my sword, and breaking it over my knee, I told him he could dispense with writing to the king, as I resigned my commission. I then left him, but fearing he would have me arrested, I saddled my horse, resolved to go forth and embark for India. I would not go without bidding farewell to my mistress. I therefore rode to the Clos Mauduit. The house was dark, but I saw a light through the crack of the door in the shed adjoining, and at the same time heard a deep groan. Although not easily moved, I shuddered like a leaf. I looked through the chinks and saw Marguerite, my beloved Marguerite, stretched on the leathern torture bed; her cruel father, looking more like a tiger than a man, had placed her foot in the boot of torture, and with his own hand was striking a spike red with his daughter's blood. At each blow he repeated with rage, "Confess! confess!" and the poor girl, throwing herself backward, with tears and shrieks, implored God to bear witness to her innocence. I only saw this cruelty for a moment. I picked up a small beam and smashed the door into splinters at a single blow. When he recognized me, Master Jouanne seized his large sword and vowed that if I stirred in his daughter's defense, he would strike her head from her shoulders. I fell on my knees, crying and moaning, as poor Marguerite was doing when I entered. Master Jouanne then asked me whether I brought the name of his daughter's lover, which he sought to obtain by torment. I replied by confessing my fault, confessing that I alone was guilty, and not his saint-like and virtuous daughter. Hearing this, Master Jouanne burst into tears; he sank before the bed of torment, he unloosed the boot from his daughter's leg, and, taking her foot between his hands, he kissed her wounds, imploring her pardon with so much grief that he would have drawn tears from a stone. At this, I expressed my intention of leaving the country for India, and told him I was ready to take Marguerite for my wife. Jouanne seemed moved, and, turning to his daughter, told her that this was a question for her to answer. The poor girl then took those hands which had just done her so much violence and bloody harm, kissed them, and said she would not leave her father for the crown of India. I therefore proposed that we should all go together; but Jouanne answered that as a tardy change of profession could not prevent me from despising him, and to time my wife, he would only consent if my love was strong enough to share the shame and hatred which fell on himself and his child, and that I could only atone for my crime by becoming an executioner myself.

Charlotte Corday was one of the famous persons whom Sanson sent out of the world; his account of her death is as follows:

On this day, Wednesday, July 17th, first year of the one and indivisible republic, I executed Charlotte Corday. On reaching her cell in the Conciergerie, we found her writing. She looked in my direction and asked me to wait. When she had finished, she took off her cap and told me to cut her hair. Since M. de la Barre, I had not seen courage equal to hers. We were all six or seven men, whose profession was anything but softening, and yet she was less moved than we were. When her hair was cropped, she gave part to the artist who had taken her portrait, and some to the jailer's wife. I gave her the red shirt, which she arranged herself. As I prepared to pinion her, she requested to keep on her gloves, because when she was arrested the cords were so tight that her skin was broken. I said she could if she liked, but that I could do it without hurting her. She smiled, and saying, "To be sure you ought to know how to do it," held out her naked hands. There was thunder and rain when we reached the guays, but the crowd was thick. At a window of the Rue St. Hooré, I saw Robespierre, Camille, and Daoton. They looked attentively at the culprit. I myself often looked at her. Not so account of her personal beauty, great as that was, but it seemed impossible that she could remain so calm and courageous. I said: "You find the way long, I fear?" "No matter," replied she; "we shall reach the scaffold sooner or later." When we reached the Place de la Révolution, I tried to hide it from her by standing up. But she said: "I have a right to be curious; this is the first time I see it." She ascended the steps nimbly. One of my men suddenly snatched away her neckerchief, and she stretched out on the weigh-plank of her own accord. Although I was not ready, I thought it barbarous to prolong the poor girl's sufferings for an instant. I made a sign to my man, and he pulled the rope.

Even more shocking is this account of an incident of his work:

A very unfortunate accident happened to-day. Only one convict remained, all his companions having been executed. As he was being strapped down, my son, who was attending to the baskets, called me, and I went to him. One of the assistants had forgotten to re-tie the knife, so that when the weigh-plank was lowered with the convict Laroque strapped upon it, his face struck the edge of the knife, which was bloody. He uttered a terrible shriek. I ran up, lifted the plank, and hastened to raise the knife. The convict trembled like a leaf. The mob hissed us and threw stones at us. In the evening, Citizen Fouquier severely reprimanded me. I deserved his blame, for I should have been in my usual place. Citizen Fouquier saw I was very sorry, and dismissed me with more kindness than I expected. Thirteen executions.

During the Revolution Sanson's services were in almost constant requisition, and no wonder the man revolted at his work. He says:

PRARIAL 29.—A terrible day's work! The guillotine devoured fifty-four victims. My strength is at an end, and I almost fainted away. A caricature has been shown to me, in which I am represented guillotining myself in the middle of a heath, covered with headless bodies and bodiless heads. I do not boast of extraordinary

squeamishness. I have seen too much blood not to be callous. For some time I have been troubled with terrible visions. My hands tremble so that I have been compelled to give up cutting the hair of the doomed prisoners. I can not convince myself of the reality of these weeping and praying victims. The preparations are like a dream, which I strive to dispel. Then comes the thump of the knife, which reminds me of the horrible reality. I can not hear it now without a shudder. Forgetting my own share in it, I abuse the people who look on without raising a finger in their defense. I abuse the sun which lights the scene. I leave the scaffold to weep, though I can not shed a tear. Never were these sensations more violent than to-day. We went to fetch a number, among which were an actress of the Italian Theatre and her servant, Nicole; the latter only eighteen years old, and so thin and delicate that she did not appear more than fourteen. When the poor little girl held out her hands to Larivière, he turned to my head assistant and said, "Surely this is a joke?" The little one, smiling through her tears, answered, "No, monsieur, it is serious." Nicole asked to be in the same cart with her mistress. The crowd was very large, and when the poor little child was seen there was a roar of indignation. Cries of "No children!" were numerous and loud. Women in the Faubourg St. Antoine were weeping. Nicole's eyes seemed to say to me, "You will not kill me!" And yet she is dead. I had to struggle with an inspiration which urged, "Smash the guillotine and do not allow this child to die!" My assistants pushed her toward the knife. I turned away, my legs trembled. Martio had charge of the execution. He said, "You are ill. Go home and trust to me for the rest." I left the scaffold. A woman begged of me in the street. I thought the little girl was before me. This evening I faced I saw spots of blood on the table-cloth as I was sitting down to dinner.

And in all this terrible work, M. Sanson was utterly unsustained by human sympathy; how he was regarded by his fellow-citizens may be learned from this passage—in which a famous person figures in a strange light:

PRARIAL 27.—To-day I had trustworthy information concerning the body-guards, without which it is said Robespierre never goes out. Martin, my assistant, proposed to me to see to this day's work. I accepted, for I had for a long time promised to take my nieces to the country, and I was glad to get out of sight of the guillotine. We went through Clichy. The little girls romped in the fields, I sat down on the edge of the road. Presently I saw a citizen with a dog coming up. The citizen looked at the children, who were trying to reach some wild roses to a hedge, and, coming to their help, he picked the flowers and divided them between them. I saw the little ones kiss the stranger. They came up to me talking and smiling. Then I recognized him. He wore a blue coat, yellow breeches, and a white waistcoat. His hair was carefully combed and powdered, and he held his hat in his hand. His head was slightly thrown back, and he wore a look of gayety which surprised me. The citizen asked if the children were mine. I replied that they were my nieces. He congratulated me on their beauty. Marie made him a small nosegay, which he stuck in his buttock-hole. He asked her name to remember her when the flower had faded. The poor child gave her surname as well, whereupon Robespierre's face instantly changed. He said to me, in a dry and haughty voice: "You are —?" I bowed. For a few seconds he was thoughtful, evidently struggling with a repulsion which he could not master. At length he bent down, kissed the children very tenderly, called his dog, and went away without looking at me.

Another and an even more pathetic scene is described in the following passage, taken from the later pages of the book:

I was one morning near the Madeleine, which they were pulling down. I was standing behind a column, with a book in my hand, when I heard a sound of horsemen. Three men dismounted and came quickly in my direction; their conversation was animated. "Look," said the smallest and most poorly clad of the three, pulling his large hat over his eyes and pointing to a huge block that the workmen were trying to put on the rollers, "those people do not know how to do their work. I will gage there is not an artilleryman amongst them. I must give them a lesson." "You might hurt yourself," said one of his companions anxiously. "Don't fear for me," returned the other; "every Frenchman ought to aid in erecting the temple of glory. Now, my friends," he said to the workers, "diminish the number of rollers. How badly you are doing it." "Ah, I was sure of it," cried a wooden-legged veteran standing by: "monsieur has served." "Yes, and you, too, in what army?" "In the Little Corporal's regiment," replied the old man. "So was I; you must have been in Egypt." "Yes, I lost my leg there." "Surely the emperor recompensed you?" "Yes, I have my pension." "Your pension," returned the little man, "you should ask for the cross. Put yourself in the ranks to-morrow. I have some influence with Napoleon. Come, messieurs." As they passed, I heard him say: "You hear, they pretend the emperor forgets glory." I felt curious to hear the rest, and to my joy they turned into the marble-worker's tent. As soon as the curtain fell over the entrance, I crept as near as I could without being seen, and heard the same voice, sweet, but full of authority. "Are you content? Have you a chicken in the pot on Sunday? How much do you earn?" "Seven to ten francs." "Ten; do you know the pay of a general?" At this point I was struck roughly on the shoulder, and found myself in the grasp of a giant. He loaded me with abuse, called me traitor and assassin, holding me all the time in a grip of iron. I was in an agony, when I heard cries of "The Emperor! the Emperor!" It was all explained. There was the little man. His smile, as he turned to the workmen, seemed to me a happy omen. "That is enough," he said, "you deafen me. Here are a hundred napoleons to drink my health." The cries redoubled. He had not yet seen me; they brought me to him. He frowned and trembled a little. "Who is this?" he inquired; "look to your prisoner, Roustan." "He will not escape," exclaimed Roustan, drawing his Mameluke's sabre; "if he tries, I will cut off his head." The staff surrounded me, and Napoleon, seeing there was nothing to fear, came up to me. "What is your name?" inquired he. "Sanson." He frowned again. Evidently the name recalled something to him. "What were you doing when they took you?" "I was reading." "Who are you?" "Executor of criminal judgments." At these words, Berthier threw down my book, which he had seized, and Duroc recoiled with horror. The Mameluke regarded me with admiration. His majesty experienced a convulsive agitation which he tried in vain to conceal. "I have touched the infected at Jaffa," he murmured; "Duroc, I believe you are afraid of him. Let him go, Roustan. Listen, Sanson, how long have you practiced?" "Since 1778." "Then was it you who in '93—" He could not finish, but indicated the cemetery by a gesture. I hid my face with my hands to hide my tears. "Ah, it was you," he exclaimed; "and if the convention rebelled again—if they dared—" "Sire," I responded with a profound inclination, "I have executed Louis the Sixteenth." When I looked up, Napoleon seemed turned to stone. His eye was fixed—he looked like a sufferer in the last agony. "He will guillotine us all!" cried Berthier in terror. "Let us go, messieurs," ordered the emperor abruptly, rousing from his stupor, and they all galloped off.

The hook is filled with such passages as those above quoted. They are notable for the famous persons who figure in them or for the striking incidents which they detail, and they are narrated in a simple and direct manner that convinces one of their truth and at the same time impresses on the reader the terrible loneliness that must oppress a headsmen even in the gayest city in the world.

The discovery of wood pulp as a substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper will, it would seem, soon have to be followed up by the discovery of a substitute for wood pulp. It is estimated that eight hundred million feet of spruce logs will be needed to fill the requirements of the mills for this year.

OLD FAVORITES.

Via Salitaria.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh, friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June.
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches,
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye can not greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveler stands—
O'er absent loom from home and nation,
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, theo, the loogiog heart that breaketh,
Stealing the treasures, one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when Thou maketh
The parted—one.—H. W. Longfellow.

The Sans of Cydippe.

By sacred Argos Polycleitus carved,
In Indian ivory and Persian gold,
To Hera, mother of all, dreadful, benign,
A glorious statue in his darkened house.
Straight from her throat ran the pure folds, and fell
In seemingly curves about her unseen feet;
The fillets of her lifted head were bound
With brodered stories of the Fates and Hours;
Sceptre and ripe pomegranate, as was meet,
Her queenly hands sustained, and by her side
The rustling peacock spread his gorgeous train.
For ancient Chrysis, from her wrinkled folds
Letting the torch down fall in obscure sleep,
Careless, not breathed on by the serious gods,
Had touched the old Heraean with white flame,
And like a dream the fabric, full of prayers,
Vows of forgotten athletes, maidens' gifts,
Robes of dead priests, echoes of hymns and odes,
Had glared against the noonday, and was not.
So, nigher to Canathus, on lower ground,
Nearer the bright sea, myriad-islanded,
Argos had built her outraged deity
A nobler fane among those holy trees—
Platanus and elms—that drank her virgin spring;
And all was done, and on this certain day,
From the dark house, shrouded and swathed in cloths,
The dread majestic goddess passed in state
To be unveiled within her own abode.
Then, while the people, clustered in the sun,
Shouted, and pressed, and babes were held aloft,
At one shrill summons of the sacred flute,
In all her gold-and-white magnificence,
The austere god smiled on her worshippers,
Who suddenly fell silent in their awe.
Then came a shout, and from the woodoad road,
Craving a passage through the whispering throng,
Two youths appeared, under a shameful yoke,
Flushed with the sun, and soiled with dust, and bowed,
Who dragged a chariot with laborious arms,
Bleeding and chafed; and on the chariot sat—
With a thin bay-leaf in her aged hair—
A matron with uplifted eyes elate.
Then while all wondered, and the young men sank,
Breathless and glad before the glorious god,
The high-priest lifted up his voice, and said:
"Blessed art thou, Cydippe, blessed be
Thy sons, who shared themselves to bring thee here!
Oh, not in vain for Biton, not in vain
For Cleobis, the unfruitful toil, the sweat,
The groaning axes, and the grinding yoke!
Unloiled their limbs, unfiled their hair,
Unbathed their feet, hateful to maids, and harsh,
But to the gods sweeter than amber drops
That gush from fattest olives of the press,
Fairer than leaves of their own bay, more fresh
Than rosy coldness of young skin, their stains,
Since like a sacrifice of nard and myrrh
Their filial virtue sanctifies the winds."
Then slowly old Cydippe rose and cried:
"Hera, whose priestess I have been and am,
Virgin and matron, at whose angry eyes
Zeus trembles, and the windless plain of heaven
With hyperborean echoes rings and roars,
Remembering thy dread nuptials, a wise god,
Golden and white, in thy new-carven shape,
Hear me! and grant for these my pious sons,
Who saw my tears, and wound their tender arms
Around me, and kissed me calm, and since no steer
Stayed in the byre, dragged out the chariot old,
And wore themselves the galling yoke, and brought
Their mother to the feast of her desire,
Grant them, O Hera, thy best gift of gifts!
Whereat the statue from its jeweled eyes
Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to cloud
In heaven, and the vast company was hushed.
But when they sought for Cleobis, behold
He lay there still, and by his brother's side
Lay Biton, smiling through ambrosial curls,
And when the people touched them they were dead.

—Edmund W. Gosse.

PHIL MAY AND "PUNCH."

The Rise of a New Cartoonist—His Admission to the Staff of the English Comic Weekly—"Punch's" Famous Wednesday Dooers.

One of the most interesting of the minor exhibitions in the galleries just now is that of Phil May's drawings in black and white in the rooms of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street. They are the originals of many of the cartoons he has been contributing to *Punch*, the *Sketch*, and other illustrated papers for some time past, and, thus brought together, they show in a very striking way the characteristics that have made him the best-liked artist in his line that England has known since the days of Charles Keene. It has been objected to him that his types are drawn from the lower classes, and his favorite subjects are the hard-featured and be-butteted coarsermonger and the partner of his joys, 'Arriet, of the heavy fringe and the mightily plumed bat. But there is an infinity of humor in these people of the street, and Phil May has the precedent of Keene's drunkards and Leech's chimney-sweepers, and he may be satisfied with the popular verdict, which is immensely in his favor. The peculiarity of his art is its simplicity, the strength with which, in a few hold lines, he presents the essentials of a thoroughly characteristic portrait.

Mr. May is still a young man, and has risen by sheer force of native talent. I should imagine he has never had much instruction in the use of his pencil. It was simply by jotting down a face here and a bat there, a hand in one place and a coat in another, that he won his marvelous facility in putting on paper exactly what he sees. Of course such work is first appreciated in the illustrated weeklies, and in this way Phil May came to the front about the time the *Sketch* was started some two years ago. His advance was very rapid, his work appearing in all the leading illustrated papers that go in for comic pictures. But the crowning event of his career—if one may so speak of an event in the life of a man who is still young—was his admission, last February, to *Punch's* famous Wednesday dinners.

These Wednesday dinners are to *Punch* what the cabinet meetings are to the government. Except for the first three months of the paper's existence, when Kenny Meadows was the leading spirit, Douglas Jerrold was their first presiding officer, and he sat at the head of the board for sixteen years, ruling the members of the staff with his biting tongue. When Sir John Gilbert, who had designed the title-page used for years on the cover of the monthly edition, wished to become a member of the staff, Jerrold killed his chances with the grumbling comment: "We don't want Rubens on a comic paper." Even Thackeray's broken nose and homely face were not exempt from his acidulous remarks. Once the author of "Vanity Fair" was late at the weekly dinner, and offered as excuse the fact that he had been detained at the christening of a friend's child, where he had stood sponsor for the boy. "Good Lord, Thackeray," exclaimed Jerrold, "I hope you didn't present the child with your mug!" And again, when it was said that Thackeray was "turning Roman" because he defended Doyle's secession, Jerrold made the tart suggestion that "he'd best begin with his nose." But Jerrold was sometimes in better humor, as when, toasting *Punch* at one of these dinners, he remarked that he "would never need spirits when he had such Lemon-aid."

Thackeray, Gilbert Abbot à Becket, Leech, Percival Leigh, and Charles H. Bennett were among those who gathered around the board in those days; of the last-named, Mr. M. H. Spielmann—who is preparing a "History of *Punch*," by the way—tells a good story. It seems that Bennett was frequently absent from the dinners, owing to an illness that ultimately carried him off; but his fellow-diners refused to accept that as an excuse, and, as he had the artist's habit of wearing his hair long, one day sent him the following extraordinary communication:

"PUNCH" COUNCIL, Oct. 24, 1866.

Present—LEMON	W. H. BRADBURY
EVANS	G. DU MAURIER
HORACE MAYHEW	EVANS <i>fil</i>
TOM TAYLOR	S. BROOKS
LEIGH	TENNIEL

"Resolved," That this meeting deeply sympathises with C. H. Bennett on the state of his hair.

That this meeting appreciates the feeling which detains the said Bennett from the Council until his hair shall have been cut.

That this meeting deprecates the inequity which prevents the said Bennett from attending a Barber.

That this meeting, anxious to receive the said Bennett to its bosom once more, organises a subscription to enable him to attend the said Barber.

That this company, having (limited) confidence in Mr. Mark Lemon, entrusts him with the following subscriptions in aid of the above object, and requests him to communicate with the aforesaid Bennett to the end that he may have his dam hair cut and rejoice the assembly of the brethren.

(Signed)	MARK LEMON	£	s.	d.
	FREDERICK EVANS	0	0	1
	PERCIVAL LEIGH	0	0	1
	HORACE MAYHEW	0	0	1
	TOM TAYLOR	0	0	1
	W. H. BRADBURY	0	0	1
	GEORGE DU MAURIER	0	0	1
	F. M. EVANS	0	0	1
	SHIRLEY BROOKS	0	0	1
	J. TENNIEL	0	0	1

Stamps enclosed..... £ 0 0 10

It was the custom in Mark Lemon's time for the diners to assemble at six o'clock sharp; then Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor allowed it to slip back half an hour, and now Mr. Burnand, who succeeded to the editorial chair and, consequently to the head of the table in 1880, expects each member of the staff to be in his place by seven o'clock. There are fourteen members of the present staff, among whom the most prominent are F. C. Burnand, the editor; Arthur à Becket, his "sub," whose friendship with Mr. Burnand dates back thirty years and who has stood godfather to no less than four of Mr. Burnand's children, the author of "Happy

Thoughts" having reciprocated by performing the same office for Mr. à Becket's youngest boy; Sir John Tenniel, who draws the "big cut," as they call the leading cartoon; George du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Phil May, Bernard Partridge, E. J. Milliken, and E. T. Reed. The dinner is over by half-past eight, and after the coffee and cigars are finished, the cloth removed, and the waiters, who have brought pens and paper, dismissed, the editor calls for suggestions for the "big cut." These are respectfully heard and carefully discussed by all present, Mr. Burnand deciding finally on the subject which Sir John Tenniel is to put in shape. Then they discuss the legend—"cackle," they call it—that is to accompany it, and that being decided on, subject and text are given to Sir John to prepare for the next issue. Very, very seldom is the subject of the cartoon changed before it is printed on Friday, and yet the only serious mistake in its big picture to be set down against the editors of *Punch* was its blunder at the time of Gordon's death.

After this all-important matter has been disposed of, the "cartoon junior" or second cartoon, which is generally Linley Sambourne's work, is discussed and determined on; but this determination is not final, for Mr. Sambourne often gets a wire from his chief on Thursday morning, hiding him elaborate some entirely new theme. By this time the business of the evening is finished, for the pictures and jokes contributed by Mr. du Maurier, Mr. May, Mr. Partridge, Mr. Reed, and the rest do not come before the diners for consideration.

There are a number of people who pretend to have been present at the *Punch* dinners, but in reality very few have enjoyed that privilege. But one lady has had the honor claimed for her—Harry Furniss's aunt, Mrs. Thompson, who before she married Dr. Thompson, was engaged to Landells, the first *Punch* engraver and one of its early proprietors, and the rules of the dinner—far less strict in those days than they are now—may have been relaxed in her favor. Dickens was often present, through his intimacy with Douglas Jerrold; so was Sir Joseph Paxton, the designer and builder of the Crystal Palace, through Mark Lemon's kind offices. But of living men, few can boast the privilege of having attended these weighty conferences. I know of but two: Dean Hole, who has told in his "Memories" of the notable dinner of February 15, 1860, and Sir John Millais—who, by the way, has contributed to *Punch*—under Mark Lemon's régime. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 22, 1895.

AMERICA'S LEISURE CLASS.

Some of the Luxuries they Enjoy at Newport—A Clam-Bake Club—The New Home of the Newport Country Club—A Skating-Rink for Millionaires.

New York is a dreary place just now. Of course there are the usual rushing crowds down-town, and the country cousins are in evidence at the roof-gardens. But the fashionable element has flitted away: curtains are drawn in the "Diamond-back" district, the doors and windows are wired against the predatory burglar, and dust is accumulating in the doorways of the brown-stone fronts. The crowds of equestrians and gay equipages that were wont to fill the park are gone, and one sees of them only the blanketed horses and white-swathed carriages on their way to ferries and railway depots.

Newport is the centre of fashionable life, if it can be said to have a centre just now. There are few functions of any importance going on, the hostesses confining their entertainments to small dinners for the present, but the smart set is at Newport rather than Lenox, Bar Harbor, or Europe. At the dinners, at teas, and at the Casino, the talk is of the surprising marriage of the late Colonel Elliot F. Shepard's daughter to the son of the late John A. Morris, the lottery millionaire, which was quite a romantic affair and in the nature of an elopement; of the new Clam-Bake Club; and of the opening of the new club-house of the Newport Country Club. Every one shows up on Bellevue Avenue in the drive from four to six every afternoon. Oliver Belmont is a prominent figure in this parade. He and his brother, Perry, have the largest stables on the island, there being twenty-five blooded horses and thirty carriages and carts in their stables, and thirty-five drivers, grooms, and footmen being employed in caring for them. Mr. Belmont is living in the famous farm of which he and Willie K. Vanderbilt have been joint possessors up to this season. It is a combination stable and residence, and inasmuch as it contains a great dining-hall measuring forty feet by eighty, with a vaulted ceiling of carved rafters, it is expected that Mr. Belmont will do much entertaining later in the season. Mrs. August Belmont, his mother, will be the hostess on these occasions, for Ollie is a great stickler for the proprieties.

Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt, as she is now called, or Mrs. Willie K., as the world best knows her, is to occupy the famous marble palace, which has hitherto been too damp to live in, and undoubtedly there will be a great deal of friction between her and the Mills set. She is not going to bide her beautiful blonde head by any means; there are already eighteen horses and thirty-four smart carriages in her stables on Wheatland Avenue, half a mile from the marble palace. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, too, will be in Newport with Mrs. William Astor, and other people of social note who are to spend the season in the Rhode Island town are Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Isaac Thompson Burden, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Robert Goellet and Mrs. Ogden Goellet, Mrs. Drexel, of Philadelphia, and a host of lesser lights.

The Clam-Bake Club is a novel institution. It held its first "hake" on Saturday, June 29th, and intends to repeat the performance every fortnight. The projectors even have in view the building of a club-house, but more than one "hake" will be necessary in order to determine whether

there is fun enough in it to warrant making it a permanent institution. It has an energetic and socially wise president in Mr. Center Hitchcock, and among its members are Prescott Laurence, Oliver P. Belmont, Herbert C. Pell, Lisenard Stewart, Brockholst Cutting, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., Elisha Dyer, William Tiffany, Ogden Mills, W. K. Vanderbilt, James P. Kernochan, F. H. Bulkeley, and a dozen other men of their class.

In a few days the handsome new club-house of the Newport Country Club, on Harrison Avenue at Bateman's Point, will be opened with a house-warming ball. The club is a very exclusive one, and all its members are men of very considerable wealth. There are seventy of them, and it is said that their aggregate wealth amounts to something like six hundred millions of dollars. The new club-house stands on high land where Narragansett Bay meets the sea, overlooking the Brenton's Reef yacht-course on the south, with broad stretches of country sweeping away to the north and east. The building is in the colonial style, and consists of a main building, hexagonal in form, with three wings extending from alternate sides. The central part is devoted to a large hall-room elaborately decorated; in one of the wings are the large banquet-hall and smaller dining-rooms, and in another the café and dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, with lockers and baths. The east wing is a great covered promenade overlooking the polo-grounds, golf-links, and race-track on the level stretches below. There are large rooms for storing bicycles in the basement, and the third floor is given over to the use of servants and keepers. The cost of the building and grounds was about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In this new club-house there will be a dance each Wednesday evening, and as the membership is limited by the most inflexible of laws and all entrances to the grounds are strictly guarded, the members and their guests will be able to enjoy a degree of exclusiveness that should satisfy the proudest of the Vere de Veres. Theodore Havemeyer is president of the club, Robert Goellet is its vice-president, and its membership comprises Astors, Belmonts, Burdens, Fearings, Colonel J. N. Bonaparte, Lorillards, Schermerhorns, Vanderbilts, W. C. Whitney, and the rest of the Newport set.

These same plutocrats are preparing to maintain their exclusiveness in their winter sports when they return to town. They will not mix with the *hot polloi*, even to skim across the ice with them, but have formed a project to erect an enormous skating-rink which shall have the largest surface of artificial ice in the world. The organization which is to bring this about is the St. Nicholas Skating Club, and its membership is composed of the same wealthy and fashionable set whose doings at Newport I have been chronicling. The club is by no means a new one, as its members have for years been meeting in a primitive open-air rink in a vacant lot on Eighth Avenue, between Fifty-Sixth and Fifty-Seventh Streets. They had liveried menials to clear the snow from off the ice and to keep the unterrified small boys in a state of proper subjection. But the space has been found too small and the accommodations inadequate, and so, patterning after similar clubs in London and Paris, they are about to put up a steel and glass building which shall contain a surface of sixteen thousand square feet of ice. Galleries will run about the walls and seats for the skaters will be placed at the edge of the rink, while behind these will be a promenade ten feet wide for lookers-on. The offices and cloak-rooms will be in the front of the building, the club-rooms and the dressing-rooms in the rear, and sufficient space will be provided for a grill-room and restaurant, where the tired skaters and their friends may refresh the inner man.

NEW YORK, July 3, 1895.

FLANEUR.

At the last of Sir Augustus Harris's fancy-dress balls, in a certain box a supper was given by a certain South African millionaire, then resident in London. The repast being concluded, the host informed the ladies of the party that he should esteem it a privilege if they would each accept some small memento of a delightful evening. There was the usual chorus of protest, or assent, and then the South African produced a small bag, poured from it an assortment of unset brilliants, and asked each fair guest to select a stone. Though one or two had qualms at accepting so valuable a memento, none declined, as it was whispered to them that their host would be hurt by a refusal.

Russia has embarked seriously on a course of parental government. The state bank advances money at four and one-half per cent. a year on all kinds of goods in amounts as high as two-thirds of their value; it takes money on deposit at one and one-half per cent. A little while ago, to assist the grain trade, the government bought largely direct from the producers, and will soon be the largest holder of grain in the country. It has nearly completed the absorption of private railroad lines, has acquired the monopoly of the manufacture of spirits and the control of the retail trade, is about to take the wine and sugar trade into its hands, and very likely the coal trade as well.

Mr. Ruskin has written a letter in reply to the question: "Ought parents to leave a fortune to their children?" He says that parents ought to educate and maintain their children until they reach maturity. "Damned modernism," he adds, "eats its children young. When they are strong, throw them out of the nest, but let the nest be always open to them. No guilt should ever stand between child and parent. The doors should be always open to a daughter who is a harlot or a son who is a thief, if they return, but no fortune should be left to them."

Berlin is going to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the system of numbering houses, which began there in 1795. Vienna followed in 1803 and Paris in 1805.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Frederick Locker-Lampson completed a volume of literary reminiscences just before his death, which will soon appear, edited by Augustine Birrell. It is said to have been finally decided that the magnificent library of the dead poet—"the Rowfant books"—will not come under the hammer, but remain intact in the possession of his family.

We have been requested to print the following note:

The Cotton States and International Exposition opens in Atlanta, Ga., this coming September. The library committee wishes to secure a representative collection of books by the women writers of the world, with their photographs and autographs; also illustrative work in black and white done by women, and any relics or mementoes of a literary nature that would be of interest. All donations of books will go toward the formation of a free circulating library for the city. Loans will be carefully packed and returned. Contributions can be sent direct to Mrs. Thomas R. R. Cobb, Chairman Library Committee of Pacific States, 421 Spring Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce "The Modern Reader's Bible," a series of books from the Scriptures presented in modern literary form. Four books of "Wisdom Literature" will be the first issued.

Stevenson's new story, "St. Ives," deals with the adventures of a Frenchman captured in the Peninsular War and shut up in Edinburgh Castle, where he falls in love with a Scotch maiden and has a duel over her with a fellow-prisoner. "St. Ives," it is said, was left practically completed by Stevenson. He had been at work on it for more than a year when he died; the first half of it had been entirely rewritten several times, and many chapters had received his final revision.

Laurence Hutton is in Paris looking up the "literary landmarks" of that city.

The English sales of "Trilby," counting all the editions, have reached thirty-four thousand copies. The recently issued large-paper edition was practically exhausted by subscribers and booksellers before it was published.

A forthcoming novel, "Drumsticks," is by the writer whose Teutonic *nom de guerre*, "Johanna Staats," attracted much comment two years ago in connection with various widely discussed short stories. The author is Katharine Mary Cheever Meredith. Although of Detroit birth, she is a granddaughter of Dr. Ebenezer Cheever of early New York and Newark fame, one of the Schermerhorn and Frelinghuysen coteries of fifty or seventy-five years ago.

Rudyard Kipling sent this reply to a query as to whether there were any truth in the statement that "William McManus, the original of Kipling's Private Mulvaney, is now a resident of San Francisco":

NAULAKHA, BRATTLEBORO, VT., June 14, 1895.
DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of the eleventh instant, I can only say that I know nothing of the Private McManus mentioned in the cutting you forward.

At the same time, I should be loath to interfere with a fellow-narrator's trade, and if there be such a person as Private McManus, and if he believes himself to be the original of Terence Mulvaney, and can tell tales to back his claim, we will allow that he is a good enough Mulvaney for the Pacific Slope, and wait developments.

At the same time, I confess his seems to me rather a daring game to play, for Terence aloe of living men knows the answer to the question: "How did Dersley come by the palanquin?" It is not one of the questions that agitate the civilized world, but for my own satisfaction I would give a good deal to have it answered. If Private McManus can answer it without evasions or reservations, he will prove that he has some small right to be regarded as Mulvaney's successor. Mulvaney be can out be. There is but one Terence, and he has never set foot in America and never will.

Very sincerely, RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Stead, for the better inculcating of public taste, is bringing out editions of the English poets at the low cost of one penny per volume. The first issue was Macaulay's "Lays," the second "Marmion," the third "Childe Harold." The fourth is to be "Selected Poems from Lowell." Longfellow will follow soon.

"Friedrich Eduard Beneke: The Man and His Philosophy" is the title of a monograph by Dr. Francis Burke Brandt, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., under the auspices of Columbia College, as the fourth volume of its series of Contributions to Philosophy, Psychology, and Education. The main thesis of the work is that Beneke, rather than Fichte or Hegel, was the true continuator of the Kantian philosophy, and that in his work we have "the profoundest metaphysical insight of our century."

Dr. Ibsen is to have a monument erected in his honor during his life-time. It is to be by a well-known sculptor, Herr Stephan Sinding, and will stand in front of the Royal Theatre at Christiania.

Brown University has conferred the honorary degree of doctor of letters upon William Winter.

Mme. Lardin de Musset, sister of the poet, has emphatically declared that she has no intention of publishing any of the posthumous works of her brother. "Nothing of the kind in her possession is calculated," she says, to add to the fame of Alfred de Musset as a poet. Gossips will be disappointed,

no doubt, to hear that Mme. Lardin de Musset has likewise determined to keep secret her brother's letters, and notably the correspondence between him and George Sand, with whom he was passionately in love.

The Rowfant Club, of Cleveland, O., has now in the press a volume of prose, selected from the writings of the late Frederick Locker-Lampson. An introduction for the work has been written by Austin Dobson. There will also be inserted a prefatory poem by Robert Louis Stevenson, dedicated by him to Mr. Locker in 1886, but here appearing in print for the first time. The edition will be limited to one hundred and twelve copies.

An American woman proposes soon to start on a bicycle tour through the Mikado's dominions, with a view of writing a book, which she will call "Unpunctured Tires in Japan."

Macmillan & Co. will publish during the summer a book by Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, "The Flower of England's Face," a collection of papers describing her wanderings through unfrequented spots in England, Scotland, and Wales. Several of these papers appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. They announce, also, the eleventh edition of Kidd's "Social Evolution," in paper covers, with an entirely new introduction, not to be found in any previous edition.

Six months ago, the Bachelier Syndicate offered prizes of considerable value for short stories, and the results are thus chronicled in the *Critic*:

"The offer was of a first prize of two thousand dollars, for a story that must not be shorter than two thousand words nor longer than six thousand, and of five hundred dollars for a second best. All stories to enter the competition were to be sent to the Bachelier Syndicate by May, 1895, but hundreds (there were three thousand in all) were sent in by April 1st, and came from all quarters of the globe. The names did not accompany the manuscripts, but were contained in sealed envelopes. Mr. Bachelier and his staff sifted over the three thousand stories and selected a possible fifty. Then John H. Borer read these fifty and selected a possible thirteen, which were handed over to Hamilton W. Mabie, of *The Outlook*, for final decision. Mr. Mabie read the thirteen manuscripts that fell to his share manfully, and this is the letter he wrote to Messrs. Bachelier, Johosoo & Bachelier:

"June 8, 1895.
"GENTLEMEN: I have read the stories submitted to me in type-written manuscript with special regard to dramatic interest, inventiveness, novelty and simplicity, and directness of style. In my judgment, the story which combines these qualities in the highest degree is that entitled 'The Loog Arm.' Next in order of excellence I should place that entitled 'The Twinking of an Eye.'
Yours very truly,
"HAMILTON W. MABIE."

"When the sealed envelopes were opened, it was discovered that 'The Loog Arm,' which won the two thousand dollars, was by Mary Wilkins, and 'The Twinking of an Eye,' which won the five hundred dollars, was by Professor Brander Matthews. Miss Wilkins's story, which, being a detective story, is in quite a new vein for her, was written in collaboration with Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*. The result of this contest goes to prove what publishers and editors have repeatedly said, and been reviled for saying, that there is not one chance in ten hundred of an untrained writer's being the author of a story that is worth printing. The Bachelier syndicate contest was open to all, known and unknown, and the result is that the winner of the biggest prize is not only one of the most widely known American story-writers, but one whom many good judges consider the best."

A granduncle of Rudyard Kipling, an ancient gentleman verging on ninety years, has lately burst upon the world as a poet. His verse does not suggest the powers of his honored relative, but it is comparately well-meaning.

The announcement comes from Paris of the engagement of M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Jeanne Hugo, granddaughter of Victor Hugo. She was lately divorced from Ernest Daudet, son of the author of "Sappho," after an unhappy marriage of two years. M. Hanotaux is himself an author of repute, and is best known by his "Vie de Richelieu."

The author of "A Yellow Aster" has about ready a new novel, called "A Comedy in Spasms."

Macmillan & Co. will have ready this month an edition of "Sónya Kovalévsky," which is said to differ in certain material points from the Century Company's edition. The same firm announces "A Modern Man," by Miss Ella McMahon, in the Iris Library. The name of this author is new to the American reader, but in England her recent story, "The New Note," went through four editions in a few weeks.

In a recent interview, Zola has given this account of his methods of work:

"When I was a poor clerk and worked all day, I had only the night left for writing. So strong a hold did this habit take of me that, later on, when I had leisure to do it in the day time, I was compelled in close shutters and light the lamps to cheat myself into the belief that it was night and the proper time for work, else my inspiration deserted me. I now work three hours every morning regularly, and I would not be interrupted even if my house fell about my ears. Try it yourself. Work regularly for one hour every day, and you will be astonished at the quantity of labor you will have got through in a year."

Henry T. Finck has written the text for a sumptuous book which will be issued under some such title as "Pictorial Wagner," and will contain many handsome photogravures of scenes from the great music dramas, after drawings by Ferdinand Leeke.

Thomas Hardy's story, which has already borne two titles in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*—"The Simpletons" and "Hearts Insurgent"—

may bear yet another when it is issued in book-form. In book-form it will, like "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," show a greater amount of unconventionality than was possible in serial form.

Mr. Kipling must have been highly pleased with an unconscious tribute paid him by some of his young readers one evening lately while passing through New York. The expected guest was late, and on observing that the children were sitting up past their usual hour, the head of the family inquired why they had not yet retired. They ingeniously replied, "We are waiting for the Jungle man!"

The author of the recent book entitled "Historic Doubts as to the Execution of Marshal Ney" has submitted his work to four judges of the superior court of North Carolina and to an ex-judge who is now a member of Congress. They have united in the following statement: "We have read your book with a great deal of care, and our verdict as impartial judges is this: You have proved beyond reasonable doubt that Peter S. Ney was Marshal Ney."

Poverty and the Pen.

A piece of advice to young men seeking their fortune in the fields of literature may be found in M. Catulle Mendès's account of his first interview with Henry Murger, the author of "La Vie de Bohème." Armed with a letter of recommendation, M. Mendès visited Murger early one morning, and the following is his account of the interview:

"And so," said Murger, "you have come to Paris to take a hack at literature?" His voice was somewhat hoarse, but soft, for all that, and there was an expression of bitterness and sadness in it. I replied: "Yes; and if you will have the goodness to—" I could say no more, and so I handed him my manuscripts, tied up with a little piece of silk string. He jumped up suddenly, seized the papers, tore them to pieces, and threw them out of the window. Then he paced the room.

"Will you get out of here, boy," said he, suddenly, "and never come back to Paris again?"

"Almost terrified, I walked toward the door, muttering: 'Oh, yes; yes, sir; I beg your pardon; I did not know—I will leave.'"

"Then he took me by the shoulder, led me to the sofa, and made me sit down beside him. After a little while, he said: 'Poor child! That Rivet is a fool to put such noose into your head. But for all that I must beg your pardon. Stop a moment, and we'll have a chat. I like Rivet very much. I went to bed late last night. You woke me up, and I was in bad humor. But you write poetry, and want to write romances and plays?'
"Yes, sir."

"He folded his arms, and his head drooped.

"I am forty-four years old," said he: "I have worked a great deal, I have a great deal of talent, and I am celebrated. You have come to me because you consider that I have a great deal of talent and some celebrity. Look at this chamber where I slept last night. It is not mine; it belongs to a friend of mine. He sleeps upstairs. You see there is no bed in it. I have a bone of my own, but I prefer to stay here, on account of the ringing of the door-bell, which wakes me up every morning. This ringing is done by my creditors. There is the butcher, the fruiterer, and the coal man; they demand their money, and they are right. They are not rich; they need their money, and a fellow is ashamed of being unable to pay them. You have read 'Scènes de la Vie de Bohème'? Thank you. But what can we do? We are bound to make fun of sad things. There is the wife, who gets up before you, and who says to you: 'Come, come, hurry up, get a move on you; do something.' And she is right. She knows that there are not three francs in the house, and that we will want to have breakfast by and by, notwithstanding the fact that we took supper the night before in the Brasserie des Martyrs, or at the Belle Poule. It was to escape her tongue this morning that I slept here last night. Now, as for my plays and my books; I make money by them, do I? I sold the 'Vie de Bohème' for five hundred francs. I am loaded with debts, and the *Revue des Deux Mondes* hardly ever gives me more than three thousand francs for each romance. Of course you expected to find me lodged like a prince, and dressed in Oriental stuffs; but I sleep on a lounge, like a servant waiting for his master, and to the *courtoise* of the house across the way I owe for the mending of the overcoat that I will put on by and by on my way to breakfast on credit at the Brasserie des Martyrs. Oh! But I know now what you are thinking of. 'What matter about poverty,' you say, 'when one has glory?' Glory, my child, does not exist. One is known and becomes famous, if you will. People remark you as you pass, and under the galleries of the Odéon young men who have not money enough to buy your books run over them on the stands. And, moreover, a fellow is bated on account of the notoriety which he has acquired—notoriety which brings him no profit. You can have an idea of the spite, the rage, and the desire to strangle that are concealed in the hypocritical bulliment of those who call you 'Dear master.'"

"But if you had met me at the Café Veron with Scholl, or with Lambert Thiboust, or with Barrière, I might have talked to you in quite another tone. When one has had breakfast—because we do manage to get that. God knows how—when a fellow has received an advance from some journal, and he is sure of a good dinner and a seat at a first performance of a piece that a millionaire would pay ten louis for, he is gay and healthy and pleasant; but now it is morning, and the morning brings the recollection of the sad things of yesterday. It does not believe in the vanities of the evening. Well, I can not invite you to breakfast, because, although I have got credit for myself, I have not got sufficient credit to invite a guest. To tell you the plain truth, I advise you to go away and remain far away from us."

"Now do you know why I tire up your manuscript? Just because I imagined that you had some talent, and I could not help telling you so. Then I might be the means of bringing upon you a great deal of difficulty in the future. Very well; go away this very day, if it is possible. Go away! I hope you are not angry with me for talking to you so plainly. Oh, but, after all, I know very well that what I have said will amount to nothing. If you have talent somebody else not less sad than myself—for we literary fellows are all sad—but less convinced of the necessity of performing the duty which I have performed, will say to you: 'That is very good; that is admirable. Go ahead, young man!' Oh, the criminals! Don't have a damn bit of talent. That is the best advice that I can give you. Skip! He shoved me toward the door, and I went down the stairs heart-broken."

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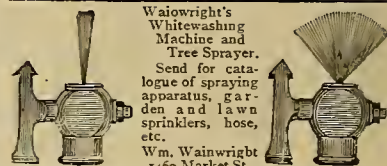


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LITERARY NOTES.

Daudet's Masterpiece.

A new English edition of Alphonse Daudet's "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné" has recently been brought out in this country, the translation being the work of Edward Vizetelly and the illustrations, eighty-eight in number, being wood engravings from the French designs of Georges Roux.

There is no French novelist who stands higher than Alphonse Daudet, and this story is by many considered his greatest work. In it are best seen the qualities that won for him the *sobriquet* of "the French Dickens": the personages are of the *bourgeoisie* and lower classes, and in painting them Daudet has shown himself a master at observing and putting in words the appearance, speech, and manner of thought of many and diverse types. But "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné" is not so much a collection of character-sketches as a strong story artistically told, and it well deserves its place among the classic novels of the age.

The central figure, for it is she who furnishes the *motif* of the tale, is Sidonie, one of those fascinating and utterly selfish and conscienceless young women who seem born only to embroil all who know them. She is in love with Frank Risler, but throws him over on the chance of winning George Froment, and when the latter marries another girl, in a fit of pique she sets about winning the love of the elder Risler, a simple-hearted, frank, generous fellow, and marries him out of hand. The elder Risler and Froment are partners, and later, when Sidonie has contrived an intrigue with Froment, the latter satisfies Sidonie's love of luxury by giving Risler large sums as the profits of their business. The younger Risler unexpectedly returns and discovers what all his elder brother, the deceived husband, have long known; but Sidonie pretends that it is a distraction entered upon in her despair at the loss of his love, and she even wheedles from him a letter confessing that it was he who had had relations with her. When the crash comes, the elder Risler, desolate without wife or partner and turning to his brother as his sole interest in life, reads this letter, which he has had unopened for months, and his last hope dies. He kills himself.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

New Publications.

A new edition of "The Bondman," Hall Caine's story of Iceland in the beginning of this century, with the author's preface to the fourth edition, has been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"One Hundred Bear Stories," historical, romantic, biblical, and classical, related, selected, and edited by Murat Halstead, has been published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Utterly Mistaken," by Annie Thomas; "Should She have Left Him?" by William C. Hudson; "Leona," by Mrs. Molesworth; and E. P. Robins's translation of "Jean Berny, Sailor," by Pierre Loti, have been published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"Der Praktische Deutsche," by U. Jos. Bailey, a method of learning German arranged after the plan of Paul Bercy's "La Française Pratique," and notable for the fact that Roman type is used throughout except in the first two lessons, has been published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Head of a Hundred," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, is an historical romance dealing with Virginia when James the First still reigned in England. The story exhales an odor of fresh sweetness and purity, and it presents many interesting pictures of the customs of the time. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Two new replies to "Coin's Financial School" are "Honest Money: Coin's Fallacies Exposed," by Stanley Waterloo, which is issued by the Equitable Publishing Company, Chicago, price, 25 cents; and "Sound Money," by John A. Fraser, Jr., and Charles H. Sergel, published by the Charles H. Sergel Company, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"At the First Corner and Other Stories," by H. B. Marriott Watson, contains nine tales much in the same style as Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Street." The scenes and personages described in them are intensely vulgar and brutish, and the incidents are such as would scarcely be treated at length in a respectable newspaper. There may be some merit in the vividness with which these unpleasant scenes are painted, but they certainly are not pleasant reading. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

A volume of "Songs of France" has been translated by Margaret Tattall Canby and Virginia Robert Bowers from the French of Pierre Jean de Béranger, with an introduction and notes, literary and historical, by Lambert Sauveur. Beginning with "The King of Yvetot," the book contains nearly a hundred of Béranger's poems, notably "Roger Bontemps," "My Coat," "The Wander-

ing Jew," "The Swallows," and "The Prediction of Nostradamus." Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"A Handbook of Sanitary Information for Householders," by Dr. Roger S. Tracey, sanitary inspector of the New York City Health Department, is an outgrowth of the author's persistent questioning about the matters it concerns. It discusses air, drainage, disinfection, food, and water, and there are appendices giving an alphabetical and descriptive list of the common disinfectants and of plumbers' materials and labor. Explanatory cuts are given in the text wherever it is necessary, and the book is carefully indexed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

The series of painting representing "The Quest of the Holy Grail" which Edwin A. Abbey, the well-known Shakespearian illustrator, designed for the decoration of the delivery room in the Public Library of the City of Boston, has recently been published in a quarto volume measuring nine and one-half by twelve inches, handsomely bound in illuminated Japan covers, with text descriptive of the pictures and the stories they tell. The pictures comprise two large double-page panels and three smaller ones admirably reproduced. Published by R. H. Russell & Son, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Prince of Balkistan," by Allen Upward, is a story founded on incidents in recent European history between 1887 and 1893. Under very transparent disguises the author presents Mr. Gladstone, Bismarck, the Czar, the Count of Paris, and a number of other notables who have been prominent in Eastern politics, the principal personage being Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria himself. It is a story of intrigue and assassination, and an English detective and the chief of the Russian secret police play at cross purposes throughout the story, which concludes with the marriage of the prince and the restoration of order. The tale is not particularly well written, but the author's imagination is lively and his audacity in dealing with living persons is almost beyond belief. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Russian Rambles," by Isabel F. Hapgood, is a book intended in part to disabuse the American mind of many misconceptions regarding Russia and the Russians. Miss Hapgood knew the language when she entered the Czar's domain, and, being a broad-minded woman and a keen observer, the results of her two or three years' sojourn in the land of the White Tsar may be read with unquestioned profit. For example, Kennan to the contrary notwithstanding, in her chapter on the official censor she says that, not only was she permitted to receive the prohibited *Century* undefiled by the censor's black-inking, but that she saw the same magazine in the hands of many others, Russians as well as foreigners. In "Passports, Police, and Post-Office in Russia," she shows the government in a much less despotic light than we are used to conceive it. The book is not a continuous narrative of travel; it consists of a number of disconnected essays on various features of Russian life. The titles of the articles—some of which have already appeared in the magazines—are: "Passports, Police, and Post-Office in Russia," "The Névisky Prospekt," "My Experience with the Russian Censor," "Bargaining in Russia," "Experiences," "A Russian Summer Resort," "A Stroll in Moscow with Count Tolstoy," "Count Tolstoy at Home," "A Russian Holy City," "A Journey on the Volga," "The Russian Kumys Cure," "Moscow Memories," and "The Nizhni-Novgorod Fair and the Volga." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A collection of representative American poems, under the title of "American Songs," has been made by Arthur Simonds, Fellow in the Romance Languages of Columbia College. The purpose of the book is two-fold: to make a representative compilation of short American poems of the present century, and second, to constitute an inductive study of the poets represented in the book, for the poems are supplemented with analytical and critical studies of the writers. In the first part of the book, the classic poets are represented by Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Poe, Jones Very, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes; while the "pre-eminent and later writers" are Walt Whitman, Bayard Taylor, and Sydney Lanier. After this come a group whom Mr. Simonds calls "fore-runners," among whom may be noted Fitz-Green Halleck, G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, J. G. Saxe, Thoreau, and T. B. Read; grouped under "At Swords' Points" are Julia Ward Howe's "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," J. T. Field's "Stars and Stripes," Albert Pike's "Dixie," J. R. Randall's "My Maryland," Stedman's "Wanted—A Man," and Holmes's "Old Ironsides"; and finally among the contemporary poets are C. P. Cranch, W. W. Story, T. W. Parsons, Alice Cary, Colonel Higginson, T. B. Aldrich, Bret Harte, E. R. Sill, Joaquin Miller, John Vance Cheney, John Boyle O'Reilly, R. W. Gilder, G. P. Lathrop, Whitcomb Riley, Miss Thomas, Clinton Scollard, and a number of others of equal note. The volume is concluded by indexes of titles and of first lines. Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

INTAGLIOS.

The Tax-Gatherer.

And pray, who are you?
Said the violet blue
To the Bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size,
To her eye-glass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican Bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax."
Have you nothing for me?"

—John B. Tabb.

A Woman's Bargain.

You will love me? Ah, I know
As men love—no better, dear.
Worship? Yes, a month or so.
Tenderness? Perhaps a year.

After that, the quiet sense
Of possession; careless care,
And the calm indifference
That all married lovers wear.

Elame you, dearest? Not at all.
As Fate made you, so you stand;
As Fate made you, so you fall,
Far below Love's high demand.

Yet how strange is Love's deep law!
I can look you through and through,
Tracing plainly Nature's flaw
In the heart she gave to you;

Knowing all my heart must stake,
All the danger, all the fear,
And yet glad, even so, to make
This, my losing bargain, dear!

—Madeline S. Bridges.

The Valley of Silence.

Out far on the deep there are hillows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred—
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the Valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are harrowed with care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

—Father Ryan.

A Tomboy.

That long-legged darling, Alice James,
Plays cricket with the Johnson boys;
A dozen engines could not make
So shrill a noise.

She's only twelve, and so, unfrocked
Beyond her sometimes shameless knee;
And never maiden longed so much
A boy to be.

She puts on gloves and pads to bat,
And makes young Johnson bowl her slows.
Good heavens! How she pailed that ball!
And how she goes!

She's tumbled yards outside the crease,
And is indisputably out.
Another innings? Ah, how strong
That cherry pout!

She keeps on hatting all the time,
And hammers Rupert Johnson's lobbs;
She also thumps Emilus's,
And also Bob's!

So, riding roughshod over rules,
This long-legged darling has her will;
And when she's twenty, I expect
She will do so still.—Norman Gale.

A Face.

I saw a woman with a face so plain,
So wholly void of all that's beautiful,
As caused a shudder of unwonted pain
To gallop o'er me. Children (dutiful,
I thought them) clung about her as if joyed
To be with her.

I gazed into her soul,
And in! I saw rare beauty unalloyed—
Such saintly gentleness, as drew my whole
Advertence to her in amaze. Her face
Again I saw; no longer commonplace
It seemed, but wondrous beautiful. I thought
It strange no more that many children sought
Her lovely presence—I but wished that I
Might privileged be unto her to draw nigh!

—Anon.

Into the World and Out.

Into the world he looked with sweet surprise,
The children laughed so when they saw his eyes.

Into the world a rosy hand in doubt
He reached; a pale hand took one rosebud out.

"And that was all—quite all?" No, surely! But
The children cried so when his eyes were shut.

—Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

"I love the sea," she said to the poor young man, as they sat on the beach. "I don't see why," he responded, dejectedly; "it hasn't got any money."—Puck.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The theatrical season at the Baldwin commences on Monday night, when Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company will present "The Case of Rebellious Susan" for the first time in this city.

Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was given in Paris for the fourth time not long ago. Van Dyck sang the title-role, and it is a curious coincidence that he was born on the very day of the third performance in 1861, when the opera was hissed off the Parisian stage, not to be produced again until an entirely new generation had come up.

Walter Sanford begins his seventh and last week as a star at Morosco's Grand Opera House next Monday night. He has chosen for his last week "A Flag of Truce," a stirring melodrama in which some startling mechanical effects will be introduced. In one act a mammoth stone quarry is shown, a trained crew of skilled quarrymen working in it with a great derrick, two large steam engines, and real steam drills, and an actual blast of powder is set off on the stage.

Charles Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Black Sheep," will be given at the California Theatre next Monday evening. It has enjoyed long runs in New York and Chicago. The principal part is that of Hot Stuff, the black sheep, which will be played by Otis Harlan.

Bernhardt and Duse have been playing against each other in London in Sudermann's "Heimath." It has been interesting to see how they divided the London critics.

The production of Bronson Howard's comedy, "One of Our Girls," at the Columbia Theatre next Monday evening, will be a notable event. The play will be given under the personal direction of Miss Helen Dauvray, who, by the way, is one of the few American actresses who have ever appeared upon any French stage. She made her Parisian debut at the Folies Dramatiques in September, 1884.

Miss Johnstoe Bennett is soon to leave Charles Frohman's forces and return to Richard Mansfield's company. It was with Mr. Mansfield, six years ago, that Miss Bennett scored her first success as Kathleen in "Beau Brummel."

The Bostonians are coming to the Columbia Theatre in a few weeks, and will present their entire repertoire of new and popular comic operas.

The Lyceum Company's first week at the Baldwin will be devoted entirely to "The Case of Rebellious Susan." "The Amazons," by Arthur W. Pinero, and "An Ideal Husband"—which is by Oscar Wilde, though it will probably not be so announced on the bill-boards—will follow in the order named.

It is definitely settled that Rose Coghlan, Maurice Barrymore, and Henry E. Dixie will appear in the cast with L. R. Stockwell after the Frawley company's engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

Richard Genée must be added to the list of those composers who have died recently, among them being Czihulka and Von Suppé. He was seventy-two years old when he died, and had been writing the music and books of comic operas since 1857. His best known works are "Der Seekadet," well-known in this country under the name of "The Royal Middy," and "Nanon." His death took place near Vienna, where he has lived since 1863.

The public went as wild over Patti during her recent appearances in London as we did here in San Francisco. Stalls were sold there for as much as five guineas each, and to hear "La Traviata" at that.

"The Jilt," a comedy full of funny situations, is to follow "One of Our Girls" at the Columbia Theatre.

Nanette Comstock, a very pretty girl who has been here with two or three companies, went over to England on a pleasure trip recently, and was immediately engaged to play Wilber's Ann in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which is now in its fourth month at the Adelphi in London.

Balfé's melodious opera, "Satanella; or, The Power of Love," which holds the record as the most successful of the Tivoli productions, having had a run of over nine consecutive weeks, will follow "Tar and Tartar" on the Tivoli stage Monday night next. Miss Louise Royce will sing the title-role; Laura Millard the rôle of Lelia, and Al. Nelson that of Stella. Martin Pache will

make his first appearance with the company as Count Rupert, Hartman will be Hortensius, John J. Raffael the pirate chief, and Arthur Messmer, W. H. West, and G. Napoleoni will fill out the cast.

It is two years since the Lyceum Theatre Company has been seen in this city, and though many changes have been made in its personnel in that time, it still contains some of the best actors and actresses in the country. The list of the company is as follows: Herbert Kelcey, W. J. LeMayne, Charles Walcott, Isabel Irving, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Fritz Williams, Bessie—beg pardon, Elizabeth—Tyree, Stephen Grattan, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Aonie Irish, Walter Hale, Katharine Florence, Maud Veoner, Edward Wilks, and Wilfred Buckland.

Camille d'Arville brought her first season as a star to an end a few days ago. She has been singing continuously for sixty-seven weeks, and during that time has missed only seven performances.

Miss Alice Carle, a soprano, will make her first appearance in Flotow's "Martha" at the Tivoli after "Satanella."

Julia Neilson, the newest English stage beauty, is to create the title-role in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," when John Hare's company produces it in New York next winter.

HOW THE GHOST LIMPED.

BACKER OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" COMPANY—I've raised a set of cases on me joolery, gents, an' you can step up an' divvy.

ALI BABA DESMOND—Thanks, me boy; it was needed. With this double saw-horse I can hie me back to York in time to strike a fat with Pettigrew's Minstrels.

MR. FATIMA BURGEE—You ain't never squealed on us yet, Mister Lithgow, an' I'm much obliged. I've been wearin' gauze an' spangled skirts so long I'm 'most ashamed to hit the sidewalk in breeches; but I must ketch the Philly express. Ajieu!

FIRST THIEF, ROBINSON—It's the first teener I've seen since Christmas, sir, an' I'm glad t' get it. [Kisses the bill and folds it in his neck-tie.]

SECOND THIEF, PARKER—Mine's in gold! Heads fer faro, tails fer th' wheel. [Flips the coin.] Faro it is. [Dusts.]

BACKER—Come, Dilworthy! don't be bashful; here's yours.

THIRD THIEF—It seemed so good, sir, I wanted t' anticipate it a bit. Thanks!

[During the next ten minutes, ten more thieves, comprising the balance of the "forty," are paid and leave.]

PROPERTY MAN—I'm thinkin' of startin' a Monte Cristo company, Mr. Lithgow. If you'll give me all th' props, includin' th' Sesame cave, jewels, an' plate, I'll strike off five dollars of th' fifteen you owe me.

THE BACKER [quicker than lightning for fear PROPS will reconsider]—They're yours! Here's th' ten.

SMALL BOY [who has been employed in all capacities and rôles]—Mr. Lithgow.

THE BACKER—What is it, Tommy?

SMALL BOY—You ain't seen any money for so long, ain't you 'fraid you'll git nervous an' pay it all out afore we gits ours?

THE BACKER—I reck'n not. [Opens cash-box and peeps in.] By the shoes of Julius Cæsar! there's only a dollar an' a half left!

SMALL BOY [with tears in his eyes]—I was reckonin' on gittin' enough t' have my hair cut, so's my mother would know me when I git through poundin' ties.

THE BACKER [thoughtfully]—I say, Tommy, I've got to travel a long way to get home; have got an expensive family, with two daughters at boardin'-school, an' a span of horses out to pasture, an' I want to make a proposition. You take th' fifty cents an' I'll keep th' dollar. Is it a go?

SMALL BOY [hushily]—I s'pose it's got ter be. [Curtain.]—Puck.

A "palace" trolley-car is the latest novelty in electric street-railroad equipment. Such a car, built on the Pullman plan, with compartments fitted with tables and easy-chairs, opening from a centre aisle, with an adequate wine and food-locker, and with dazzling illuminations and gorgeous furnishings, has just been put in service on one of the Philadelphia trolley-roads running far out into the suburbs. It is intended for the use of private parties, who can charter it by the trip or the day. Trolley-parties, for excursions to suburban resorts, are becoming quite a social function in Philadelphia.

—HAVING OVERCOME ALL MECHANICAL DIFFICULTIES, the Lurline Baths can now refill the swimming tank in one hour and a half. In this altered condition of things they propose to empty the tank at ten o'clock every night and to forthwith refill it. Wishing to afford bathers and the public every satisfaction, they will throw their doors open and permit all persons to witness the operation free of charge.

—I HAVE FOUND NELSON'S AMYCOSE VERY useful in the treatment of many diseased conditions of the mucous membranes. Also a very pleasant and useful toilet preparation. J. J. GINGLES, M. D., Portland, Oregon.

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Monday, July 15th, Opening of the Season. Eighth Annual Tour of

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The Play, for the First Week Only, will be the New Comedy,

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OTIS HARLAN as "HOT STUFF."

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PACIFIC COAST PAPERS.

What an Eastern Authority Says of Them.

[In a recent issue of *Printer's Ink*, a publication devoted to giving information to advertisers and recognized as a leading authority, appears the following comment on the newspapers of the Pacific Coast:]

Between the Pacific Ocean on the west; the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas on the east; Canada on the north; and Mexico and Texas on the south, lie the great States and Territories designated on the government maps as the "Western Division," but commonly described as the "Far West and Pacific Slope." They cover more than 1,000,000 square miles, or more than one-third of the entire territory of the United States, omitting Alaska. The census of 1890 has credited them with a population of over 3,000,000—about one-twentieth of that in the entire country. Three-quarters of the inhabitants are native-born. Of those foreign-born, 250,000 are from Great Britain and Ireland, 150,000 from the Germanic nations, and over 100,000 from Scandinavia. There were (in 1890) 1,46,000 farms, valued at \$1,094,942,000, with 23,000,000 of improved acres. The live stock was worth \$186,958,000 and the annual farm products over \$150,000,000, while the total valuation of real estate and personal property was \$6,811,422,099; the mining property was valued at \$544,343,485.

In this section there are now published 1,705 newspapers and periodicals of all sorts—220 being issued daily—from which advertisers may select the mediums they prefer to use. It is true in a remarkable degree of these newspapers that those of largest circulation are more generally distributed over a larger part of the total area, while those of smallest circulation are more restricted within a local radius than are the similar publications in any other of the great State divisions.

The following is a list of newspapers in this division, reported in the American Newspaper Directory for 1895, with a circulation each issue of more than 10,000 copies. All the circulation ratings to which an asterisk is prefixed are guaranteed by the Directory to be absolutely correct. Those not so marked are not guaranteed. Their publishers making no definite report, they appear in the Directory with an estimated rating:

DAILIES.	
San Francisco, Cal., <i>Examiner</i>	*72,541
Chronicle.....	40,000
Denver, Colo., <i>Rocky Mountain News</i>	*23,073
(Sunday issue, *23,850)	
Republican.....	*20,496
(Sunday issue, *29,229)	
San Francisco, Cal., <i>Evening Post</i>	17,500
Denver, Colo., <i>Times</i>	17,500
Portland, Or., <i>Morning Oregonian</i>	*15,221
(Sunday issue, *22,051)	
WEEKLIES.	
San Francisco, Cal., <i>Examiner</i>	*79,419
Chronicle.....	17,500
Denver, Colo., <i>Times</i>	17,500
Portland, Or., <i>Oregonian</i>	*15,650
San Francisco, Cal., <i>Bulletin</i>	12,500
<i>Argonaut</i>	12,500
Seattle, Wash., <i>Post-Intelligencer</i>	12,500
MONTHLIES.	
San Francisco, Cal., <i>Pacific States Watchman</i>	*19,200
Golden State.....	12,500
Los Angeles, Cal., <i>Honolulu</i>	*10,000

All the dailies and weeklies named above can be used to advantage by the advertiser who contemplates general advertising throughout this entire Western Division, and it is astonishing how thoroughly he will advertise it if he does the work well in these few papers. The *Examiner* claims, and apparently has, a larger daily circulation than all the other morning papers in San Francisco combined, and the largest circulation of any daily west of Chicago, while the *Weekly Examiner* has the highest circulation yet accorded to any paper west of the Missouri.

The *Portland Oregonian* has by far the largest circulation of any paper, daily, Sunday, or weekly, printed north of San Francisco and west of Minneapolis, and is the first paper to claim an advertiser's attention, not only for Portland and Oregon, but throughout all territory within five hundred miles of its office.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* is the best literary and society weekly west of New York, and perhaps the best in the country. It is conducted with marked literary ability and has a general circulation among people of wealth and intelligence.

Nearly one-tenth of the entire newspaper circulation of the State is held by the San Francisco *Examiner*, and with the *Chronicle* it has one-fifth as much as the total of all others. Los Angeles, 500 miles south-east of San Francisco, is the second city in population between Alaska and Panama.

While the entire list of papers hereinbefore given appears to be a very small one, and especially small to cover so large a territory, it is nevertheless true that its combined circulation is somewhat larger than that of all the more than sixteen hundred remaining papers in the district, omitting such only as are in the city of San Francisco.

An unusual number of silver weddings will be celebrated this month in Germany. It was in July, 1870, that the troops were mobilized for the war with France, and what men were engaged made sure of their girls by marrying at once.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emile Zola, at his physician's advice, has suspended work for the present, and rides a bicycle all day long.

Two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh is what Dr. W. G. Grace carries from one wicket to another every time he makes a run.

The wheel clubs of St. Petersburg were so delighted when the novelist Tolstoy took to cycling that they made him a present of a silver bicycle.

George W. Cable, the novelist, has a passion for trees, and makes all his distinguished guests plant them at his residence, Tarryawhile, near Northampton, Mass.

Rumor has it now that Anna Gould has already paid gambling debts amounting to one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs for the father of her titled husband.

Ibsen was seen recently at a court ball in Norway, and his small figure fairly blazed with stars, crosses, collars, pendants, and other decorations of all kinds from all sources.

People call Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, who originated the Christian Endeavor movement, "Father Endeavor" Clark, greatly to his disgust, for he is only forty-four and is in the prime of his strength and vigor.

Austin Corbin has been adding to the size of his park in New Hampshire to such an extent that a bill has been introduced into the legislature of that State to restrict his right of purchase to one thousand acres.

John D. Rockefeller, America's richest man, is an enthusiastic cyclist, who constantly seeks to convert his friends to the sport. Last year he gave away twenty-two bicycles, and this year has already given away sixteen.

One of the most noted architects of Boston, Dennis Reardon, has been totally blind since his ninth year. He designed the plans for the Boston library, the Natural History Building, and many other prominent edifices.

Herbert Spencer is irritated by the use which has been made of his name and views in support of socialism, and he goes so far as to say: "I believe the advent of socialism to be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

King Oscar is said to be the only European monarch who possesses the ideal kingly dignity. He is a very tall and handsome man, with graceful and easy carriage, a striking courtliness of manner, and possesses a most impressive appearance of dignity.

Huxley's face was thin and his complexion so dark as to be almost swarthy. When he shaved off his mustache and beard, the skin was quite blue-black. His hair was worn long. On the platform he was a remarkably self-possessed man, without a trace of self-consciousness or embarrassment.

Nazrullah Khan, the Shahzada, and his retinue have been living very simply at Dorchester House. One set of meals is prepared, and everybody from Nazrullah down to the meanest attendant eats the same dishes. A story is going the rounds in London that he wished to purchase the wife of one of the aldermen in that city recently.

Cardinal Ruffo Scilla, who died the other day, was head of the princely family of Ruffo di Calabria. His death leaves only three cardinals who are lay princes in the Sacred College—Cardinal Hohenlohe, brother of the German Chancellor; Cardinal Bonaparte, grandson of Lucien and senior Bonaparte; and Cardinal Schönborn, Archbishop of Prague.

The change in the English ministry recalls an old *mot* about the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Henry Manners, now the Marquis of Granby. Lord Salisbury, who is distinguished by his rudeness and hauteur, had Mr. Manners as his private secretary at one time, and as the latter is particularly suave and gracious, he was nicknamed "Salisbury's Manners."

Lady Henry Somerset was absent, through indisposition, from one of the women's meetings in London recently, and Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who led the crusade against the Empire Theatre, took the chair in her place. Her apology was rather awkward. "Dear Lady Henry," she said, "has been overworked, and we must, of course, be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

The Dowager-Empress of China was the child of poor parents in the suburbs of Canton, and remarkable for her beauty. At a time when her parents did not know whence their daily bread was to come, she suggested that they sell her as a slave. She became the property of a famous general, who was so enchanted with her beauty that he adopted her. When the general next went to Peking, he offered his beautiful daughter to the emperor, and thereby won great favor. The young girl so charmed his majesty that he soon made her his wife. When the emperor died, the former slave became regent of the empire and administered the

national affairs better than almost any of her predecessors. She is justly considered one of the great women of her time.

When Adolf Menzel, the painter and illustrator of Frederick the Great, was at work on his picture, "A Flute Concert at Sans Souci," in 1850, he asked the court marshal to allow him to see the music-room by candle-light, but this was refused. Kaiser Wilhelm recently, to honor the painter, who is nearly eighty, invited him to a concert, where the whole court was dressed in costumes of the period, and Menzel's picture was reproduced, the Kaiser himself representing one of Frederick's aid-de-camps, and the musicians playing his flute concerto.

Japan is already troubled by the question of the nude in art. The Kioto Art Gallery, in the section given to artists who have studied in Europe, exhibited a painting of a nearly naked woman. This shocked Japanese visitors, and the Japanese newspapers declared that such pictures lower the tone of art and disturb public morality. But Mr. Kuki, the chief commissioner, refused to remove the picture, saying that no objection is made to the importation or use in decoration of houses of nude statues; that Buddhist images and pictures of a far more questionable kind are publicly sold; and that if Japan is ever to have a world's fair, an interdiction of such pictures might make it impossible to procure an exhibition of foreign art.

Mr. Sargent may in future consult the *Tailor and Cutter* before exhibiting. It calls one of his portraits at the Royal Academy this year "a long frock-coat put on a lamp-post. This is a full-length portrait, and only one foot and one leg show below the coat. The figure looks as if it would measure twenty-eight inches breast and about twenty-six inches waist, with no hips, and the long coat clinging close to the leg to the bottom. The details of the coat are poorly defined. Tailors going to the Academy should not miss this figure."

The Bishop of Coventry, England, who recently got married, made everybody laugh on his return from his honeymoon by preaching a sermon on the topic "The Penitent's Return."

Queen Victoria has such a deep-rooted objection to the smell of a cigarette or a cigar that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor Castle, at Balmoral, and at Osborne.

Up to the end of last year, Philadelphia's new city hall had cost \$15,699,964.67, and it is not quite finished yet.

Subscribers

Going to the country for the summer can have the *Argonaut* mailed to them regularly by sending their new addresses to this office.

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A collection of exquisite pictures of the old town: the Missions, the Hotel, and Neighborhood.

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An Oil Portrait on entirely new principles, delicate as water-color, brilliant as crayon, at reasonable prices. Country orders solicited.

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the world over—she should economize
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Washing Powder

helps her do just this and yet do all
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Ordered by the Court Physicians.

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Fortifies, Nourishes and Stimulates the Body and Brain.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

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From 30 to 220 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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VANITY FAIR.

While the method of getting into the United States navy is constantly becoming more democratic, the service [says the New York Sun] is organized in aristocratic fashion. The navy was formed at a time when this country was much less of a social democracy than it now is, and when European social traditions brought over by the early colonists still had considerable force. No navy draws a sharper line between the commissioned officer and the enlisted man. The phrase "officer and gentleman," as expressed in the rules and regulations of the service, means something different, so far as the latter member is concerned, than the popular conception of the word gentleman. The youth who enters the ward-room from a home where he has been accustomed to few luxuries and little attendance, finds himself in a place where dinner is conducted after a somewhat formal fashion, and where he may demand when he will the personal service of one or more attendants. It is a favorite theory in the service that the men most exacting toward the ship's "boys" are those who were brought up with little or nothing in the way of attendance at home. Be this as it may, the ward-room denizens look like a company of well-bred, well-dressed men, and speak as one would expect such men to speak. Although the navy register shows a strong preponderance of English names, the navy is not largely recruited from old American families, nor does it include many sons of rich men or many youths from fashionable society. Even the names that have been famous in the navy in times past are not largely represented in the navy of to-day. The navy does not attract the gilded youth, because the pay is insufficient to meet the needs of lads brought up to love luxury. As American fathers do not ordinarily leave the bulk of their fortunes to eldest sons, there are no cadets of rich families to crowd into the service, as is the case in foreign navies.

In the history of women there are no counterparts to the stories of Damocles and Pythias and of David and Jonathan. Why is this? A writer in the *Saturday Review* replies that it is because the friendship of one woman for another is, in other cases out of ten, devoid of the obligations of loyalty and honor which are inherent in the friendship between man and man. In feminine friendships there is less reserve, and there is also less sincerity. A woman, we are assured, will reveal her heart of hearts to a friend to-day, and quarrel with her to-morrow, because she has pirated her bonnet or alienated an admirer. She is ready, so runs the indictment, at any moment to sacrifice her woman friend at the behest of any man in whom she is momentarily interested. It is further alleged that for his entertainment she will betray any confidence without a scruple or a regret, even if she refrains from denouncing her woman friend to the first comer, as soon as a shadow of misunderstanding has arisen between them.

Among the most noticeable features of the present London season is a disposition manifested by the smartest people to return to more sensible habits in the shape of earlier hours. "In years gone by," writes *Vogue's* correspondent, "from half-past twelve till two in the afternoon used to be the fashionable time for the morning ride in the park. But this season the 'company' comes trooping into the Row at two o'clock. One result has been that the number of riders is much larger than formerly, the men no longer consisting entirely of the world of idleness, pleasure, and fashion. It now comprises active members of Parliament, ambitious young men in government offices, scions of the aristocracy who are endeavoring to supplement the paternal allowance by work in the city, lawyers, and other professional men; in fact, just those of that particular class who, possessing most wit, experience, and cleverness, prove the most entertaining companions for the fair amazons. This ten o'clock horse-ride is likely to lead to other reforms of which there is already abundant evidence. It means that we shall be obliged to go earlier to bed, and change our dinner hour from half-past eight and a quarter to nine to seven. For, how can people dine, dance, and otherwise divert themselves till four and five in the morning and he in the saddle at ten, which means getting up at eight? This would be a great boon, especially the reform of the dinner hour. There is no more tiresome form of fashionable amusement than these late dinner-parties. It would be all very well if dinner were a light and graceful meal, and never spiced out any longer than those model diners at Marlborough House, which never last longer than fifty minutes at most. But English ideas of hospitality involve many courses, and one seldom rises from the quarter-to-ten dinners till close upon eleven. Perhaps the best proof of the foolishness of this form of entertainment is the abstemiousness manifested by the young matrons and unmarried girls to whom the season is what a sunny summer's day is to the butterfly. They eat little, and drink less at these gargantuan banquets. They have to dance afterward, and they do not wish to spoil their appearance by too strongly flushed cheeks, nor to make themselves

sleepy and dull—quite the contrary! Dinners are, therefore, only tiresome to them, as they are, in fact, to everybody save for those men and women who have passed beyond the dancing age, and who are gourmands rather than gourmets."

Writing of the international tennis tournament at the club on the Isle de Puteaux, in Paris, a correspondent of the *Bazar* says: "To go to Puteaux is one of the most delightful ways of spending a summer afternoon in the open air in Paris. Puteaux is a little island in the Seine, bordered with that vivid, fringe-like green that is such a characteristic of the French landscape, through which, as one drives up to be rowed over in a boat, one catches a glimpse of the picturesque *château* that is the club-house and the red umbrellas over the little tables where people are taking afternoon tea. The Vicomte de Janzé is the president of the club, which is kept exclusive from the fact that the membership is select and invitations are limited; men are only allowed to invite men, and women women. A man may not invite his own wife if she is not a member, and likewise a woman may not invite her husband. But, of course, husbands and wives always join together, and each is given a book of tickets, which must be signed by the member's name before they can be used as invitations. The English won in tennis over the French by a tremendous score. Lord and Lady Dufferin were present with Lord and Lady Terence Blackwood, and to the evening the Vicomte de Janzé gave a dinner to all those taking part in the games."

The New Woman appeared in New York a few days ago. She was not bold, but she was entirely self-possessed. She wore a pair of bloomers of checked cloth and leggings that extended to her knees. From her shoulders a full cloak hung to the top of her leggings, and on her head was perched a rakish *Fédora* hat. When the wind blew aside the cloak, other women stopped and looked frightened, and drew in their breath and exclaimed: "My good gracious!" Some of them said harsh things. This newest woman was Miss Dorothy Cheshire, an English actress, who has lately arrived in this country. Miss Cheshire stopped at the shop-widows and all the other women looked, not at the windows, but at her. When she went into the shops, the gentlemanly floor-walkers were very much surprised, while the young women beheld the counter took a great interest in Miss Cheshire's legs. When a storm broke, other women gathered up their bedraggled skirts and ran for shelter. The observant then perceived that they wore no leggings. Miss Cheshire, on the other hand, walked calmly along. Her hat and her cloak were water-proof and there were no petticoats to swish and swash in the rain. "I have long been an enthusiastic wheel-woman," said Miss Cheshire to a reporter, "and it occurred to me that there would be no immodesty, but infinite utility, in wearing bloomers on a rainy day. So I invented this costume in London, and, after I wore it, many women followed my example."

Willig to Do his Part.

"And now will somebody in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a cavalry sword?" asked the professor of magic, stepping to the front of the stage and rubbing his hands in pleasant anticipation.

There was no response.

The professor repeated his request.

Same result.

"I am sorry," he said at last, after waiting several minutes, "that I shall be unable to perform my advertised feat of swallowing a sword, but you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that it is not my fault. I will now proceed with the wonderful performance of the magic egg-hag," etc.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The Crystal Baths.

Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason Street, terminus of all North Beach car lines.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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tea, solely in lead packages, this fragrance is transmitted unimpaired to the ladies' tea-table.

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If your grocer does not keep these packages, write to M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, 506 Battery Street, San Francisco. Samples sent free.

A Trilby Foot

or any other sort

requires nice boots and a neat skirt edge; the

Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings do not deface the shoes and give the most elegant finish to the skirt edge.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps. The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York. "S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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May feel all right till you take a walk; then they pinch, soles are stiff, tacks and thread inside prick and gall the feet. Squeak, squeak,—how much noise they make! Why endure these ills?

Goodyear Welt Shoes

Make walking a pleasure,—never squeak, no tacks, flexible soles.

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Goodyear Welts are LEATHER SHOES—not rubber.

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT"

On the label, attests the genuineness of the tea. Ceylon's spicy breezes are no sweeter to the traveler than the aroma and flavor of TETLEY'S blended Indian and Ceylon teas are to the tea-drinker. The fragrance of the tea-garden is retained in this delightful blend, and by reason of Messrs. TETLEY'S system of packing the tea, solely in lead packages, this fragrance is transmitted unimpaired to the ladies' tea-table.

Three qualities, all good: Pure Ceylon, Gold Label, \$1.00 per pound; No. 1 Yellow Label, 75 cents per pound; No. 2 Green Label, 60 cents per pound. For economy these are unsurpassed.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Upon Fénelon telling Richelieu that he had seen the portrait of his eminence at the palace, the cardinal sneeringly asked: "Did you ask it for a subscription for some poor friend of yours?" "No; the picture was too much like you."

James Payn tells of a monk who, having to preach upon St. James's Day, and being implored not to be so long-winded as usual, good-naturedly consented. He mounted the pulpit and thus addressed the congregation: "My brethren, three months ago I preached a eulogy upon the saint whose festival you this day celebrate. As I doubt not, you were all very attentive to me, and as I have not learned that he has done anything in the meantime, I have nothing to add to what I said on the former occasion."

Mlle. Augustine Brohan, the celebrated French comedian, who was extremely humane to all animals, one day, at table, found a fly caught on her plate. She took it up tenderly with her thumb and finger, and called her maid. "Marie," she said, "take this fly—be careful, now, don't hurt him!—and put him outdoors." The girl took the fly and went away, but presently Mlle. Brohan saw her standing near with a troubled expression on her face. "Well, Marie," she said, "did you do as I told you?" "No, mademoiselle, I've got the fly still; I couldn't venture to put him outdoors—it was raining, and he might have taken cold."

Mavroyeni Bey, the young Turkish Minister, aspires to be a society leader. A young hostess was issuing verbal invitations to her friends for an informal five-o'clock tea. The minister overhearing her, smilingly begged that he might be included in the list, and at the same time called out to his secretary, who entered the room: "M. Effendi, mademoiselle has asked me to tea with her at five o'clock to-morrow. Remember the engagement for me." The following day the party met early in the afternoon at the White House, and, upon seeing his hostess-to-be, he crossed the room, saying: "Is it not this afternoon at five that I am to have the pleasure of taking tea with you?" "I do not remember," was the response of the young lady; "ask your secretary."

The Prince de Joinville tells in his "Memoirs" a story that is rather hard on the Americans he found during his visit to this country in war-times: "One of the chief members of society at the time was the British Minister, Mr. Fox, a diplomatist of the old school. I was told that one day as he was leaning against a chimney-piece in a drawing-room, where dancing was going on, in deep conversation, an American came and stood just in front of him in a country dance. Soon the young man began to show signs of anxiety; his voice grew thick, his cheeks swelled alternately, and he cast anxious glances at the chimney-piece. At last he could hold on no longer, and with the most admirable precision, he shot all the juice of his quid into the fire-place just between Mr. Fox and his interlocutor. 'Fine shot, sir,' the old diplomat contented himself with saying, with a bow."

O'Connell once defended a man of the name of John Connor on a charge of murder in Cork, and the principal witness for the crown was a policeman who found the prisoner's hat, which he left behind him in his flight from the scene of his guilt. After traveling backward and forward, as was his habit in cross-examination, from the all-important question as to the identity of the hat, he thus continued: "Now, then, you swear that the hat in my hands is the hat you found—in every particular the same?" "Witness—" "I do." O'Connell—"And inside the hat was written the prisoner's name" (looking into the hat and spelling the name very slowly). "J-o-h-n C-o-n-n-o-r?" "Witness—" "Yes." O'Connell (holding up the hat in triumph to judge and jury)—"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, there is no name in the hat at all." This made a sensation, and ultimately the prisoner was acquitted.

When Mapleson was on a tour in Dublin, Milles, Salla and Anna de Belocca were in the company. On arriving at the hotel, both ladies chose the best suite of rooms in it, each saying: "These will do for me." "I shall have them," said Salla; "I am prima donna." "There are two prima donnas," returned Belocca, "myself and Patti." This began a furious quarrel. Mapleson went to the hotel-keeper, and ascertained that there were some other rooms nearly as good; he enjoined the man to declare that they were for Lady Spencer, wife of the viceroy, and stand to the statement. He then called him up, and said loudly: "Both these ladies must have equally good rooms. Where are the others?" "The only others as large are reserved for the Countess Spencer," returned the hotel-keeper. "But we could see them," exclaimed both singers at once. "Oh, yes," said the man, leading the way. Belocca instantly flew upstairs past him into the suite, and, locking the door in their faces,

shouted through the keyhole that Lady Spencer must get on as best she could, leaving Mapleson to congratulate himself on the effect of his stratagem.

The late Mr. Alexander, the architect of Rochester Bridge, was under cross-examination in a special jury case at Maidstone by Sergeant Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking him what was his name, proceeded thus: "You are a builder, I believe?" "No, sir, I am not a builder, I am an architect." "Ah! well; architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same, I suppose?" "I beg your pardon, sir, I can not admit that; I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed; perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?" "An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the design, draws out the specification—in short, supplies the mind; the builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; and now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?" "The Tower of Babel, sir!" replied the witness; "there was no architect—and hence the confusion!"

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* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Kinnear, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	5:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles.....	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	3:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12:15 P.
† 11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
† 7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8:35 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
† 9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	† 7:40 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Thursdays only. § Sundays only.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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Belgie.....Saturday, August 24
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SOCIETY.

A Dinner to Lieutenant Strother.

A farewell dinner was given to Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., last Wednesday evening at the Bohemian Club, prior to his departure for Chicago, where he will act as aid-de-camp to General Merritt, U. S. A. The dinner, which was an elaborate one, was served in the Red Room, which was handsomely decorated and illuminated. After the repast there were various speeches and musical selections, including a song, "In the Holy City," by Mr. A. C. Hellman. The affair was a most pleasant one in every way. Among those present were:

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant T. F. Rubm, U. S. N., Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Horace G. Hellman, Mr. A. C. Hellman, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. A. Gerberding, Mr. James Sprule, Mr. Lawrence Bonten, Mr. W. G. Curtis, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Dr. George Tyrrell, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. Edward Beck, Mr. Graham, and Mr. James M. Hamilton.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rose Faulk and Mr. Willard Ormsby Wayman.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleaor Martin gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at their residence, on Bryant Street, in honor of Mrs. J. Condit-Smith. The others present were Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Misses Grace and Mary Condit-Smith, Miss Jenioe Blair, Mr. M. B. Schofield, Mr. Andrew D. Martin, and Mr. Frederick McNear. After dinner the party witnessed the performance at the Columbia Theatre, which was followed by an elaborate supper at the Palace Hotel.

The members of the Burlingame Club will give their second pigeon shoot of this season this afternoon at the grounds. The gentleman making the best score of the day at the first twelve birds will be awarded a handsome trophy. A large and fashionable attendance is expected.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson V. D. Middleton, Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence until July 23d.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. H. Benyaurd, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander J. M. Miller, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Commander J. J. Brice, U. S. N. (retired), is passing the summer at the Taverna of Castle Crags.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had his sick leave extended two months, and is at Norristown, Penn.

Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., will remain in Washington, D. C., until August 20th.

Lieutenant S. C. Paine, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Academy and ordered to the *Monterey*.

Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has reported for duty at the West Point Military Academy.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., has been detached from the Lindsay Institute, at Wheeling, West Va., and ordered to duty on the *Mohican*.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed aid-de-camp to General Merritt, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Missouri, and will soon leave Angel Island for Chicago.

Ensign C. F. Bogelwesand, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and given three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., left last Wednesday to join the *Philadelphia* at Honolulu.

Lieutenant and Mrs. W. H. Bertsch, U. S. A., and Mrs. C. A. Tripler are in Chicago.

A dividend of fifteen and one-half per cent. was paid last year by the French Nord Railroad, probably the most profitable railroad in Europe. Its net revenue for 1894 was \$18,856,265 on an outlay of capital of \$302,804,540. It works 2,311 1/2 miles of road.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

"There is one unpleasant feature about dying," said Talleyrand; "one can not read one's obituaries. I should like very much to read my obituaries." "So should I," returned Bonaparte, dryly; "bury up and die, will you?"

"I think I shall write my autobiography," Fouché said one morning to the emperor. "I wouldn't if I were you," said Napoleon; "you know yourself too well, and if you told the truth it would ruin your reputation."

Napoleon was superstitious, and used to enjoy telling his fortune with the cards. At one time he drew three cards from the pack; two of them were two-spots, and one of them was a king. "Humph!" he said; "I seem to be raising the deuce, rather than a dynasty, by two to one."

At St. Helena, Napoleon was asked what he would have done had he defeated Wellington at Waterloo. "I should have smiled," replied the fallen emperor.

A stout little boy having been presented to the emperor, Napoleon took him on his knee. "Well, children," said he, "what are your names?" "Paul," said the boy. "And the other?" "I have no other," said the boy. "What? Only one name for both of you?" asked Napoleon. "I'm only one boy," returned the lad. "Why, you surprise me," said the emperor, with a laugh; "you are so heavy I thought you were twins."

"I really never loved but one woman," said Bonaparte. "What?" cried Bourrienne, with a doubtful smile. "At one time," returned the emperor.

"Prussia shall never wear your collar!" cried the Prussian king. "It will feel my cuffs, however," retorted Bonaparte; "and, what will be more ridiculous, it will get them in the neck."

"What is the matter, Bourrienne?" asked Napoleon of his secretary one morning; "you look blue." "I am blue, sire," returned Bourrienne; "I've written you up, and, as far as you've gone, you won't make more than one volume. The public likes its biographies in two volumes." "We'll fix that," said the emperor, quickly; "I'll invade Russia. That will provide you with two more chapters, anyhow." And he did.—*Bazar*.

It is likely that the barbed tramp is freer than most folk from superstitious notions that might interfere with personal comfort, but it must have been an unusual specimen even of the unfettered brotherhood who figured in the following episode: In the morgue of the undertaker, who is city coroner of Peoria, Ill., there lay, a few days ago, the corpse of a man who had committed suicide. On a peg close by hung a good suit of clothes that had been taken off the body. During the night a tramp, who must have known of the suicide and laid his plans with a definite object in view, broke into the morgue and stole the suicide's clothes, leaving his own tattered outfit hanging on the peg in their stead.

Snuff-boxes brought high prices in London recently; \$5,000 was given for a Louis the Sixteenth gold box, with pictures of nymphs at their toilet; \$4,000 for another, inlaid with colored mother-of-pearl, with pictures of peasants merry-making; an octagonal Louis the Sixteenth gold box, delicately chased under translucent enamel, inlaid with mythical subjects in grisaille, brought \$2,450; a large box of brown rock crystal, carved with eight medallion heads and a writing figure on the lid, \$1,050; a bloodstone box, carved with scrolls and shells, \$750; a tortoise-shell box, lined with gold, with an enameled portrait of Mile. de Fontanges, \$525.

King Menelik of Abyssinia is founding a large library at Abbis Abeba, and collecting all the old Ethiopian books he can find. According to tradition, when the Somalis invaded Abyssinia in the sixteenth century, all the books belonging to the emperor were hidden on an island in Lake Zuai, in Southern Shoa. In December last Menelik sent a fleet of rafts to the island, where the hidden books were actually found. The natives could not read them, but kept them as religious objects. The manuscripts were left with them, but copies were ordered for the new library.

Germaos wish to have the pensions of the wounded and widows of the war of 1870 increased; a general's widow now receives \$360 a year, and a private's, \$40. Prices have increased greatly, and, what is worse, by the treaty of peace with France, Germany, having agreed to pay the pensions of French soldiers living in Alsace-Lorraine on the scale in force in France before the war, pays to a French general's widow \$1,000, and to a private's or non-commissioned officer's from \$60 to \$100.

Anthony Hope tells of a friend of his who tried to be politely loquacious to an interviewer, and was rewarded for his pains by being called a "chatterbox."

So well informed a man as James Payn writes in the London *Illustrated News* about "the State of Albany" and its proposed legislation.

She Had a History.

A well-dressed and sharp-faced woman passed into the lawyer's office, and very shortly was standing by his desk.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in salutation, "but can you spare a few moments of your valuable time?"

"I am very busy, madam," he replied; "but if you have anything of importance to communicate, I shall be glad to hear it. Pray be seated."

"Thank you, no," she said, looking around at a clerk or two in a nervous fashion. "I am a woman with a history, and—"

"Excuse me," apologized the attorney, seeing a fee appearing on the horizon; "possibly you had better step into my private office with me, where you will not be interrupted."

She thanked him, and they went into the adjoining room.

"Now," he said, when they were seated, "I presume you wish to consult me on this matter of your history?"

"Yes, sir. That is why I am here."

"Very well, proceed. Anything you may say to me will be held in the strictest confidence. You were saying you were a woman with a history?" This very sympathetically as an encouragement.

"Yes, sir," she began, as she laid a document before him. "It is a history of Napoleon Bonaparte in eighteen monthly parts at fifty cents a month, and—"

He threw up his hands, but she had him, and he couldn't get away until he had put down his name, and ooh when "a woman with a history" is mentioned in his hearing, it makes cold chills run down his back.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Clara—"How did you manage to keep your head above water so long?" Maude (who came near being drowned)—"I had on a new hat."—*Puck*.

THE BORDEAUX WINE EXPOSITION.

President Faure Visits the Wine Palace.

The banquet on the occasion of the president's reception by the exhibitors of wines at Bordeaux was arranged by a special committee composed of eminent experts and epicureans, and was acknowledged to be a chef-d'œuvre of modern times as regards the excellence of the dinner, as well as the judicious selection of wines. Four hundred guests were present. M. Eugène Buhon, director of the wine commission, expressed in a happy vein the appreciation and gratitude felt by the four hundred and fifty exhibitors of France's best products at the president's presence, who was frequently and heartily cheered.

Following is the list of wines served: Chateau Yquem, 1890; Chateau Ausone, 1877; La Mission, 1877; Leoville-Poyferre, 1878; Chateau Margaux, 1877; Mouton-Rothschild, 1877; Chateau Lafite, 1875; Xeres Sandeman—champagne, Pommery Sec.

The banquet was pronounced to be the most successful affair during the exhibition.

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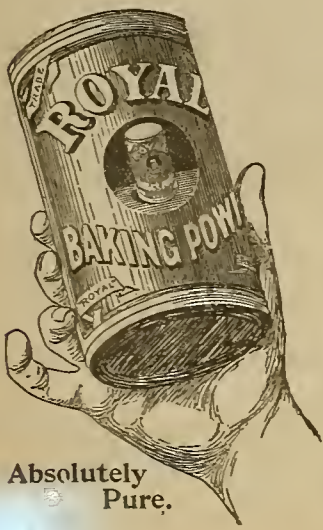
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. F. L. Castle entertained several of her friends at her cottage in Santa Cruz during the holidays, among whom were Mrs. L. M. Hayes, Miss Annie Buckhee, Mr. R. M. Hotaling, and Mr. Charles Farquharson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have gone to Portland, Or., for a few weeks.

Mr. J. B. Casserly has gone East, and will remain away about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan have returned from the East, and are occupying their cottage at Burlingame.

Mr. Charles Holbrook and Miss Olive Holbrook are visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, and Mr. Lansing Mizner were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, at Redwood City, during the holidays.

Mr. J. Talbot Clifton and Mr. H. R. Simpkins are en route to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague will go to Europe in the autumn.

Misses Juliet and Hannah Williams, of San Rafael, will leave on Tuesday to visit the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll and family are passing a few weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Thomas Butler and Miss Emma Butler will soon leave on a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Clementina and Mary Kip will leave in a few days to pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

The Misses Ames have returned from a visit to Miss Louise Crosby at her home in San Rafael.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis is visiting Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. A. A. Moore and the Misses Miriam and Frances Moore have returned from the Hotel del Monte, but will go there again in a couple of weeks.

Among those who have been visiting the Hotel del Monte during the past week are Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguire and family, Mrs. M. E. M. Toland, Mrs. William H. Howard, Miss Frances Howard, Mr. W. Bradford Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. May, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. A. Chesbrough, Mr. James V. Coleman, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, and Miss Hinswood.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bowers are passing the season in San José.

Mrs. J. D. Spreckels and family and Mrs. C. M. Shortridge and family are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. George A. Newhall is occupying the Parrott villa at San Rafael.

Miss Lillian Folliis has returned to San Rafael after a week's visit at Del Monte.

Mr. J. N. Knowles, Misses Alice and Ruth Knowles, Mr. Thomas Knowles, Miss E. F. Goodall, Miss F. L. Herrick, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown, Miss Florence Brown, Mr. S. B. McKee, Miss McKee, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Glascock, Miss Glascock, Mr. J. R. Glascock, Jr., Miss Belle Moon, Mrs. B. F. Dunham, and the Misses Dunham, of Oakland, passed the Fourth at Castle Crags.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Morrow have returned from Alaska, and are at their home in San Rafael.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, who recently returned from an absence of several years abroad, have left the Hotel del Monte and are at the Tavern of Castle Crags for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor, Miss E. O'Connor, and Miss Cornelia O'Connor have been at Coronado Beach during the past fortnight.

Miss Edith Findley has been visiting Mrs. W. S. Barnes at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. W. V. Huntington and her daughter are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Andrew Martin left last Monday to visit Alaska. His brother, Mr. Walter Martin, will meet him at Portland, Or., and accompany him on the northern trip.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and Miss Chabot, of Oakland, are at their country place near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellicott left last Monday on a visit to their former home, Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hirsch will remain in San Rafael until next September, when they will depart to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and family have been enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills passed the holidays at Delta Lodge, Napa Valley, as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown and Mrs. Frances Edgerton.

Mr. Walter M. Castle has returned from a six weeks' visit to the Eastern States, leaving Mrs. Castle to pass the summer with relatives in Atlantic City, N. J.

Mrs. Lydia Spalding has been in New York city during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dutard and Mr. and Mrs. Cutler Paige passed the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William Willis, Miss India Scott, and Miss Adelle F. Martel passed the holidays at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, nee Martel, are in Toronto, Canada, visiting Mr. Stovel's parents. They will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Naglee Enrk, of San José, are en route East on an extended tour.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Van Norden and their sons, Robert and George Van Norden, have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Kerridge at Talco, Napa County.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are passing this month at Santa Cruz. Mr. W. H. Keith, who recently returned from Europe, has been engaged to sing at the great Worcester Musical Festival with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. W. C. Murdoch, Mr. H. F. Emeric, and Miss Lorena Barbier will leave to-day to pass a week at Wehler Lake.

Mrs. George Colburn and Miss May Colburn have arrived in Paris.

Mr. Martin Murphy, son of Hon. B. D. Murphy, of San José, was recently graduated from Georgetown College with the highest honors. He is expected at his home daily.

Mr. and Mrs. William Oothoot have returned to Santa Barbara after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown at Burlingame.

Misses Julie and Gertrude Skelly are spending a fortnight as the guests of Miss Louise Hutchinson at Suisun, and will visit their sister, Mrs. S. R. Crooks, at her home near Santa Rosa for two weeks before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery have returned from a brief visit to Lake Tahoe.

Among the many San Franciscans who passed the holidays at the Tavern of Castle Crags were: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Misses Herrin, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Miss Sophie Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kit-

tridge, Misses Kittridge, Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood, Mr. S. C. Hastings, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. P. N. Lillenthal, Miss E. Lillenthal, Mr. and Mrs. William Lewis, Misses Lewis, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Mrs. J. Condit-Smith, Miss Condit-Smith, Miss Mary Condit-Smith, Mr. Henry Knowles, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Boyne, Miss Rutherford, Mr. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Badlam, Mr. Isaac L. Regua, Mr. Mark L. Regua, Mr. William Keith, Mr. John H. Jewett, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mrs. Leland Stanford, and Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt and Mr. O. C. Pratt, Jr., have been at Coronado Beach during the past week.

Judge Bond and family, of San José, will soon occupy their new residence, which is receiving the finishing touches.

Mrs. Irwin C. Stump and Miss Stump, of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aall, of Folsom, passed the recent holidays at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Gray are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Samuel Adelstein has returned from a tour of the world, and is residing at 107 Post Street.

Mrs. Jay Lugsdin and Miss Wood are visiting Coronado Beach.

Mrs. William Cliff has returned from a trip to Alaska.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg and Miss Ruby Lowenberg are at Tallac, Lake Tahoe.

The trip to Haywards on the O., S. L., and H. Electric Railway is a delightful Sunday excursion. It is a ride of an hour or so from Oakland, and at Haywards there is a delicious lunch to be had at the club-house and a free concert in the afternoon in Haywards Park.

Gimlet—"Did you have a good time on the Fourth, Johnny?" Johnny—"Did I? Well, say! Ma ain't got over the hysterics yet."—Puck.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Nincom—"He presented a pistol and declared he'd blow out my brains if I didn't yield." Miss Shapley—"Oh, Mr. Nincom, why didn't you yield?"—Truth.

Mrs. McSpatt—"Isn't it remarkable how many mysterious disappearances there are?" Mr. McSpatt—"Oh, I dunno. Most of 'em are married."—New York Weekly.

Principal (to new apprentice)—"Has the book-keeper told you what you have to do in the afternoon?" Youth—"Yes, sir. I was to waken him when I saw you coming."—Daheim.

Mrs. Jones—"It is strange that a strong man like you can not get work." The tramp—"Well, yer see, mum, my wife wants references from me last employer, an' he's been dead twenty years."—Puck.

"Is this the smoking-car?" anxiously inquired an old lady at the Albany station. "No, madam," replied the polite young man, standing on the steps of the car; "you'll find the smoker on two cars ahead."—Puck.

Nellie—"Look at those pretty cows." Maudie—"They are not cows; they are calves." Nellie—"But what is the difference?" Maudie—"Why, cows give milk and calves give jelly."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Father—"He's wealthy, and I can't see any earthly reason why you object to him." Daughter—"But he drinks whisky." Father—"Drinks whisky? Of course he does. Do you think he'd eat it with a fork?"—Ex.

The two deaf-and-dumb friends stopped for a few minutes' conversation. "What did your wife say about your being out so late last night?" asked one of them. "Nothing." "That's strange. What's the reason?" "She's got a sore finger."—Washington Star.

Sister May—"I think if you should propose to Grace she would accept you." Brother Jack (eagerly)—"Do you? Has she said anything?" Sister May—"No; but I know she was deeply in love with Harry Maxwell, and his engagement has just been announced."—Brooklyn Life.

The poor drunkard lay in the gutter, while the thoughtless crowd jeered. Along came the good-hearted citizen and placed the unfortunate in a standing position. "Ah!" said the crowd; "he has been there himself." So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I owe my life to a miracle," said one of the combatants to Murger, the author of "La Vie de Bohème"; "I had left in my pockets a five-franc piece, and the hall struck flat on the spot where it was." "In your place, I should have been a dead man," was Murger's reply.—La Petit Parisien.

For the fourth time in one evening, the third assistant guard of the harem had beaten his royal master at chess. "I envy you your skill," said the potentate. "I flatter myself there are no flies on me," replied the underling. "Yes; I envy you. I really wish I had your head." And the thing was done.—Life.

"I never could understand," said the rusty-looking pilgrim, who was lounging near one of the entrances of the base-ball park during the progress of the third inning, "how these turnstiles work. What moves them?" "It takes a fifty-cent ticket to make this one move," answered the cold, unsympathetic gate-keeper.—Chicago Tribune.

Police inspector—"It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him, but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to a hospital?" Lady—"How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband. I thought it was him."—Comic Cuts.

Hogan—"Oi have a joke on Houghlignan. They was a felly kem into his place an' took three drinks av his whisky in rapid secession, an' thin pulled a gun an' shot himself." Grogan—"Oi think th' joke is on the man. Fwat for did he go to the trouble av usin' a gun after three drinks av Houghlignan's whisky?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

"Are you the editor that answers the questions?" asked the elderly woman with a prominent chin and a large voice. "Yes, ma'am." "What would you do if your house was overrun with cockroaches and all kinds of bugs?" "Madam," replied the faithful man at the desk, "I would marry one of my daughters to an entomologist."—Chicago Tribune.

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The absolute failure of the existing methods of handling criminals is a matter for serious consideration. In spite of all haphazard following of the traditional methods, in spite of all attempts to improve existing systems, the criminal population has steadily increased. In every civilized country the same phenomena are to be observed. The number of those who set the laws of society at defiance is constantly increasing, and the burden laid upon the law-abiding and industrious becomes more and more difficult to bear. In the United States, in each one hundred thousand of the population, there were twenty-nine criminals in 1850. Ten years later the number increased to sixty; in 1870 it was eighty-five; in 1880 it was one hundred and seventeen; and the last census shows an increase to one hundred and thirty-one. In other words, the criminal class, during the

last forty years, has increased four times as fast as the aggregate population. The same tendency, though perhaps not to the same degree, is seen in all of the European countries. And this in spite of the vast amounts of money expended for the punishment and, in later years, for the reformation of the lawless class. The cost of the police department in this city is equal to that of all of the executive offices, including the mayor's, the assessor's, the tax collector's, and the county clerk's, with their army of employees. The people of this State pay for the handling of the criminal class an amount almost equal to that paid for the education of the young, but with the difference that while the school system produces beneficial results, the jails and reformatories seem to be simply schools for crime.

These facts point clearly to radical defects in criminal methods, and it becomes of the utmost importance to discover and remedy these defects. Notwithstanding the unlimited resources of the country, the restless energy and the high grade of average intelligence of the people, no country can survive the constantly increasing drain upon its vitality arising from this increase in the criminal class. Mistakes may be made in adjusting and regulating the tariff and in deciding the various problems connected with the monetary question; this country may endure a foreign policy that brings upon it the contempt of other nations; it may survive extravagance and mismanagement in its government offices; but the constant draining of an ever-increasing proportion of the people into a life of crime and violence must inevitably sap its vitality in the end.

The present system of criminal judicature has two radical defects. There is a tenderness in the treatment of the criminal that is an inheritance from the days of the absolute monarchies and the irresponsible exercise of power by those in authority. In those times, the ruler used the machinery of justice to accomplish his own personal ends, to feed his ambition, and to satisfy his revenge. All of this is now changed. The prisons and reformatory institutions are now maintained for the protection of society against those who would prey upon it; it is a measure of self-preservation, rather than one of punishment for those who have transgressed the laws of society. The second defect is that the punishment prescribed looks to the crime rather than to the individual offender. Criminologists are now generally agreed that the tendency to lawlessness is an inherited trait; a mental defect that may be cured in some cases, but in others is absolutely incurable. A wise policy would separate these two classes and adjust the punishment with reference to them rather than to the degree of the crime. For the first class, the reformatory practice, which finds its best expression in this country at the Elmira Reformatory in New York, gives the best results. Under its influence many who have adopted, under the stress of circumstances, a life of crime and violence have been brought back to the ranks of the industrious and useful.

But, for the hopeless criminal—the criminal whose immorality and violation of law are ingrained in his very nature—there is but one course of treatment that can be effective. He should be removed absolutely from the possibility of committing further depredations upon society and of transmitting his moral defects to posterity. It may seem strange, in view of the hysterical utterances of Kennan and his school, to point to Russia as having a more enlightened system of handling the criminal class than any other of the civilized nations. But it must be remembered that the Russian Government has a peculiarly difficult problem to handle. The Slavs are of Asiatic origin and are several removes nearer to the savage than the other peoples of Europe. There is a large population there that has not yet risen above the stage of the absolutely vicious and brutal. We have seen recently in our midst examples of this class, to whom reference was made in these columns last week. Reformation of this class is impossible. There is absolutely no moral or humane foundation to build upon. The deportation of such people to uninhabited wastes, such as Siberia, is the most humane treatment that can possibly be

effective. But already there are signs that this policy must come to an end. Siberia is becoming settled, and an intelligent and a comparatively civilized population is growing up there. Recent dispatches have spoken of concert tours by prominent musicians through that country, and it will not be long before it becomes impossible to find there a haven for the criminal class where they may be absolutely isolated. England found the same difficulty with regard to the transportation of the criminal classes to Botany Bay. For a time the system worked well, but as the country was developed, the legitimate settler came into conflict with the criminal, and the system was necessarily abandoned.

Society must sooner or later face the fact that this ingrained and hopelessly criminal class must be treated in another, and what would be called a more brutal, manner. They must absolutely be removed from the possibility of preying upon society and of propagating their kind. There is no effective removal but death. The humanitarian who speaks from his sympathy rather than his reason will say that this is brutal; that its adoption will result in brutalizing the whole of society. But why should this be so? The frontier community that organizes in a body to kill the wild beast that has been preying upon its flocks does not become brutalized, even though it kills the animal that has threatened its prosperity. The frontiersmen who hunt the hostile Indian who has donned his war-paint and brutally massacred the settlers and their families, and hunt them to the death, are no more brutal for this experience than they were before. The man who, under the stress of anger and momentary excitement, kills his fellow-man is not so dangerous to society as the one who repeatedly, and in spite of repeated punishments, commits robbery and burglary with incidental violence. Society owes it to itself to get rid of this class of wild beasts. It is a measure of self-defense and justified by the highest law of nature.

A shortsighted delicacy has caused the daily newspapers to abstain from editorial comment upon a fearful railroad disaster that occurred on the Grand Trunk Railway, thirty miles west of Quebec, on the ninth instant. A pilgrimage was on its way from the New England States to the shrine of La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beauré. There were so many pilgrims that the train was divided into two sections. Both were to pass a freight-train, but the siding was not long enough for the freight; consequently, while the first pilgrim train was halting on the main track, the second came up and dashed into it at full speed. Fourteen of the pilgrims were killed, and twenty-nine others seriously injured. Among the slaughtered were the Rev. Father Carney and the Rev. Father Dignan; among the wounded was the Rev. J. Desrosiers. The others were men and women of the laity. The silence of the press concerning this catastrophe is doubtless due to its inability to draw a moral from it that would not be lacerating to Catholic sensibilities, and there is nothing of which a great daily newspaper is more considerate than Catholic sensibilities and its circulation.

Were the press more profound, however, it would perceive that it is in error in supposing that this railroad smash-up reflects unpleasantly upon the genuineness of the claims set up for La Bonne Ste. Anne de Beauré. This lady was the mother of the Virgin Mary, and is by the Roman Catholic Church reverently called the "Grandmother of God." A few years ago her wrist was imported from Rome at the instigation of the Archbishop of Quebec, and is now the most precious relic in the possession of the cathedral of that enlightened Canadian city. As the readers of the Argonaut are already aware, another fragment of her remains is enshrined at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York. The residue of her body is retained by Rome, awaiting bids for distribution. The distressed state of mind of American editors, in view of what seems to their shallow understandings the logic of the railroad horror of the ninth, is readily comprehensible. "How," they privately ask themselves, as they affect a brisk interest in the Nicaragua Canal, the Monroe doctrine, and the Third Term—"how can it be that this saint is really so powerful in influ-

ence as she pretends? If her bones are so puissant in miraculous virtue that adoration of them results in healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, and straightening the limbs of the deformed, why was she not able to save these pilgrims, hound for Quebec for the express purpose of doing her worshipful honor, from sudden death and terrible wounds? To the carnal intellect it would seem that Ste. Anne is a fraud, and that it is highly probable that the stories of the miracles achieved by her relics are lies."

There is a misconception, a very grave misconception, of the powers and duties of a saint involved in this destructive logic. It is not asserted by the holy church that any saint, even the Grandmother of God, is omniscient or omnipotent. There are so many saints that each is probably confined with strictness to his or her own territory. Were that not done, there would, we may surmise, be endless confusion, not only on earth, but in heaven itself. It is known that in Quebec, in New York, and in Rome, in the immediate vicinity of her earthly relics, Ste. Anne has miraculous power. That is attested by too many pious witnesses to be questioned at this late day. The faithful in the New England States, who felt in need of her intercession with the Deity, recognized that beyond her prescribed territorial limits Ste. Anne was without efficacy, else they would have stayed at home and prayed to her instead of setting out by rail to enter within the charmed circle of her potency. The most, therefore, that the disaster proves as to Ste. Anne is that those who happen to be thirty miles from Quebec (or thirty miles from New York, or Rome, as the case may be), must look for protection to other saints. She does not seem to carry so far. It is possible, of course, that the boundaries of her miraculous reservation are not invariable. When a saint's remains are scattered throughout the globe, and, all in honor bound to perform miracles on demand, she is naturally kept pretty busy, and when preoccupied with miracles in Rome and New York, Canada may have been for the moment neglected. It is more conformable to reason, however, to assume that the principle of the division of labor is applied to the work of the saints, and that none has more than a thirty-mile circuit to look after. Just what the radius of a relic's efficacy is has not, we believe, been as yet determined by the spiritual authorities.

The Roman Catholic Church has a stern duty to perform in the premises. Indeed, it is hard to see how the Government of the United States can refrain from urging this upon the Archbishop of Quebec. The killed and wounded appear to have been all American citizens, and there is room for suspicion that feelings discreditable to any saint in the calendar prompted the collision of the trains. In what saint's bailiwick is Craig's Road, the point at which the collision occurred? That should be ascertained without delay, in order that the responsibility may be placed where it belongs. And it is obvious that not the secular but the ecclesiastical authorities of Canada must conduct the inquiry. Given that Ste. Anne was not off her beat, but that the catastrophe happened in some other saint's acreage, what kind of a saint must it be that would allow a sister saint's clients to be killed and mangled? Are we to suspect that some now neglected but once courted celestial character, envious of the modern fame of Ste. Anne, took this dreadful means of bringing embarrassment to a hated and successful rival? One does not like to believe that sentiments so ungracious are harbored by any of the worthies of the calendar, but it has to be remembered that all the saints were once human, and that most of them lived in ages when murder was much less seriously regarded than in these degenerate days of science, reason, and irreligion. But the truth must be made known, no matter what the consequences to any saint. The one who patrols the region of which Craig's Road station is the centre should not be sheltered by the church. Let his (or more probably her) identity be disclosed, and the proper measures be taken for making fitting representations to the right quarter concerning her sanguinary conduct.

To Ste. Anne herself, the *Argonaut* extends respectful sympathy under the distressing circumstances. Her relics are in a strange country and have but recently been deposited among us. They have authenticated themselves and added satisfactorily to the church's revenue by hundreds of precious miracles. It is easy to imagine that a lady, accustomed to practice only in Europe for more than eighteen hundred years, should, when entering this new field, encounter the jealousy of older practitioners. Her case is one that calls for profound and active sympathy, and the conduct of the daily press in leaving her undefended is unworthy American chivalry. In the instance of the San Francisco *Examiner*, it is peculiarly trying to every true friend of the Grandmother of God. That journal at least might have been looked to for a coupon scheme and a subscription—in the interest of piety and the Democratic party—for a fund to be devoted to the purchase of a silver image and wax-candles in honor of the afflicted saint, who might well have

supposed that her troubles were ended when St. Peter had the privilege of admitting her to the hosom of her family."

The advocates and admirers of the New Woman have replied to all strictures upon her failures and short-comings, when she has entered into competition with man in the field he has formerly occupied, by declaring that her weakness is the result of centuries of restriction. Given equal opportunities of activity and development, they claim that she would rival, if not surpass, him in any line of endeavor. Some light is thrown upon this contention by Professor G. T. W. Patrick, of the University of Iowa, in a recently published article presenting the results of the most recent anthropological studies relating especially to the psychology of woman and the differences between her and man, the average man and the average woman being taken for purposes of comparison. The results that he arrives at are both interesting, and, in many cases, surprising.

The mental differences between the sexes is a well-worn theme, but they are for the present consideration the most important branch of the subject. Professor Patrick enumerates them clearly. In a superficial quickness of perception and thought, woman is man's superior; but in the slower and more thorough logical processes she is distinctly his inferior. So defective is her logical feeling that she is not at all distressed by inconsistencies; but, on the other hand, she has a quick, unreasoned perception of the relations of things which has the appearance of intuition. Her own individuality enters largely into her thought; she sees things from the standpoint of her own experience, her wishes, and her prejudices. In objective perception—seeing things abstractly and apart from herself—she is blind, even more so than man at periods of violent excitement. Woman reaches maturity more rapidly than man and develops less, relatively, thereafter.

There is a popular opinion that woman's sensibility is finer than man's; but this does not seem to be carried out by the experiments that have been made. Lombroso, after collecting the results of Italian and English observations, believes that woman's sensibility is somewhat more obtuse in touch, taste, sight, and hearing, and that her sensitiveness to pain is decidedly less than that of man. Havelock Ellis, who sums up a large amount of experience, believes that women have, on the whole, somewhat less sensibility than men, and that it is their nervous irritability that has given rise to the popular notion of their finer sensibility.

In morals decided distinctions are apparent. The male criminals outnumber the females in the ratio of six to one, but, on the other hand, when women do become criminals, they are more cruel and more depraved. The most marked moral superiority is their altruism—their sympathy arising largely no doubt from the maternal instinct. On the other hand, their most marked deficiency is their lack of veracity, and what, among men, is called business honor. Women are found to vary far less from the average than men do. The geniuses are nearly all men, but so also are the cranks.

In these mental characteristics the woman approaches closely to the child type. The preponderance of the emotional life over the discriminative and of the impulsive over the voluntary are distinctly childish characteristics. Their quick perception and their retentive memory remind us of the child far more than of the man. Modern child study has shown that children are more cruel than adults, and have little power to discriminate between truth and falsehood. They are more sympathetic and changeable, and act with reference to present rather than remote ends, and this same approximation to the child type is seen in the physical characteristics of the woman.

These things seem to point to the child type; but it has been argued by some that woman reverts rather to the primitive type. The strongest evidence in this direction is dress. The evolution of dress is an interesting subject. The original idea was one of adornment rather than of protection from the weather, and thus we see among the early savages the use of paints and pigments, feathers, furs, and skins, colored stones, and bits of metal used to ornament the person and having no utility so far as protection is concerned. Among the savages also the neck, the ankles, the wrists, and fingers were adorned with brilliant bits of stone, heads, and metal. In all of this the savage inclination was toward the brilliant and gaudy in coloring. A further use of dress among the savages was the indication of wealth. The chief of a savage tribe, for instance, had the highest feathers and the rarest bits of stone and metal.

The evolution of dress is from display to utility, and undoubtedly among civilized peoples the man has made the greater advance in this direction, though it can not be claimed that his dress approaches perfection. Among women, until recently, the use of paint was common, and it is again coming into vogue in London; feathers, furs, and

skins of animals, bright hits of stone and of metal are still used. It is only recently that the habit of piercing the ears for the purpose of hanging thereon ornaments of no utility has been abandoned, though the habit of piercing the nose, common among savages, has never obtained much currency among the women of civilized races. The secondary use of clothing, that of indicating the rank of the wearer, is still seen among women, though the rich man can hardly be distinguished from the poor man by his clothing. The head-gear of women is a further illustration of the use of dress for ornament rather than utility.

All of these indications show a reversion to the primitive type; but, on the other hand, there are other characteristics of the woman that indicate an advance even beyond the position that man has obtained. Her altruism, her sympathy with suffering, her interest in charity, her religious instincts, are far stronger than those of man and are characteristics distinctly opposed to the hypothesis of a reversion to the primitive type. There are some who claim that woman is in reality the more advanced type. The fact that there is less variation among the individuals of the sex, both physically and mentally, indicates a type that has reached nearer perfection; while the greater variation among man indicates a less highly developed and a changing type.

These observations generally point to an inferior development of woman, save in those characteristics that arise from her emotional and sympathetic nature. But are they the result of repression? Would this repression show itself in her female offspring only? If she is to transmit her defective development at all, it would be seen in both the male and female children, and would result in a degeneration of the whole race. On the other hand, if the imperfect development is not transmitted from mother to daughter, it becomes an individual and not a race characteristic, and could be overcome in the individual. The differences between the sexes, therefore, points to some purpose in nature that is not subserved when both enter the same field of endeavor.

During January of this year, when the earliest estimates of the amount of gold produced in the various States of this country were being received, the *Argonaut* made an estimate of the world's production in 1894, placing it at \$178,250,000. The figures of the director of the mint at that time placed the amount at \$168,299,000. Recently the director has issued his report for this year, covering, among other things, the world's production for 1894, based upon the complete reports made by the various branches of the mint in this country and the reports received from foreign countries. This report places the total production at \$176,000,000—nearly \$10,000,000 in excess of his former estimate and \$2,250,000 less than that made by the *Argonaut*.

Comparing the production of the various countries of the world, we find that the United States, for the first time, has been crowded into second place, and that Australia has stepped into the first position. As compared with 1893, the Australian production shows an increase of \$6,000,000, making the total output for the country \$41,000,000. Africa, as might naturally be expected from the fact that the gold-fields are of such recent development, shows a larger increase than any other country. As compared with 1893, the increase is \$9,600,000. But, with this increase, the total production is still somewhat short of that of the United States.

The total production of gold in 1894 was \$176,000,000, as we have said. Various estimates of the amount of gold used in industrial arts by jewelers, goldsmiths, and others manufacturing articles of ornament from the precious metals have been made at different times. It is only in the United States that any systematic and scientific attempt has been made to get at the actual amount. The director of the mint has caused inquiries to be made among the various private refineries, at the mint, and at the governmental assay offices as to the amount of new metal made into bars for use in the industrial arts, and the amount of old coins and old metal used for that purpose. The reports are necessarily not complete, but they are probably as nearly so as is possible under existing circumstances. Taking this as the basis for this country, the director of the mint strikes an average between the various estimates of gold so used throughout the world. The earliest that is of present value is that by Professor Soetheer, made about fifteen years ago. Since that time, Professor Soetheer has made a later estimate, and others have been made by Ottomar Haupt, Professor Lexis, and the Bureau of the Mint. The average of these various estimates indicates that the amount of gold annually used in the fine arts approximates very nearly to \$60,000,000. This would leave a net increase in the world's supply available for coinage of \$116,000,000 out of the product of last year. The average amount of gold used for coinage in the various countries of the civilized world, on an average, amounts to \$175,000,000. But in this is included the gold

taken from old stores and the amount obtained from the re-coinage of worn and defective coins. It is probable that not much over \$100,000,000 of new gold is annually required under the present conditions for coinage purposes.

The surplus production of gold becomes of particular interest in connection with the discussion of monetary problems both in this country and throughout Europe. The tendency in Europe during the last twenty years has been toward the substitution of a single gold standard for the bimetallic standard that formerly prevailed in nearly all civilized countries. The question that must arise, however, is whether the production of gold will be sufficient to satisfy commercial demands, should silver be excluded from all but subsidiary coinage. As we have seen, the production of last year, which was greater than has ever before been known in the history of the world, would leave a surplus of only about \$16,000,000. The average coinage of silver during the last three years, deducting the amount recoined, so far as it has been possible to ascertain it, amounts to about \$80,000,000. It is evident, therefore, that for the present and for a number of years to come, the gold production will not be sufficient for the total coinage necessary for commercial uses.

In this country, the production of gold last year amounted to \$39,500,000, and the amount used in the industrial arts in 1893 was \$13,500,000. Thus the net addition to the stock of gold from new production was \$26,000,000. In 1893 the gold production was \$35,955,000, and the net amount of gold exported to foreign countries was \$6,730,000. With the amount used in the industrial arts, this used up over \$20,000,000, and thus the net addition to the stock of gold in this country available for coinage in 1893 was \$15,789,000. The addition of new gold in 1894, as we have said, amounted to \$26,000,000 and the excess of imports to \$17,000,000 more, making a total of \$43,000,000 in surplus. Thus for last year we have an excess of gold available for coinage over the excess of 1893 of \$28,000,000. While this will go far toward relieving any pressure that may exist at present or in the near future, it is not sufficient to cover the demands for increased circulation that are likely to be made later.

It is rather remarkable in this era, distinguished by a whole literature devoted to the achievements, as well as the aspirations of woman, that so little has been made of her triumphs in a field where she has advanced far beyond the men. It is to her, largely, that we owe the extraordinary social development of the rich on the Atlantic side of the continent. Foreigners who view us and express their impressions, marvel at the superiority of the women in the world of society. Their husbands, brothers, and cavaliers are declared by these qualified critics to be, by comparison, crude laggards in luxury and refinement. It is seldom that the male of the plutocracy takes his showy life with absorbed seriousness, whereas the female gives to it her whole mind and heart, and as a consequence excels. Had we a plutocratic Susan B. Anthony, she could with entire truth say that, but for the men of the Atlantic Four Hundred, our aristocracy might hope eventually to be as polished, as dazzling, and as charming as was the Court of Versailles, which consisted of from one to two thousand persons, to support whose pleasures the resources of a nation of twenty-six million people were exhausted.

The elevating influence of woman, however, is steadily exerting itself, and in the course of two or three generations it may be reasonably expected that the male plutocrat will be raised to a clearer appreciation of his privileges. As Mrs. Burton Harrison sadly says of her New York brethren, "the husbands and fathers of the 'smart set' are most of them still in the toils; apt to leave their beautiful homes to plunge into affairs with a zest that has known no abatement after years of success. Lack of early opportunity, too much later prosperity, and a too material present environment, have not incited them to general culture." When that general culture becomes theirs, then, and then only, will they be fit for the delights of that salon which their more advanced wives are striving to evolve, and to take their part creditably otherwise in a society in which a resurrected *grand seigneur* would feel at home.

It required some centuries to transform the feudal nobility of France into a race of drawing-room *élégantes*, and it is not to be expected that gentlemen who have made their own fortunes should be sufficiently flexible to accept and fit into, as their women do, a life that is all idleness, display, and pleasure. They have the first qualification for the career, though—plenty of money. Also they are free with it, if they have not yet acquired the grand manner of spending, or the truly noble contempt for wealth, without which we can not have the ideal aristocrat—the ideal toward which the American plutocrat is patiently and somewhat painfully climbing. They expend money with both hands, these plutocrats, but they lack style. On Broadway there are twenty lawns, each worth \$1,000,000. Cornelius Vanderbilt

has gates from France, stone from the West, a gardener from Berlin, and plants from Italy. Dr. Weh's home cost \$3,000,000. George Vanderbilt has spent \$5,000,000 upon his country-seat, and expects to spend \$5,000,000 more. John Jacob Astor has bestowed a \$1,000,000 stomacher on his wife. Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt received \$25,000 worth of bouquets at her coming-out party. Dinners are given at \$100 a cover. William C. Whitney, who is yet so far down in the scale that he interests himself in Democratic politics, has a hall-room in which the panels of pink Italian marble cost \$5,000 each. The jewels worn by New York women on an opera night recently were estimated to be of the value of \$1,385,000. At the Burden-Sloane wedding, there were 150 millionaires, with the aggregate pile of \$1,000,000,000. Pianos costing from \$10,000 to \$15,000 are common, and the luxury of these homes are in proportion.

But free-handed as are our plutocrats, they do not consider it beneath them to get the worth of their money—to keep an eye out for the destination of their dollars. This is fatal. The man of the *ancien régime*, the man of Louis the Sixteenth's Four Hundred, held that he was born only to enjoy himself. "Housekeeping, the management of property, domestic economy," as Taine sets forth, "were in the eyes of the nobility vulgar, insipid in the highest degree, and only suited to an intendant or hutler." It was the correct thing to keep a stable of from fifty to a hundred animals, in order that one might ride occasionally in the Bois de Boulogne on horseback. To spend a million francs on a cottage for a whim was nothing. The Comte d'Artois, that he might give the queen a fête, "demolished, rebuilt, arranged, and furnished Bagatelle from top to bottom, employing nine hundred workmen, day and night, and as there was no time to go any distance for lime, plaster, and cut stone, he sent patrols of the Swiss Guard on the highway to seize, pay for, and bring in all carts thus loaded." The Marshal de Souhise entertained the king one day and over night in his country-house at a cost of \$80,000. "I hear," said his majesty to one of his favorite nobles, who owed millions, "that you are in debt." "I shall inquire of my steward and inform your majesty," replied the duke, hiding a yawn behind his hand. Rather than bother themselves about money, those grand swells would throw it out of the window. This was actually done by the Marshal de Richelieu with a purse he had given to his grandson, which the lad, not knowing how to use, had brought back intact. The Prince de Conti had the miniature of a lady's canary bird painted for a ring, she stipulating that it be set without jewels. The miniature was set in a simple rim of gold, but to cover the painting a large diamond, made very thin, served as a glass. The lady returned the diamond. The prince had it ground to powder, which he used to dry the ink of the note he wrote to her on the subject. When his majesty purchased Saint Cloud for the queen at an expenditure of about \$3,000,000 in our money, the tax-payers murmured a bit; but the answer that it was merely as a ring for her majesty's finger silenced them. The cost of a royal page's coat was \$600. The establishment of a great noble, with its army of servants and dependants, needed the revenue of a South American republic to maintain it. Nobody who was anybody socially interested himself in his own affairs any more than he did in the affairs of the nation. Society was so attractive that those in it lived for it alone. And women were the leaders, the flower of this society, as they are of the Atlantic Four Hundred.

A noteworthy advance toward the unsurpassed old French model has recently been taken by one branch of the Vanderbilt family. William K. of that name, by his various amusements at Paris and Monte Carlo, approached the best traditions, and his divorce from his wife, and their determination to hold their places uninjured, but separately, in the Four Hundred betokens the right spirit. "When," remarks M. Taine, in reviving the glories of the *ancien régime*, "people live for society and in society, there is no place for conjugal intimacy." Wives and husbands went their several ways, mutually tolerant. "It looked well not to live together," and children were seldom seen by their parents, "except when dressed as dolls to amuse." Toward the middle of the last century, "husband and wife lodged together under the same roof, but that was all." It was had form, ridiculous—as in "Dodo" and the other literature of fashionable transatlantic society of the present day—for husbands and wives to love each other and be faithful. "If morals were the loser, society was infinitely the gainer," wrote M. de Bezenval, a contemporary. "Having got rid of the annoyances and dullness caused by the husband's presence, the freedom was extreme; the coquetry both of men and women kept up social vivacity and daily provided piquant adventures."

Reflecting upon the graces, the charm of this perished society, that is the model to which every social aristocracy endowed with wealth necessarily aspires, M. Taine says, with a very French and very sincere sigh: "It is said that a

hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the unique perfume used by Persian kings; such was this drawing-room, the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegetation. To fill it a great aristocracy had to be transplanted to a hot-house and become sterile in fruit and flowers, and then, in the royal alembic, its pure sap was concentrated into a few drops of aroma. The price is excessive, but only at this price can the most delicate perfumes be manufactured." So we are not as a nation without hope. Other aristocracies are denied the vigor of youth, and none is so rich as the Atlantic plutocracy, none in which the women are so aspiring, so progressive, so determined to forsake republican illusions and lay fast hold with their jeweled hands on the realities of social life. New York has many times more than the wealth of Paris of the last century, and there is every ground for the blessed hope that Newport will, as culture spreads from the women to the men of the Four Hundred, become another Versailles. This generation will not see it, but who can tell what is reserved for the next, when the husbands and fathers will be the inheritors, not the builders of fortunes?

Interest in the curricula of the various colleges of the country has been swallowed up in a more important and far more absorbing question. The debate as to whether the college course shall occupy three or four years of the student's time, the dispute among the advocates of the optional and prescribed courses—these and other problems heretofore considered of importance have been wholly obscured by the consideration of what is to be the future of college athletics. Though the summer months may not be generally considered the time for absorbing interest in college matters, corresponding really more closely to the off-years in politics, still the air is full of disquieting rumors. The present situation is serious. Harvard and Yale have quarreled over the question as to whether Mr. Hinkey is lower than a brute or is an angel of gentleness. Harvard insisted, after the last contest between the two colleges on the grid-ironed field, upon casting reflections upon Yale's great foot-ball player, and now Harvard must apologize or Yale will not "play in her back yard." Harvard refuses to apologize, and has entered into an agreement to hold its athletic contests only with Cornell. Cornell and Yale have always been at loggerheads, and the defeat of the former at the Henley regatta is not likely to improve the situation. Princeton and Pennsylvania are on the most unfriendly terms, and neither of them has a kindly feeling for Yale. In fact, Yale, as the winner of the greatest number of prizes in athletic contests, has incurred the enmity of all of the others.

Athletic rivalry among the various colleges has indeed engendered an amount of bitterness that is wholly out of place in such institutions. When a contest takes place upon the grounds of one of the colleges, the visiting athletes may expect hisses and cat-calls from the spectators. It is notorious that American athletes who visit England can not expect fair treatment from the spectators. The experience of Cornell was but an instance of what generally happens there. In this country we have very much the same state of affairs at Eastern athletic meets. During the tour of the California athletes a few months ago, they were cheered by college men when they defeated the opponents coming from rival colleges. It was the rivalry of Eastern opponents, rather than the sympathy for California athletes, that inspired the cheering. In Chicago, when the team was out of condition and broken down through overwork, their defeats were greeted with hisses and ridicule. It has been said by Eastern athletes visiting this city, that it is only in California that fair treatment may be expected from spectators and competitors. Why should this be so? Is it because the athletes of California are naturally of a fairer disposition, or because the comparative newness of any active competition has failed to develop that intense spirit of rivalry that has grown up in the Eastern colleges during repeated contests extending through a long series of years? It would seem that the claim usually made for college athletics, that they develop the manliness, self-reliance, and spirit of fairness of the contestants, is not sustained. The Persian curriculum, which prescribed for the youth "to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth," may have been sufficient for a nation which had reached only that degree of civilization. Under our more advanced civilization, athletics seem to develop the brutal side of the character rather more than manliness. Heretofore there has been great sympathy among the public for these contests of physical strength and quickness among the students. The objection that they distract the mind from the studies has been opposed or ignored. But, should the present tendency toward brutality and unfairness continue, we may expect to see the athletes of the colleges placed in a position similar to that of the prize-fighter who goes prowling around the earth seeking a place where he may fight with his fists instead of with his mouth.

CONSTANCIA'S LOVERS.

A Tragedy of the Camino Real.

During the régime of the elder Barrios in Guatemala, I was acting as chief-engineer in constructing a railroad between Escuintla and the capital city. Escuintla, a little, old, Spanish-American town, is situated about thirty miles inland from the port of San José, with which it is connected by a narrow-gauge railroad, the only one in the country at the time of which I speak. The location of Escuintla is especially picturesque, situated as it is among groves of mango, bread-fruit, coconut, and zapote-trees. The most conspicuous feature of the landscape is the Fuego volcano, which, some thirty miles distant to the northward, rises ten thousand feet in the air and is in a continual state of mild eruption. Smoke is always seen about its crest, and at times it pours forth in great volumes, carrying with it clouds of ashes which are deposited as a light gray mantle upon the surrounding country.

The multifarious duties connected with the construction of the line necessitated numerous journeys on horseback in all directions. I had occasion especially to frequent the mountainous road connecting Escuintla with the city of Guatemala and passing through the Indian village of Palin and the ancient Spanish town of Amatitlan, the former centre of the cochineal industry in Central America. This road, known as the *camino real*, is some forty miles in length and among the chief thoroughfares, introducing the traveler, as it does, to one of the most fertile and populous portions of the republic. One encounters here a continual procession of native men and women bearing their wares from one *pueblo* to another, and two-wheeled ox-carts carrying coffee and sugar in the direction of San José, the shipping port for all that section of country. In and about the small hamlets lining this high-road are numerous little tent-like structures made of reeds and brush, with a roof-thatch of banana and coconut-leaves. Under these light shelters women, young or old, earn a few *cuartillas* each day by selling to passers-by refreshing drinks, some of a cooling nature, some quite the reverse, as, for instance, *mescal* and *tequila*—the fire-waters of that country, compared with which our American whiskey is a weak and insipid beverage.

In the suburbs of Palin, remote from the other booths and a little retired from the *camino real*, or public road, was one where *chichi* was served. This is the fermented juice of the pineapple, and makes a most delightful drink on a hot day. *Chichi* could be procured at numerous other places, but nowhere else did it seem to possess the same coolness or delicacy of flavor. Whether this charm was wrought by the great, soft, dark eyes of the dispenser of the beverage, I can not say. I will confess, however, that I never neglected an opportunity of patronizing this fountain of refreshment and airing my Spanish for the benefit of the fair young señorita who presided there with all the grace and coquetry of an accomplished belle. The quick, arch glance from under the long, curved lashes, as my horse would instinctively turn toward her little nook; her soft-toned "Ah, Señor Americano, usted esta bienvenido!" the glimpse of a row of exquisitely white teeth as her red lips parted in a welcoming smile, were enough to accelerate the motion of an older heart than mine. Then, too, her merry laugh at my ludicrous efforts at conversation was as alluring as the notes of a Lorelei. But alas for the vanity of man! I soon found, as I tarried about this child of tropic lands, that her eyes were quite as soft, her smile no less sweet, her tones as seductive to others, I feel assured, much less attractive than I.

Conspicuous among these were two *mozos*, drivers of ox-teams for an adjoining coffee *fincas*. They hovered about her as moths about a flame, each one a self-appointed guardian over the other. Did Esteban appear coming down the dusty road, chanting a love-ditty in the mournful cadence of the Ave Maria, as he prodded the sleepy oxen with his barb-pointed goad, his coal-black eyes riveted upon the sheltering rock behind which his *querida* was sure to be found, then rest assured the cloud of dust in the near distance was caused by the approach of the ox-team of Antonio, who is scowling darkly upon the form of his more enterprising rival. How they hated each other, and how their black, beady eyes shot forth venom like that of the deadly culebra, which, coiling at the root of the sugarcane, is ever ready to sting the unwary and bare-foot *machetero*! Frequently the battery of these four black, sinister eyes was turned upon my innocent self as I stood with my horse's head at my shoulder, the rein hanging loosely over my arm, talking to Señorita Constanica with such easy grace as we Americans can boast when struggling with an unfamiliar tongue. How fraught with rage and envy their glances, as I vaulted upon my horse and, with a backward wave of the hand and a smile, galloped down the road!

Yes, Constanica was a coquette. It was as natural for her to play with the hearts of men as to breathe and laugh and sing. I think I haven't mentioned her singing, but it was not the least fascinating among her accomplishments. Of a church holiday she would have her little sister Carmencita accompany her in the early morning, carefully bearing her most beloved treasure—an old guitar—swathed in a gaudy *serape*. This was laid gently under the counter until the señorita should consent to entertain her admirers. On these occasions, she never failed to have her bead gracefully draped with the black Spanish *rebozo*, fantastically caught at the side with a bunch of scarlet flowers, gathered at the roadside for the purpose. The music which she succeeded in drawing from that old instrument was something unaccountable to me, for I knew she had never taken a lesson in her life. I believe the Spanish learn to play the guitar as they learn to smoke. It is their nature so to do.

But I digress. It is specially about these two *mozos*, Esteban and Antonio, that I wish to speak. They were both desperately in love with Constanica, and hated each other with

all the force of their passionate, untrained natures. She coquetted with first one, then the other, reducing them to desperation. Bitter words were constantly exchanged between them. Affairs stood in this unhappy condition when Esteban, through the influence of an uncle holding some minor place under the government, succeeded in procuring the position of mail-carrier from Escuintla to Amatitlan. The mail is carried in a leather bag, strapped upon the shoulders of the carrier, who is mounted upon a pretentious Spanish, high-pommeled saddle, into which the mule is cinched with the death-grip of the latest style of the American ladies' corset. Any situation suggesting a relation, however remote, with *El Gobierno* is considered among the lower classes a most exalted station, as such a *coup de fortune* at once takes the lucky man from the ranks of the *mozo* to that of the *quasi-caballero*. Human nature, being much the same among the bare-footed Ladinos of Guatemala as it is among the myriad Four Hundred everywhere, treats with equal contempt the boon companions of bumbler days.

It was a terrible day to poor Antonio when he saw his rival thus raised above him, and still more galling to know that interviews took place now between Constanica and Esteban that he could not be witness to. As the time passed, he fancied her smiles were less frequent, her manner colder. In his misery, he upbraided her in bitterest rage. They quarreled one day. He vowed vengeance. She, heedless of consequences, laughed scornfully in his face as he sullenly turned away, muttering curses under his breath.

At sunrise the following morning Esteban came riding rapidly down the road from Palin, his mail-bag slung over his shoulder. His dark, handsome face was alight with the joy of an interview with his beloved one, whom, but a few moments before, he had overtaken upon the road. His ears were yet ringing with the tender words she had whispered into them as he stooped from his saddle and imprinted upon the red lips a lover's kiss, while she stood with her *olla de chichi* gracefully poised upon her head. To make up the time thus consumed, he spurred his mule into a brisk gallop as he fixed his high-heeled boots more firmly into the stirrups and settled his peaked silver-trimmed *sombrero* more securely upon his head.

Nearing Constanica's booth, he suddenly perceived the sinister face of Antonio peering out from behind a projecting rock. Quick as a flash his hand was upon the revolver which government employees are permitted to carry, a privilege denied to others under severe penalty. Too desperate to heed the motion, Antonio sprang forward like a tiger, the long, glittering blade of his heavy *machete* held high in his powerful arm ready to strike an avenging blow.

Thus thrown upon his self-defense, Esteban instantly fired four shots into the body of the desperate man approaching him. Mortally wounded as he was, but nerved by his mad purpose and remarkable strength, Antonio, with a wild leap, secured the vantage ground of a rock beside which the mule had reared, and the glittering blade fell like a thunderbolt from an outraged heaven upon the neck of Esteban, completely severing the head from the body. With this supreme effort, Antonio himself fell dead in the dust beside the ghastly bead of Esteban.

The affrighted mule turned in terror from the bloody scene and started back over the hill bearing the headless body of his master still seated erect in the saddle, supported against the high pommel.

Constancia, hearing the shots, came hurrying forward, and as she passed a sharp turn in the road, the mule dashed into view, bearing the headless body of her lover. With a heartrending shriek, she fell unconscious in the dust by the roadside.

I happened to ride by with some American friends a few moments after this frightful tragedy, and witnessed the ghastly spectacle in all its horror. I helped to carry poor Constanica to her home in the *pueblo*.

Five days later, Padre Ambrosio pointed out to me the new-made grave of Constanica in the little *campo santo* on the hillside beyond Palin.

HELEN LOWE FITZSIMMONS.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

Among the plans for special attractions for the 1900 exhibition selected by the commissioners for more careful examination are four schemes for captive balloons, four for the reproduction of an ironclad or ocean steamer, eleven panoramas, including one of a journey from Paris to the North Pole, sixteen reproductions of "Old France," "Old Paris," etc., a large refracting telescope, a reproduction of the moon, a tremendous bell in a monumental belfry, luminous cataraacts and fountains, projection of light on artificial clouds, an electric gyroscope, a children's exposition, and many special exhibitions. A curious feature is the large number of plans based on aerial navigation.

Medieval penance is performed under difficulties in Rome nowadays. Two women, a Hungarian and a Spaniard, undertook lately to cross the square of St. Peters on their knees, kissing each stone as they advanced. The street boys gathered about them and hooted at them till the police had to interfere and take the women to the police station. They were sent home as religious monomaniacs.

A smoking service is the latest novelty in the religious world. The following invitation has been widely circulated in Whitechapel: "If you want a smoke free, come next Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, to Christ Church Hall. A free cup of tea, if you like. Tobacco gratis."

A new game law went into effect in Maine on July 4th which provides that no one person shall kill, catch, destroy, or carry away more than fifteen trout and land-locked salmon in any one day for four years from the date of the law taking effect.

OLD FAVORITES.

Kentucky Philosophy.

You Wi'yam, come 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n' hut rocks?
'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's of a new kine. I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi yi! der you think dat I des be?

I calls dat a plain watermillon, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed; It come fum de Jimmerson cawn-fiel', dah on ter side er de road. You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot.
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eh'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy! go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase! En cut nie de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place. I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner.
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you 'shamed er yo'sef, suh? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done; En he's tuck it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—"One watermillon stole by Wi'yam Josephus Vettters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school, 'Ud say ef be knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule? Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you houn' fuh ter be a black villian?
I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's watermillon.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have nary bite, Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—en dat in de day's broad light—Ain't—Lawdy! it's GREEN! Mirandy! Mi-ran-d-y! come on wif dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillon! who ever yeered tell er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump um, en w'en dey go *hank dey* is green;
But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en dat's des wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—you heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk—
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over, he sho dat dey allers go "punk!"
—Harrison Robertson.

The Donation Party of Dead-Mule Flat.

From hleak New England's mountains,
Up to the corralled strand
Where fair Montana's fountains
Rolled alleged silver sand,
A missionary, mild in
His manners and his speech,
Journeyed to seek the wild in
A church wherein to preach.

In the "city" where he duly
His wandering tent did pitch,
It could not be said truly
The good man "struck it rich."
For the people (who would gather
To hear his words with mirth)
Were not earth's salt, but rather
The salters of the earth.

Of calls though oft spoke deacon
Or brother—I mean "pard"—
He found that they were speaking
(See *Hamlet*) by the card.
And the language that they used
With
Regard to every game
The good man's face suffused with
A (bob-tailed) flush of shame.

And to his deep dejection,
When all around his hat
He sent for a collection,
But little wealth he gat.
If growled the parson plucky
They would satiric smile,
And hint he was blamed lucky
In getting back the tile.

One day unto the preacher
Two ruffians did repair;
Each was the vilest creature—
Except the other—there,
One was the "A 1 Terror,"
The other "Murder Ned";
And they confessed the error
Of the lives that they had led.

The missionary 'ware was
That jesting they must be;
He said in his church there was
Just then no vacancy.
But when toward the trigger
He saw their fingers glide,
He remembered with great vigor
There was "room for two inside."

"Seein' we now air brothers,"
The "A 1 Terror" cries,
"We ought to get the others
To come and be likewise.
So cock your gun, my hearty,
And, parson, fetch your hat;
Hey for a donation party
For the Church of Dead-mule Flat!"

Forth went the luckless parson,
Between the ruffians two,
Who homicide and arson
Vowed for "the cause" they'd
do.
They had their weapons handy,
And used toward all they met
The *modus operandi*
Of frontier etiquette.

—George T. Lanigan.

A young man named Bennett has put his bicycle to profitable use in the Australian gold-fields by establishing with it a postal route between Coolgardie, the centre of the mining district, and Dundos, which is two hundred and eighty miles away. Strapped on the wheel is a small letter-box, in which he carries letters between the two towns for a shilling apiece and telegrams for five shillings, making one round trip a week. A revolver, a sharp knife, and a water-bottle comprise the rest of the outfit.

PROCTOR ON POKER.

The Great Mathematician on the Chances in the Game—What the Various Hands are Worth—Probabilities in the Draw.

"The existence and still more the flourishing condition of such a game as poker, outside of mere gambling-dens, is one of the most portentous phenomena of American civilization," said the late Richard Proctor in an article on our national card-game. "Poker has an advantage over whist in one respect. In whist, skill will do somewhat; but it will not avail to make good cards yield to bad ones. In poker, the case is otherwise. A man shall not have a point in his hand; yet by sheer bluffing—in other words, by lying—he shall cause such an idea to be formed of his hand, that every one else at the table will throw up his cards, and leave to the liar full possession of the stakes."

Professor Proctor, it seems, had got hold of a book entitled "The Complete Poker Player," and in glancing it over his enthusiasm as a mathematician was fired by the author's statement that while theory shows the odds to be such and such, experience points to other odds. "Experience and theory," Professor Proctor declares, "are in most perfect accord in all matters of probabilities," and thereupon he enters into a careful consideration of the probabilities of the game. In the first place, he takes up the problems connected with the decision whether to stay in or retire on a given hand, which he considers "very pretty." He says:

The case is entirely different from that to be dealt with in such a game as vingt-et-un, where only the dealer has to be considered, each player being, as it were, in contest with him. In poker, a player has to consider, not the chance of having a better hand than some particular adversary, but the chance that he holds better cards than any of the others. This modifies the chances in a very interesting manner. Not only are they different from those existing where each player is matched against the dealer, but they vary according to the players. Where the players are few, a moderately good hand may be trusted to win against the company in the average number of trials; but where there are many players, there is more chance of a strong hand lying somewhere to beat it, and, therefore, the hand in which the player should decide to trust must be a better one. For instance, with few players a pokerist might safely decide that he would not go in on less than a high pair, a king or ace, and adhering to this rule throughout the play, would be likely to come out without heavy loss. But if there were a large party of players, the average best hand at each deal would probably be better; and he might, therefore, deem it well to put low threes, as three 2's or three 3's, as the limit below which he would not back his hand. Apart from "bluffing," such rules are not affected by the probability that a "call" may be made; for the persistence of other players in raising will depend on the quality of their hand.

But we touch here on a characteristic of this game of poker, which makes it really an excellent game for the non-gamblers, because calling so largely on the exercise of judgment and also depending so much on individual character. As a parlor game, with counters instead of coin, it is one of the best and most amusing I know of. It is strangely contrasted with whist, calling for the exercise of very different mental faculties, but bringing out traits of character in quite as marked a degree.

As a result of confidence in luck, either general or at any particular time, poker-players often trust in hands of far less value than such as would give a fair chance of winning. It never seems to occur to them that the possession of a bad hand should in itself be regarded, if theory of luck were sound, as an evidence that at the moment they were not in the vein; and that the principle "back your luck" would suggest that the hand should be thrown up, for backing it means backing bad luck.

Of course this does not apply to bluffing, which, however, is not considered good poker-playing, at least as a system. A player may bluff on almost any hand, and the holder his bluff the better his chance of winning; for his opponent has to pay to see his hand—he has, indeed, in a sense, not to pay but simply to stake so much money; but, according to the true doctrine of chances, staking means payment of a certain sum for a certain chance. Now, when a poker-player raises the stakes by a very large amount, he means, if he is not bluffing, "I have a very good hand"; and it is not wise, if that is the case, to pay a large sum for the privilege of seeing how good his hand is, unless your own is so good as to give you a very good chance of having the better. Even then it is better to see and go better than to call. For by so doing you have two chances to one—the chance that, seeing you so confident, he will not go on, and the chance that, when the call is made, you will be found to have the better hand. Now, a hold bluff often forces success—if the player is not given to bluffing. If he is, he is soon found out; and thereafter he bluffs at his proper peril. Even if he is so wealthy that he can stand a few checks, so far as his pocket is concerned, he begins to lose nerve when a few large bluffs have been met with a call and his pockets have suffered accordingly. But the player who, nine times out of ten, plays the straight game, may often win largely by an occasional bluff—if he is ready to overlook the fact that a bluff is a lie.

But the avoidance of bluffing takes away none of the good qualities which poker has as a game of skill. The player may still back his hand with more or less boldness, according to its quality and his temperament. He still requires to exercise judgment as to the actual or relative value of a hand; he still has to note observantly what is done by other players, what cards they draw, what their ways are in standing on a hand, in holding when advances are made by others, and so forth.

In actual play for money, the use of a good limit below which the player makes it a rule to stand out is sound policy; for in the long run the player whose lowest hand for backing is a strong one, as two aces, or low threes, at the least, in small companies, must come off well. He will win more than he loses. But it must be remembered that constant caution is apt to diminish the profits of successful ventures. The poker-player wants others to play high when he has a winning hand, and if it becomes known that he never backs any but strong hands, none will "raise" very much against him. To succeed in pocketing a large share of other people's money, which is the true poker-player's object, the most cautious player must indulge in occasional extravagance. So also with a very strong hand—one that is practically sure to win—the judicious poker-player must play a waiting game. He must reverse the tactics of the bluffer, who tries to persuade others that his hand is better than it really is; he must try to persuade the rest that his hand is but a poor one; so they will see and raise, until there is something in the pool worth winning, when he can see and raise more boldly, and, finally, call or await the call with confidence. In fact, lying and bluffing are the secrets of success at poker.

Professor Proctor next considers what are the chances for each different kind of hand at poker:

First, the total number of ways in which a set of five cards can be formed out of a pack containing fifty-two cards has to be determined. This is easy enough. You multiply together 52, 51, 50, 49, and 48, and divide the product by that obtained from multiplying together 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Thus you get 2,598,960 as the total number of poker hands.

It is very easy to determine the number of flushes and sequences and flush sequences which are possible. Thus, begin with the flush sequences. We can have in each suit, ace, 2, 3, 4, 5; 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; and so on up to 10, knave, queen, king, ace; or in all there are ten flush sequences in each suit, forty flush sequences in all. The number of sequences which are not flush may be thus de-

termined: The arrangement of numbers may be any one of the ten just indicated. But by taking any one of these, as 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, the 3 may be out of any suit of the four; so that each arrangement may be obtained in four different ways as respects the first card; so with the second, third, etc.; or, in all, 4 times 4 times 4 times 4, or 1,020, times 10, or 10,200 sequences not flush. Now, as respects flushes, their number is very easily determined. The number of combinations of five cards which can be formed out of the thirteen cards of a suit are given by multiplying together 13, 12, 11, 10, and 9, and dividing by the product of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; this will be found to be 1,287. Thus there are 4 times 1,287, or 5,148 possible flushes. Of these, 5,108 are not sequence flushes.

The total number of "four" hands may be considered next. The process for finding it is very simple. There are, of course, only thirteen fours, each of which can be taken with any one of the remaining 48 cards; so that there are 13 times 48, or 624 possible four hands.

Next to determine the number of "full hands." This is not difficult, but requires a little more attention. A full hand consists of a triplet and a pair. Now, manifestly, there are four triplets of each kind—four sets of three aces, four sets of three kings, and so forth (for we may take each ace from the four aces in succession, leaving in each case a different triplet of aces; and so with the other denominations). Thus, in all, 4 times 13, or 52 different triplets can be formed out of a pack of 52 cards. When one of these triplets has been formed, there remain 49 cards, out of which the total number of sets of two which can be formed is obtained by multiplying 49 by 48 and dividing by 2; whence we get 1,176 such combinations in all. But the total number of pairs which can be formed among these 49 cards is much smaller. There are four 2's, which (as cribbage teaches us) will give six pairs of 2's; so there are six pairs of 3's, six pairs of 4's, and so on; or as there are only twelve possible kinds of pairs (after our triplet is removed), there are in all 6 times 12, that is, 72 possible pairs which can, with the triplet, form a full hand. Hence, as there are 52 possible triplets, the total number of full hands is 52 times 72, or 3,744.

The number of triplet hands which are not also fours or fulls (for every four hand contains triplets) follows at once from the above. There are 52 possible triplets, each of which can be combined with 1,176 combinations of two cards out of the remaining 49, giving in all 52 times 1,176, or 61,152, sets of five, three at least of which are alike. But there are 624 four hands, each of which is not only a triplet hand, but will manifestly make four of the triplet hands our gross reckoning includes (for from every four you can make three triplets), and there are 3,744 full hands. These (to wit, 2,496 fours and 3,744 fulls, or 6,240 hands in all) must be removed from our count, leaving 54,912 triplet hands (proper) in all.

Next Professor Proctor discusses double and single pairs:

From the whole pack of 52 cards we can form 6 times 13 pairs; for 6 pairs of aces can be formed, 6 pairs of 2's, 6 pairs of 3's, and so forth. Thus there are in all 78 different pairs. When we have taken any pair, there remain 50 cards. From these we must remove the two cards of the same denomination, as either or both of these must not appear to the hand to be formed. There remain 48 cards, from which we can form 72 other pairs. Each of these can be taken with any one of the 46 remaining cards, except those two which are of the same denomination, or with 44 in all, without forming a triplet. Each of these combinations can be taken with each of the 78 pairs, giving a two-pair hand, only it is obvious that each two-pair hand will be given twice by this arrangement. Thus the total number of two-pair hands is half of 78 times 72 times 44; or there are 123,552 such hands in all.

Next as to simple pairs. We get, as before, 78 different pairs. Each of these can be taken with any set of three formed out of the 48 cards left when the other two of the same denomination have been removed, except the 72 times 44 (that is, 3,168) pairs indicated in dealing with the last case, and the 48 triplets which can be formed out of these same 48 cards, or 3,216 sets in all. Now the total number of sets of three cards which can be formed out of 48 is given by multiplying 48 by 47 by 46, and dividing by the product of the numbers 1, 2, and 3. It is found to be 17,256. We diminish this by 3,216, getting 14,040, and find that there are in all 78 times 14,040, or 1,095,120.

The hands which remain are those which are to be estimated by the highest card in them; and their number will of course be obtained by subtracting the sum of the numbers already obtained from the total number of possible hands. We thus obtain the number 1,302,540.

Thus, of the four best classes of hands, there are the following numbers:

Of flush sequences there may be.....	40
Of fours.....	624
Of full hands.....	3,744
Of common flushes.....	5,108
Of common sequences.....	10,200
Of triplets.....	52
Of two pairs.....	123,552
Of pairs.....	1,098,240
Of other hands.....	1,302,540

Total number of possible hands..... 2,598,960

From this table Professor Proctor draws deduction that seem obvious enough, and yet few poker-players have formulated them for themselves. He says:

It will be seen that those who devised the rules for poker play set the different hands in their proper order. It is fitting, for instance, that as there are only 40 possible flush-sequence hands, out of a total number of 2,598,960 hands, while there are 624 "four" hands, the flush sequences should come first; and so with the rest. It is noteworthy, however, that when sequences were not counted, as was the rule in former times, there was one hand absolutely unique and unconquerable. The holder of four aces then wagered on a certainty, for no one else could hold that hand. At present there is no absolutely sure winning hand. The holder of ace, king, queen, knave, and ten, flush, may (though it is, of course, extremely unlikely) be met by the holder of the same cards, flush, in another suit. Or, when we remember that at whist it has happened that the deal divided the four suits among the four players, to each a complete suit, we see that four players at poker might each receive a flush sequence headed by the ace.

We might subdivide the hands above classified into a much looser array, beginning thus: 4 flush sequences headed by the ace; 4 headed by the king, and so on down to 4 headed by 5; 48 possible four-aces hands; 48 four-kings hands, and so on down to 48 four-2's hands; 24 possible "fulls" of three aces and two kings; as many of three aces and two queens, and so on down to 24 "fulls" of three 2's and two 3's, and so on. Any one who cares to do this can, by drawing the line at any point, ascertain at once the number of hands above and not above that hand in value; and thus determine the chance that any hand taken at random is above or below that particular hand in value. The comparatively simple table above only shows how many hands there are above or not above pairs, triplets, and the like. But the more complete series could be very easily formed.

We note from the above table that more than half the possible poker hands are below pairs in value. So that Clay was right enough in wagering on an ace-high hand, seeing that there are more hands which will not beat it (supposing the next highest card a king, at any rate) than there are hands that will; but he was quite wrong in calling on such a hand, even against a single opponent.

The effect of increase in the number of hands is the point Professor Proctor next considers. He says:

Many, even among gamblers, know so little of the doctrine of chances as not to be aware of, still less to be able to measure the effect of, the presence of a great number of other contestants. Yet it is easy to illustrate the matter. Thus, suppose a player casts a die single against one other. If the first has cast four, the odds are in favor of his not being beaten; there are only two casts which will beat him and four which will not. The chance that he will not be beaten by a single opponent is thus four-sixths, or two-thirds. If there is another opponent, the chance that he individually will not cast better than four is also two-thirds. But the chance that neither will throw better than four is obtained by multiplying two-thirds by two-thirds.

It is therefore four-ninths; or the odds are five to four in favor of one or other beating the cast of the first thrower. If there are three others, in like manner the chance that not one of the three will throw better than four is obtained by multiplying two-thirds by two-thirds by two-thirds. It is therefore eight-twenty-sevenths; or the odds are nineteen to eight in favor of the first thrower's cast of four being beaten. And so with every increase in the number of throwers, the chance of the first thrower's cast being beaten is increased. So that if the first thrower casts four, and is offered his share of the stakes before the next throw is made, the offer is a bad one if there is but one opponent, a good one if there are two, and a very good one if there are more than two.

In like manner, the same hand which it would be safe to stand on (as a rule) at poker against two or three opponents, may be a very unsafe hand to stand on against five or six. Then the player has to consider the pretty chance problems involved in drawing. Suppose, for instance, your original hand contains a pair—the other three cards being all unlike—should you stand out? or should you draw? (to purchase right to which you must stand out); or should you stand in without drawing? Again, if you draw, how many of the three cards should you throw out? and what are the chances of improving your hand? Here you have to consider first whether you will stand in, which depends, not on the value of your pair only, but also on the chance that your hand will be improved by drawing. Having decided to stand in, remember that discarding three tells the rest of the company that in all possibility you are drawing to improve a pair hand; and at poker, telling anything helps the enemy. If one of your loose cards is an ace, you do well to discard only the other two; for this looks like drawing a triplet, and you may chance to draw a pair to your ace. But usually you have so much better a chance of improving your hand by drawing three, that it is, as a rule, better to do this.

"Drawing to a triplet is usually good policy. Your mathematical expectation of improvement is slight," says "The Complete Poker Player," "being one to twenty-three of a fourth card" (it should be the fourth card) "of the same denomination, and two to twenty-three of another pair of denomination different from the triplet," a remark suggesting the comment that to obtain a pair of the same denomination as the triplet would require play something like what we hear of in old Mississippi stories, where a "straight flush" would be met by a very full pair of hands, to wit, five in one hand and a revolver in the other! The total expectation of improvement is one to eight; but, then, see what an impression you make by a draw, which means a good hand. Then, too, you may suggest a yet better hand, without much impairing your chance of improvement, by drawing one card only. This gives you one chance in forty-seven of making fours, and one in sixteen of picking up one of the three cards of the same denomination as the odd cards you retain. This is a chance of one in twelve.

"Draws to straights and flushes are usually dearly purchased," says our oracle; "always so at a small table. Their value increases directly as the number of players." (The word "directly" is here incorrectly used; the value increases as the number of players, but not directly as the number.) Of course, in drawing to a two-ended straight—that is, one which does not begin or end with an ace—the chance of success is represented by eight in forty-seven, for there are forty-seven cards outside of your original hand, of which only eight are good to complete the straight. For a one-ended straight, the chance is but four in forty-seven; with a small chance, too, of improving your hand, you are trying for a better hand than you want in any but a large company. "If you play in a large party," says "The Complete Poker Player," "say seven or eight, and find occasion to draw for a straight against six players, do so by all means, even if you split aces." The advice is sound. Under the circumstances, you need a better hand than ace-pair to give your pair sixth share of the chances.

As to flushes, your chances are better, when you have already four of a suit. You discard one, and out of the remaining forty-seven cards any one of nine will make your flush for you. Your chance is one in five and two-ninths.

Having concluded this side of the problem, the mathematician's gorge rises against the presumptuous gambler who advances his experience in the matter of chance against the scientific man's irrefutable logic. Professor Proctor thus quotes the author of "The Complete Poker Player":

"I have experimented," says he, "with six hands through a succession of five hundred deals, and filled only eighty-three flushes in the five hundred, equal to one in six and one-twentieth draws. Of course I am not prepared to say that this would be the average in many thousand deals; theoretically, it is an untrue result; but I here suggest a possible explanation of what I confess is to me a mystery." Then he expounds the very matter on which we touched above. "In casting dice," he says, "theoretically, any given throw has no influence upon the next throw, and is not influenced by the previous throw. Yet if you throw a die and it turns up a six, the chance should be one in six that the next throw will produce a six, because the previous throw of six lies absolutely in the past; yet you may safely bet something more than the usual odds against it. Then suppose the second throw turns up a six, that throw also now lies in the past, and can not be proved to have an influence upon throw number three, which you are preparing to make. If any material influence is suspected, you may change the box and die; and you may now bet twice the usual odds against the six. Why? Because you know by experience that it is extremely difficult to throw six three times in succession, even if you do not know the precise odds against it. Granted certain odds against throwing six twice in succession, etc., yet at any given moment when the player shakes the box in which is a six-faced die, he has one chance in six of throwing a six; and yet if he has just thrown sixes twice, you may bet twelve to one that he will not throw a six in that particular cast." If I did not hold gambling to be near akin to swindling, and could find but a few hundred who held this doctrine, how much money might I not gain by accepting any number of wagers of this wise sort!

The fact is, the mistake here is just the ridiculous mistake which Steinmetz called the "maturity of the chances" over again. It is a mistake which has misled to their ruin many thousands of gamblers, who might have escaped the evil influence of that other equally foolish mistake about being lucky or unlucky, in the vein or out of it. Steinmetz puts the matter thus: "In a game of chance, the oftener the same combination has occurred in succession, the nearer we are to the certainty that it will not recur at the next cast or turn up; this is the most elementary of the theories on probabilities; it is termed the maturity of the chances. The real fact is that this is not a theory of probabilities at all, but disproved by the theory of probabilities—and disproved, whenever it has been put to the test, by facts."

Take the case in "The Complete Poker Player," and note the evidence on the strength of which the author of that work rejects the theory in favor of a practical common-sense notion (as he thinks), which is, in reality, nonsense. You may expect nine successful draws to a flush in forty-seven hands; therefore, in the five hundred deals he experimented upon, he might have expected ninety-five or ninety-six; and he only obtained eighty-three. Now five hundred trials are far too few to test such a matter as this. You can hardly test even the tossing of a coin properly by fewer than a thousand trials; and, in that case, there are but two possible events. Here are forty-seven, of which nine are favorable. It was the failure to recognize this which led the Astronomer Royal for Scotland to recognize something mystical and significant in the preponderance of 3's and the deficiency of 7's among the digits representing the proportion of the circumference to the diameter of a circle. In casting a coin a great number of times, we do not find that the occurrence of a great number of successive heads or tails in any way affects the average proportion of heads or tails coming next after the series. Thus I have before me the record of a series of 16,317 tossings, in which the number of sequences of tails (only) were rendered; and I find that after two hundred and seventy-one cases in which tails had been tossed five times in succession, the next tossing gave in one hundred and thirty-two cases heads, and in one hundred and thirty-nine cases tails. Among the 16,317 tossings, two cases occurred in which tail was tossed fifteen times in succession.

THE LIAR.

I never loved but one woman. I passed five years with her in perfect happiness. I can truly say that to her I owe my success, because of my freedom from care and because she imbued me with some of her great ambition. From the first moment we met, it seemed to me that I had always loved her. Her heauty and character answered all my dreams. That woman never left me; she died in my house, in my arms, and still loving me. But when I think of her it drives me mad. If I attempt to describe her as she was during the five years, in all the glory of her love, with her tall, *svelte* figure, her clear-cut features, like an Oriental Jew's, her luminous pale face, her cheerful talk, her voice soft and sweet as her glance; if I try to bring again to my mind that vision of delight, it is only to say—I hate her!

Her name was Clotilde. In the house in which I first met her, she was known as Mme. Deloche, the widow of a captain long since dead. She appeared to have traveled extensively. In her conversation she would sometimes say: "When I was at Tampico," or, perhaps, "Once during a raid in Valparaiso." Aside from these remarks, nothing in her manner, in her language, suggested a nomadic life; nothing of that disorder and hurry incident to quick departures or untimely arrivals. She was a Parisian, dressed always with exquisite taste, without a *burnous* or those eccentric *serapes* by which one recognizes the wives of officers and marines who are perpetually on the move.

When I found that I loved her, my only idea was to ask her hand in marriage. A friend spoke to her for me. She replied simply that she should never marry. Thenceforth I avoided places where I would see her, and as I was too unhappy to work, I resolved to go away. I was making preparations for departure when, one morning in the midst of the confusion of packing, Mme. Deloche entered my apartment.

"Why do you go away?" she asked. "Because you love me? I also love you; only"—here her voice trembled a little—"only, I am married." And she told me her history. It was a story of love and desertion. Her husband was dissipated; he had beaten her. They separated at the end of three years. Her family, of whom she seemed very proud, occupied high positions in Paris, but since her marriage they had disowned her. She was a niece of the Grand Rahhi. Her sister, widow of an officer of high rank, had married for a second husband the general of the guard at St. Germain. As for herself, financially ruined by her husband, she had fortunately been highly educated and possessed several accomplishments, of which she now made use. She gave lessons in music in the wealthy families of the *Chaussee-d'Antin* and the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

Her story was touching but quite long; full of the pretty repetitions and interminable incidents which crowd the talk of women. I hired a pretty little house in the *Avenue de l'Impératrice*. I passed the first year listening to her, looking at her, without thinking of work. It was she who first urged me to enter my studio, and fired me with ambition to become a great artist. I could not induce her to give up her pupils. This independence touched me deeply. I admired the proud soul which made me feel a little humiliated before the expressed wish to owe nothing, except to her own exertions. We were thus separated every day.

With what happiness I returned home, so impatient when she was late, so happy when I found her there before me! From her pupils in Paris she brought me rare flowers. I often forced her to accept some present, but she laughingly said that she was richer than I, and the lessons must have been very profitable, for she always dressed with great elegance, and always in black, which she wore through coquetry, on account of her complexion. Her heauty was enhanced by heavy velvets, shining jets, lustrous satins, and masses of silky laces. All her pupils, daughters of bankers and financiers, adored and respected her; and more than once she showed me a bracelet, a hangle, or a piece of lace, which one of them had given her.

Except when at work, we were never separated. Only on Sunday she went to Saint-Germain to see her sister, the wife of the general, with whom, long ago, she had made her peace. I accompanied her to the station. She returned the same evening, and often, when the days were long, we would make a rendezvous, and go to row on the water or for a walk in the woods. She would tell me about her visit, how pretty the children were, and how happy they all were together. It seemed to make her so unhappy, that I redoubled my tenderness in order to make her forget her sorrow.

What happy times of work and confidence we had! I suspected nothing. Everything she said appeared so true, so natural. I could reproach her with only one thing: sometimes, in telling me about the families to which her pupils belonged, she gave a quantity of intimate details and told of imaginary intrigues. She saw always the romance around her, and seemed to live in dramatic combinations. These dreams troubled my happiness; I, who wished to fly far from the rest of the world to live alone with her, often found her occupied with indifferent things. But I could pardon these dreams in a woman young and unhappy, whose life had been a sad romance without hope of a happy *dénouement*.

Once only I became suspicious, or, rather, uneasy. One Sunday evening, she did not return. I was in despair. What should I do? Go to Saint Germain? I could not do that without compromising her. However, after a fearful night, I had just decided to go there, when she arrived pale and troubled. Her sister was ill; she had remained to care for her. I believed what she told me, not suspecting the flow of words which met the least questioning. Two or three times, in the same week, she returned to spend the night; finally, the sister having recovered, she again took up her regular and tranquil life.

Unhappily, some time afterward, it was her turn to fall ill.

One day she came home from giving lessons, trembling, weak, feverish. Inflammation of the lungs declared itself, became more serious, and soon—the doctor told me—irremediable. I was crazed with grief. Then I thought that I would make her last hours happy. Her family, which she loved so much, of which she was so proud, I would bring to her bedside. Without saying anything to her, I wrote first to her sister at Saint Germain, and went myself to the Grand Rahbi, her uncle. When I arrived at his house, I was ushered into an antechamber, and soon the Grand Rahbi came to receive me.

"There are moments, sir," I began, "when hatred ought to be forgotten."

He looked at me in astonishment. I went on: "Your niece is dying!"

"My niece! I have no niece! You are mistaken."

"I beg of you, sir, forget that foolish quarrel. I speak of Mme. Deloche, the wife of Captain——"

"I do not know Mme. Deloche. You are mistaken, my child, I assure you." And, kindly, he pushed me toward the door, taking me for a lunatic or a fool.

I may have looked so, indeed. What I had heard was so terrible, so unexpected. She had lied, then. But why? Suddenly an idea struck me. I would go to the address of one of her pupils, of whom she was always talking, the daughter of a well-known banker.

"Mme. Deloche," I began, to the servant.

"She does not live here."

"Yes, I know that. She is the lady who gives piano lessons to the young ladies."

"There are no young ladies in the house; not even a piano. I do not know what you mean," and she closed the door in my face.

I went no further. I was sure of receiving the same answer everywhere. Returning to our poor little home, a letter was handed me, post-marked St. Germain. I opened it, knowing already what its contents were. The general did not know Mme. Deloche. He had, moreover, neither wife nor child.

This was the last blow. So for five years every word she had uttered had been a lie. A thousand jealous thoughts seized me, and foolishly, not knowing what I did, I ran to the room where she lay dying. All the questions which tormented me poured from my lips in a torrent of words. "What did you go to St. Germain every Sunday for? At whose house have you passed your days? Where did you stay that night? Come, answer me!" And I caught hold of her, searching through her eyes into the depths of her soul. But she remained mute—passive.

I was trembling with rage. "You never gave lessons! I have been everywhere. No one knows you. Come, where did you get the money, those laces, those jewels?"

She gave me one long, sad look, and that was all. I should have spared her, I should have allowed her to die in peace. But I loved her too much. Jealousy was stronger than pity.

"You have deceived me for five years," I went on. "You have lied to me every day, every hour. You know all my life, and I know absolutely nothing of yours. Nothing—not even your name! Because it is not yours, this name that you bear. Oh, liar, liar!"

She was dying, and I not to know what name to call her! "Come now, who are you? Where did you come from? Why did you come into my life? Speak! Tell me something!"

Instead of replying she turned her face to the wall, as if she feared that her last look would give up her secret.

And thus she died—died without divulging her secret, a liar to the end!—Translated for the *Argonaut* from the *French of Alphonse Daudet* by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury.

"We sometimes hear queer things over the wire," remarked a police telephone operator to a *Washington Times* reporter. "Calls were coming in slowly one night, and between switches I was reading a very interesting and highly exciting novel, when, with a whirr and rattle, the exchange shutter dropped. I closed the circuit and yelled 'Hello,' and a man's voice, in pleading and wild tones, came forth from the receiver: 'For God's sake send some policemen here, quick—quick—they'll kill me—' Just then I could hear another bass voice howl: 'Here's the ———! He's callin' for the police. Let's give him ———' and I heard a sound like something coming in forcible contact with something fleshy, and the crack that pealed from my receiver nearly deafened me. I knew the first speaker's head had come against the instrument. Then with a rattle the wire was cut off. I called up the central exchange again, but they had forgotten where the connection had been. I have often wondered what the strange midnight message meant, and several times I have endeavored to find the station where, perhaps, a murder was committed, or at least a murderous assault occurred."

To what extremes a German will go in the desire to be thorough is shown by the ghoulish story of the identification of Johann Sebastian Bach's remains in Leipzig. According to the city records, he was buried in the south side of the *Johannis Kirche* in 1750, in an oak coffin, and only two persons were thus buried that year. Last year, when the old *Johannis Kirche* was torn down, the committee searching for Bach found an oak coffin, with the remains of an elderly man. The bones were handed over to Professor His, of the Anatomical Museum, who measured them and found the man was five feet six inches tall, under the German average. The skull was given to a sculptor, who molded on it a bust which harmonizes with the portrait of Bach in the *Thomaschule* and also resembles Handel.

Persigny, the most unscrupulous of Napoleon the Third's agents in bringing about the *coup d'état*, left memoirs which are to be published soon in Paris.

SYBARITIC YACHTSMEN.

The Millionaires of Gotham who Maintain Steam Yachts—What It Costs to Run Them—Yachting Expenses of Vanderbilt, Gould, and Others.

The talk is all of yachting in this city just now. The papers are full of the new cup-defender, and you hear her points discussed as earnestly and as learnedly by the elevator-hoy who hoists you up to your office after luncheon as it was by the men you have just left in the club smoking-room. Even the fairer half of creation is affected by the mania, and you can talk of precious little else at country-houses or wherever you go from Saturday to Monday. I have been attracted lately by the financial side of the pastime, and I have made some interesting discoveries.

Horse-racing used to be called the sport for kings in England, but yachting, as some men in this burg understand it, is a sport that would break any one but an American multi-millionaire. Of course you can keep a simple little sloop, or even a small yawl, at a small initial outlay and an insignificant running expense. But, on the other hand, there is no luxury in which so large a sum of money can be made to melt away, to evaporate, to vanish, so completely and with such surprising celerity as in maintaining a steam yacht.

William K. Vanderbilt leads the list of New York yachtsmen, in point of the amount of money he spends on the sport. His yacht, the *Valiant*, cost him about \$700,000 as she stands now, and the insurance on her makes a very pretty item in the expense account. He keeps her in commission all the year, too, while most yachtsmen use their yachts, as a general thing, only during the few summer months. The *Valiant* has a crew of fifty-two men, with monthly salaries ranging from \$50 to \$250, making a monthly charge of \$2,600 for the crew. She burns thirty tons of coal in a day of twenty-four hours, and, calling it three hundred and fifty tons in a month, the coal bill is at least \$1,000. To feed the crew costs about \$1,200 a month, and the laundry bills, which include the ship's linen as well as the immaculate garb of the crew, costs \$75 a day, or \$2,250 a month more. But Mr. Vanderbilt's own table is not provided at any such figure as \$1,200; considering that there are three elaborate menus prepared a day, consisting of the choicest delicacies money can procure, with little "snacks," and "bites," and suppers at odd intervals, and champagne, claret cup, and sterner stuff without intervals, to say nothing of cigars at sixty cents and cigarettes of the best—considering all these, I say, it is not an overestimate to put the cost of these supplies for the inner man at \$150 a day. Of course, when a large party is being entertained or when a reception is given aboard, this expense runs up to \$800 or a thousand dollars, but \$150 a day is a fair average. Altogether, the *Valiant* costs her owner from \$12,000 to \$15,000 a month, or about \$160,000 a year.

George Gould is another luxurious yachtsman, and last year, when he took two yachts over to the *Coves Regatta*, he spent a good third of a million dollars in three months. He bought the *Vigilant* for \$25,000, and spent \$10,000 in fixing her up; then he gave Hank Haff a bonus of \$5,000 to become her sailing-master, and paid \$5,000 more in advance money to secure her crew of about thirty men. Several of these were sent over by steamer at a cost of about \$1,000, and it took twice this sum to provision the *Vigilant* and the *Atalanta*—for Howard Gould went over in the latter, with a party of friends, after she had been furnished up and prepared to receive royalty at a cost of \$10,000. The cost of sailing the *Atalanta*, coaling her and paying her crew, amounted to \$50,000, and the *Vigilant* cost \$30,000 for the same period. Finally, I shall have to make a guess at the sum it cost Mr. Gould to entertain royalty at banquets and receptions, and I don't see how he could have come out of it under \$200,000.

Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry is one of those who keep their yachts in commission for about four months, and the *Electra* costs him about \$10,000 a month. His salary list for twenty-eight men—comprising a captain, a mate, two quartermasters, twelve deck-hands, a chief engineer, a force of firemen, a *chef* and two assistants, and two stewards—easily eats up \$1,000 a month, and he pays half that amount for their food. His coal-hill also amounts to about \$500 a month, and the rest of it goes for laundry, breakage, and entertaining. His *chef* enjoys a salary of \$7,500 a year, and inasmuch as Commodore Gerry occasionally entertains as many as one hundred guests at a time, it is easily to be seen that his hospitality on his yacht costs him as much as his *chef*.

Another type of yachtsman is the man who despises a steam yacht and its luxury, and goes in for hantling with old ocean in a white-winged craft that skims before the breeze and needs a crew of thirty men to haul in her hundred-foot boom and the towering spread of canvas of her mainsail. Such a man is Oliver Iselin, one of the most enthusiastic yachtsmen in New York, and I am told his yachting expenses this year in defense of the America's Cup will come to something like \$100,000. Of course a man can easily spend that amount of money on a string of racers, and the cost of their maintenance will mount up to a very tidy sum every year. But, with the exception of the late Robert Bonner, every man I know of who owns a stable stands a chance of profiting by the sale of colts or winnings at races, while yachting is a constant and enormous drain on a man's bank account. European princes and American multi-millionaires are the only persons who can stand it.

NEW YORK, July 12, 1895. FLANEUR.

Two male bicyclists dressed in knickerhockers, arriving in the course of a tour at a summer hotel at Spirit Lake, Ia., the other day, were not allowed to enter the dining-room on the ground that their attire was improper. It is not stated whether the table-legs in the room were decorously draped.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

The Fin-de-Siècle Music-Hall Singer Coming to America—Her Early Life as a Shop-Girl—How She Makes her Successes—Her Home Life.

"I wonder what impression she will make in America?" said a friend to me one evening last year, as the applause which had hurst out at the conclusion of one of Yvette Guilbert's best songs began to die away. My companion's tone was dubious; plainly he did not consider it a foregone conclusion that this truly Parisian singer would fetch his countrymen.

The question is one that will be decided finally this autumn, at least so far as New York is concerned. Since I and my friend discussed Yvette's talents and its idiosyncrasies, she has scored an immense success in London, and the subjugation of the fashionable London world is certainly a step toward the accomplishment of a similar feat in New York. I do not mean to intimate that the New Yorkers can not think for themselves, or that they are ready to accept the flattery of others unconditionally—far from it—but we all know that the Eastern States are particularly open to European influences.

It is interesting to inquire what is Yvette's title to fame, and wherein lies the secret of her success. Beauty she has not; that most people allow. Voice she has very little. The whole of her talent as a singer lies in the careful modulation of a small, rather low *fillet de voix*. The fact is, it is all expression—I do not use the word in a musical sense—the clear way in which she brings out every point, underlines every innuendo, and in a fashion acts the ballad she croons—I can hardly call it singing—without undue exaggeration, either in gesture or otherwise. Possibly it may sound strange, but I am inclined to describe her manner as simple and not devoid of delicacy.

The typical music-hall singer makes as much noise as possible, gabbles out the words of the song so that half of them never reach the ears of the auditor, uses her arms like the sails of a windmill, kicks her skirts about, and generally finishes off with a break-down. Her dress is cut outrageously low, is glaring in color as it is rich in material, and mostly decked out with all the gewgaws she is fortunate enough to have in her possession. Her innate vulgarity shocks every sense.

Now, Yvette is not vulgar. Perhaps the rigid moralist would not be wrong in saying that she is worse, just as we say here of a woman that she is "not beautiful, she is worse"; that is, more dangerous, more invidious, like the dram with a bitter taste that steals into the brain and intoxicates the senses. When Yvette first came out, she used to put on the *blanc de perle* rather too thickly, and, as she used no rouge, the effect, when standing in front of the footlights, was almost cadaverous, the orbits of the eyes sunken and the mouth open to sing a black cavern. I was quite surprised, the first time I saw her off the platform, to see how much fresher and younger she really looked. Nowadays the cosmetics are more sparingly and more artistically used.

Yes, she dresses well, tastefully and becomingly, quite a new departure at the Eldorado or the Ambassadeurs. With the exception of the long, black gloves drawn over the thin, angular arms over the elbow, in curious contrast to a dress of some light-colored satin, which she long affected, there is never anything out of the way about her toilet, which might be that of any *femme du monde* in her own drawing-room. At all times Yvette looks lady-like, and her tall, slim figure has a lady-like grace in spite of its slight angularity. Meeting her in the Acacias of an afternoon, pacing slowly beneath the trees, followed at a discreet distance by a perfectly appointed victoria, wearing a plainly made *crêpon* or *hatiste* costume in summer, and one of cloth, trim, fitting to perfection, in winter, you would never imagine she was a music-hall singer.

Undoubtedly the contrast of her outward appearance with the style of song she sings gives a piquancy she would lack were she covered with diamonds like Otero or décolletée like Valter.

Yvette is the prima donna of the *ballade fin de siècle*, a species of literature which the century may blush to own. I do not suppose translations were circulated among the London audiences she sang before, nor that they will be in New York. There are very few amorous ditties among them, that is not the style; they are simply indecorous, unclean, rhymed language of the gutter. As such, too, and because it is a Parisian gutter, well nigh incomprehensible to any but *habitués* of the Boulevard, conversant with the latest hit of slang; for Yvette's songs are always up to date, being served to her hot for the most part by Jules Yonge, who has been something more than her purveyor of hallads, her professor in the art of *bien dire*—some say more besides, but this is neither here nor there.

If not one in twenty of those who will compose the audiences in New York understands enough French to make out the words of the songs, not one in two thousand will catch the half-veiled meaning thereof. And don't think I am quoting them as exceptions; it was the same in London, and so far as the "veiled meanings" are concerned, much the same at Carpentras or any other distant French town where Parisian slang is an unknown tongue.

So much the better, perhaps you will say. And since the diva of the Ambassadeurs is neither a vulgar nor an over-dressed, underdressed, music-hall singer, she will be applauded to the echo as she was at the Empire, and will be courted and petted as she was by the great world of London. It has been chronicled how Ladies Vere de Vere called at the Metropolitan Hotel anxious to make her acquaintance and get her to go to their "at homes," so that when Yvette came back she was quite eloquent over the charms of London society and the affability of its leaders, who certainly in their treatment of artistes are infinitely less stand-off-ish than Frenchwomen, who seem to consider them as made of en-

tirely different clay from themselves. To show that the English language and the men are well acquainted, she learned an English song, "Linger longer, Lou," which she pronounces "Ling' a'long a'loo," to the infinite delight of both gallery and stalls.

A smattering of English was one of the accomplishments with which Yvette began life, and when she made one of the battalion of young ladies employed at the Printemps, she was often requested to act as interpreter for American and English customers. It was while she was employed at the dry-goods store that she caught her lady-like tricks of manner, being naturally clever and imitative. I do not think it fair to initiate the public into the private lives of public characters, but every one knows that Jules Yonge was intimately acquainted with the elegant young *demoiselle de magasin* at this time. To amuse his friends she learned some of his songs, and soon made quite a reputation in a certain set as a singer of hallads. So that it was not long before they both began to think she had the making of an artiste in her; her employment at the Printemps was abandoned, she began to study seriously, and finally made her *début* with the success we know of at the Concert de Paris, a second-rate music-hall frequented chiefly by the employees of the Paris *ouvrier* quarters, and until that time altogether unrecognized by the gay world of Paris.

But the growing vogue of the new singer—*la chanteuse fin de siècle*, as she was dubbed, the expression having just been coined—was soon noised abroad, journalists soon began to crack her up, all the clan of *décadents* went mad about her, the world of the boulevard gathered nightly to applaud—in a word, she was a success. At first ladies were shy and dared not openly be seen in the boxes of the Concert de Paris; gradually, however, the shyness wore off; some ladies of fashion, throwing prudery to the winds, declared she was "great fun, though dreadfully improper, of course," which did not prevent their going again and again, while others were not slow to follow their example.

It was voted a terrible scandal when one lady-hostess, more adventurous than her sisters, engaged Yvette to sing at a *soirée*, and you remember what was said when the Minister of Fine Arts invited her to take her part in the programme drawn up for the amusement of his official guests, and how Coquelin—considering that the dramatic art was dishonored by the proceedings—refused to act his little part in it. But all this is an old story now. Ladies have long since ceased to conceal their faces behind their fans when *décadent* hallads are trolled forth, and if prudish mammas heckon their daughters out of the drawing-room and send them to sip ices and sirops while Yvette is singing, they place themselves so as to be well within hearing. Doubtless the girls, who have quicker ears, strain them to catch a word here and there, and now and again a young matron or a cousin can be coaxed into singing a verse or two which they commit to memory.

Some romantic stories were circulated at first about Yvette Guilbert. It was said that she was engaged to a young fellow, and that her rapidly increasing fortune would serve to set them up as a humdrum married couple. From the first she exhibited a business-like capacity in the direction of her affairs. This, however, was no new thing. Bohemia now has a running account at its hanker's, scents good investments, and does not throw money out of the window as it used to do. The fact was, the young man from the country was a myth, or, if he ever existed, he has nothing in common nowadays with Yvette, who honors with her "friendship" an Italian prince—but, as I said, I think it mean to pry into private life. The two do not court attention. No *petite bourgeoise* apparently lives a more quiet life than the star of the Eldorado and the Ambassadeurs. She has built for herself a beautiful house in the suburbs where there are not only parterres and pleasant grounds, but a big kitchen-garden and orchard, where she grows her own fruit and vegetables. There she resides in summer, when not touring in the provinces or elsewhere, driving in to the *café chantant* every evening and back when her task is over—six songs, for which she is paid twenty dollars each. Yvette Guilbert makes about sixty thousand dollars a year in Paris alone, for during the season she will often sing at two or three places. And if she goes on at this rate, she will soon be a millionaire, for she is very far from spending the whole of her income.

As I said, she does not court attention nor—in her private capacity—notoriety. When she appears in public, her demeanor is quiet and unobtrusive, and she never seems to mix in the gay circles of fast society. She has no female cronies. A few friends of her own, or of the prince, will now and again be entertained at her country-house or in the elegant flat she occupies in the Avenue de Villiers; but you never read of brilliant entertainments being given there. The mansion in the avenue is one of the newest erections of that far-famed thoroughfare. It is a handsome building, with a broad *porte-cochère* and a court-yard beyond, decorated with trellis-work and ivy. You reach Mlle. Guilbert's rooms by a gorgeous staircase painted white and ornamented in the Louis Quinze style. The carpet on the stairs is *en suite*, with its deep, rose-colored ground and floral pattern. In the flat itself, everything is in excellent taste: the vestibule out of which all the doors open—doors glazed with small panes, behind which are hung pale-green silk curtains—the drawing-room with its salmon-tinted furniture, the music-room where Yvette practices daily, and the rest. You might imagine yourself in a corner of the palace of Versailles, were it not for the carpet—the latest achievement of *décadent* art, which has huge yellow flowers on pale-green stalks, with big green leaves woven on a deep blue ground.

Yvette at home, slim, cool, gowned in "himmelbleu," her golden hair wound about a small head well set on a slender throat, makes a pretty picture, I assure you. Yvette on the stage chanting ribald verse is quite another being, and, like her carpet, the latest achievement of *décadent* art.

PARIS, June 27, 1895.

PARISINA.

THE RIDDLE OF BALDNESS.

By J. F. Nisbet.

Through the agency of a medical journal the question of baldness has recently cropped up, and has been discussed with wide variety of opinion. It is quite impossible that upon such a question society could be unanimous. The bald men will generally be found favoring a theory of baldness which is not accepted by such of their contemporaries as happen to have a good growth of hair. Among the latter, baldness is commonly regarded as a sign of profligacy; the bald men, on the other hand, are almost unanimous in ascribing their defect to dyspepsia, ill-fitting hats, or excessive mental activity. By some curious dispensation of Providence, which nobody professes to explain, women are very seldom afflicted with baldness, though their resort to hair-pins, curling-papers, curling-irons, and the wearing of pads of false hair, would seem to favor that condition. They may, therefore, be considered tolerably impartial observers of the phenomenon, and the question of baldness in its moral aspect is complicated by the extraordinary divergence of their views upon it.

Is baldness a becoming condition to a man of fifty? It is hard to say, because the great tribunal of feminine opinion to which we might appeal is not agreed upon the point. I have been assured by bald-headed men that their social success dated from the advent of their so-called affliction; and I have no doubt that at a stockholders' meeting a bald head on the directorate would inspire more confidence than one adorned with its natural covering. Some vague perception of this truth probably inspires the remark of the *British Medical Journal* that "the increasing prevalence of baldness may plausibly be ascribed to the general betterment taking place in our social condition." Age being equal, one would certainly expect a bald-headed man to be better off than his shock-bearded neighbor; and there is some show of truth in the contention that, while baldness is increasing, it is only doing so in proportion to the growth of the material wealth of the community.

On investigation, however, it will be found that none of the causes specified holds good absolutely, and that the exceptions are, in every case, too formidable to be disregarded. Thus, to take the theory of profligacy. A bald head is surely rather an aggravation of wickedness than a cause of it. If a had old man is brought under our notice, we think all the worse of him on account of his having a bald head, and this surely implies a secret belief on our part that baldness is the outcome of goodness, or at least is very frequently associated with it. This is the more apparent when we reflect that an artist, called upon to portray middle-aged benevolence or piety, could hardly refrain from identifying it with baldness. As causes of baldness, dyspepsia and ill-fitting hats are pretenses of the shallowest kind, as any one will see on turning over in his mind the number of his bald-headed acquaintances, a majority of the afflicted (if affliction it be) being remarkable both for the soundness of their general constitution and the care expended by them upon their personal appearance. There is more to be urged for mentality, as a reason for the premature disappearance of the hair; but perhaps the portraits of Shakespeare have had an undue influence in the propagation of this idea. On the other hand, it is a matter of common observation that literary men of great eminence, like Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, and Froude, as the saying goes, keep their hair.

The solution of the riddle of baldness must be sought deeper down than it is the custom to look for it. The condition is really an attribute of the nervous system, and is determined consequently by that subtle combination of influence known as heredity. To say that baldness is hereditary is, of course, one of the commonplaces of the discussion. What is implied by the remark is, that an early loss of hair is apt, like gout, to pass directly from sire to son, and, indeed, to be traceable through several generations. Heredity is here used in a much wider sense, namely: as covering the whole mechanism of body and mind with which we are endowed, once for all, at conception. Whether there is excess or deficiency of hair, or whether the son of a bald father reverts to the normal type, is, equally with the most direct transmission of qualities, a manifestation of the principle of heredity.

For an intelligible explanation of the processes of conception, we must go to Weismann and the newer physiologists who have aided him in the building up of his great theory of the "continuity of the germ-plasm." Weismann shows that the young child is formed of elements derived through its parents from a long line of ancestors, the particular blend of such elements at conception determining its organization and individuality. The influence of parents is believed to be represented to the extent of one-half, and that of remoter ancestors in an ever-decreasing ratio until the lines of ascent are lost in the great web of humanity. Another line of research shows the many functions of the brain and spinal system to be "localized"—to have each a proper centre or special grouping of nerve-cells. Now, what I imagine to happen in the innermost recesses of Nature's laboratory is this: That, in the blend of parental and ancestral constituents at conception, the amount of vital principle apportioned to each centre is not uniform, but differs somewhat in every instance; so that no two children are constituted exactly alike, either physically or mentally.

Therefore, I would say that the capillary growth, precisely like any other nutritive process of the system, must be regulated by some nerve-centre or other which may be active or sluggish, well or ill-equipped for its task, and that the entire phenomena of the scantiness or rankness or grayness of the hair are matters for the physiologist rather than the sentimentalist to pronounce upon. As the excess of any faculty frequently entails a deficiency in some other centre, genius being often accompanied, for instance, by physical imperfection, it is probable enough that baldness may be the concomitant of an exceptionally well-developed brain.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first three volumes of an immense Italian work dealing exhaustively with the voyages of Christopher Columbus are nearly ready for publication. It is to be complete in fourteen volumes, and the Italian Government is bearing the expense of bringing it out. In the third volume are to be found one hundred and seventy fac-simile plates of Columbus's autograph writings, both authentic and doubtful.

Among the successful books of the Appletons during the last year were the following, each of which is in the edition named:

"The Manxman," in the eleventh; "Round the Red Lamp," in the sixth; "The Lilac Sunbonnet," in the tenth; "Bog Myrtle and Peat," in the second; "Many Inventions," in the sixth; "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," in the second; "The Green Carnation," in the eleventh; "Degeneration," now in its fifth edition; Chapman's "Handbook of Birds," in its second; and Mathew's "Familiar Flowers," also in its second.

Jerome K. Jerome has once more resumed his connection with the *Idler* after a lapse of several months, during which the paper has been conducted by Mr. Robert Barr. From the August number onward, Mr. Jerome will be reinstated as editor.

The manuscript of the concluding volume of the Duc d'Aumale's "Histoire des Princes de Condé" has gone to the printer.

"What with the newspapers and the newspaper syndicates offering prizes varying from ten thousand to five hundred dollars," exclaims the *Critic*, "that author will be particularly unlucky who does not find his income for 1895 materially larger than it was in 1894," and it continues:

"Miss Wilkins, for instance, will be a good many dollars richer for her prize-story. To be sure, it won two thousand dollars, but some of this goes to Mr. Chamberlin, of the *Youth's Companion*, with whom she collaborated—how much, I don't know; but there is no doubting that Miss Wilkins will be generous. Then Professor Brander Matthews, who carried off the five-hundred-dollar prize, with no one to share the glory or the profit, has just that much to the good. The *Chicago Record's* thirty thousand dollars is still to be divided up among the *Literati*, as is the New York *Herald's* twenty thousand dollars. The *Herald's* novel competition for the ten-thousand-dollar prize closed on Monday last. In this contest some fifteen hundred manuscripts were received. The decision as to their merits will be made by three persons to be chosen by the vote of the readers of the *Herald* from ten names that will be offered for them to select from. There still remains ten thousand dollars to be divided for shorter stories and second and third prizes, and so the excitement goes on among the writers, to the enrichment of the paper and ink manufacturers."

D. Appleton & Co. print in their new *Monthly Bulletin* portraits of several of their newer authors. Among them are Crockett, John Oliver Hobbes, A. Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling, Joel Chandler Harris, Edward Eggleston, Gilbert Parker, and John Jacob Astor.

H. M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Monthly* and author of "God in His World," will publish in August a volume entitled "A Study of Death."

Tolstoy has a new small volume nearly ready, with the title "Three Parables," and "Ivan the Fool." It is explained that the parables constitute "a rejoinder to the criticism of his position in regard to the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, the science and art of the day, and the pitch to which modern civilization has brought affairs." "Ivan the Fool" is a parable in short-story form.

The identity of some pseudonymous authors has been leaking out:

In the case of "The Shen's Pigtail," it is only a partial revelation, but Anglo-Chinamen (so to call them) will recognize in "Mr. M," Mr. C. W. Mason. The author of "Lesser's Daughter" and "A Splendid Cousin" is none other than Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, the translator of "Caroline Schlegel." "Mr. Smith," the author of "Old Brown's Cottages," is not a lady, as some reviewers imagined, judging presumably by his knowledge of district-visiting, but a well-known essayist, Mr. Horace Hutchison, who, by the way, has contributed the volume on golf to the Badminton Library. In "Oswald Valentine" the reader will recognize one of the three Cambridge graduates who produced, under the initials "V. O. C. S.," "The Passing of a Mood." He is Mr. Oswald Sickett, the younger brother of Mr. Walter Sickett, the impressionist painter. The most recent pseudonym—"R. E. Francis"—turns out to cover the identity of Miss Frances Poynter, well known in art circles and the writer of some successful novels.

A volume of political sketches is to be published under the title of "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime." The author is Professor W. P. Trent, the Southerner who wrote the biography of William Gilmore Simms, published in the American Men of Letters Series.

"Anthony Hope" had occasion, the other evening, to take in to dinner a lady who knew him only as plain Mr. Hawkins. The hostess afterward asked the good lady whether she had talked to Mr. Hawkins about "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The God in the Car." "Certainly not," was the reply; "I don't think Mr. Hawkins the man to be interested in that class of book."

The author of an article in the *Independent* quotes Mr. Ruskin as declaring that if he had followed the true bent of his mind he should have been a civil engineer. "I should have found more pleasure," he added, "in planning bridges and sea breakwaters than in praising modern painters." And with a sigh, he said: "Whether literature and

art have been helped by me I know not, but this I do know, that England has lost in me a second Telford."

The late Professor Huxley's work was first made known to the American public by D. Appleton & Co. probably a generation since, and the firm have remained the only authorized publishers of his books. Only recently a new library edition of Huxley's "Collected Essays," in nine volumes, has been issued by D. Appleton & Co.

M. Sardou has written a novel, taking his play "Thermidor" for a theme. And now the author fears to publish it, feeling doubtful concerning the reception of this first effort in the writing of tales.

Olive Schreiner, now Mrs. Cron Wright, is thirty-three and a tiny creature, with lovely dark eyes and a very bright face. An exchange says of her:

"She is four years older than her husband. Her 'Story of an African Farm' was written before she was seventeen—a marvelous performance for so young an author. It is added that she is one of twelve children; and never, perhaps, was there a family so acutely divided for conscience's sake. The father was a German missionary, settled in South Africa; the mother, born a Presbyterian, is now in a Roman Catholic convent; a brother and sister are ardent temperance reformers; another brother is an English clergyman. Olive herself finds her rest in the religion of charity. Those who know her best say that she is an angel among the poor and suffering. Children she has always specially loved; hence, it is doubly hard that her first-born should have died recently."

Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, is writing the life of Lady Hester Stanhope, her aunt, who began life as the private secretary and confidant of William Pitt, and for thirty years had her own exact way as an Arab sheikh in Syria.

John Lane reports that Grant Allen's latest work, "The Woman Who Did," has now run into the sixteenth edition. The American edition has reached ten thousand copies.

An Edinburgh firm of publishers will shortly put forth the definitive edition of Burns, issued in commemoration of his centenary. It is to be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. T. F. Henderson, and will consist of four volumes, to be completed within the course of the present year. The first volume will include the poems published by Burns, the second his posthumous poems, the third the songs, and the fourth "doubtful pieces," a glossary, and an essay on "The Life and Genius of Burns," by Mr. Henley himself. Of this last, the *Critic's* London correspondent writes:

"This is likely to be a matter of considerable interest, for it is probable that Mr. Henley has had access to certain manuscripts and documents relating to Burns which have hitherto escaped publication. At the time of Burns's death, it is well known, many papers of importance were suppressed, for fear that their contents might include matters which would seem to reflect upon his character and literary performance, and the majority of these, it is rumored, have been entrusted to Mr. Henley's care for the service of this new edition. Moreover, if I remember aright, Mr. Henley printed in the *National Observer*, some while ago, an article on Burns which caused considerable consternation among Scots critics, in that it was supposed to treat the poet somewhat too frankly for the national taste. His own utterance upon the subject will, therefore, be awaited with eagerness by a number of scribes and of other readers."

D. Appleton & Co. announce "An Imaginative Man," by Robert S. Hichens, author of "The Green Carnation"; "In the Year of Jubilee," by George Gissing; "In Old New England," by Ezekiah Butterworth; and "Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband," by Richard Marsh.

A third edition of H. T. Wharton's memoir and translation of "Sappho" has just been brought out in London. Aubrey Beardsley has made a design for the cover, and Professor Palgrave has allowed the introduction of two or three of his own translations.

Rider Haggard says that there is too much talk about a successful author—what he makes or does not make by his pen. He asks, mournfully:

"Why can't authors and their earnings be left alone? Many men make incomes on the stock-exchange and at the bar without being pursued by paragraphs? Why should a man who makes his living by his pen be pursued by paragraphs? I believe people often make more money by paragraphs than the authors about whom they write."

W. J. Courthope, author of the "History of English Poetry," is said to be a candidate for the professorship of Poetry at Oxford, vacated by Mr. F. T. Palgrave. He won the Newdigate prize thirty years ago, and is now the first civil-service commissioner. Another candidate is Mr. Robert Bridges.

Three eminent foreign scholars, Professors Skeat, Max Muller, and A. H. Sayce, have united in giving high praise to the new American dictionary published by Funk & Wagnalls. Professor Sayce, of Oxford University, is quoted as saying:

"The Standard Dictionary is truly magnificent, and worthy of the great continent which produced it. It is more than complete, and the amount of labor that has been bestowed upon it, and more especially upon the settlement of the pronunciation, must have been enormous. It is certain to supersede all other existing dictionaries of the English language."

Few people who know Besant believe that he can be fifty-seven years old. His plump face and clear complexion, and his very thick and very brown hair and beard, make him look a much younger man.

Magazine Editors and their Contributors.

Three weeks ago we reprinted in this column an interesting article from the New York *Sun* on the relations of authors and publishers. This week we take from the same source an article discussing another phase of the subject—the relations of magazine editors and their contributors:

"Notwithstanding the fact that has been repeatedly announced that the literary magazines receive perhaps fifty articles for every one published, manuscripts from all over the country, and from men, women, and even children in all walks of life, continue to pour into the magazine offices. Fiction still has the lead in the offerings, though there is a vast deal of verse sent in. Every lover of poetry must have noted the dearth of good verse in the magazines, yet the verse that is published is vastly better than the mass that is not. Most of it is totally devoid of poetic worth. Some of it is deliberately copied from poets of more or less repute. A piece of stolen verse was offered very recently to one of the best-known New York magazines with the assurance from the professed author that she was a girl of seventeen in need of money. The verse was run down by one of the editors in a book of quotations. Really good verse is fairly well paid for by the magazines, though here, perhaps even more than in prose, the fame of the author determines the price. A few men receive as much as one hundred dollars per magazine page of verse; but twenty-five dollars per page is regarded as very good pay. The magazine that should discover and bring to public notice a genuine new poet would take great pride in the performance, though the earlier contributions of such a poet, however excellent, would not be paid for at the highest rate. There is still a disposition to regard verse as a thing to tail out with. The verse offered is of all degrees of badness. Much of it is ridiculously defective in metre, some is ill-spelled, and nearly all is in imitation of some recognized master."

"The fiction offered to the magazines is also in most cases plainly written under the influence of some famous novelist. Dickens still has imitators that seek to get into the magazines, so unacquainted are most would-be contributors with the literary movement of the time. Dialect stories are offered in great quantities, but much of the dialect is manifestly taken not from nature, but from the works of the successful writers of dialect fiction. This is especially true of negro dialect. Every successful writer has a host of imitators. Indeed, almost every article published brings offers of others on the same subject, the very thing that the editor wishes to avoid. If there be an article on tin mining, for example, some one at once offers another on some neglected feature of the subject. The tendency of writers upon the arts is to be too technical and minute, so that most of such articles are rejected. Nearly all such contributors seem to misconceive the scope of a popular magazine."

"The success of Captain King has provoked other army officers to write of military life, and naval officers to write romances of the sea. Dr. Weir Mitchell's reputation in literature has set the doctors to writing stories and verses. The success of a few women in literature has brought out a host of would-be contributors among women, old and young, so that more women than men are offering articles to the magazines. Behind the effort, in most cases, perhaps, lies the poverty of a helpless woman, living in a narrow home, and eager to add something to an income far too small for luxuries. The success of a few fashionable women is bringing fiction, sketches of travel, and verse from women of society. The letters and memoirs of famous men published in the magazines have stimulated persons in various parts of the country to offer old family letters for publication. Such offers come frequently from old Southern homes. There is an unpublished batch of Thackeray's letters in Boston that will probably never be offered to the magazines, although persons that have seen them think them quite equal to the Thackeray letters published with such success a few years ago. It is difficult for volunteer contributors to understand how nearly the magazines approach monthly newspapers, and how important is the element of timeliness in an article."

"Manuscripts come to the magazines of New York from every part of the country and from Europe. New York city itself is not only the centre of the publishing trade on this side of the Atlantic, but also the centre of literary production. Many successful Southern writers indeed have come to New York to live, so that the South, since these men and women have acquired residence here, seems to be doing, perhaps, less than its share of successful literary work. As a matter of fact, there is a vast deal of matter offered from the South—more, perhaps, than from the middle West, which seems to be producing less first-rate matter than other parts of the country. Much matter is offered from the Pacific Coast. New England and the region round about this city produce more successful literary matter than all the rest of the country."

"Volunteer contributors seem greatly to fear negligent examination of their manuscripts, and often inclose a note warning the reader to go clear through before passing judgment. Of course, in the great majority of cases, this request is neglected. 'You might as well,' said a magazine editor, 'ask a tea-taster to eat a pound of each sort of tea be tastes.'"

"Many contributors write to know whether their matter will be disregarded if it is not type-written. Oddly enough, British contributors sometimes write to ask whether a type-written copy will serve, or will the editor demand the original manuscript. As a matter of fact, most contributions that are accepted come in type-written. Indeed, a large proportion of all articles are now type-written, though there are still plenty of very bad and ill-spelled manuscripts offered. The fact that a contributor comes personally to present a manuscript is usually taken as evidence that the article will not be acceptable, for it presupposes an ignorance on the part of the contributor of magazine methods. The editor has not time to talk with contributors, and those who know this trust their manuscripts to the mails. There is a strong disposition on the part of the unknown contributor to seek introduction to the editor at the hands of some one on the inside. Such introduction avails nothing, save perhaps to prejudice the editor against the contributor as a person anxious to make interest by personal influence where his manuscript is not likely to commend itself."

"The editors of the best magazines watch with interest the fate of the articles they reject. The worst of them never see the light in print. But there are many close upon the line of the acceptable that are taken gladly by magazines of a lower grade, and other worse ones that go lower still. It is by no means certain, however, that an article rejected by one first-rate magazine will not be accepted by another of the same grade, for editors, like other folk, differ in taste."

"Are there many men here?" asked the new-comer. "No," replied the girl who had been there a week, as she tightened her belt, "not enough to go around."—*Truth*.

IVORY SOAP

Elisabeth R. Scovil in her book, "The Care of Children" recommends the use of Ivory Soap for bathing infants, and says: "There is no particular virtue in Castile Soap, which has long been consecrated to this purpose."

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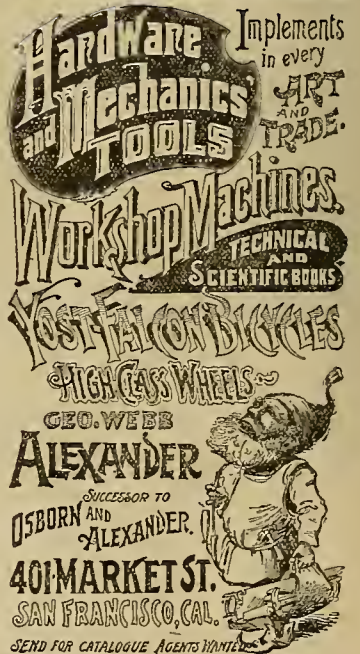
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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Ploughed, and Other Stories," by L. B. Walford, a collection of tales of English undergraduate life, has been issued in Longmans's Paper Library. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Mr. Bailey-Martin," a novel by Percy White which presents the life of a fast young man in modern London, has been issued in the Belmore Series published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Football and Love," by Burr W. Mackintosh, a story of the Yale-Princeton game of '94, which was read before the "Uncut Leaves" in New York last January, has been published, with illustrations by B. West Clinedinst, by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Real Bimetallism; or, True Coin versus False Coin; a Lesson for 'Coin's Financial School,'" by Everett P. Wheeler, author of a book on the modern law of carriers, is issued as the eighty-fourth number of the Questions of the Day Series. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Cunning Culprit," a composite romance for which chapters have been written by twenty such authors as Mary J. Holmes, Minna Irving, Austyn Ganville, Will L. Visscher, Clarence N. Boutelle, and William Wilson Knott, has been published by the Hobart Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Major's Favorite," by John Strange Winter, is, of course, a story of army life. The major's favorite is a dog of which he is inordinately fond, and the story has to do with the unpleasantnesses which arose when it grew old and snappish and was at last given strychnine by some person or persons unknown. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Third Volume," by Fergus W. Hume, is a very ingenious detective story. The "third volume" referred to is the concluding one of a series treating of a murder committed twenty-five years before, and it presents facts, not brought out at the trial, through which the mystery is most ingeniously cleared up. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"A Street in Suburbia," by Edwin W. Pugh, sets forth the doings of a group of Englishmen of very humble station—one of whom proposes marriage to five women—thus affording the author opportunity to draw some clever portraits of lower-class English men and women, to discuss education in rural England, and to tell a fairly entertaining story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Lions' Gate and Other Verses," by Lily Alice Lefevre, enjoys the distinction of being the first volume of poems published in British Columbia, and, curiously enough, is "entered according to act of Parliament of Canada at the Department of Agriculture." The poems are chiefly religious and descriptive of British Columbian and Canadian scenes. Published by the Province Publishing Company, Victoria, B. C.

S. C. Clark has put a great deal of religious inquiry and discussion in a novel which he calls "Pilate's Query." The story begins with the marriage of a man who is a skeptic and investigator to a woman brought up in the strictest Episcopalianism, and the story follows his studies through Theosophy and Unitarianism to his final conversion to Spiritualism. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"A Study in Prejudices," by George Paston, is an entertaining story in which a number of questions of the day, such as innocent and harmful flirtations, the education of women to make them true help-mates of intellectual and artistic husbands, the merging of a wife's individuality in her husband's career, and the moral law to be meted to men and to women, are discussed in the guise of rather clever fiction. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"In the Clutch of Rome," by "Gonzales," is a romance of deep interest, built upon the machinations of the Roman Catholic Church in its fight for wealth and power. The scene of the story is laid chiefly in the United States, and it tells how the Romish Church laid its plans and worked upon the interests of men and women to elect a President of the United States who should be a tool of Rome and to create an American Pope. Published by the Jordan Publishing Company, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents.

"Jewel Don'ts" is the title of a curious brochure by Edmund Russell, a somewhat eccentric apostle of æsthetics in dress and household decoration. It presents on one page curious extracts from the newspaper press commenting on jewels and the persons who wear them, and on the opposite page such jewels of advice as "Don't wear flashing gems if your husband has a worn-out, hunted look," "Don't carry a stick or an umbrella that is absolutely uninteresting," "Don't lay a pearl on an ear

shaped like an oyster." Published by the Bramer-ton Publishing Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Horticulturist's Rule-Book," by L. H. Bailey, a compendium of useful information for fruit-growers, truck-gardeners, florists, and others, has just gone into a third edition, the original text having been thoroughly revised and chapters added on green-house work and heating and on the current literature of American horticulture. Among the topics which it discusses are insecticides, fungicides, injuries from mice, rabbits, etc., waxes for grafting, cements, paints, etc., seed and planting tables, methods of keeping and storing fruits and vegetables, and other matters of equal value and interest. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Zeit-Geist," by Miss L. Douglass, is a novelette which the metaphorical-minded will read with a certain degree of pleasure. The author would interpret the *zeit-geist* as that particular spirit of the time which is manifest in a Pantheism in which altruism and free-will are the leading tenets. The hero, Bartholomew Toyner, is a village drunkard in Canada, and his wife is the despised daughter of a murderer; but they are converted by a preacher, and the hero soon passes the bounds of that man's narrow creed, making his life beautiful by his work for others. There is incident in the story, and character-drawing, but art is entirely subordinated to the "purpose" of the book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

The very latest and most elaborate cook-book is "European and American Cuisine," by Gesine Lemcke. The author is well known as the principal and owner of the Brooklyn Cooking College, and his book of nearly six hundred pages contains recipes for the preparation of all kinds of food. Beginning with soups, which he divides into three classes—soups without meat, fruit and wine soups, and beer and milk soups—he gives page after page of recipes for the preparation of force-meats, sauces, sea-foods, meat, poultry, game, sandwiches and canapés, vegetables, macaroni and nudles, cheese dishes, egg dishes, pancakes, muffins, bread, punches, and chafing dishes. The volume concludes with an index of twenty pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Life and the Conditions of Survival," a series of popular lectures and discussions on the physical basis of ethics, sociology, and religion, is the latest volume published by the Brooklyn Ethical Association. This volume carries evolutionary principles into the field of individual life and character, and shows their application to the practical problems of hygiene, sociology, religion, and applied ethics. The essays are fourteen in number, and among them may be noted: "Cosmic Evolution as Related to Ethics," by Dr. Lewis G. Jones; "Solar Energy," by A. Emerson Palmer; "The Atmosphere and Life," by Dr. Robert G. Eccles; "Water," by Rossiter W. Raymond; "Food as Related to Life and Survival," by Professor W. O. Atwater; "Labor as a Factor in Evolution," by Dr. David Allyn Gorton; "Protective Covering," by Mrs. Lizzie Cheney Ward; "Habit," by the Rev. John White Chadwick; "Sanitation," by James Avery Skilton; and "Religion as a Factor in Social Evolution," by Rev. Edward P. Powell. The book is carefully indexed. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, \$2.00.

The volumes of Mr. H. E. Watts's new edition of "Don Quixote" are at last coming from the press, to introduce the famous Knight of La Mancha to new generations of friends and to make more familiar and loving those who knew him before. It was with this romance of "Don Quixote de la Mancha" that Cervantes is said to have killed the spirit of chivalry in Spain, and he doubtless conceived his doughty hero in a spirit of fun; but the don's pure and noble character must, despite its foibles, have won the author's heart, as it has those of all his readers—and they have been as the sands of the sea, for "Don Quixote" has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible—and the character is to be ranked with Thackeray's Colonel Newcombe as one of the few perfect gentlemen the world has known. This new edition is tastefully bound in red cloth; the paper is heavy and uncut, with gilt tops; it is printed from clear and handsome type; and each of the four volumes is to contain nearly four hundred pages. The translation, though revised and amended, is the same that Mr. Watts gave to the world seven years ago, but the whole plan of the work has been re-arranged, in accordance with the new order of publication and the more popular form which it has taken, and the notes, while shortened and simplified, have been increased in number. To the appendixes are added a new chapter on the Spanish ballads and an itinerary, illustrated with a sketch map, showing the tracks of Don Quixote in his three sallies. The index, too, is revised and enlarged. The four volumes of the text will be supplemented with a new biography of Cervantes. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

INTAGLIOS.

The Castle by the Sea.
"Oh, have you seen the castle,
So high beside the sea,
Where clouds all red and golden
Go sailing silently?"

Yes, I have seen the castle,
The castle strong and high,
But mist was round about it,
And the moon stood in the sky.

"Heard you not sweet sounds of music
In the wind and heaving sea?
Came not from the vaulted windows
The sound of revelry?"

The winds were hushed to silence,
The sea lay calm below,
And out from the high-arched windows
Came a dirge of grief and woe.

"And on the throne so lofty,
Where the rich crown jewels beam,
Saw you not the kindly parents,
And the royal mantle gleam?"

"And led they not in gladness
A beautiful maiden there,
Radiant as the sunlight
Gleaming in golden hair?"

In robes of deepest mourning
Without the jewels fair,
I saw the royal parents,
The maiden was not there.
—From the *German of Uhland*.

Romsdal Fiord.

So this, then, was the Rover's nest,
And here the chiefs were bred
Who broke the drowsing Saxon's rest,
And scared him in his bed.

The north wind hlew, the ship sped fast,
Loud cheered the Corsair crew,
And wild and free above the mast
The Aslauga's Raven flew.

Sail south, sail south, there lies the land
Where the yellow corn is growing;
The spoil is for the warrior's hand,
The slave may have the sowing.

Let cowards make their parchment laws
To guard their treasured boards,
The steel shall plead the Rover's cause,
Their title-deeds their swords.

The Raven still o'er Romsdal's peak
Is soaring as of yore,
But Rolf the Ganger's hattle-shriek
Calm Romsdal hears no more.

Long ages now beneath the soil
The Ganger has been lying—
In Romsdal's Bay his quiet toil
The fisherman is plying.

The English Earl sails idly by,
And from his deck would trace,
With curious antiquarian eye,
The cradle of his race.

With time and tide we change and change,
Yet still the world is young;
Still free the proudest spirits range,
The prize is for the strong.

And though it be a glorious thing
In Parliaments to shine—
Though orators be modern kings,
And only not divine—

Yet men will still be ruled by men,
And talk will have its day,
And other Rolfs will come again
To sweep the rogues away.—*Anon.*

An Eastern City.

Gates of strange workmanship stood open wide,
And, walking in, I trod cool grassy ground,
Where a broad river rolled its crystal tide,
With flowers and trees, fruit-laden, scattered round;
Beyond rose domes, and minarets, and spires,
Gleaming beneath the sun like golden fires.
Sweet birds sang in a Paradise of shade,
Through which the tempered daylight greenly slid,
Where fountains a soft murmuring cadence made,
And, falling, ran in gentle streams amid
Thickets of roses, spicy shrubs in groves,
And all the dainty cups the wild bee loves.
These passed; threading a porphyry-pillared way,
Into a wide quadrangle I was led;
Another garden, cooled by silvery spray
Of leaping jets, its blooms of heauty spread,
Surrounded by a palace high and fair,
With statue-guarded portals opening there.
Unchallenged, through the yielding doors I passed;
Trod on mosaic floors by sculptured walls;
Admired the fretted roofs which spanned the vast
Dimensions of deserted echoing halls,
Adorned with gems in many a quaint device,
Costly divans, and hangings past all price.
Then forth into the spacious streets I fared;
Majestic piles on either side arose;
Tall obelisks their graven forms upreared;
Colossal figures stood in grand repose;
And stately trees, green-leaved, amid them grew,
With flowers of every fair or brilliant hue.
And yet no single owner could I see
For all the wealth and splendor gathered there;
Deserted as the loneliest wilds can be,
Save that the warbling birds flooded the air
With melodies that heat upon my brain
With drowsy sweetness near akin to pain.
—Henry Rose.

The soulful girl—"What is the true test of poetry?" "The poet—" Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper, he may rest assured that it is a good thing."—*Ex.*

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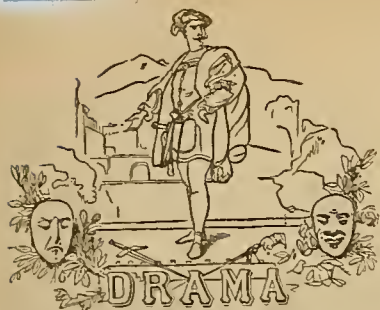
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In "The Case of Rebellious Susan," Henry Arthur Jones seems to have written a satire on Society as he has found it. He is cynical and unsparing. Nobody gets off without a few hard knocks. The New Woman and the Old Woman get raps over the knuckles that ought to make them wince. As for the men—! In the play the women go round saying to each other: "My dear, all men are brutes!" And when the women are out of the way, the men confidentially observe to one another: "You know, my dear fellow, when it comes to the truth, we are perfect brutes!" Here, at least, is one subject upon which the two sexes seem to agree.

Nobody in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" is a truly exemplary character—a model toward which to direct the eyes of youth. Society, according to Mr. Jones, is one mighty horde, not so much formed of the bores and bored as formed of the sioners who are not clever and get found out, and the sioners who are smart and break the commandments continuously and systematically and no one is any the worse or the wiser. Mr. Harahin's unfaithfulness irritates his wife, Lady Susao Harahin, to vituperative fury. Their relatives gather, observe among themselves that it is lameatable, deplorable, but—"Good gracious me, my dear!"—with an expressive shrug of all the feminine shoulders present—"all men are brutes!" That is really the message of Rebellious Susan. You keep coming back to it when you least expect it. You are placidly listening to a smart interchange of brisk dialogue or a romantic love-scene, when, presto!—somebody or other observes laconically, as though voicing a melancholy but incontrovertible fact: "Ah, well, after all, men, you know, are such brutes!"

The character of the men being thus severely disposed of, the character of the women should come in for a little gentle analyzing. On this subject, however, a discreet silence is maintained. In the society where Rebellious Susan grew, Woman is treated with an awe and shrieking deference. The tyrant Man has all he can do to keep her in a good temper. And if sometimes he strays away and frisks about a little in the paddock, he evidently thinks that she ought to offset against it the many times he has silently endured her ill-humors and been patient when she scolded.

Mr. Jones's satire is pungent and biting. There is at times something malevolently Mephistophelean in his way of depicting the manners and morals of his day. The situation in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" could not have been treated with more caustic cynicism. In the first act, Lady Susao is shown smarting under the discovery of her wrogs. To her, very much alarmed by her threats and unusual manner of taking her trials, come flocking relatives and friends. Their advice is varied. An old aunt thinks the best thing to do is to nag and badger her husband for two weeks, make the house too hot for him, then forgive him, and over meed the subject again. A young widow, however, thinks the adoption of a blighted air, of continually looking at him with eyes swimming in reproachful tears, is better calculated to produce the proper amount of remorse. An uncle, an emigrant member of the bar, who has had a large experience in divorce-suits, recommends immediate forgiveness. The husband himself, whom every one takes aside and rails at for having got himself and the family into such a mess, offers to make reparation by giving his wife a villa at Canoes or any piece of jewelry she may select. The whole scene is inimitably clever and ferociously satirical. There are few modern playwrights who can slash at the conventions, the little lies of society, in this sweeping fashion.

Mr. Jones continues daicing on the good old traditions of custom and convention throughout the play. Rebellious Susan, with her terrifying threats of paying her husband back in his own coin, is an object of horror to her family. They surround her like a body-guard. They are all haunted by the nightmare terror, not that she is going to do something disgraceful, so much as that she is going to do something disgraceful and be found out. Her reputation, her position in Society, these are the two hobgoblins that they are always threatening Lady Susan with, in the hope of keeping her in the straight and narrow path where she walks those who respect Mrs. Gruody. Napoleon believed that women should be religious, as their moral nature required the support of a fervent faith. But in Lady Susao Harahin's world, religion cuts off beside the dread of losing caste. When Lady Susao threatens to become obstreperously unmindful of the conventions of her class,

her family rally around her and draw dreadful pictures of her fate should Society choose to turn the cold shoulder on her. Before these horrible visions Lady Susan's rebellion dies as the Assyrian died before the blast of the pestilence.

Lady Susan is rather a new stage figure. She is unexpectedly natural. She is neither a New Woman nor an Old Woman, but belongs essentially to that world of fashion and folly whose disapproval she so dreads. Society has made and modeled her after its own stamp. Her position among its votaries is as the breath of her nostrils. When she contemplates eloping with an impassioned young man, who clutches her to his manly breast with the frantic energy that one may imagine a drowning man employing when he seizes a passing spar, she is only deterred from flying with him by the thought that she will have no position, and will have to know queer people and live in out-of-the-way watering-places.

The new leading lady of the Lyceum Company, Miss Isahel Irving, makes a pretty, but rather over-boisterous, Lady Susan. She is inclined to insist too much on the petulant and defiant side of the character. She flourishes and hounces about the stage, throws herself furiously into chairs, leaps up again, flies at people who contradict her, is altogether like a small tempest, whirling about the stage in an eddying spread of silk skirts and fluffy petticoat frills.

It is said that a true gentleman is always a gentleman, even when he is drunk. As true ladies do not indulge in the cup that cheers and does not sober, the genuine depths of their refinement and gentility can not be subjected to this infallible test. The only way one can gauge the realness of their elegance and polish is to see them when they are in a rage. A lady in a rage, like a gentleman in his cups, is a lady still. This is more than can be said of Lady Susan Harahin. Her rages are not the rages which stamp the caste of Vere de Vere. There is a touch of the common scold about her that ought not to be there. There is a way of raging refinedly peculiar to the upper circles. Katherine and Beatrice knew how to do it. Does any one suppose when old Leonato said to Beatrice, "Thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd with thy tongue," that she had been giving way to the flouncing petulances of a pouting shrew? Of course not. Under those circumstances, Leonato would not have alluded to the husband. The case would have been too utterly hopeless, and Leonato was a man of sense.

But the roughnesses, the crudenesses of Miss Irving's acting are faults that can be smoothed away. She is playing with a company of high-class actors, whose subdued and delicately shaded art she can readily imitate. To act with two such refined and able artists as Mr. Kelcey and Mr. LeMoine is an education to a younger player. Mr. Kelcey—to diverge from the leading lady—was admirable as the dignified and stately Queen's Counsel. He has improved. Time was when he was merely a good villain and a fair lover. Now he has become a first-class actor of the modern drama. His performance in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" was one of the best things he has ever done. His charming bit of dialogue with the widow in the third act was almost French in its deliciously humorous naturalness. It was as perfectly smooth and spotless as LeMoine's imitable acting at the little luoch in Sir Richard's rooms.

The play shows throughout the hand of the skilled playwright. The dialogue is brilliant. Many of the acts, however, have had to be padded out into the requisite length. To do this, Mr. Jones has had recourse to his gallery of types and selected two that seem to fit into the absolutely modern play. There is an aspiring genius, talking the argot of the children of light, and a New Woman. She is rather awful; but it may be said of her, whether she is introduced as a serious study or a caricature, that she is the most honest and straightforward woman in the play.

Mr. Jones uses her as a text upon which to preach several little sermons. In fact, he is inclined to preach in "The Case of Rebellious Susan." This may be merely a growing mannerism, or it may be that he has been hit by the reforming mania of the day. Whichever the case is, he certainly ought to control so deadly a tendency. It is all right and proper to deliver "a message" in a drama, but the message must be spread all through it and delicately veiled by brilliant dialogue, as the quinine powder is nicely covered with jam. To make the people stop and get up and lecture each other about the sole duty of woman and the beauties of domesticity, is too much like reading one of Dr. Parkhurst's papers in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Kelcey had to deliver quite a little oration about the duties of wife and mother. He did it beautifully, too, and did not look in the least as if he thought that he was saying something he had heard before. Still, we have had this thing said over in books, in papers, in church, at congresses; must we hear it, too, from the stage? And it is said in such a terrifyingly pugnacious way, nobody dares disagree. One is quite willing to read the subject by meekly observing with the submissive Mrs. Prigg: "No one's a-doin' of it, Sarah."

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

A CHIVALRIC TALE.

CHAPTER I.

Foodly the Knight of the Silver Shield loved the fair and noble Lady Gwendoline, and she as fondly returned his love.

She returned it because it was so nice to have him give it back to her, as he always did. "My own," he murmured, clasping her to his bosom.

"Here, too," she whispered, as she coyly nestled her flaxen head upon his stove-lid cuirass.

CHAPTER II.

But the old Duke was opposed to the match. He had asked the Knight to take off his silver shield and substitute a gold one, and the Knight had refused with scorn and contumely.

The Knight still owed for the silver shield, and he did not care to mortgage his immortal soul for a change.

"Do as I command," sternly ordered the old Duke, "or over he son-in-law of mine."

"Well, I don't think," hissed the Knight between his set of teeth, and the strike was on.

CHAPTER III.

The Knight of the Silver Shield had told the Lady Gwendoline all.

"I will flee," she bravely said.

"Two flees," he replied, heartily, and they packed a small kit of wedding things.

Half an hour they were flying from the gray and grim old castle.

CHAPTER IV.

And fast before the old Duke then, Three hours they'd fled together, And if he'd caught them in the glen, He would have mopped the heather up with the Knight.

The old Duke had behind them hied, Should he their steps discover, Then what could cheer the bonny bride When he had slugged her lover?

But still, as wildly flew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, The Duke was coming up behind, His puffing sounded nearer.

CHAPTER V.

A great thought came to the Knight of the Silver Shield.

"Sweet one," he said, softly, slackening his speed, "wait but a little; I will come again."

"Waiting for you," she whispered, "were such sweet sorrow, that I would wait until to-morrow."

It was then 11:55 P. M., and the Knight, kissing the fair lady's hand, hurried back over the way which they had come.

CHAPTER VI.

"Saved!" he exclaimed, retreating to her side and once more moving swiftly forward.

"But papa?" she asked, with anxious eagerness.

"Knocked out into the first round," laughed the Knight of the Silver Shield in loud, triumphant tones; "I filled the road with tacks, and the old man's tire is punctured so that he has to lay up for repairs."

"My hero!" murmured the fair Lady Gwendoline, gazing fondly at him as they flew along the glistening turopike.

CHAPTER VII.

Two hives with but a single thought, Two lovers safely carried Into the haven which they sought, And so they were married.

—New York Sun.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The play to be given by the Lyceum Theatre Company for its second week at the Baldwin Theatre is also a comedy, and by one of the leading English dramatic lights. "The Amazons," however, differs from "The Case of Rebellious Susan" in the nature of its comedy, and is said to be far more good-humored and graceful in its handling. Its author, Arthur W. Pinero, is among the foremost living English dramatic authors; his "Sweet Lavender," which was given here years ago by this company, is an excellent example of his work. "The Amazons" ran over six months, year before last, with this company in New York, and was said to be the greatest success they had ever presented at the Lyceum Theatre. In accordance with the plan outlined before this engagement began, "The Amazons" will be given for but one week, and for the following and last week of the company's stay here they will give the society comedy, "An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde.

Du Maurier took for his model of Little Billee, the son of a cabinet-maker in Hampstead, and, the young man having since gone on the stage, he has been engaged by Beerbohm Tree to create that rôle in the English production of the play. By the way, Du Maurier's royalties from the play are said to be eight hundred dollars a week just now.

With to-morrow night's performance of "A Flag of Truce," the seven weeks' engagement of Walter Sanford at Morosco's Grand Opera House comes to an end. Monday night will see the appearance of J. J. Dowling and Myra Davis in the military drama, "Captain Herne, U. S. A." This excellent play will be staged in the most lavish manner possible, and the stars will have as support a whole company of militiamen.

Julia Arthur, who is now in Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Company, recently appeared as Rosamund in "Becket," Ellen Terry being ill, and scored a decided success.

Balfe's melodious opera, "Satanella," has duplicated its former success, and will be continued at the Tivoli until further notice. Next week Louise Royce will sing the title-rôle, and W. H. West that of Arimanes. The next opera presented at the Tivoli will be W. Vincent Wallace's "Maritana," in which Alice Carle, prima donna contralto, will make her first appearance as Lazarillo. George Broderick, basso, and Emma Mahella Baker, comedienne, have been engaged, and will arrive from the East this coming week. "Martha," "The Royal Middy," and "The Tyrolean" are in preparation.

"Il Magistrato," by Mr. Pinero, is being given at the Arena Nazionale, in Florence, and Mr. Paulton's "Niobe" is drawing crowded houses, following a successful run of "La zia di Carlo" ("Charley's Aunt").

Hoyt's latest farce-comedy, "A Black Sheep," runs at the California for another week, beginning next Monday. It is amusing and contains the usual features of interest that abound in the school of dramatic construction that Mr. Hoyt originated.

Conried's German comedy company from New York will commence a series of ten Sunday night German performances at the Baldwin to-morrow night, with the piece so successfully presented for fifty nights in New York, entitled "Der Herr Senator."

"The Jilt," Dion Boucicault's last production as a playwright, and the play in which he made his last appearance on the stage, is to be revived at the Columbia Theatre next week by the Frawley company.

Many years ago, when Alice Atherton and Willie Edouin were playing in burlesque at the Standard Theatre, two pretty little toles, the elder not more than five, used to be a constant feature of the matinée audiences and occasionally at the evening performances. They were Alice Atherton's little girls, and it was a pretty sight to see them wave their hands and sway their bodies in time with the music as their parents sang and danced on the stage. The promise of those early years has been fulfilled by one of the children, for Miss May Edouin is now an important member of the companies in which Willie Edouin storms about the provinces and makes occasional incursions into London with such plays as "A Trip to Chintown."

On the last night of their engagement, the Lyceum Company will present "The Wife" for the only time during their present season at the Baldwin.

Mr. Frawley and the management of the Columbia Theatre have just made another important engagement in securing for the production of "The Ensign," following "The Jilt," Miss Lansing Rowen, a niece of Earl B. Miller and also of Lyman J. Gage, the Chicago millionaire. Miss Rowen is expected to arrive here from Boston on to-day's train.

One of the hits made in "A Black Sheep," now running at the California Theatre, is that scored by William Devere. Mr. Devere has really had more exciting and amusing experiences during his life than all of the characters in Hoyt's plays rolled to-

gether. There has not been a mining-camp or frontier town during the last thirty years where his personality and his poetry are not well known. His circus experiences in Texas would form an exciting contribution to literature. His book of poems, published three or four years ago, contains a number of illustrations that he is particularly proud of, for, as he says, they are so very bad that nobody else would have dared to publish them.

The last week of the Frawley company at the Columbia Theatre will be a gala one, and keeps in the repertoire all of the most popular productions given in this city by this company. A great many requests have been sent in for the repetition of favorite plays.

Morosco's Grand Opera House has suffered a heavy loss in the death of Forrest Seabury, its chief scene-painter. Mr. Seabury was a protégé of John McCullough, and has worked in all the leading theatres of San Francisco. Later he has been employed at the Grand Opera House, and his really brilliant work has contributed not a little to the popularity of Mr. Morosco's big theatre.

The Archduchess Stéphanie, widow of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolph, is a warm admirer of Sir Henry Irving, and at the time of the Vienna Exhibition she pressed him to visit that city and play at the Burg Theatre. Sir Henry might have had the whole of the receipts during his visit. He has also been offered Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's theatre in Paris, rent free. These flattering proposals have been declined simply because the transport of the Lyceum organization to Paris or Vienna would be so costly an affair that even the greatest popular success would not cover the expenses. When the Lyceum company travels abroad, every member receives double salary. It cost twenty-five thousand dollars to carry the company from New York to San Francisco. The prices of American theatres have to be doubled during the Lyceum tours; but it is more than questionable whether such a course could be adopted on the Continent.

Following the engagement of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company at the Baldwin, we are to see "Too Much Johnson," with William Gillette and the entire original New York company which presented the comedy for over ten months. Prominent among the company are Charles J. Bell, Ralph Delmore, Robert Hickman, Charles Reed, Maud Haslam, Kate Meek, Loraine Dreux, Cecil Luriel, etc. This city will be the first, outside of New York, to see the play.

Eddie Foy is now doing a burlesque on Svengali in the production of "Little Robinson Crusoe." The piece is evidently up for a long run at Chicago. After the Windy City, New York is to get it, and then it comes to San Francisco.

The cast of "Captain Herne, U. S. A.," as it is to be given at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week, is as follows:

Captain Herne, Joseph J. Dowling; Geoffrey Colchester, Edmond Hayes; Thomas Jefferson Randolph, H. Coulter Brinker; Lawrence Fitch, Leslie; Philip Du Barr, Fred J. Butler; General George A. Drayton, J. Harry Benrimo; Captain Harry Lindlow, King Grey; Sergeant Casey, Charles W. Swain; Corporal Blair, Frank Wyman; Fremont Earle, J. W. Kenyon; Andrew, Forrest Seabury, Jr.; May Herne, Maud Edna Hall; Inez De Virney, Miss Gleason; Mme. Herne, Julia Blanc; Fudge, Minnie Ellsworth; Jennie Johnson, Katie Wilson; Nannette Randolph, Miss Myra Davis.

At the first ten performances of "Demi-Vierges" at the Paris Gymnase, fifty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-four francs were taken at the door, a sum that has only been exceeded at that theatre in 1887 by "L'Abbé Constantin," one of the cleanest of modern French comedies.

Miss Catharine Grey has been specially engaged to appear with the Frawley company, at the Columbia Theatre, in Boucicault's comedy, "The Jilt."

Jessie Bartlett Davis, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, and all of the best artists of the Bostonians, have been retained for that organization for the present season, which will open at the Columbia Theatre in October.

De Wolf Hopper will play in this city during his coming season. This will be his first appearance on the coast. His pretty wife, Edna Wallace-Hopper, who is a native of this city, is the female star of his company.

The cast of "The Amazons," as given at the Baldwin next week, will be as follows:

Barrington, Herbert Kelcey; Rev. Roger Minchin, Charles Walcot; André, Fritz Williams; Galfred, Fred Gottschalk; Fitton, E. Tarleton; Orts, W. Buckland; Youatt, Edward Wilks; Lady Noeline Belturbet, Miss Isabel Irving; Lady Wilhelmina Belturbet, Miss Katharine Florence; Lady Thomasin Belturbet, Miss Elizabeth Tyree; Miriam, Mrs. Charles Walcot; "Sergeant" Shuter, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

The Columbia Theatre Dramatic School, which is to be under the direction of Leo B. Cooper, has already had over fifty applications for admission.

The opera "Dorcas" will be the leading feature of Pauline Hall's repertoire this season, and will be one of the operas presented during her engagement at the Baldwin.

The opening exercises of the Mechanics' Institute Fair will this year be held on the afternoon of

August 13th at the Columbia Theatre. Judge James B. Maguire will be the orator, and Scheel's orchestra will furnish the music. All the theatres will be represented in the programme by members of their companies.

The New York *Dramatic News* of this week, in speaking of the recent deal made by Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., of the Columbia Theatre, says:

"It is certainly an extraordinary company that L. R. Stockwell is organizing to take with him to the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco for an eight weeks' stay in that city. In addition to Mr. Stockwell's own presence in the combination, Rose Coghlan, Henry E. Dixey, Maurice Barrymore, Maud Winter, and William Beach have already been engaged, and several other well-known players will also be seen. We guess the metropolis of the Pacific Coast has not in many a moon observed any such aggregation of stage artists as this one. Its members will produce a number of plays of the standard quality, in addition to several modern pieces, and we do not see how the management can fail to awaken the hearty interest of the San Francisco public."

The third week of the Lyceum Company will be given over to the new English comedy success, "An Ideal Husband."

John Drew's season in London has been arranged. He goes there after playing a short season in this country, opening at the Baldwin in about six weeks.

M. B. Curtis, in "Sam'l of Posen," has been a flat failure in London.

The third fascicule of the "Figaro-Salon—1895," for which Charles Yriarte provides the text, takes up the salon of the Société National des Beaux Arts at the Champ de Mars. It contains a double-page reproduction in colors of A. Aublet's "Roses Thé," and the usual number of full-page and small process plates in monochrome, among the pictures reproduced being "Chagrin," by A. Edelfelt; "Ave Maria," a triptych by G. Dubufe; "Promenade en Traineau," by Firmin-Girard; "Abandonné," by Couturier; "Sol y Sombra," by Danat; "Une Réception dans le Parc," by Adrien Moreau; and "L'Heure de la Tête des Enfants Débiles à la Maternité," by E. Duez. Published by Boussod, Valadon & Cie., Paris; price, 60 cents a part.

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VANITY FAIR.

The "form" of bicycling is beginning to be
studied (says the New York Times). Grooms on
wheels must follow their mistresses as they did on
horseback; it is probably only a question of a
short time when the lady's-maid will have to in-
clude wheeling with her other accomplishments to
secure a situation. On the road, the woman who
wishes to ride à la mode has to know a number of
little things that are overlooked by another woman,
just as the smart set have a code for riding and
driving that is as inexorable as that they should
not eat with their knives or put sugar on oysters.
Society insists on an upright position, with, of
course, no attempt at racing pace. It also frowns
upon constant ringing of the bell—that will do for
the vulgar herd who delight in noise; the well-
informed wheelwoman keeps eye and ear alert, and
touches her bell rarely. She dresses daintily and
inconspicuously—effaces herself, in fact—as much
in this exercise as she does in all public places.

Quaint news comes from Kentucky. Mr. Stivers,
a widower of Lancaster, has brought suit against
Miss Katherine West, a pretty schoolma'am, for
breach of promise, and Judge Saufley, of that cir-
cuit, says that the jury, before which the case will
go, must be composed of women, who, under the
new constitution, are eligible for jury service. The
world will watch this case with intense interest to
see whether the sympathies of a feminine jury lean
toward the lone, lorn widower or to the fair Minerva
of the alphabet and multiplication table.

"Among the features of the now waning season,"
writes *Vogue's* London correspondent, "is the de-
cline in popularity of Hyde Park; and Americans
who visit the 'Row' and Vanity Fair in the expec-
tation of seeing the rank and fashion of the
United Kingdom congregated there, will be sadly
disappointed at the sight which will meet their eyes.
Smart people are conspicuous only by their ab-
sence, and while the park is crowded, it is with
strangers from the suburbs, who, with their cheap
finery and their ridiculous exaggerations of the
mannerisms of the hour, constitute in themselves
precisely that which they have come to see,
namely, a 'holy show.' It is to this invasion of the
Philistines, in the main, that must be attributed
society's abandonment of Hyde Park as its daily
 rendezvous, and of the Sunday after-church pa-
rade. For it is as difficult to find one's friends in
the genteel but not gentle crowd as the proverbial
needle in the haystack. Then, too, the bicycle is
much to blame in the matter. Everybody rides a
wheel nowadays, and Battersea Park, across the
river, offers attractions for bicyclists far superior to
those of Hyde Park. It is quite the thing to ride
in the morning in Battersea Park, to breakfast in
the restaurant which Lord Mayo's active brother,
Algvy Bourke, has provided to meet our require-
ments in the matter, while those who do not 'bike'
either ride or drive over, finding it infinitely more
diverting to watch the cyclists than to walk tamely
up and down the 'Row' in Hyde Park, as was
formerly de rigueur."

This surprising bit of information is given to the
world by a newspaper men's paper: "The example
of the Gould family in establishing a press bureau
at the time of the wedding of Miss Anna Gould
and the Count de Castellane is about to be copied
by the smart set of New York society women.
The Goulds started their bureau after having been
besieged night and day by reporters, and the so-
ciety women intend to begin their society news
bureau, in order to prevent further encroachments
upon their time by the reporters. The bureau will
also be used by people who want to get their names
in the papers and do not know just how to go about
it. They are not acquainted with reporters, and
have a natural diffidence about writing paragraphs
about themselves and sending them to newspapers
with requests that they be published. The women
are fully up to date, and will put a well-known so-
ciety reporter in charge of the bureau. They will
pay an initiation fee of five dollars each to fit up
an office. The reporter's salary will be shared jointly.
The members must agree not to see any reporter
except the one who conducts the bureau for them.
They are to supply him with all social happenings
in which they are interested at certain stated in-
tervals, with the names of all the people, descriptions
of dresses, and other details. If a reporter from a
newspaper calls, he is to be referred to the bureau
for all information."

"Five-o'clock tea at Sandringham," said a visitor,
quoted in the New York Tribune, "is a most de-
lightful function. The prince and princess do
everything in their power to banish formality. It is
the hour when the house-guests are apt to arrive,
who are received with gracious friendliness, not
only by their hosts themselves, but also by the rest
of the house-party, who, however stiff elsewhere,
are always friendly to a guest of their prince. So
a new-comer feels bappy at once, especially as he
or she is regaled with the most delicious edibles.
It is through royal favor that the English five-
o'clock tea, which originally meant literally tea,
and perhaps bread and butter, has now developed

into a substantial meal, consisting of thin wafers of
brown and white bread and butter, and hot muffins,
sandwiches of all sorts, *pâté de foie gras*, and even
ham and eggs, besides cakes of every description,
and other dainties. After a delightful hour, the
party separates to meet again at the more stately
and formal occasion of a very late dinner, which,
without the memory and encouragement of that in-
formal little reception, would be awful indeed.
The prince is the moving spirit of his household,
the princess simply carrying out his ideas with
charming graciousness."

Country clubs (says the *Bazar*) rely very largely
on the patronage of women for their prosperity.
A country club that ladies like usually succeeds,
and one that depended for its support on men and
horses would be very liable to languish. To see
the aggregation of "muslin" on the piazza of a
successful country club is a spectacle fit to rejoice
the soul of the social philosopher. It makes the
old clubman wonder where he is and what has
happened to him; but if he grumbles it is either
because he has always been used to grumble
about something at the club, or else because he is
a very crabbed individual, and fixed in habits that
it is too late to change. If he feels that he must
seclude himself, there is usually a retreat provided
for him; but, as a matter of fact, he seldom re-
tires to it. Summer girls are charming pictures,
and good to have about one. The clubman real-
izes that, and, besides, he has been used at the
summer hotels, and wherever the hot weather has
found him, to share his amusements with woman-
kind, and when he once gets accustomed to the
rules of the new game at his country club, he finds
that he likes it. A club that is half women is
different, but the difference is very seasonable in
summer.

Much interest attaches to the rumor which
comes from London that the Princess of Wales
and her daughters have been lately seen in public
in gowns with small sleeves and narrow skirts.
This bit of intelligence does not necessarily clinch
the doom of the balloon sleeves and the letter A
skirts, but it will tend to make prudent investors
wary of locking up much capital in those vanities.
Of course the balloon sleeves must go presently.
When fashionable mothers began to put them on
little boys' legged night-gowns (*vide the Bazar*),
it became apparent that the taste for them had
come to be an extravagance, and could not last.
But it will be a shock to miss them. Doubtless
we will find our friends much changed when we
get down to their real selves again. Some who
have grown stout will not shrink as much as we ex-
pect, and others who wore away in the hard times
perhaps will shrink much more. But let us have
the facts at any cost, especially as there must be
material enough in the present sleeves and skirts
to cut over into anything conceivable, and have
enough left over to clothe a child.

—DR. GUSTAV EISEN WRITES: "I AM WELL ac-
quainted with Nelson's Amyose, having used it
more or less for five years. As a disinfectant wash
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surpassed."

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week after der scrap."—*Truth*.



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If your grocer does not keep these packages, write to M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, 506
Battery Street, San Francisco. Samples sent free.

A Trilby Foot

or any other sort
requires nice
boots and a
neat skirt
edge;
the

"S.H. & M."
Bias
Velveteen
Skirt
Bindings

do not deface
the shoes and
give the most
elegant finish to the skirt edge.

A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing
the latest Parisian costumes, mailed for 10c. in stamps.
The S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York.
"S.H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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Pacific Coast Agents,
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Send for Circulars.

First-Class High-Grade Bicycles for Rent
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We take orders for clipping on any subject,
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**Take
Your Choice.**

A chiropodist cures (?)
corns, bunions, ingrow-
ing nails, and all afflic-
tions of the feet.

**GOODYEAR
WELT
SHOES**

prevent these. Ask
your Shoe Merchant
why.

Goodyear Welts are
LEATHER SHOES—not rubber.

**THE GENUINE
DR. BLAUD'S
IRON PILLS**

have been prescribed with great success for more than
50 years, by the leading physicians of Europe, in the
treatment of female patients. Specially recommended for

Poorness of the Blood and
Constitutional Weakness.

Imported by E. Fougere & Co., N. Y.
To avoid imitations BLAUD is stamped on each pill

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT"

On the label, attests the genuineness of the tea. Ceylon's spicy
breezes are no sweeter to the traveler than the aroma and flavor of
TETLEY'S blended Indian and Ceylon teas are to the tea-drinker.
The fragrance of the tea-garden is retained in this delightful
blend, and by reason of Messrs. TETLEY'S system of packing the

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Chauncey Depew once received a letter from a young married friend in Albany asking for a pass for his mother-in-law, who was coming to make him a visit, and closing with the delicate hint: "Don't forget to have the return coupon attached." Mr. Depew is nothing if not worldly wise, and in sending the pass he wrote: "I have not neglected the return coupon, and have limited it to three days."

In the early days when Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was becoming known in Boston as a public speaker, she met with some opposition both among her friends and the people generally. Walking down Charles Street one day with a friend, Mrs. Howe noticed the sign over the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary, and read it over slowly: "Charitable Eye and Ear—can it be that there is a charitable ear in Boston?"

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow in 1807, he was asked by the magistrates what inscription he recommended for the Nelson statue, then just erected. Sir John recommended a short one: "Glasgow to Nelson." "Just so," said one of the bailies, "and as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we not just say: 'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' an' so it might serve for a monument an' a milestone too?"

A Philadelphia lawyer was seated with a group of friends the other day discussing the leading topics of the day. One of the men present, Mr. Canby, persisted in monopolizing more than his share of the conversation, and his views did not at all accord with those of the lawyer. As the men separated, one of them said to the lawyer: "That Canby knows a good deal, doesn't he?" "Yes," replied the lawyer, "he knows entirely too much for one man; he ought to be incorporated."

Kullak, the famous pianist, was once invited to dinner by a wealthy Berliner, who was the owner of a large boot manufactory and had been a shoemaker in his time. After the feast, Kullak was requested to play something, and he consented. Not long afterward, the virtuoso invited the boot manufacturer, and after dinner handed him a pair of old boots. "What am I to do with these?" inquired the rich man. With a genial smile, Kullak replied: "Why, the other day you asked me after dinner to make a little music for you, and now I ask you to mend these boots for me. Each to his trade."

An English army officer tells an amusing story of an incident that occurred at Maidstone, many years ago, in the time of the old Cavalry Depot. On a certain very foggy night there was a complete silence, only broken by the voices of the sentries, who, at regular intervals, passed the usual word down the line. The officer woke up just as the usual watch was passing, and this was what he heard: *First sentry*—"Number one, and all's well." Then there was silence for a moment, and a voice called into the darkness, "Number three, and all's well, and number two's asleep." Before number four could take up the thread of the proceedings, a voice, in which more than a suspicion of slumber remained, cried hurriedly: "Number two, and all's well, and number three's a liar!"

A gentleman sojourning in Edinburgh and having heard much of the eloquence of the members of the General Assembly, paid an early visit to it. Next to him sat an elderly, hard-featured, solemn-faced man, who was leaning with both hands on a heavy stick, which he eyed with great concentration. Soon the stranger's attention was riveted upon the speaker who had opened the day's discourse. The wonderful command of language which he possessed, combined with his eloquence, excited the listener's curiosity. "Can you tell me who is speaking now?" he asked, eagerly, turning to the sober-faced old man beside him. "Who's speaking now?" echoed the old man, lifting his eyes from the contemplation of the stick to fix them in contemptuous amazement upon his interlocutor; "that, sir, is the great Doctor Chawmers, and I'm holdin' his stick."

At a table d'hôte a Marseillais was seated near an old army captain. The Marseillais was relating to a third guest his remarkable experiences in Algeria. "The very evening of my arrival in Algiers," he said, "I took a walk on the Constantine Road, and what should I meet in the path but a lion! I put my gun to my shoulder, pressed the trigger, and hiff! the monster bit the dust. The hall had pierced his heart." The old captain glared and fidgeted. The Marseillais went on: "The second evening, when I went for a promenade on the Oran Road, I met another lion, square in the path. It was but the work of an instant to put my gun to my shoulder, take deliberate aim, and fire. The lion fell dead; the ball had gone in between his eyes." The old captain rose and eyed the bold hunter. "If you kill another lion," he said, "I will pull your nose." He resumed his seat and his eating. The Marseillais did not appear to have heard the

captain, and went on in the same tone: "The third evening, I took the Bone Road. I had not gone far, when I perceived an enormous lion coming toward me. Up went my gun; I pulled the trigger—the cap snapped—it wouldn't go off. I had barely time to save myself by flight to a neighboring house!"

Some time since, in South-West Georgia, a murder case was being tried before a certain judge. An old negro on the witness stand became intensely interested in the story he was telling. His big eyes were fixed upon the lawyer who was questioning him, and he seemed to think there was no other person in the room. "An' den, boss," he said, in solemn and awe-struck tones, "j-j-jes ez I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, sah, I see him 'long o' de lamp-pos'. I—" "What time was this?" asked the judge. The witness paused just for a second, as if something had disturbed him; but then, without turning his head, he went on: "J-j-jes as I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, boss, I seen him 'long o' de lamp-pos'. I—" The judge rapped the desk before him smartly with his gavel. "Stop!" he said; "the court is asking you a question. At what time did you come around the corner?" Again the witness stopped and made a motion with his hands as if he was brushing away a fly from his ear, but he never turned around, and again started to tell his story: "Ez I wuz a-sayin', boss, I rounded dat dah cornah, an' I seen him 'long o' de—" The judge brought his mallet down with a noise which almost caused the witness to leap off the stand, and roared out: "What do you mean, sir? If you do not answer my question instantly, I shall commit you!" The witness turned, faced the court, and said, in deprecating tones: "L-l-look ez yere, boss, doan' you see I'm talkin' to dis gen'l'man?" The lawyers were convulsed with laughter, the judge bent his head, and the witness was allowed to finish his story undisturbed.

Old Heads and Young Hearts

You sometimes see conjoined in elderly individuals, but seldom behold an old man or woman as exempt from infirmities as in youth. But these infirmities may be mitigated in great measure by the daily and regular use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant, anti-rheumatic, and sustaining medicine of the highest order, which also removes dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, and kidney trouble. It is adapted to the use of the most delicate and feeble.

The Overland Flyer.

The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days.

Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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Through Pullman palace and tourist cars daily between California and Chicago, St. Louis and Arkansas Hot Springs without change. For information apply to any agent of Southern Pacific Company, or to

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The Second Summer.

Many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

Children cutting teeth, and suffering from the various disorders incident thereto, need Steadman's Soothing Powders.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

Willing to oblige: Mrs. Dogood—"You've had your dinner; now suppose you earn it." Dusty Rhodes—"Very happy, mum! Did you ever hear me recite 'The Bells'?"—Puck.

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COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

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Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, **Dorchester, Mass.**, is printed on each package.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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IN BROWN, BRONZE, AND GREEN COLORS FOR SPRING,

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The Oregon Central and Eastern Ry Co. Offer special inducements to intending summer tourists. Elegant accommodations, magnificent mountain and marine scenery, hunting, fishing, and all that is necessary to make a summer outing pleasant and entertaining. For full particulars inquire of

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets:

SS. City of Sydney..... July 18th
SS. San Blas..... July 29th
SS. San Juan..... August 8th
SS. Colon..... August 19th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
City of Peking..... Sat., August 3, at 3 P. M.
China..... Tuesday, August 13, at 3 P. M.
Peru..... Tuesday, September 3, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro..... Saturday, September 21, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 16, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsen, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
* 1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	* 7:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11:20 A.
11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	1:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	1:35 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:00 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	7:45 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895. Gae Hee. Saturday, July 23. Belgic. Saturday, August 24. Coptic (via Honolulu) Thursday, September 12. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, G. A. M. July 19, 24, August 3, 8, 13, September 2, 17. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, July 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pontona*, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, July 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, July 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pontona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf 10 A. M. For Escondido, San Jose, La Paz, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Germanic..... July 31
Teutonic..... August 7
Britannic..... August 14
Majestic..... August 21

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Graham Matinée Tea.

Mr. Doodad de V. Graham gave a pleasant matinee tea last Saturday in his studio at 409 Sacramento Street, and hospitably entertained a number of his friends. The rooms were artistically decorated with curios that he had collected on his recent tour of the world and appeared very attractive. During the afternoon, there was an impromptu musicale, in which the following participated: Mr. Louis voo der Mehdeo, Jr., 'celloist; Miss Alice Ames, violinist; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart and Miss Bessie Wall, pianists; Mrs. Blitz Paxtoo, Mrs. William Lewis, Mr. Amadee Joullin, Mr. A. Harper, Mr. A. Crepeaux, and Mr. Graham, vocalists. Light refreshments were served, and the affair was made enjoyable in every way.

The Burlingame Club.

There was some little activity at Burlingame last Saturday, and a number of enjoyable lunch-parties were given on the broad, shaded veranda. Mr. Walter Hobart entertained Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Mills, and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, and afterward took them out for a drive in his six-horse-hand coach. A luncheon was given by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, whose guests were Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard. Major J. L. Ratbooe, president of the club, also gave a luncheon to several gentlemen. At two o'clock there was a pigeon-shooting match at the grounds, in which there were nine contestants. The day was a perfect one, with out a breath of air blowing, and the scores were excellent. This was particularly true in the case of Mr. Robert B. Woodward, who brought down eleven birds out of twelve, and also of Mr. Frederick R. Webster and Mr. J. R. Carroll, who tied on twelve birds each. In the final Mr. Carroll made a clean score, beating Mr. Webster by one bird, and the trophy, a handsome silver cup, was awarded to him. The scores made were as follows:

	Yards.	Totals.
Mr. F. R. Webster.....	30-1 1 1 2 2 2-6	2 2 2 2 1-6-12
Mr. Edward Donoboe.....	30-2 2 2 2 2-5	2 2 1 0 2-5-10
Mr. W. H. Howard.....	28-2 1 1 0 1-5	2 0 0 0 0-2-7
Mr. R. H. Sprague.....	30-1 1 1 1 2-6	1 1 1 0 1-4-11
Mr. C. O. Richards.....	28-2 1 1 0 1-5	2 0 0 2 2-4-9
Mr. George H. Lent.....	26-2 1 1 0 1-5	1 1 0 1 0-2-4-9
Mr. R. B. Woodward.....	30-2 2 2 2 2-6	0 2 2 1 1-5-11
Mr. Alexander Hamilton.....	28-1 1 2 2 2-6	2 0 0 2 1-4-10
Mr. J. R. Carroll.....	26-2 2 2 2 2-6	2 2 1 2 1-6-12

	Yards.
Mr. F. R. Webster.....	30-1 1 1 2 2 2-6
Mr. J. R. Carroll.....	26-2 2 2 2 2-6

There is absolutely no truth in the report that the Burlingame Club is to consolidate with the Country Club, or that the latter is in financial difficulties. In fact, the reverse is the case. The clubs can not consolidate, owing to certain sections in their by-laws. The Country Club is in a better condition financially than it ever has been, and has just completed arrangements for the purchase outright of thirty acres of land contiguous to its preserve in Mario County.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Howard and Mr. Duncan Hayne will take place in San Mateo on August 10th. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends will be present.

Dr. and Mrs. Maynard McPherson have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Belle Fitzhugh McPherson and Lieutenant Alexander McCrackin, U. S. N., which will take place

at noon on Wednesday, July 24th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2522 Fillmore Street.

Miss Lillian Follis will give a picnic at San Rafael to-day, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi.

A garden-party will be given at Belvedere next Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the Church Building Fund. The tickets are only one dollar, including transportation to and from the grounds.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Selfridge, U. S. N., are passing the summer at Bar Harbor, Me.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N. (retired), and Miss Benham are in London.

Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., commanding the naval force of the Pacific Station, has been elected an honorary member of the Geographical Society of California.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, U. S. A. (retired), and family are at the Hotel Hygieia, at Old Point Comfort, Va. Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Johnson V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., are now at the Hotel del Monte. They will soon make a trip to Alaska, and when they return they will reside at the Hotel Richelieu.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. L. S. Babbitt, U. S. A., came down from Benicia Barracks last Monday for a brief stay, accompanied by their son, Lieutenant E. B. Babbitt, U. S. A., who is here from West Point on a visit.

Major A. E. Bates, Paymaster, U. S. A., is away on a three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Herbert L. Draper, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the Marine Barracks at Mare Island, and is now on duty at the Marine Barracks at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chief Engineer Magee, U. S. N., and Chief Engineer Herschelman, U. S. N., have been retired from active service owing to disability.

Chief Engineer C. J. McConnell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Minnesota* and ordered to the *Olympia*, relieving Chief Engineer Joseph Tulley, U. S. N., who has been ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Thomas S. Phelps, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Olympia* at his own request.

Lieutenant F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monocacy* in the Asiatic Station and ordered to act as the commandant's aid at Mare Island.

Among the army people now at Del Monte are General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Colonel W. R. Shafer, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. J. F. Bell, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. C. G. Starr, U. S. A., Captain J. J. O'Connell, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. G. W. Kirkman, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. S. A. Detchemendy, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Bell, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. S. Roudiez, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank Greene, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. E. Kuhn, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faisno, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. C. Crofton, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. R. Binnis, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. O. Ferris, U. S. A., Mrs. McCormick, and the Misses Williamson. There are about seven hundred and fifty soldiers in camp there now from the First Infantry, the Fourth Cavalry, and the Fifth Artillery.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henri Rochefort has followed the example of Zola and Jules Claretie and taken to a bicycle.

Mme. Patti is the best-paid woman worker in the world. For many years she has received \$3,000 a night when she sings. Mme. Melba receives \$1,000; Eames and Nordica each \$700; Calvé, \$600; and Scalchi, \$500.

The new Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who is the premier peer of Scotland, is paralytic and a confirmed invalid, while the only son and heir of the Duke of Norfolk, who is the premier peer of England, is deaf, dumb, blind, and imbecile.

Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess and the others two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Resioa, on the Bay of Naples. They now drive about Naples without their veils, and are very fond of shopping and of the theatre.

The success of "Tribly" has led Du Maurier to gratify the desire of his family and take a house in London. He has lived at Hampstead for twenty-one years, in an old-fashioned villa, roomy and not very interesting externally, but charming within, and with a pretty garden in the rear.

Lady Mary Hamilton-Douglas, the eleven-year-old daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, will be one of the richest heiresses of the age. Her father could not leave her his titles, but left her the bulk of his property, including the Isle of Arran, which is larger than the Isle of Wight. Her income is now \$800,000 a year, and will be \$1,250,000 by the time she comes of age.

Two stories are told of Secretary Morton's genius for economy. The first is that when the Weather Bureau sent him to be signed a lease fixing the rental of two rooms for the weather observer at Cheyenne at three hundred and sixty-nine dollars, the Secretary telegraphed the Cheyenne postmaster, asking what would be a fair rental for the rooms, and in two hours received the reply: "One hundred and eighty dollars." The other story is that when Professor Harriogton wanted to send an inspector from San Francisco to Baker City, Or., at an expense of one hundred dollars, to find out

why the observer at that point had not reported for several days, the Secretary immediately telegraphed an inquiry to the observer, and learned that the wires had just been repaired, after being down four or five days. This investigation cost the department perhaps two dollars.

Queeo Victoria is simple in her tastes. For instance, a kind of oatmeal soup very often finds its way on to the menu. The wine served with it is white sherry, which her majesty generally drinks from a beautiful gold cup formerly belonging to Queen Anne. Boiled beef and pickled cucumbers—a favorite dish with Prince Albert—invariably follow the soup, while a baroo of beef is likewise a constant feature. The queeo still adheres to the old practice of having the cook's ome called out as each dish is brought to the table.

Two actors received degrees this commencement—Harvard made Mr. Jeffersoo a master of arts, and Tufts conferred the same honor on Mr. Otis Skioner. Browne made Mr. William Wioter a doctor of letters, Yale made Mr. H. C. Buooer a master of arts. Harvard added her L. L. D. to the interesting collection of Captain Mahao, and awarded the same distinction to Judge Oliver, Weodell Holmes, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, and Sir Frederick Pollock. The latter gentleman is corpus professor of jurisprudence at Oxford.

Arthur James Balfour is not the only noteworthy member of his family. His oldest brother, Frank, had made such a reputation at thirty as a biologist that a special professorship was established at Cambridge for him. There are two brothers now living; one, Gerald Balfour, has just been made Chief Secretary for Ireland; the other, Eustace, has so far done nothing remarkable. Both these brothers are members of Parliament and politicians. The oldest sister is the wife of Professor Sidgwick, the economist, and is president of Newnham College and one of the best-known women in England. Another sister—also a fine mathematician—is the wife of Lord Rayleigh, the scientist and discoverer of argon, and helps her husband in his researches and his mathematical investigations. A third sister is the housekeeper, friend, and companion of the leader of the Commons, and is a woman of fine intellect and scholarship.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.

[New York Recorder.] According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are: Pommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings. Moet, 75 shillings. Perrier, 72 shillings. Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings. While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Miss Florence Breckenridge, and Mr. Lloyd Breckenridge will leave San Rafael early in August to pass a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. John W. Mackay will leave on July 27th to visit Alaska.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean and Miss Edith McBean will leave for Alaska on July 27th.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope are at the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis is passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna and Miss Isabel McKenna will be at Del Monte during the outing of the Country Club.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson will pass next month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict, Mr. E. S. Beedict, and Mrs. E. M. Bliss will go to the Hotel del Monte in August to remain several weeks.

Mr. Walter Hohart and the Misses Alice and Ella Hohart are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has returned to her home in Oakland after a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and the Misses Gerstle are making a tour of Norway and Sweden, and were at North Cape early in the week.

Misses Juliet and Hanna Williams are at Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. R. T. Carroll and the Misses Lizzie and Gertrude Carroll will soon return from Santa Cruz, and then make a trip to Alaska.

Mr. Andrew Martin and Mr. Walter Martin are en route to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ellicott are visiting relatives in Baltimore.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood returned last Sunday from a prolonged visit at the Tavern of Castle Crags.

Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle will leave to-day for Castle Crags to visit the Misses Fanny and Julia Crocker.

Mr. Emil A. Bruguère, Jr., is visiting Lake Tahoe for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock will soon leave to visit Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil A. Bruguère and family are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas are passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarhoe has been lightened by the advent of a son.

Mrs. Nat T. Messer and family are passing the summer at Cazadero.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will leave San Rafael next month to visit Alaska.

Mr. S. B. McKee, Mr. H. E. Miller, Mr. A. S. MacDonald, Mr. A. L. Stone, and Mr. E. S. Heller left last Tuesday on a week's coaching trip down the coast.

Mr. Arthur Castle has been in Paris during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease are visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischl have returned from a week's visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. H. Henry Veuve returned to New York last week from Carlshad, and is en route home.

Dr. H. M. Sherman sailed from New York last Saturday for Liverpool on the steamship *Lucania*.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth have gone to the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page will leave next Thursday to visit Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman are passing a few weeks at Redondo Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold will return from Lake Tahoe on Monday.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Master Paul Yost are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. John S. Hager and the Misses Hager are expected to return from Japan on the next steamer.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry are at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss McNutt has returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Carrier have gone to San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland is at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Frank F. Moulton has gone to Ukiah for a brief visit. Mrs. Moulton and her daughter are at their ranch in Colusa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam have gone to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Forsyth came up from Fresno last Monday, and have been passing the week here.

Mr. W. R. Whittier has been fishing on the McCloud River during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Michels are passing this month at the Hotel del Monte. On their return to this city, they will occupy their rooms at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson will reside at the Hotel Richelieu when they return from Alaska.

Sir Henry Heyman, who has been the guest of Judge J. H. Enalt at his country seat, Montefalda, in Sonoma County, for several weeks, has gone to visit Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier at Villa Ka Bel, their home on the shores of Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have been in New York city during the past fortnight.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue and Mr. W. Bradford Thompson returned last Thursday from a hunting-trip in the Santa Cruz Mountains, where they succeeded in killing three deer.

Mr. W. C. Murdoch, Mr. H. F. Emeric, and Miss Lorena Barlier will return from Wehler Lake to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Fry have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore and Miss Jessie Fillmore have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Heleo and Elsie Hecht will leave on Monday for Lake Tahoe, where they will remain until September. Mr. Summit L. Hecht is here from Boston on a visit to his parents.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

DCCLXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 21, 1895.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Melon.

Boiled Trout, Sauce Hollandaise.

Mashed Potatoes.

Larded Sweetbreads, Green Peas.

Roast Venison, Currant Jelly and Port Wine Sauce.

Tomato Salad.

Bavarian Cream. Fancy Cakes.

Fruits.

Coffee.

SWEETBREADS, LARDED.—Blanch and lard them with bacon; put them into a stew-pan with a pint of veal broth; add a little browning with the juice of half a lemon. Stew until tender; thicken the gravy with a little flour and butter. Lay hunches of hoiled celery round the dish when you serve. Fresh salad, nicely dressed, is good with them.

Tolstoy is not a hero in the eyes of Frau Anna Seuron, who was long his children's governess. She has published in Germany some gossiping reminiscences of her life with the author's family, and among them are anecdotes of the count as he appears in *neglige*, so to speak, under his own roof-tree. He smokes surreptitiously, and after refusing meat for a year, he was persuaded by his family to eat poultry. Frequently at night the listener could hear the clatter of knife and fork in the dining-room, and in the morning the cold roast beef left on the table would be found half devoured. Moreover, according to Frau Seuron, the count is fond of perfumes, which combine with the stable odors about his clothes to make a most disagreeable smell.

— AFTER A TRIP OF THREE MONTHS' DURATION through the marts and art centres of Europe, Mr. S. Gump has returned to this city. His many years' experience as a connoisseur in fine art has resulted in gathering some of the choicest *articles de vertu* from the Old World, and the firm of S. & G. Gump, on Geary Street, are now receiving a portion of the beautiful goods he has selected. The bronzes, cloisonne ware, and statuary that have already arrived are the most exquisite that could be selected. There is also a very fine line of elegant hand-painted vases, lamps, and tableware from Dresden now open for inspection. We congratulate the firm on securing such gems of art. Mr. Gump realizes that the buyers of these goods here want the best, and he has certainly secured them.

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He will describe all your ailments without asking questions. Only herbs used. Letters answered.

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The well-known Lung and Nerve Specialist.

Is not in favor of quarantine measures against sufferers from Phthisis and Consumption. Many years successful practice in Europe and on the Continent has enabled Dr. Marten to bring sufficient knowledge to bear on all such cases as to insure speedy cures inside of eight, nine, or twelve weeks, according to the severity of symptoms. Dr. Marten's success has been simply phenomenal. Sufferers should consult him.

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Luxury, Good Cheer, Hospitality,
Delightful and Healthful Pas-
times, Matchless Mount-
ain Scenery.

SWEET BRIAR CAMP.

Established last year in a romantic dell of the Sacramento Canyon, just below and in full view of grand old Shasta. It was a great hit, and promises even more encouraging results for the present year. T. J. LORTUS, at Castella, is still in charge and will answer all inquiries.

A new candidate for public favor this year is

SHASTA RETREAT,

Also in the Shasta region, about a mile and a half from Dunsmuir. It is a genuine paradise for campers, hunters, fishers, and seekers of health and pleasure. Easy to reach (near the railroad), slightly, and all the necessities of camp life easily procurable.

All inquiries about SHASTA RETREAT, if addressed to W. C. GRAY, Box 4, Dunsmuir, Cal., will receive prompt attention.

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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS,

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Senior—"True, this is not one of the great universities, being only a commercial college; but, really, I think we should have a characteristic cry." Freshman—"What's the matter with 'C-a-a-sh'!" —Puck.

Jack—"I boasted before I was tempted, and now—" Tom—"Now you're wondering what you boasted about." Jack—"Not at all. I'm wondering where in thunder I'll get some more temptation." —Truth.

Plugwinch—"I understand that Lameduck has several marriageable daughters." Samjones—"U'm—he had till lately." Plugwinch—"Oh! then they are married." Samjones—"No; he failed last year." —Puck.

Belle—"I think Charley is just too mean for anything!" Marie—"What is the matter?" Belle—"You remember that lovely pen-wiper I gave him? Well, I saw it the other day, and it's all full of ink-stains." —Puck.

"You're a wicked, lazy tramp," shouted the red-faced woman. "Madam," rejoined the tourist, calmly, "I decline to be drawn into any controversy. You will take notice that I do not claim to be a June bride." —Detroit Tribune.

He—"Yas; I went to the Pandemonor the other evening. A awfully jolly company they've got there; the Sisters Trilby, awfully good girls!" She—"Are they good?" He—"Well, I don't know about that, but they're awfully clever." —Sketch.

"Sir," said the indignant alderman, "are you not aware that were I to vote for your measure, I would be exposed to the condemnation of all the good citizens in my ward? And that sort of thing," he added, lowering his voice, "comes pretty high, you know." —Indianapolis Journal.

Museum manager—"You want a job, eh? What is your specialty?" Weary Wiggins—"I'm de human snake." Museum manager—"A contortionist, eh?" Weary Wiggins (scornfully)—"No, sir! No sech a chestnut. I gorge and den lie torpid for days and days, like a snake does." —Truth.

The stout man wiped off his forehead. "Yes, I was a good deal run down before I got a bicycle," he said; "but now," he added, determinedly gripping the handles and taking aim at an old lady crossing the street, "it is the other people who are that way." The old lady was piled up in the gutter. —New York Recorder.

"There is one part of your romance, Mr. Hicks, that you will have to change," said the editor. "What is that?" asked Hicks. "Where the deaf-and-dumb boy rescues Ethelinda from the ocean. You say that with one hand he grasped the fair girl around the waist, and with the other he signaled loudly for assistance." —Bazar.

Sub-editor—"A correspondent sends us a full account of a cock-fight, with photographs of the steel spurs used, the cock-pit, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described." Great editor—"Glorious! Get it all in." Sub-editor (doubtfully)—"But this is a family paper." Great editor—"Y-es—I know. Head it 'A Brutal Sport—Where Were the Police?'" —Ex.

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Judge Ross has had the misfortune of late to be called upon to render unpopular decisions. The case against Mrs. Stanford, which he decided in her favor, has been followed by a more far-reaching one, in which he declares the Wright irrigation law to be unconstitutional. If this decision is upheld by the Supreme Court, it will render worthless eight million dollars' worth of bonds that have already been placed with *bona-fide* purchasers, and eleven million dollars more in bonds that have been voted, but not yet sold. Furthermore, it will destroy, for the present at least, the agricultural interests of the State, in so far as they depend upon irrigation, and will thus mean a loss to this State of untold millions. Judge Ross declares that a controversy, in which such vast interests are at stake, demands the utmost care in its study and decision, but the decision must in the end rest upon the issues of law without reference to the magnitude of the interests involved. If this decision is held

to be correct, the irrigation law and not Judge Ross is to be blamed.

The Wright irrigation law provides that the owners of contiguous land, not less than five in number, may form an irrigation district. They present a petition to the county supervisors setting forth the district by metes and bounds, the size of the various tracts of land contained in it, the owners of these tracts, the acreage of the whole district, and other essential matters. Upon favorable action by the supervisors, the land-owners of the district meet, adopt by-laws for its government, and elect trustees. These trustees condemn the necessary land, assess the land in the district to cover expenses, and issue the bonds that may be voted. This, in its essential outlines, is the irrigation district that is formed under the law.

In the case decided by Judge Ross two principle points were involved: (1) whether the property of the complainant was taken without due process of law, and (2) whether the taking of land was for a public or a private use. The first point is of more interest to the lawyer than to the layman, and attacks the form of the law rather than its principle. The second goes to the very heart of the matter and, if sustained, renders the whole law null and void. The considerations upon which Judge Ross reaches his conclusion upon this point, therefore, deserve study.

The right of eminent domain is a function of the government which can be exercised only when it is for a public use. The decision, therefore, turns upon the distinction of a public and private use. A public use implies a possession, occupation, and enjoyment by the public at large or by public agencies. Every person is entitled to use it upon the same terms and conditions. The character of the use is not to be tested by the mere number of persons who enjoy it; a public use may be actually enjoyed by only a small number of persons, while a private use may be enjoyed by a far greater number. But the essential test of a public use is as to whether the public at large may, if they so desire, enjoy it. Where a tract of land is detrimental to the public health, its reclamation becomes a public use, because it is for the benefit of the public at large without reference to the individuals. But if the drainage of the land is to be simply for the purpose of causing a more plentiful product to be derived from it, the direct benefit is to the owners alone, while the general public receive only an indirect advantage.

This distinction between the direct and indirect benefit to the public is a most important one. The building of a house or the planting of a useful and beautiful tree is for the public good, but, in the same way, the establishment of factories in a certain place is for the benefit of the entire community in that place. This fact, however, would not justify the taking of private money by taxation, or assessment, or the condemnation of private land for the use of such factories. The profits of the factory would go to the owners, and, while they might become rich and expend their money in the community, the benefit would be so indirect as not to justify the exercise of the governmental functions. The building of a highway contemplates its use not only by those who live along the line of the road, but also by everybody in the community. More than this, it may be used by any person who visits the community temporarily. It is distinctly for the benefit of the public, and may be enjoyed by every individual upon the same terms. In the same way, the construction of water-works is intended to benefit every person in the community, whether living there permanently or temporarily sojourning there; whether owning the land or simply renting it.

In an irrigation district the benefit that arises from its organization accrues only to the owners of irrigable land in that district. Any town lots that may be included in the district—and in some of the districts that have been created in this State town lots having no agricultural value have been included and assessed—or any agricultural land that can not be benefited by irrigation derives no advantage from the formation of the district. But all of such land is assessed for the benefit of the irrigable land. The owners

of this land that needs irrigation are the only persons who are benefited. No other person may come there and share the advantage; no person living there, unless he belongs to this class, derives any benefit. The lessee of land pays in the form of increased rent to the owner of the land for the advantage derived from irrigation. In fact, in its essential nature, the irrigation district is a private corporation, and its existence and the exercise of its powers are solely for the benefit of certain individuals forming it. It has been held that half a dozen owners of contiguous mines may not condemn lands for a ditch in order to obtain water to work their mines, because this would be condemning the land for a private use. In what way does the irrigation district differ from these mines?

It would appear that the reasoning of Judge Ross is unassailable. Attacks have been made upon it by the daily press, but their comments have shown clearly that they failed to understand the principles upon which the decision rests. For instance, one of them says of this decision—which, if it decides anything, decides that governmental functions shall not be exercised for the benefit of a private corporation—that it strongly illustrates "the tendency of the courts to narrow the powers of the government and enlarge the powers of private corporations." The decision undoubtedly works a hardship upon the State of California. But it is as undoubtedly a correct application of the law that applies to the case. While we may regret the necessity of such a decision and the defeat of the system of irrigation that was being built up in this State, there is one point in it that is of great value, and that is the insistence upon the distinction between a public and a private use and the clear statement of the fact that the powers of the government are not to be exercised for the benefit and profit of private individuals, even though the general prosperity of the community may be incidentally but indirectly benefited.

Current economic discussion has turned extensively upon the recent movements in the prices of commodities in general use, and, for this reason, a series of tables recently published by the United States Bureau of Statistics has unusual interest. These tables were prepared by Mr. Augustus Sauerbeck and first published in London. They cover the prices of forty-five articles of general use, and extend over a period of twenty-five years. The articles are grouped into six classes, as follows: vegetable foods; animal foods; sugar, coffee, and tea; metals; textiles; and sundry articles, including hides, leather, tallow, oils, nitrate, indigo, and timber. For purposes of comparison and in order to render the fluctuations of late years clearer, the average price for the eleven years from 1867 to 1877 has been taken as a basis, and this price has been represented by one hundred. Prices for subsequent years are indicated by an index number presenting the proportion which the price for that year bears to the average price for the eleven years. This period of eleven years, following 1867 is well chosen for a basis, both in England and in this country, because it is long enough removed from the abnormal conditions resulting from the Civil War, and it also covers a period sufficiently long before and after the panic of 1873 to give a normal average.

Taking the index numbers for the various groups, we find that for the ten years succeeding the period taken as a basis, the prices in all the groups were lower, the index numbers ranging from ninety-five for animal foods to seventy-three for metals. Taking a later period of ten years ending in 1894, the index numbers show a range from sixty-four for vegetable foods to eighty-four for animal foods. During the first period under consideration the greatest decrease in price was in metals, and during the later period the greatest fall is found in vegetable foods. Among the articles included in the group of vegetable foods, the greatest decrease in price has been in wheat, the index number for 1894 being forty-one. Among the textiles the index numbers show cotton thirty-nine, silk forty-three, and wool fifty-five. Contrary to the general impression, wool has decreased in price less than any of the others. During the last four years covering the recent period of commercial depression, the

most important changes in prices are as follows: Wheat has decreased twenty-seven points, flour twenty-four points, beef six points, coal eleven points, cotton ten, and wool fifteen. This indicates that the decline in the price of wool has been more marked during this latter period than during the earlier years, but the quotations during the current year indicate that the lowest point has been reached for the present, and that a reaction is setting in.

The tables of prices prepared by the committee of the Senate in this country, covering a period of fifty years, from 1840 to 1891, present a basis for comparison with these English prices. These tables group the commodities considered under various heads, and, for the purposes of the present comparison, the first four of these—food, clothing, fuel and lighting, and metals and implements—may be taken. Grouping the English prices under the same headings, and again taking the average price for the period of 1867-77 as represented by one hundred, we find that in the year 1880 the English prices show a greater reduction in clothing, metals, and fuel and the American prices in food products. For the year 1890, the English prices for food and clothing show a greater reduction than the American prices, while the latter have declined more extensively in the group of metals. The reduction of the price of fuel for 1890 is the same in both countries.

For purposes of comparison, however, it is safer to take periods of years rather than individual years, and in this way the fluctuations resulting from temporary causes may be avoided. Taking the period of ten years, from 1878 to 1887, immediately succeeding the average period, we find the following figures:

	English.	American.
Food.....	83	88
Clothing.....	75	81
Fuel and lighting.....	72	72
Metal and implements.....	73	81

It will be seen that for this period the prices for fuel have been reduced to the same extent in both countries, but, as to all the other groups, the English prices show the greater reductions. A similar comparison for the five years ending with 1891—a period preceding the recent commercial depression—shows the following result:

	English.	American.
Food.....	73	87
Clothing.....	68	73
Fuel and lighting.....	67	68
Metals and implements.....	73	70

This last period presents the best basis for comparison of the movement of prices and also of the differences in prices in the two countries. In England, the cost of fuel has decreased for the period thirty-three per cent. from the average period of 1867-77; the cost of food products decreased twenty-seven per cent., and metals in the same proportion. Clothing decreased thirty-two per cent. In the United States, metals decreased in price thirty per cent., fuel thirty-two per cent., clothing twenty-seven per cent., and food products nearly thirteen per cent. The English prices show a greater decline for the period in the first three groups; the American prices in the last.

These comparisons present some surprises. The general impression is that food products—the commodities offered for sale by the farmers—have declined very extensively in price during this period of twenty-five years, but, as we see by these figures, the prices of these commodities have declined less than those of any of the others. On the other hand, the cost of fuel and lighting has decreased more than any other item of expense. It is, of course, difficult to assign briefly the cause for these fluctuations and decreases in prices. The cost of fuel has undoubtedly been reduced partly by the increased production in coal and petroleum, the latter resulting in a reduced price of coal oil, and partly by the substitution of other agencies for coal in the production of power. The use of natural gas, so extensive in various parts of this country, has been developed during the last twenty-five years and has released the demand for a large amount of coal. Gas and electricity, which are now used for power purposes, have also had the same effect. The decreased price in other articles is largely to be explained by the cheaper cost of production resulting from increased facilities of transportation, thus bringing sources of supply into the market that did not formerly compete, and partly by improved methods of production and increased use of machinery. Taken as a whole, the figures present many interesting points of comparison that can not be entered into here. But they will be of great value as presenting a basis of fact from which the various economic questions that now occupy the public mind can be more intelligently discussed.

Science has at last condescended to concern itself with a phenomenon that has disturbed, scared, or awed the nervous laity—the bicycle face. A physician in the *St. James's Budget* approaches the phenomenon with courage, if not with conclusive results. He describes the fearsome visage

of the bicyclist thus, and everybody will recognize the truth of the picture:

- "(a) A wide and wildly expectant expression of the eyes.
- "(b) Strained lines about the mouth.
- "(c) A general focusing of all the features toward the centre."

These manifestations, the scientist explains, are due to the efforts of the rider, at first conscious and later unconscious, to maintain his equilibrium, which he accomplishes by a "series of muscular movements that automatically adjust the weight to the proper position, and are themselves controlled by a special brain centre situated at the back of the head." Other scientists demur to this exposition. Ooe, a phrenologist, writes to a New York paper that the "faculty of the mind enabling a person to apply the laws of gravity and regulate his equilibrium is that of weight, found in the frontal lobe of the brain just above the eyes, and out in the back of the head, according to the English theory." Still another, a physician, insists that riding the wheel is not an exercise of the art of balancing. "It may be regarded," he learnedly says, "as centrifugal force, the principle of which is momentum. The disturbed equilibrium is recovered by guiding the wheel to the side to which the centre of gravity has shifted, and as the wheel describes an arc on that side, the momentum of the body brings the centre of gravity again over the base. The notion of a series of muscular efforts is the mistake of the beginner." That seems tolerably convincing; but while scientists differ, as they always do differ about any problem that is not gray with age, it is not likely that they will set the popular mind at rest as to the cause of the bicycle face. The authority of a Huxley might do it, but Huxley is dead. Mediocre men of science, or men of science not yet famous, are viewed with distrust, and that distrust is justified by history. We know that the impossibility of a steamship crossing the Atlantic was scientifically proved; we know that a hundred years ago a commission of the leading physicians of Madrid officially declared that the effluvia arising from the foul streets and open drains of the city cooed to death, as the "raw air" was thereby softened and made emollient to the human lung; we know that a commission of scientists in Germany, a good deal less than a hundred years ago, when railroads were first introduced to that country, reported that a high fence should be erected on either side of the track, as the whizzing spectacle of trains going past at the rate of fifteen miles an hour would injure the eyesight of the people seeing them, and by the whirling effect produced upon the brain would inevitably give rise to mental disturbances of a grave character. Until science really knows what causes the bicycle face, little hope can be entertained that a distressing influence upon modern life will be removed. The suggestion made by a lady writer that others follow her example and cultivate a fixed smile while pedaling will hardly be received with favor. Ooe expects that variety of smile at the circus or the spectacular drama, but ooe is not compelled to go to such entertainments and gaze upon the countenance of the female gymnast or the ballet-dancer, whereas none of us can escape the bicycle face, for it is everywhere on the streets.

Possibly science is being led astray by seeking the seat of the phenomenon in the brain. The average bicyclist does not impress one as taking a highly intellectual delight in his exertions. Indeed, the spectacle of a gentleman with his back humped up, his chin on his breast, and his ears just peeping over his shoulders, recalls the incensed or terrified domestic cat rather than god-like man making use of his noblest organ. But it is not the male wheeler who concerns the public. He may hump himself, and "scorch" and work his uninteresting legs, and go as far as Jericho, if it pleases him. 'Tis the pretty face of the girl bicyclist, all puckered with care and distraught with science knows not what, which pangs the heart with compassion and gives anxiety to the mind. Whatever brings an untimely wrinkle to the countenance of beauty is to be deplored, and a girl who tears along, looking as if she saw ghosts ahead and something worse behind, is riding hard to premature old age.

This absorption of the faculties, or the suspension of their ordinary functions, casts an illuminating ray upon another problem raised by the bicycle. Wonder has been awakened in unnumbered breasts by the cool hardihood with which maidens, who when in ordinary attire deem their ankles sacred, will spin by unashamed in leggings and bloomers, and even in knickerbockers. It would appear that the task of maintaining their equilibrium by a series of muscular movements which automatically adjust the weight in the proper position, or the extinction of the power of thought, or the consuming exhilaration of rapid movement, or the monopolization of the force of the nerve centres in producing the bicycle face—or whatever it may be that seizes upon the girls and makes them its own—eliminates the capacity for experiencing the emotions and sentiments which in a cruder day were condensed in the word "modesty." That may be a gain or a loss, but the unconsciousness of

the bloomer girl, however induced, astounds the old-fashioned. Five years ago, a man would have been as shocked to see his wife, his sister, or his daughter wheeling in trousers as he now would be (for different reasons, of course) to behold his grandmother bicycling in the same costume. But if girls will jump out of their skirts and fly through the air on wheels, as the witches of our fathers broomsticked it, it is the earnest hope of every man with a heart in his bosom that they will try to look as little like witches as can be. Therefore the world waits for the Pasteur who shall discover the bicycle-face microbe and supply the antidote.

At the last session of the legislature, a bill was enacted providing that a bureau of three highway commissioners should be appointed by the governor. The existence of the bureau was limited to two years, at the end of which time the commissioners are to present a report to the governor, presenting the results of their investigations and their recommendations as to changes in the highway laws, and then the bureau passes out of existence.

The powers of the bureau are purely advisory. They are directed to visit each county in the State at least once a year and to hold meetings with the county supervisors and others interested in the question of public highways; to collect information in regard to the roads, the method and cost of their construction, the methods of keeping the road accounts, and the annual tax levy expended upon their construction and maintenance. They are further to investigate the location, accessibility, and quality of road materials in each county and the facilities that exist for sprinkling roads. In furtherance of their work, the State mineralogist is to analyze any road material when called upon to do so by the bureau and to report to them; and the attorney-general is to act as their legal adviser.

The bureau has been traveling from county to county in this State, and has now almost completed this branch of the work. They have found throughout that the roads, with the exception of those in two or three counties, are in poor condition. Upon their construction and maintenance the county supervisors have spent from five hundred to one thousand dollars a mile, and yet there is practically nothing to show for it. The fault seems to have been in the continuance of the old district system, by which the road funds are divided up into small amounts and work is done upon the roads in dribbles. In this way it has been impossible to make any permanent road-bed, all of the money available having been spent for repairs to make them even passable. Another cause for the defect in the roads has been the system which permitted the road tax to be worked out by the tax-payer. Under this system the authorities have been enabled to favor their political friends, and in this way a political machine has been built up at the expense of the quality of the work done upon the roads.

What is especially needed in the construction of the roads is that a proper foundation should be laid. The earth, or whatever material forms the sub-grade, should be thoroughly rolled—a process that is almost invariably overlooked; the rock foundation covering this should be crushed into pieces not more than two inches in diameter; above this smaller rock should be placed; and over all a fine dressing that will cement into a hard surface. Proper drainage should be provided in order that water may not remain upon the roads during winter, and during the summer they should be thoroughly sprinkled. The investigation of the commission has shown that only a very small part of the roads in this State have been constructed and maintained in this manner.

The law creating the bureau of highways bore copies quite closely from the Massachusetts law of 1892. This Massachusetts law was amended in 1893 and again in 1894. Under the existing law, in addition to the powers exercised by the bureau in this State, the Massachusetts commission has power to adopt State highways, and for the construction and maintenance of these highways the legislature appropriated last year the sum of three hundred thousand dollars. The State highways are accepted by the commissioners upon application of the authorities of the county, the town, or the city, and their practice has been to accept roads in as widely distributed parts of the State as possible, and also those roads which are in the poorest condition. Their object in selecting poorly constructed roads is to give the people of the State as much benefit from the State highway system as is possible, and, at the same time, to present an object-lesson in the construction of good roads.

In Vermont a State highway commission was appointed in 1893, with powers of investigation similar to those of the bureau in this State. In a number of States the county road system has been adopted in place of the more circumscribed road districts. Under this system, county commissioners are appointed, and all roads accepted by them become a county charge. A bill providing for a similar law

was introduced at the last session of the legislature in this State. Under it certain roads were to be accepted by the county supervisors as trunk lines or main lines of travel through the county. These roads were to be constructed and maintained at the expense of the entire county, while the branch roads, which serve as feeders for them, were to be paid for by local assessment. The bill was killed in committee, however, and has not become a law.

The work of the bureau will undoubtedly have beneficial results and will probably develop into the adoption by the State of one of these two systems. Owing to the great territorial extent of the State, it is improbable that any general system of State highways will be adopted, but the information gathered by the bureau will enable the county authorities vastly to improve the main highways in their counties. It is a fact not generally appreciated that, in spite of the vast quantity of transportation carried over the railways and waterways of the United States, the country roads sustain a far greater amount of traffic than all other modes of travel taken together. Goods to be shipped by railroad, or upon steamers or sailing vessels, must be hauled over the roads to the point of lading, and in many cases goods are hauled over the country roads to the towns and are not shipped beyond those points. The facilities of communication over country roads, therefore, become of the greatest importance. A good road requires one-half of the expenditure of power in horseflesh and expense in repairs upon vehicles that must be incurred upon a poor road, and it would be a measure of economy were all the counties of the State to adopt a system of building permanent and scientifically constructed foundations for their roads, even though they might be able to construct only a few miles in each year. In the end the system would be extended to cover the main thoroughfares of the county, and the saving to the people in taxes for repairs and in saving on transportation would be enormous.

Had the taste of Colonel John Temple Graves, of Atlanta, Ga., been more delicate, it would have restrained him from publishing the letter sent him on the occasion of his marriage by his friend, President Cleveland; but that want of delicacy has been of some service to the public. The letter is an admirable one, so admirable that we may be quite sure that it never would have been penned had the writer been thinking of the possibility of print. Disappointing and exasperating as Mr. Cleveland has been on his political side to millions of his countrymen, on his domestic side he has been extremely fortunate and pleasing to all Americans. It is known that his home life has been an exceedingly happy one, thanks to his appreciation of a wife who is taken as kindly to the duties of home as to the social responsibilities of her position. From the day that she was introduced to the public, Mrs. Cleveland has been held in esteem, and something warmer than esteem. Youth and beauty are always potent, but it was soon seen that in addition to these fortuitous recommendations she possessed both heart and sense. One can understand the genuineness of Mr. Cleveland's fervor when he wrote to his Southern friend of himself as one who "can testify with unreserved tenderness to the sanctification which comes to man when heaven-directed love leads the way to marriage." It can also be comprehended that he was conscious of no exaggeration when he said that "as I look back upon the years that have passed since God, in His infinite goodness, bestowed upon me the best of all His gifts—a loving and affectionate wife—else, honor, the opportunity of usefulness, and the esteem of my fellow-countrymen, is subordinated in every aspiration to gratitude and thankfulness."

That is a high tribute from a man to a woman, and, what more, it is deserved in this instance, for there can be no aspersion of gallantry in the case. The happiness is personal to Mr. Cleveland, of course, but that happiness is a source of national satisfaction, practical as well as sentimental. It is no slight benefaction to the nation that the family which is necessarily the most conspicuous one among us should be a model of what a family ought to be. When political rancor has crossed the line and sought to touch the president's home life—as sometimes it has done, the pulpit, in language to say, being usually the offender—the public resentment has been both instant and efficacious. Grover Cleveland is a good husband and Mrs. Cleveland is a good wife. In being that, Mrs. Cleveland has done much more than make her husband happy. Without knowing it, by following simply the promptings of a thoroughly womanly woman, she has contributed greatly toward maintaining an ideal that is in some danger of being blurred in these days of eagerness to make women over into men. As the mistress of a home that is the type of what the best American home would be, the President's wife is doing more for her sex and country than all the army of strenuous feminine orators on the platform and busy feminine reformers of the day. Mrs. Cleveland is not a "new woman." She

is only a helpful wife, a careful mother, a gracious and accomplished lady. Being all these, it doubtless does not occur to her that she is doing more than her duty day by day, and receiving her reward in the happiness that is given back to her. She has no "mission," and she would find it difficult to set down on paper, or to say to an interviewer, what she deems her sex most needs for its elevation. Perhaps she modestly thinks that a woman who gives all her mind to her husband, her babies, and her home, and incidentally to the mild pleasures of social life, should leave large themes to ladies who either have no husbands and babies, or, having them, hold them secondary to speech-making and scribbling. Her talent is not in the direction of advising and exhorting other women what to do, but in being the right sort of woman herself. In this she is like countless thousands of other American women who are never heard of. From these good women, good wives, good mothers, she differs only in her conspicuousness, which is due to no striving of her own, but to her husband's great place in the world. She is their representative—the representative of the American womanhood that is content to be womanly, a blessed state. That is why the national hat is lifted always to Mrs. Cleveland. Men see in her the qualities which they venerate in their mothers and sisters and desire in wives. She is the typical woman of the typical home, who is still in the majority, though one is often persuaded to fancy otherwise in this era of female conventions, and congresses, and strident self-assertion. The home woman obeys her nature, the instinct of gentleness and refinement, in preferring obscurity and quiet, while one of the "advanced" makes noise enough for a thousand. Hence we are all apt to be deceived, unless we have a care, into thinking that the exceptional has become, or is rapidly becoming, the rule.

Colonel John Temple Graves, the dispatch which gives the President's letter says, has the missive "in a white and gold frame hanging in his parlor." It is thinkable that Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland would prefer that the colonel would not do this, and even that the letter had never been written, since it has found its way into the newspapers, where the language of the heart has always the jar of incongruity, the press being the market-place. But the colonel is an impetuous Southerner, and an orator to boot, which sufficiently accounts for his fortunate deficiency in reserve. Could it be revealed to him that it is his duty to attend the next National Woman's Congress, with the framed letter under his arm, and demand a place on the platform and time to read it there, Colonel Graves would confer another favor on the republic. He is obviously a man of extraordinary nerve.

The reports that have been received regarding the progress of the general elections in England read like an account of an intercollegiate football game or a Donnybrook fair. The enthusiastic British voter has found it more to his taste to supplement his vote with an appeal to brute force rather than to any intelligent discussion. In one case a lady upon the street with her husband was met by one of these enthusiastic electors and, with a blow under the chin, knocked senseless. Another, who had the misfortune to approve of the candidacy of Rider Haggard, was struck in the face with a brick-bat; and various other playful acts of contention have been reported. The opposition in England to granting home rule in Ireland has generally based its contention upon the fact that the Irish are incapable of self-government because of their emotional and excitable character, but it is hard to see how the Irish or any other excitable people could exhibit less self-control and more brutality in deciding political questions than have the British themselves. So far as can be seen from the reports, the elections have decided that the British people are opposed to home rule, are opposed to the disestablishment of the church in Wales, are opposed to the abolition of the House of Lords, and they have decided as positively several minor matters. These matters have been decided by such an overwhelming majority that there can be no doubt as to the positive opinion of the British public upon all of them. At the last general elections, when the Liberal party won the victory, practically all of these questions were decided the opposite way with practically the same incidental excitement and almost identical acts of violence.

The advocates of a responsible government, of which the English system is the best exponent, have always criticised the American method of holding a general election at a fixed period of every four years. They have urged that an election which comes after the lapse of a certain time, and not as a result of the pressing demands for solution of any political question, must necessarily result in an unintelligent exercise of the franchise. They have claimed that, under the English system, the government is able to appeal to the people upon one question and to obtain their verdict upon that question alone. In this way, they urge, the government is

much nearer to the people and is more truly democratic, for the people thus have a more direct voice in the decision. But in view of the recent happenings in England, it would seem that the system not only does not enable an issue to be presented singly before the people, but it brings the election on at a time when popular excitement is raised to such a pitch that calm judgment among the body of the voters is impossible. Until we see a better tone pervading the English general elections, we shall be inclined to think that, after all, the American system has at least the advantage of deciding the questions that arise without resorting to physical violence and brutal attacks upon women.

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut* published an account of the enactment of the special-contract law in this State and of the proceedings leading up to that event. The existence of this law, which is familiar to all who have transacted business in California, seems to have impressed others as something very novel, and the article in the *Argonaut* has provoked wide-spread comment. Among the exchanges that have come to hand containing reference to the article are the *Springfield Republican*; the *News*, of Savannah, Ga.; the *Guardian*, of Patterson, N. J.; the *Herald*, of Montreal, Canada; the *Times*, of Oswego, N. Y.; the *Times-Union*, of Albany, N. Y.; the *Post, Advertiser, and Press*, of New York city; and several papers on this coast, notably the *Portland Oregonian*. Some of these seem to have misunderstood the attitude of the *Argonaut* in suggesting a representative monetary conference in this State, and others have failed to appreciate correctly the provisions of the special-contract law. The purpose of the *Argonaut* was to give the people of this State an opportunity to extricate themselves from the somewhat equivocal position in which they are placed. The newspapers of the State, and those who assume to speak for the people, declare that this community is in favor of the free coinage of silver; yet upon the statute books there is a law—on whose enforcement the commercial community always insists—placing the business of this State practically upon a gold basis. One position or the other should be repudiated, and it was a really authoritative expression of opinion upon this question that the *Argonaut* suggested. The contention of some of our Eastern contemporaries that the special-contract law is unconstitutional, has been negated by the courts, not once but several times. The line of argument upon which these decisions is based is that a person may contract for the purchase of gold in the same manner that he may contract for the purchase of wheat or any other commodity, and that he may obtain from the court a judgment calling for the specific performance of the contract. The condition that the payment shall be in gold of certain weight and fineness does not invalidate the contract any more than would a condition calling for sacks of a certain size containing wheat of a specified quality. That the courts would not enforce such a contract, without the express provisions of the special-contract law, is open to question. But, in the cause of consistency, some authoritative choice between the two positions should be made.

Everybody who has the true interests of the daily press at heart must have been pained by the experiences of this week. There has been an absolute lack of sensational news, and the harassed editors must have been in despair as they saw day after day pass without a story that could be "scared" and adequately illustrated on the first page. In this emergency they have fallen back upon that old stand-by, the Durrant case, which has acquired a fictitious timeliness through the fact that the trial has been passing through the dull and uninteresting preliminary stages in the courts. With admirable enterprise they have elaborated every unimportant detail, and have eked out the dearth of news by publishing portraits of the accused with painful repetitions. The comparative enterprise of the various dailies has been admirably indicated by their methods of handling this important item of news. The less progressive have contented themselves with reproducing their old portraits, showing how Mr. Durrant looked six months ago with his mustache, and presenting him—by way of contrast—as he looks today without that adornment. The palm is undoubtedly to be awarded, however, to that progressive contemporary which conceived and executed the original idea of representing him as he appeared at his early morning toilet on the day when he was to make his appearance in court. Newspaper enterprise can hardly with decency go beyond this. The pictures of Durrant that have so far appeared in the pages of the daily press have proved conclusively two points: First, that he would not be recognized from these pictures by any person who happened to meet him on the street; and, second, that if he had the misfortune to look like these pictures, he would unquestionably be guilty of any crime that might be charged to him.

THE GHOST'S EYES.

A Tale of Chinese Help on a Southern California Ranch.

Mrs. Robert Livingstone was a woman of superb dignity. Yet any one of her city friends would scarcely have recognized her, in the rather clumsy figure running and stumbling up the rough cañon road that led from the lower bean-field to the ranch-house. Her black skirts were not held up, but allowed to trail a little and catch the fine dust and tar-weed stia as she hurried on. Nothing of trifling importance could have forced Mary Livingstone thus far to forget her elegant self, even alone in a cañon.

The fog was coming up from the sea and slowly closing in and deepening the shadows of the gorge. It was already late twilight, and the loeliness and gloom of the place tortured her over-tense nerves. A little owl flew with a shrill scream over her head, and she screamed with it. A belated ground-squirrel rustled in the underbrush up the bank, and she felt that all the terrors of the jungle were upon her.

A sharp turn in the trail brought her at last in view of the house, and the welcome glimmer of a light gave her a little courage. She quickened her steps still more in her eagerness, forgetting that the cañon stream crossed the road at the bend, and, missing the board, she stepped in ankle-deep. Even this she scarcely noticed, but splashed on over the slippery stones. It was only when she reached the gate, breathless and disheveled, that she seemed to be able to think.

"I can't let Allen see me in this plight," she said to herself. "He would ask all manner of questions, and not be put off, and I could not tell him *that*. Oh, no, no!" But just then a slight, youthful figure appeared at the veranda steps, standing on crutches.

"What makes you so awfully late, mother?" he called to her. "I thought you never would get here," and the thin, complaining voice was even a little more impatient than usual. "Sing is on one of his worst rampages, and is mad as hops because dinner is late. I was even afraid to ask him to light the lamp, and I've been sitting out here in the dark for ages. If there's a dish left out there, it won't be his fault. Listen to that!" and just then a tin pan seemed to go spinning across the kitchen.

"I am very sorry, my dear," said Mrs. Livingstone, quietly; "but I was detained by the engineer. He says the threshing-engine is broken, and he must go to Seco Grande to-morrow for repairs. Some of the men were to be paid off, and I had their accounts to look over. I will be glad when your father gets home. Harvesting is too important a time for me to be left alone. Poor Allie. What a forlorn time you've had! Come in, and we'll make up for it," and she preceded him into the dark little parlor.

Quickly lighting the lamp, she said: "Turn it up more, dear, after it has burned a little, and tell Sing to have dinner in five minutes. I'll be right out," and she hurried to her room, leaving her son wondering vaguely that his mother's hand should tremble as she held the match, and secretly wishing she had not left him to face the irate Sing alone.

Allen Livingstone was seventeen, but long accustomed to having every wind tempered for him. He was naturally timid and not a little spoiled. Mrs. Livingstone lavished upon him that yearning and passionate tenderness that a hopelessly crippled child calls forth from a mother's pity. He was at once her idol and her sorrow, and his slightest wish was law.

Dinner at the ranch-house was even more quiet than usual that evening. Mrs. Livingstone appeared tired and preoccupied, while Alleo fretted childishly over the rather warmed-up flavor of things on the table.

The offending Chinaman came and went in sullen routine. After the coffee, Mrs. Livingstone put her arm lovingly over her son's shoulders, and they went out to the parlor thus.

"I have a lovely scheme, dearest," she said. "While father is away, I think it would be nice for you to come over and sleep in your old room adjoining mine. It will be more sociable, and we can play we are both younger again. What do you think?"

"I don't mind," said Allen, indifferently, lighting a delicate *cigarita*.

The house was one of those primitive Spanish structures, built of adobe, one story, and three sides facing an open square—very pleasant and artistic with the deep verandas, vine-covered and cool, and the little court always full of flowers and sunshine, but not so convenient and practical for every-day comfort as some more modern plans for homes. The main part of the house is taken up by the living-rooms, leaving the sleeping-rooms in the wings and far separated.

It had been a trying time for Mrs. Livingstone, when her husband had insisted that Allen should give up his little bedroom next to theirs, which he had always occupied, and go across the court. The boy was no longer a baby, he said, and he had always needed that room for his own private use. He wanted a place for his desk and his books and the big safe which held the family valuables and often considerable sums in gold and silver, as he preferred to pay his men in coin rather than by check in the usual way.

But his wife had never been reconciled to having her delicate child out of the sound of her voice at night, and many a time had she stolen out in the darkness to listen at his window to see that her darling was sleeping well, and to indulge in a long moment of adoring worship, as she strained her eyes to see the pale face on the pillow. "I will go around the veranda now, dear," she said, as Alleo smoked, "and bring your things for the night. The couch is very comfortable, and it will be lovely to have you back."

The chill air struck her unpleasantly as she opened the door. She shuddered a little and drew her shawl closer.

"What a fog!" she exclaimed. "The beans will be again

delayed. It's worse than the conflict of hay-making and showers in New England."

Coming out of her son's room a few moments later, with her arms full of his clothing, she was startled by a slight noise across the court. It seemed like some heavy thing dropping with less sound than its weight would suggest. In the misty darkness she could see nothing. Mary Livingstone was known far and near as a woman of unbounded courage and self-reliance. During her husband's frequent business trips to San Francisco, she stayed and ruled the little kingdom like a queen. Not a man on the ranch but was glad when Mrs. Livingstone was "boss." The house in the cañon was her castle, where she and Allen, with the faithful Sing, abode in security which none dared to molest. If any one had told her a week ago that this night she would be a haunted creature, trembling and unstrung, tormented by an evil presentiment and dreading she knew not what, she would have laughed the prophet to scorn.

The parlor-door had been left a little ajar, and she pushed through it and on to her own apartment.

"Please shut the door, Allie. My hands are full. I'll be ready for you soon."

Drawing the shades, she set resolutely to work about making her son's room comfortable for the night. She dared not think, or she felt that she would scream from sheer nervousness.

The dainty silver toilet articles which were his pride, she arranged on the broad desk, and soon had the low lounging-couch transformed into an inviting bed, with even a hot-water bag tucked in at the foot. She took from her closet-shelf his little toy-like night-lamp, which had been one of his childish idols, and lighted it, and, after one or two little final touches here and there, she called him.

"It's time small boys were asleep. Lock the front door, dear, and come. I have such a funny story to read to you."

Allen hobbled in, a slight frown on his delicate face at being hahyed, and surveyed the little room. "It's as cold as a barn in here," he said. "What makes it so cold! I don't want to go to bed yet."

"Oh, yes, you do. It's getting late. You'll soon be nice and comfortable in your old nest. You will find it warmed."

"Oh, well, I suppose there's nothing else to do," he complained. "Where's the story?"

"I'll begin it right now, while you're getting ready," and Mrs. Livingstone settled herself by her lamp to read.

In less than half an hour she quietly peeped in to find her boy fast asleep. She wanted to stoop and kiss the white forehead, but denied herself lest she waken him.

Nearly closing the door, she walked restlessly about her room a few moments, aimlessly touching this and looking at that.

She took her account-hook out of the dragged dress she had worn down the cañon and looked it over a little, soon putting it aside. She tried to read, but the words followed each other under her eyes in an unknown tongue. She took up her Bible, and even that seemed to hold no word of peace.

Something as people in great peril go over their past life, she fell to thinking of hers, but she was soon brought back face to face with the present. The thought that she was struggling so to keep in abeyance, at last seemed to break its bounds and fill her soul with an irresistible fascination: she dwelt upon it and did not try to put it aside.

Three nights ago, at midnight, she had awakened suddenly, being conscious of a noxious presence near, and slowly there had grown from it two dark, glittering eyes close to her own, which held her gaze with terrible intensity. This evening in the cañon they had been there before her all the way, and she had almost succumbed to their terror. For the first time she had noticed that the brows and corners of the eyes had been slightly upturned, like the Mongolian. What did it all mean? The end was not yet. What would it be? These thoughts seemed to enthrall her.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. Would it come to-night? Outside, the night was so deathly still and so lonely. Why didn't the wind blow! Anything that would break the spell upon her.

She turned the light down, and threw herself wearily on her bed as she was.

With the first stroke of the clock at midnight she woke from a troubled sleep. In a moment she became distinctly conscious of a smoky odor, the unmistakable scent of a Chinaman's clothing. A slight noise on the floor caused her to sit up quickly. A man's head and shoulders were slowly emerging from under the bed. One sickening moment she wavered, then sprang out upon him, holding him down for an instant; but he turned, and there glared up at her those same eyes—the fiend-like eyes of her vision, and the man was Sing.

She grappled with him in superhuman strength, how many desperate, struggling moments she never knew. It seemed an eternity. Not a word was uttered. She saw that his superior strength must gain in the end. He constantly tried to reach for a knife which evidently was caught in some way, for he failed to get it in his hand.

At last, Allen heard the ooise and appeared at the door, almost fainting with fright.

His mother spelled out to him: "*G-e-t t-h-e a-x-e q-u-i-c-k,*" then added: "Go to bed, child."

The boy had presence of mind to go around, as there were many locked doors in the way through the house.

The Chinaman, afraid of some outside assistance, began to beg.

"Me catchee money—me oo kill. You gib key—me oo kill. You no gib, me allee same killee you, killee Allie, too. You gib key."

Mrs. Livingstone said nothing, and in an incredibly short time for him, Alleo came in, panting and dragging the gleaming axe.

The fiend saw it and became like a madman. He shrieked and bit at the strong white wrists that held him like a vise. He foamed at the mouth in his fit of rage and fear.

"Allen," she said, "get the trunk-rope in the closet—be quick."

After an almost hopeless struggle and a little weak help from her son, she managed to tie one hand, then both together, and had Allen make the other end fast to the headstead.

The rope was old, and if it gave way they were lost, for it was the only thing of the kind available. Her knees were still on his chest.

"Allen," she commanded, "go from the room and shut your door tight after you."

He was almost stupefied, but obeyed blindly. In another instant he heard an awful blow and a short shuffling sound, then a long moment of silence, but he dared not go in again.

Presently his mother appeared, holding her wounded hand. She looked to him, in the dim light, like an old woman. Her face was ashen and drawn, and her dark hair had turned almost snowy white. He looked at her mutely.

"My dear," she said, slowly, "God knows it was the only way. He gave me the power to save us, or you and I, Allen, would this moment have been in the traitor's place."

She gave an involuntary shudder, but turned and locked the door on the ghastly scene.

Taking some antiseptic solution, she bathed her hand thoroughly and bound it up with some of Allen's handkerchiefs. She then sipped a small glass of whisky and water, and lay down beside her son. So the long night wore away.

There have been few changes in Séco Valley. The lima beans grow on the broad, sunny lowlands, are harvested, and grow again. The cañon brook still sings its love-song to the blossoming bill-sides. The owls and the mocking-birds, the squirrels and the lizards, live as before, but the vines run rampant over the broad piazzas of the ranch-house in Séco Cañon. Only a few complaining doves have their home in the low garret.

When Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingstone returned to live in New York, their friends welcomed them back with open arms. It was hinted that, not being to the manner born, Mr. Livingstone had not covered himself with glory or lined his purse with gold in his ranching scheme; but it was the change in Mrs. Livingstone that excited the most comment. The snowy hair, the restless, hunted expression, and absent manner spoke of some stupendous change from her old self.

To only one trusted friend did she confide the mystery of her life: Every night at twelve o'clock there appeared to her two fierce, hard eyes, which would not turn till she was nearly beside herself with horror.

ISABEL WINTHROP.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

An Italian cycling paper, *La Bicicletta*, has been trying to trace the first poem in which reference is made to the pastime indulged in by wheelmen and wheelwomen. *La Bicicletta* fancies it has found this in a little eight-line piece, "*Le Vélocipède*," by Théodore de Banville, comprised, with other short compositions, under the heading "*Triolets*," in that writer's volume called "*Occidentales*." In this poem, which is dated July, 1868, De Banville has not been over-complimentary to the cyclist, to whom he sarcastically alludes as a new animal for Buffon—"half wheel, half brain."

When the mother of M. Max Lehaudy sought to throw his fortune into chancery until he had arrived at years of greater discretion, his advocate urged a plea on his behalf that decided the French tribunal in his favor. He contended that the government had no right to interest itself in the preservation of colossal fortunes, and asserted that the race-course was an important economic factor in helping to dissipate them for the benefit of the community.

General Poillenc de Saint Mars, commanding the French Twelfth Army Corps, has issued an order of the day regretting that the soldiers do not sing on the march, and suggesting to the regimental band-masters that they train capable men in the ranks to sing national and war-like songs, sentimental and popular airs, and lullabies, to the accompaniment of mandolins, accordions, or other instruments that can be easily played while marching.

The "hicycle face" of anxiety or despair is never seen on the boys who have learned to ride the wheel. Little chaps with smiling faces may be seen riding gracefully and easily without a sign of any disturbance of the spirit. Those who acquire a thorough knowledge of the art of wheeling in their early youth possess a great advantage over the people who take their first lessons in it after the muscles have hardened.

A singular drama is being played in a Sofia theatre, with the late Prince Alexander of Battenberg as the principal figure. It is called "*The Heroes of Slivizka*," and King Milan and several minor generals, princes, and counts—all of them still alive except Battenberg—are represented on the boards. There are no female characters in the play.

A man who asked for a volume of "two-cent literature," in a Boston bookstore the other day, was given the life of Toussaint l'Ouverture by the discerning clerk. Another Boston bookstore oddity was a note from a Harvard student who wanted "an ad valorem Shakespeare."

Japanese postmeo, whose routes carry them into the country, use bicycles. Their wheels are made by local manufacturers, who have appropriated improvements from both British and American patents.

A small electric lamp is being used instead of a hell in some telephone exchanges in England. The call for connection lights the lamp.

THE NEW BASHKIRTSEFF.

"Recollections of Childhood," by Sónya Kovalévsky, the Famous Mathematician—Career of a Brilliant Russian Woman, who Died for Lack of Love.

The Century Company has just published a book which is destined to be much read and discussed. It is really two books in one, consisting of "Recollections of Childhood," by Sónya Kovalévsky, translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood, and "Sónya Kovalévsky: A Biography," by Anna Carlotta Lefler, Duchess of Cajanello, translated from the Swedish by A. M. Clive Bayley, with a biographical note on Anna Carlotta Lefler by Lily Wolfsohn. The work has excited great interest in Europe. It is the story of the life of Sópbia (Russian, Sónya) Kovalévsky, Professor of Higher Mathematics at the University of Stockholm, author of a work to which the Institute of France gave one of the highest prizes, and whose works are quoted as authorities among mathematicians. Her life is an extremely interesting study to all who are interested in the development of women in a life hitherto considered masculine.

Mme. Kovalévsky's recollections carry the story of her life only to the close of her fourteenth year, and the biography by her friend, the Duchess of Cajanello, continues the narration down to her death in 1891. The child Sónya grew up estranged from her father and mother, and under the care of an English governess. She reached her womanhood at a time when the young Russian women began to long for education, to seek a life apart from the family life. Sónya became one of the most ardent in the new path, and went so far as to ally herself to a young man, Vladimir Kovalévsky, in a fictitious marriage. This means a marriage in form only, recognized by every one except the contracting parties. Its object is to get away from home, to study and to make the most of one's life. That the "fictitious marriage" does not at all satisfy the heart, poor Sónya soon discovered. She fell in love with her husband, but could not bring herself to put a stop to a false position, having her head full of romantic and unhealthy notions, and wanting forever to receive, not to give. This mock husband did not understand her, though he was most kind and considerate. He found that she interfered with his studies, his work suffered, and he did not enjoy his equivocal position; nevertheless, in course of time, becoming disappointed with the result of the fictitious marriage, they agreed to be man and wife in earnest; but even the birth of a child could not straighten out the tangle into which they had got themselves. During the absence of his wife in Paris, whither she had gone to take a prize, poor Vladimir became mad and killed himself. Sorrow and remorse gave her a severe illness.

Her scientific career was one success after another. The University of Göttingen gave her Ph. D. for a thesis on "the theory of differential equations." Notwithstanding her learning, she was not the typical pedant, but was charming in society, with a fascinating face and brilliant eyes, and a gay and playful manner. Her scientific work gave her no happiness. She writes in her diary: "It is a great misfortune to have a talent for science—especially for a woman, who is forcibly drawn into a sphere of action where she can not find happiness." She fell in love with a Russian who could not bear her work to come between them; he asked her to leave science and her honors, and to come to him—to be "only his wife." She would not do it; she refused; he left her, and in 1891 she died of a broken heart.

One of Mme. Kovalévsky's first recollections is of her mother's preference for the other children, Aniuta, who was six years older than she, and Fedya, who was two years younger. A pitiful picture of this child, craving affection with all her soul and yet unable to inspire it in those she loves, is presented in this paragraph:

Mamma is in the habit of playing the piano in the evening. She plays for hours together, without notes, composing, improvising, passing from one theme to another. She has a great deal of musical taste, and a marvelously delicate touch, and I am awfully fond of listening to her play. Under the influence of the music and of fatigue from my lessons, a wave of tenderness surges over me, a desire to nestle up to some one, to caress some one. Only a few minutes remain before the hour for evening tea, and at last the governess lets me go. I run upstairs and find the following scene: Mamma has already ceased to play, and is seated on the divan; Aniuta and Fedya are sitting there also, one on each side of her, cuddling up to her. They are laughing and talking about something in so very lively a manner that they do not observe my arrival. I stand beside them for a few minutes, in the hope that they will notice me, but they continue to talk about their own affairs. This is enough to chill all my warmth. "They are happy without me," I think. The bitter, jealous feeling sweeps across my soul, and instead of running to mamma and beginning to kiss her lovely white hands, as I had pictured to myself down-stairs in the school-room, I hide myself somewhere in a corner, far away from them, and sulk, until we are called to tea; and soon after that I am sent to bed.

One of Sónya's uncles, Piotr Vasilievitch, had married a beautiful but termagant wife, whose fate gives an extraordinary idea of the state of society in rural Russia not more than fifty years ago. Anna Vasilievna, the youngest unmarried sister of Sónya's father, tells the sinister story to the two girls in these words:

"There was a serpent for you! God preserve us! She simply worried me and my sister Marinka to death! And didn't brother Piotr catch it from her! She would fly into a passion at one of the servants, and would run straight into his study, and demand that he should chastise the offender with his own hands. He, in his kind-heartedness, would object, and would try to reason with her. Much good that did! His arguments only made her more furiously angry. She would fall foul of him, and begin to abuse him with every bad word possible. And he's a regular marmot, not in the least like a man! It made one feel ashamed to listen. At last she perceives that she will not move him with words, so she snatches an armful of papers, books—whatever she can lay her hands on upon his table—and flings them all into the stove. 'I won't have any of this rubbish in my house!' she screams. It even happened sometimes that she pulled a slipper from his feet, and struck him on the cheeks with it. Truly! And how she would lay on! And he, dear, peaceable dove, would not defend himself, and would only try to hold her hands—and so carefully, lest he should hurt her—and reprove her. 'What are you doing, Nadenka? Come to your senses! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? And before the servants, too!' But she had no shame about her.

"He loved her so, dear children, that he could not live without

her! When they settled her he mourned so that he came near laying violent hands on himself."

"What's that, aunty? What do you mean by saying 'when they settled her'?"

"Why, this was the way of it. Her own serf girls strangled her! she suddenly replied.

"Heavens! How horrible! How did that happen? Aunty, dearest friend, tell us!" we cried.

"Why, very simply," answered Anna Vasilievna. "She was left alone in the house one night, having sent brother Piotr and the children away somewhere. In the evening, her favorite chamber-maid, Malanya, undressed her, and had taken off her shoes and stockings, and put her to bed in proper fashion, when, all of a sudden, she clapped her hands. At this signal other maids made their appearance from all the neighboring rooms, and Feodor, the coachman, and Yevstignei, the gardener. As soon as sister Nadezhda Andreevna had looked at their faces, she knew that matters were serious with her; but she did not become terrified; she did not lose her presence of mind. She shouted at them: 'What are you up to, you devils? Have you lost your wits? Begone this moment, every one of you!' They turned cowardly, out of habit, and were already retreating toward the door, when Malanya, who was holder than the rest, began to argue with them. 'What are you about, you vile cowards? Haven't you any mercy on your own hides? She'll pack you off to Siberia to-morrow!' Then they came to their senses, and the whole horde rushed up to her, seized my late sister by the hands and feet, flung a feather-bed on her, and began to smother her. She begged for mercy, and offered them money and all sorts of goods. No; they would accept nothing. For Malanya, her favorite, continued to exhort them: 'A towel; throw a wet towel over her head, so that no blue marks will be left on her face.' The people themselves, those miserable serfs, confessed it afterward. They told in detail, in court, under the rods, just how it took place. Well, and they were not patted on the head for this, their fine piece of work. Many of them, I think, must still be rotting in Siberia."

An incident which had a curious and important influence on Sónya's after life is revealed in this paragraph:

When we transferred our abode to the country, the whole house had to be done over afresh and all the rooms were repaired. But as the rooms were many, there was not paper enough for one of the rooms belonging to us children; it was a great undertaking to order more from St. Petersburg, and to order for a single room was decidedly not worth the while. They kept waiting for an opportunity, and in the interim this ill-treated room stood for many years with nothing but common paper on its walls. But, by a happy accident, the paper used for this first covering consisted of sheets of Ostrogradsky's lithographed lectures on the differential and the integral calculus, bought by my father in his youth. These sheets, spotted over with strange, incomprehensible formulas, soon attracted my attention. I remember how, in my childhood, I passed whole hours before that mysterious wall, trying to decipher even a single phrase and to discover the order in which the sheets ought to follow each other. By dint of prolonged and daily scrutiny, the external aspect of many among these formulas was fairly engraved on my memory, and even the text left a deep trace on my brain, although at the moment of reading it was incomprehensible to me.

When, many years later, as a girl of fifteen, I took my first lesson in differential calculus from the famous teacher in mathematics in Petersburg, Alexander Nikolaevitch Stanolovich, he was astonished at the quickness with which I grasped and assimilated the conceptions of the terms and derivatives, "just as if I had known them before." I remember that this was precisely the way in which he expressed himself, and, in truth, the fact was that at the moment when he began to explain to me these conceptions, I immediately and vividly remembered that all this had stood on the pages of Ostrogradsky, so memorable to me, and the conception of space seemed to have been familiar to me for a long time.

An unhappy trait of the child, which time did not eliminate from the nature of the woman, is shown in an incident which took place during a visit of another uncle, with whom she became a great favorite. He used to tell her marvelous tales of the wonders of science, when they were alone together after dinner; but one day a neighbor's child was visiting her and insisted on being present at this talk. Sónya writes:

This conversation of three, in which uncle was going to talk for Olya, taking into consideration her tastes and her understanding, was not in the least what I wished. It seemed to me that something had been taken from me which belonged to me by right, which was inviolable and precious.

"Come, Sofia, climb upon my knee," said uncle, evidently quite unconscious of my evil frame of mind.

But I felt so hurt that this proposal did not soften me in the least. "I won't!" I answered angrily, and, going off to a corner, I sulked.

Uncle stared at me with astonished, laughing eyes. I do not know whether he understood what a feeling of jealousy was stirring in my soul, and whether he wished to tease me; but he suddenly turned to Olya and said to her: "Well, if Sónya doesn't wish it, do you sit on my knee."

Olya did not force him to repeat this invitation, and before I had recovered myself, before I had succeeded in realizing what was happening, she had taken my place on my uncle's knee. I had not in the least expected this. It had never entered my head that matters would take that sort of painful turn. It seemed to me, literally, as if the earth were giving way under my feet. I was too astounded to give voice to any protest; all I could do was to stare, with widely opened eyes, at my happy friend; and she, a little confused, but much pleased, nevertheless, settled herself on uncle's knee as if there were nothing the matter. Setting her little mouth in a droll grimace, she tried to communicate to her childish, chubby face an expression of seriousness and attention. She was blushing all over, even her little neck and her little bare arms were crimson.

I stared and stared at her, and suddenly—I swear that even now I do not know how it happened—something terrible took place. It was exactly as if some one were urging me on. Without stopping to think what I was doing, I suddenly, quite unexpectedly to myself, fastened my teeth in her bare, plump little arm, somewhat above the elbow, and hit her until I drew blood.

My attack was so sudden, so unforeseen, that for a moment all three of us remained stupefied, and merely stared at each other in silence. Then all at once Olya gave a piercing shriek, and her scream brought us all to ourselves.

Shame—wild, bitter shame—took possession of me. I fled headlong from the room. "Hateful, wicked little girl!" my uncle's angry voice called after me.

How the thirst for knowledge that brought discord into so many Russian families at this period penetrated to Sónya's country home is told in this passage:

It may be said that, in the period of the time included between the years 1860 and 1870, all the educated classes of Russian society were occupied exclusively with one question: the family discord between the old and young. Ask about whatever noble family you would at that time, you always heard one and the same thing—the parents had quarreled with the children. And the quarrels had not arisen from any substantial, material cause, but simply upon questions of a purely theoretical, abstract character. "They could not agree about their convictions!" It was only that; but this "only" sufficed to make children abandon their parents and parents disown their children. An epidemic seemed to seize upon the children—especially the girls—an epidemic of fleeing from the parental roof. In our immediate neighborhood, through God's mercy, all was well so far; but rumors reached us from other places; the daughter, now of this, now of that landed proprietor, has run away; this one abroad, the other to Petersburg to the "nihilists."

The principal bugaboo of all parents and instructors in the Palibino district was a certain mythical community, which, rumor asserted, had been established somewhere in Petersburg. In it, at least so it was believed, they enlisted all young girls who wished to leave their

homes. There the young people of both sexes lived in full communism. There were no servants, and nobly-born young ladies of the aristocracy washed the floors and cleaned the samovars with their own hands. As a matter of course, none of the people who spread these reports had ever been in this community themselves. Where it was situated and how it could possibly exist in St. Petersburg under the very nose of the police, no one exactly knew, yet no one had the slightest doubt that such a community did exist.

Sónya's father was particularly set against this movement. His hatred of women writers is shown in this anecdote:

My father was personally acquainted with but one authoress, the Countess Rostopchin. He had seen her in Moscow at the period when she was a brilliant society beauty, with whom all the fashionable young men of the day—my father among the number—had been hopelessly in love. Then, many years afterward, he had met her somewhere abroad, in Baden-Baden, I think, in the gambling-hall.

"I looked, and I could not believe my eyes," my father often related the story. "The countess entered, followed by a string of sharpers, each more vulgar than the other. They were all shouting, and laughing, and gabbling, and treating her like a boon companion. She went up to the gaming-table and began to fling one gold piece after another. Her eyes shone, her face was red, her chignon was askew. She lost everything, to her very last gold piece, and screamed to her adjutants in French, 'Well, gentlemen, I'm broke! The game's up!' Then in Russian, 'Let's go and drown our grief in champagne!' That's what writing brings a woman to."

Yet he was destined to be the father of a woman writer. Aniuta had written a story and secretly sent it to Dostoevsky, the famous Russian novelist, who was then editing *The Epoch*. It was accepted, as was a second, and a letter from the editor, inclosing three hundred roubles, fell into the father's hands just as he was giving a large ball. The result is told in this paragraph:

When all was quiet in the house, he summoned Aniuta to him, and what did he not say to her! One phrase of his in particular engraved itself upon her mind: "Anything may be expected from a girl who is capable of entering into correspondence with a strange man, unknown to her father and mother, and receiving money from him. You sell your novels now, but the time will probably come when you will sell yourself."

This bitter prophecy was afterward fulfilled, for Aniuta later formed a *liaison* with a communist in Paris, and it was some years before they were married.

But the father relented before his wife's intercessions and even permitted Aniuta and Sónya to meet Dostoevsky when they were in St. Petersburg. The novelist became a constant visitor at their house and fell in love with Aniuta, as one may imagine from his behavior at a reception given by Sónya's mother. The company was a most incongruous one, composed of the people Sónya's mother had known years before when she lived in St. Petersburg. Says Sónya:

The guests had nothing to do with each other. They were all dreadfully bored; but, like well-bred people, for whom wearisome parties constitute one of the inevitable ingredients of life, they submitted unmurmuringly to their fate, and bore all this dullness heroically.

But it is easy to imagine what happened to poor Dostoevsky when he fell into this society! Both in figure and appearance he presented a sharp contrast to all the others. In a fit of self-sacrifice he had deemed it requisite to don an evening-suit, and this dress, which sat badly on him, enraged him during the whole evening. He began to get angry from the very moment when he set foot across the threshold of the drawing-room. Like all nervous people, he felt an irritating confusion when he got into a company of strangers, and the more stupid, the more unsympathetic, the more insignificant this company was, the more dire was his confusion. Excited by this feeling of vexation, he was desirous of venting it on some one.

My mother made haste to present him to the guests; but in place of a greeting he muttered something unintelligible, resembling a growl, and turned his back on them. But worst of all, he immediately exhibited an intention to monopolize Aniuta. He carried her off to a corner of the drawing-room, and showed a decided resolve not to release her. This, of course, was in direct contravention of all the usages of society. Moreover, his manner with her was anything but that demanded by society: he took her hand; when he spoke to her, he bent down to her ear. Aniuta felt awkward, and my mother was beside herself. At first she tried "delicately" to give Dostoevsky to understand that his behavior was impolite. As she passed them, apparently by accident, she called my sister, and tried to send her off on an errand. Aniuta tried to rise, but Feodor Mikhailovitch detained her with the utmost coolness: "No, stay, Anna Vasilievna; I have not done talking with you."

At last my mother lost all patience and flared up.

"Excuse me, Feodor Mikhailovitch, but as the hostess she must busy herself with other guests also," she said very sharply, and led my sister away.

Feodor Mikhailovitch became thoroughly enraged, and, settling himself in the corner, he maintained an obstinate silence, glaring viciously at all present the while.

Among the guests was a German officer, handsome, aristocratic, wealthy, and supposed to "have views" regarding the handsome Aniuta, whose far-removed cousin he was, and this man Dostoevsky soon bated to madness. His rage burst forth in this way:

The fashionable topic of conversation that winter was a little book published by some English clergyman or other, containing a comparison between the Russian State Church and Protestantism. In this Russo-German circle this was a topic which interested all, and when the conversation turned upon it, it grew more animated. Mamma, who was herself a German, remarked that one of the advantages of Protestantism over the Russian State Church was that Protestants read the gospels more.

"But were the gospels written for society women?" suddenly burst out Dostoevsky, who had hitherto preserved an obstinate silence. "It is written there, 'In the beginning God created man and wife,' or again, 'The man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife.' That's the way Christ understood marriage. But what would he said of it by the mammas who think of nothing but of how to get their daughters off their hands in the most profitable manner?"

Dostoevsky uttered this with unusual pathos. In accordance with his habit when he was excited, he had drawn himself into a heap, and fairly fired off his words. They produced a wonderful effect. All the well-bred Germans held their peace, and stared at him. It was only after the lapse of several seconds that they all comprehended the full awkwardness of what had been said, and then all began to talk at once in the endeavor to drown his voice.

Dostoevsky cast one more withering glance at all of them, then retreated again into his corner, and never uttered another word the whole evening.

Little Sónya had a terrible fit of jealousy over Dostoevsky's love for Aniuta, but she got over it—as did the novelist, who, six months later, married another girl, and she was his second wife.

With this incident the "recollections" come to a close. The Duchess of Cajanello's biography takes up the story from this point, and the two books together form a narrative as full of incident and of psychological revelation as a novel. There is not a page of it that is not deeply interesting; but the limitations of space forbid further extracts.

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HINTS FOR BICYCLISTS.

Some Sensible Advice on the Care and Repairing of Wheels—
Punctures in Hose-Pipe and Inner-Tube Tires—
Broken Spokes and Chains.

The average bicycling convert of the present season is lamentably lacking in mechanical tact. Every rider should at least learn to adjust all the parts of a wheel. It would pay every new rider to spend half a day taking his wheel completely apart and setting it up again. It will be better, though, if he does it in a shop, for at some points he may have trouble that requires the use of tools not to be found in the average household. Some general advice that will be of value may, however, be offered.

To begin, a wheelman or wheelwoman should never start out for a ride without looking the wheel over carefully. If the tires are well inflated, the rear tire fuller than the front one, so that it is good and hard, then every nut on the machine should be tried to see if it is set tight. If every rider did this (says a writer in the *New York Times*), many a walk home would be saved and some ugly falls would be avoided. The chain should be looked over to see that it is not too loose nor too tight and that every joint is pliant. If by taking the upper and lower part of the chain between the fingers it can be squeezed together so that it will touch the tubing of the rear forks, it should be tightened, but it should not be made so taut that there is no play in it. Every part should be well oiled and some graphite rubbed on the chain before the machine is taken out.

The next thing for the rider to look to is that he is well equipped for making any ordinary repair. Besides the regulation tool-bag, a repair kit for the tire should be taken, and it will be wise to have some stout twine, a chain link, some copper wire, and a generous-sized roll of tire tape. The repair kit for the tire should be the one specially prepared and furnished by the makers of the tire in use, whether of the hose-pipe or inner-tube variety.

Tires are the most frequent sources of trouble, for the tire question, with those of lamps and saddles, remains yet to be solved. If the time ever comes when there is a highly resilient yet puncture-proof tire, then the balcyon days of cycling will be at hand. Punctures are the commonest form of injury to a wheel, and no amount of care can shield a rider from them. It makes no difference how philosophical or how clever the cyclist may be, nor does it matter what kind of tires he has, the task of repairing is a thorny one. If it is a hose-pipe tire, the job may be more quickly done, but it will require more art and care than the inner tube. If the puncture is a slight one, ten minutes will suffice to fix it, but nails and other sharp objects go through tire fabrics as bullets go through wood, making a small hole at the point of entrance and tearing a large and ragged aperture on the opposite side. It is simple enough to cover with cement one of the mushroom-shaped plugs, furnished by dealers, and push it into the hole, but one is never sure that the ragged tear on the inside is perfectly covered by the mushroom. If it is not, the air will creep through the fabric and ooze out in so many places that the rider thinks he has a porous tire. The complaint of "porous tires" has been a common one, but in reality there is none such. In every case the dealer finds that the so-called porosity is due to an imperfectly mended puncture. If riders understood the difference of construction between hose-pipe and inner-tube tires, they would appreciate more the care needed to repair the former. The hose-pipe really has an inner air-tube, but instead of being a separate chamber, it is cemented to the inner side of the outer tube or shoe. If there is the slightest break in this inner skin, the air, under its high pressure, must force itself through the fabric.

It is far easier to get an irreparable injury to a hose-pipe tire than to the inner-tube kind. A gasb in a hose-pipe two inches in length, for instance, simply means a train home, while in the double-tube tire it can be fixed. In mending hose-pipes the plug should not be simply pushed in and allowed to remain unprotected. A piece of tire tape should be wrapped tightly about the plug and left for a day or so, in order to hold the fabric snugly about the plug until the cement has become well set. If the puncture is anything more than a pin-hole it should be thoroughly probed and examined, in order to determine how much the fabric is damaged and to what extent the air-tube is torn. If it is what might be called a compound fracture, it will be wise to put a washer of thin rubber around the plug, about twice the size of the flat surface on the mushroom bead. This will be better than a big plug for cases where the nail has gone through and left a tear like a bullet hole. If, after making the repair, the tire seems to be leaking, no matter if it is at some point removed from the puncture, the chances are that there is some little tear in the air-tube not covered by the plug. Pull out the plug and put in another with a large disk of thin rubber on it, and see that it is pulled well up against the inner wall of the tire. Often the cement does not take hold because the plug is applied too quickly after putting on the cement. All rubber cements are held in solution by the use of naphtha, kerosene, or benzine. This must be given a chance to evaporate before the cement will stick well. No plug or patch should be applied to a tire until at least two minutes after smearing it with the cement. Some kinds of cement should be allowed to stand in the air for five or ten minutes after being put on the plug or patch. It is also obvious that the bottle containing the liquid should be kept tightly corked. Another point that should never be forgotten is to clean the surface of the tire and patch before attempting to stick them together. The coating of sulphur which gathers on all manufactured rubber will prevent a cement from taking hold.

What has been said about cleaning the rubber surface and letting the cement dry in making hose-pipe repairs applies to the fixing of inner tubes. Putting a patch over a hole in an inner tube is as easy as sticking on a piece of

court-plaster. The trouble comes in getting at the inner tube in tires cemented to the rim, where the whole tire has to be torn off, the lacing on the under side of the outer tube ripped open, and the air-sheath pulled out. Where the outer shoe is not laced all the way around, but only for a short distance, the main point is not to forget about getting the air-tube back in place. The first thing to be remembered is to tie a piece of string to one of the butted ends of the inner tube, after pulling them apart, in case they are vulcanized together. Then the inner tube can be pulled out by one end, letting the other end, with the string tied on, slip around inside the shoe. If the rider has an extra bottle containing rim-cement in his kit, the tire can be stuck on to the rim again, but unless he has plenty of time to let it set, the best way is to fasten the tire on temporarily with tire tape.

In detachable tires, the most particular point is to be sure that the inner tube is properly in its place before setting the outer shoe back. If any part of the air-sheath gets caught under the outer tube, there is going to be an explosion when the air is compressed under the weight of the rider. This is the usual cause of tires bursting or blowing off, whereas most riders think there has been some fault with the tire. It is a physical impossibility for an inner tube to burst unless some part of it is protruding or the outer shoe is defective. This can be readily understood if it is remembered how the air-sheath, when inflated, presses tightly against the inner wall of the tire proper. The air-tube does not burst so long as the shoe holds it properly. The commonest cause for the bursting of outer shoes has been a weakness at the point where the fabric is joined together, and the true remedy for this will be for the manufacturers to weave the fabric in one piece.

A burst tire, where the hole in the air-tube is too big to be covered by any ordinary pieces of rubber, such as a rider carries, means a heap of trouble. There are, however, several things that may be done. The unfortunate may walk to the nearest railway station, carrying his wheel; he may ride on the flattened tire and ruin both tubes by cutting into them with the rim, or he may take off the tire and ride on the naked rim, ruining the latter, which is cheaper. Better than either of these, perhaps, it will be to adopt some ingenious, though clumsy, makeshift. One rider in this dilemma pulled out his inner tube, filled the shoe with sand, and rode home that way. A better scheme was that of a man who, after removing the air-sheath, stuffed the outer tube with bay. It was not an ideal tire, but it enabled him to get home, and that without injuring either his tire or rim. In lieu of rubber patches and cement, court-plaster may often be used, and in desperate cases rags or chewed-up paper has been substituted for rubber plugs in an inner-tube tire, instead of using the regulation patch.

After tires, the most frequent sources of trouble to riders are lost nuts, broken spokes, and broken chains. In the absence of a duplicate nut, the best thing to be done is to bind some wire tightly about the threads where the nut came off, and this, if well done, will keep the pedal or forks from slipping. A broken spoke or two is not serious, and any wheel that will not stand riding a few miles with that much damage is of little account. If the rider is not far from home, the easiest way is to wrap the broken spoke about its neighbor, so that it will not do any mischief; but before riding on it again, it will be well to loosen up the spoke that is directly across, on the other flange of the hub. This will keep the wheel from running out of trim. If the rider has some distance to travel, he can improvise a spoke, as follows: Take the broken ends of the spoke and bend them so as to make a little hook on each. This can be done with pliers or a wrench. Join the ends so hooked with a piece of wire, putting a noose of the wire about a stick, and using it as a stretcher for twisting the wire up to a tension. Pull the spoke together as much as may be safely done, and leave the stick resting against it.

For a broken chain, the new link in the pocket of the provident cyclist is the best thing, but if a bolt in one of the links is broken, there is a mean job ahead getting out the broken piece. The best plan is to fix up the chain with wire, and ride to the nearest blacksmith's or machine-shop. The chain adjustment in wheels allows of play for the length of just one link, so that if the chain is worn or stretched, and the adjustment is well back, all that is necessary is to loosen up the adjustment, pull the broken ends of the chain together, and lash them with wire, making the wraps of the wire smoothly, of course. Usually there is some play even in a new chain, and any of them could be pulled together sufficiently to be wired. The usual reason for a chain's snapping is because it is either too tight or too loose. If a rider is going to travel through rain, he should always before starting loosen up his chain, as the mud that gets into it tightens the links, draws it up, and causes it to break. A sudden drive on the pedal is the easiest way to break a chain that is loose.

Twisted handle-bars may be safely bent back into place by main strength; but unless the rider is judicious and exercises great care, he is liable to bend the frame. The same is true of bent cranks, and the safest way to deal with them is to detach them and use a vise or some substitute for one. One peculiarity about bent tubing is that it has a tendency to resume its normal shape, and it requires much less force to straighten it than it does to put it out of shape. A stone or hammer should not be used on tubing. In straightening any part of the frame on the road, take a block of wood, and, putting it against the frame, pound on that, not forgetting to hold a piece of wood on the opposite side to localize the shock.

A broken saddle is as mean a thing to deal with as can be found. If the frame of the saddle is broken in the rear, it should be braced with wood and lashed up to a level position, as serious injuries may result from riding on it misshapen. If the steel supports of the saddle or the post in the frame break, it is best, perhaps, to train home, for such expedients as wrapping a coat about the frame have usually proved painful and dangerous. All such contrivances will slip under the best management.

OLD FAVORITES.

My Cavalier—A. D. 1666.

Come, tune my lute for a happy song,
And clash the chords full loud and clear,
For a psalm of right our canting wroog,
And a merry lay for my cavalier.

The poor, dumb thing has said never a word
Since the day when my hero went bold down
To shout his cry and to flash his sword,
And rally for England's laws and crown.

'Neath the white-plumed hat his love-locks danced
With the summer sough as he rode in gear
Or glinting mail, and the sunlight glanced
Oo the Spanish blade of my cavalier.

My love-koots, twined in his charger's mane,
Fluttered and waved in the sighing breeze,
As I saw them trample the bossed campaign,
And shimmer among the linden-trees.

At Cromwell breach he led the way,
And the rebel roudheads ran like deer,
Nor cared to bide or strive to stay
The lightning charge of my cavalier.

Oo Stafford Hill the Spanish steel
Eosanguined, gapped fell treason's brood,
Aod by his stout right arm and leal
The sword with rebel corpses strewed.

At Roundaway Down he charged away,
Aod scythed their ranks with a ringing cheer;
Rushing where hottest waged the fray,
"For my kiog and love," saith my cavalier.

"Marry! small sorrow have I for their dead;
Could all his eoemies perish so";
As the praying warriors darkliog fled,
Aod the psalm-tune died in a shriek of woe.

So I tune my lute for a happy song,
And I clash the chords full loud and clear,
Aod I sit for a summer's whole day long
Harping my peerless cavalier.—H. A. Harefoot.

The Jacobite on Tower Hill.

He tripped up the steps with a bow and a smile,
Offering snuff to the chaplain the while:
A rose at his button-hole, that afternoon;
'Twas the teeth of the month, and the month it was June.

Theo, shrugging his shoulders, he looked at the man
With the mask and the axe, and a murmuring ran
Through the crowd, who, below, were all pushing to see
The jailer kneel down and receive his fee.

He looked at the mob, as they roared, with a stare,
And took snuff again with a cynical air.
'I'm happy to give but a moment's delight
To the flower of my country agog for a sight."

Then he looked at the block, and, with scented cravat,
Dusted room for his oeck, gayly doffing his hat,
Kissed his hand to a lady, bent low to the crowd,
Theo, smiling, turned round to the headsmen and bowed.

"God save King James!" he cried, bravely and shrill,
And the cry reached the houses at foot of the hill.
"My friend with the axe, à votre service," he said,
And ran his white thumb 'long the edge of the blade.

When the multitude hissed he stood firm as a rock;
Then, kneeling, laid down his gay head on the block.
He kissed a white rose—in a moment 'twas red
With the life of the bravest of any that bled.

—Walter Thornbury.

The Sailor Girl.

When the Wild Geese* were flying to Flanders away,
I clung to my Desmond, beseeching him stay;
But the stern trumpet sounded his summons to sea,
And afar the ship bore him, mabouchal, machree.
Aod first he sent letters, and theo he sent none,
Aod thrice into prison I dreamt he was thrown;
So I shore my long tresses and staided my face brown,
And went for my sailor from Limerick town.
Oh, the ropes cut my fingers, but steadfast I strove,
Till I reached the Low Country in search of my love;
There I heard how at Blenheim his heart was so high
That they carried him captive, refusing to fly.
With that, to King William himself I was brought,
And his mercy for Desmond with tears I besought.
He considered my story, then, smiling, says he:

"The young Irish rebel, for your sake, is free,
Bring the varlet before us. Now, Desmond O'Hea,
Myself has decided your sentence to-day:
You must marry your sailor, with bell, book, and ring,
And here is her dowry," cried William the King.

—Alfred Percival Graves.

*The remains of the Irish Jacobite party who took service in France.

Off Crozon.

The spire of old St. Malo makes a beacoo true and brave,
Where round the graitie islets foams the angry Breton wave;
Fair over lovely Diao is St. Sauveur's shadow cast,
Where Du Guesclin's fiery heart is laid in peaceful rest at last.
At Coutances, and at quiet Dol, the great cathedral towers
Speak still, in solemn beauty, of a holier age than ours;
And, wonder for all time and tide, the glory of the laod,
St. Michael's shrine still crowns the rock that reigns o'er sea and sand.
Yet where the huts of Crozon couch upon the rock-girt coast,
A oobler temple than them all it is for her to boast.
When with silenced rite and darkened lamp, each threatened altar stood.

Aod from Loire to Rance the "Terror" drowded all fair Bretagne
in blood.

Through whispering woods, by wild cliff paths, from town and
château came
Proscribed "suspect" and fugitive, priest, noble, peasant, dame;
Silent on Crozon's rocks and beach, gazing where, like a star,
O'er the dim heaving leagues of sea a light gleamed faiot and far.
With lowered sails and muffled oars, upon the rising tide,
The boats went gliding from the shore, that light their steady guide;
Where, driven from desecrated shrines, at midnight's solemn hour,
For her true children Holy Church could still put forth her power.
Calm on the calm sea lay the bark; calm rose the altar there;
For votive lamp, the crescent moon; for music, through the air
Thrilled ever ocean's ceaseless chime; while, rustling shroud and
sheet,

The soft winds to the chanted prayer made answer low and sweet.
There came the babe for baptism; there knelt the bride to wed;
There over the unconfined corpse the funeral rite was said;
Aod the soul of fearless faith arose in the imploring cry.
As 'neath the dome no mao had built the Host was raised on high.
Lingering where up the glittering bays sweeps the long creaming swell,
The pious Breton willingly will stay this tale to tell.
And grander Temple of the Cross on earth will never be,
Than the ship that through the "Terror" lay off Crozon on the
sea.—Anon.

THE FOURTH IN LONDON.

A Parade of American Buggies Surprises the Loungers in Hyde Park—Curious Comments of the Crowd—The Reception at the Embassy.

The anglomaniacs in London are in a state of quiescent rage bordering on subdued frenzy. The nervous tension which they are enduring is quite too harrowing to contemplate. Could they give natural vent to their inborn, native feelings in the appropriate language of their fathers and grandfathers, there would soon be an end to their mental torment. But the "good form" which for years has been their constant study forbids any outward expression of feeling whatsoever beyond the most commonplace utterances. It is all because of the Fourth of July. Even in London they can not get rid of Independence Day.

"By Jove, don't you know," I heard one of them say to another, as I stood near a pair of them in Battersea Park yesterday, while we looked at the ladies bicycling, "it's awfully hard lines that a fellow can't get away from it here. Just fancy! Why, it's worse than New York."

"So it is, old chappie," replied the other. "The reception at the embassy was bad enough. We've stood that every year like heroes, and let Chicago and Minneapolis represent us without a murmur. But it's this blooming procession—"

"What! They haven't got up a Fourth of July procession in London, have they?" exclaimed the first man, dropping his eye-glass and staggering back with a face of indescribable horror.

"No, not yet, though I dessay we shall have one next year."

"Oh," sighed the first man, as he straightened up and replaced his eye-glass under his left eyebrow with considerable difficulty. "You gave me quite a turn, Van."

"It's a procession in Hyde Park at the Magazine," explained Van.

"Oh, coaches. I see. What an ass I am."

"Coaches? Not much—er, ah—no fear, I mean to say. There's a meet there of American huggies."

"Honest? Er—er—not really?"

"Yes, really. Why, it's in all the papers."

"I never saw it. What a mercy I didn't go there. Fancy being mixed up in it."

"Fancy, indeed," acquiesced Van.

At this point I became interested in the virgin efforts of a young lady on a "Premier," who, with strap around waist, was going through the initial wobbings of a beginner in the hands of a professional teacher, her shortened skirts and trim ankles dividing the attention of a group of interested on-lookers.

But it was quite true, what Mr. "Van" had said. I know the rest of his name, but this will be sufficient for his friends. He is a well-known American Englishman in London. Yesterday there was the usual reception held by the United States Ambassador. But Mrs. Bayard was without the aid of her affable husband, who is away on a pleasure excursion to Norway, and had Mr. Roosevelt, the first secretary of legation and chargé d'affaires, to assist her in his stead. All Americans in London are cordially invited to these Fourth of July entertainments, which consequently are pretty much of the quality of a President's levée at the White House, which, of course, they should be. But the "smart" people from "the other side" are naturally conspicuous by their absence. I asked an American gentleman once if he was going to this reception at the embassy. It was when Mr. Phelps was here. He looked at me as though I had insulted him; and had he been a Southern or Western man, I should have thought of holding up my hands at once.

"Not by a ——— sight," he began; but quickly subsided into "No fear. I'm not in London for that sort of thing."

I have, however, every reason to believe that yesterday's reception was a complete success, the attendance of genuine patriotic Americans—of whom there is always a large contingent in London every summer—being both large and enthusiastic. Mrs. Bayard, than whom no lady in Europe could do the honors more gracefully, made every one feel happy, while the stately presence of Miss Bayard lent an additional attractiveness to the national gathering.

The meet of American vehicles in Hyde Park which caused so many conniption fits to the American anglomaniacs in London, may be said to have met with hut qualified success. It was hut hurriedly got up, and it is promised that next year—for I believe it is to be an annual spectacle—better things may be expected. There were, I think, hut five double teams. Mr. Edgar, who imports Canadian horses, had a pair of twin gray cobs hitched to his wagon. Another "span" of grays was driven by Mr. Swan. Mr. Geddes drove a pair of bays. Mr. Halford Mills, who imports American vehicles (with hut mild success, I should imagine), had a team of two browns. There were, however, some fifteen single teams. One of the neatest and nattiest of these turnouts was that of Mr. Clarke, of the Cortland Wagon Company, who kindly acted as organizer of the gathering. His horse was a showy chestnut. Mr. Henry Benham drove a bay, Messrs. Coleman and Willis each a brown, Mr. Stone a chestnut, and Mr. Henry Hill a bay.

A fair-sized crowd, who doubtless felt quite at sea, most of them, as to what they were about to witness, had assembled on both sides of the turf bordering the roadway, and at half-past eleven Mr. Clarke gave the word to start. Thereupon the five double teams took the lead, one after the other, the single teams following after. It was a novel sight as the huckboards, wagons, huggies, and sulkies went whirling away, although the regulation park speed of six miles an hour was hardly up to that of the ideal American trotter. Yet it gave people who had never seen a genuine

American buggy or light wagon before a cure for the hazy idea that had heretofore held sway in their minds as to these vehicles. I wish you could see some of the vehicles I have from time to time had exhibited to me as American huggies. Most of the teams, both vehicle and horses, were well turned out. But in some the huggies were not very smart, nor were the horses well "groomed," an unpardonable offense to the eyes of an English horseman. The long, straight whips were curiously gazed at, and called forth considerable comment, as did the substitution of a neck-yoke for the customary pole-chain. The light skeleton build of the huggies brought out many expressions of wonder, if not exactly admiration.

"Oi say! Looks loike a couple o' hoicycles with a butler's tray in between, don't e'?" Or, "Gent goin' a-fishin' wi' his rod all ready."

But, as I say, it was a beginning, anyhow. It showed Londoners what American buggies really are, and Englishmen who are not Londoners into the bargain. And even if it goaded to desperation the anglomaniacs who pretend to know nothing except about four-in-hand coaches, mail phaetons, and dog-carts, it is a step in the right direction toward the enlightenment of Britons as to American institutions. Whether it will result in the introduction of American vehicles into England, or encourage Englishmen to drive American wagons, buckboards, huggies, and sulkies behind American fast trotters, is another matter. I doubt it. If it should, it will be a revolution of slow growth, and one that will require many more, and more attractive, exhibitions than that which was afforded to British eyes in London yesterday.

I may add that the holding of a rein in each hand occasioned remarks of a hilarious and jocose character, more suggestive of ridicule than approbation. If the horses were hard-mouthed, pulling trotters going at full speed, there might have been some excuse for that style of driving. But even then, I doubt if you could convince an Englishman of the reason of its necessity. I heard one gentleman from the West—not an anglomaniac, but as good as American as there is in England to-day—I heard him say, not five minutes ago, that it "made his heels ache." I quite know what he means, and appreciate his feelings.

LONDON, July 5, 1895.

COCKAIGNE.

An article in a recent number of the *Spectator* denounces boastfulness as it deserves, and also (which reminds one of the gentleman who said something was "more than a crime, it was a blunder") remarks that it is a very unlucky vice. The *Spectator*, of course, has no vulgar superstition; but it has nevertheless discovered that one does not boast without being sorry for it afterward. This may be generally included in the proverb, "Pride goes before a fall"; but (James Payn declares) as a matter of fact it is the expression of that attribute, rather than the attribute itself which attracts misfortune. If one is so imprudent as to say, "I have never had a day's illness," down he goes within the week from the influenza. If you say you have "the best goer in the shape of a pony in the world" (and if you have a pony at all, you will think it, if not say it), that quadruped will go dead lame on its next journey. Mr. Payn says he thinks there is something in this. At all events, the belief is very wide-spread. It is the rarest thing in the world to hear a gambler boast of his winnings. This is said to be because he is afraid of frightening other people from playing with such a lucky fellow; but the real reason is that he is afraid of bringing himself ill-luck. The *Spectator* thinks that it was an apprehension of this sort which caused people of a semi-religious kind to say that they would go to such a place on such a day, *D. V.*; it was certainly not a religious thing to say, since the initials were absolutely superfluous. There is only one instance of their having been used with any touch of uncertainty, by the gentleman who wrote: "I will come on Wednesday, *D. V.*, but on Thursday at all events."

The treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than those of any other bank in the world. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving-suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

Bishop Tugwell, of Western Equatorial Africa, says that the natives are killing themselves with drink furnished to them by the Christian merchants of Europe in return for the native commodities. On the way to a certain town, he says, he was told that the whole town was drunk, and he found it to be the case. "Legions of bottles," he says, "met my eyes on all sides; warehouses of prodigious size filled with intoxicating drinks; canoes heavily laden with demijohns of rum; the green boxes in which the gin is packed are here, there, and everywhere."

Bull-headed British courage was shown in a recent sewer-gas accident in London. A man went down into a sewer and did not come up; another man descended to look for him, and was followed, one after another, by three others. The sixth man succeeded in bringing up the fifth still alive and in getting out the bodies of the first four.

Baggage is moved from one end to the other of the Victoria Station at Manchester in basket trucks running along a light electric railroad, suspended from the roof of the station. The trucks are lowered by chains to any platform desired.

Mr. Stead wants to establish a baby exchange, where those who have too many children may dispose of them to those who have too few.

THE WHEELMEN'S CONVENTION.

What the L. A. W. did at Asbury Park—Parades, Excursions, Races, and a Water Carnival—The Denver and California Delegations.

There were fully nine thousand bicyclists, to say nothing of many more thousands of plain, ordinary citizens who had come to look on, in the grand stand and about the race-track at Asbury Park, last Saturday afternoon, when the cyclone burst on them, first with hail that rattled on the roof like a heavy fire of musketry and then in a deluge of rain that poured down in sheets for nearly an hour. The men on the track pelted each other with hail-stones, and the summer girls in the grand stand laughed—at first; but when the rain came and the terror of a cyclone was on them, the latter fled from the grand stand in mad confusion and took refuge under any shelter that offered, some even diving under wagons in utter disregard of their summer finery. And so the great meeting of the League of American Wheelmen came to an end in ignominy and bitterness of heart—for no one takes any count of the races that were run off on Monday.

Still, it was a great success. There were, as I have said, fully nine thousand wheelmen and wheelwomen gathered from all parts of the United States, from Maine to California and from Michigan to Florida, and the Asbury Park Wheelmen gave them a delightful week. They began to arrive on Monday, when nearly one thousand cyclists of both sexes registered at the local club's house and, on presenting their certificates of league membership, received the button-badge that conferred the freedom of the city and unlocked all doors to them.

In the afternoon the Denver wheelmen—seventy-eight strong, and fourteen of them women—were received by five hundred cyclists and a brass band. When they got their wheels out of the baggage-car, they were escorted to their hotel, emitting every now and then the extraordinary yell they made famous at the league meet in Denver last year. It commences with one brazen-lunged individual demanding indignantly: "Will we work for a dollar a day?" There is a brief pause, and then the entire three-score men reply, with fine scorn: "Na-a-aw!" The Denver delegation have been royally treated in return for their hospitality of last year. The California wheelmen, too, were very popular. Whether or not their intention is to advertise their "glorious climate" I can not say, but I never yet heard of a California delegation to a convention of any sort that did not bring along a store of California fruits and wiles, which not only lessen the hardships of travel, but insure a hearty welcome.

Every morning there were runs in the neighborhood, to Long Branch, Seabright, Ocean Grove, and other New Jersey resorts. The racing did not begin until Thursday afternoon. On Tuesday the great parade took place. Fully seven thousand cyclists were in line, and presented a beautiful sight as the shimmering wheels, headed by bright banners and hearing many riders in brilliant costumes, came along Asbury Avenue with military precision. The first prize in this parade was awarded to the Denver Wheel Club, which numbered fifty-four men and women in spotless white linen costumes and white yachting-caps. The ladies' division, too, was a notable feature of the parade. There were fifty-seven of them, thirty-three in bloomers, ten in short skirts, and the remainder in skirts of walking length.

This last division was headed by Mrs. C. L. Bolton, of New York, who has been one of the four famous women of the meeting. She is a middle-aged woman who began riding a wheel eight years ago, and is president of the Lady Tourists of Brooklyn and L. A. W. consul for that city, the only lady consul in the league. Some time ago she chaperoned a party of wheelwomen on a bicycle tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and she is now arranging a similar tour through Europe to Naples. Another noted woman rider is Mrs. Merry, known as the "Cyclists' Angel." She earned this title by bailing out numbers of cyclists who have been arrested for riding at night without lanterns. She made a record in this line some time ago in New York by hailing out eleven arrested cyclists in one evening, and only one of the eleven was personally known to her. The other two are Miss Carrie Blatt, a slender, graceful young woman who made a century run Saturday before last, and Miss Kitty Knox, of Boston, who won the first prize in the Melden cycle parade for the most tasteful costume for a wheelwoman. She has been a member of the league for six years, but a credential badge was denied her at first because she happens to be a colored girl.

On Wednesday the Asbury Park Wheelmen gave a dance at the Beach Auditorium, at which six hundred dancers were present, and on Thursday night the annual carnival was held on Wesley Lake. This was a very pretty sight. There were nearly one hundred row-boats on the lake, each illuminated with Japanese lanterns and decorated with streamers of gay-colored ribbon, and all through the evening they drifted up and down and across the smooth water, now passing under illuminated rustic bridges, and again coming out into the bright glare of the colored lights that burned on floats stationed here and there on the lake's surface. Roman candles, blue and red lights, and fire-works added to the brilliance of the scene, and through it all the music of many hands floated over the quiet water.

There were hops at all the hotels every evening and minor excursions took away many small parties to various points of interest—including the great Zimmerman's home at Manasquan, seven miles away—so that the week was one uninterrupted round of pleasure. The memory of the Asbury Park meet will long remain a delightful one for all who attended. As to the results of the races and the proceedings of the league, I need say nothing, as the press has doubtless already sent full reports to the furthestmost corners of the country.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1895.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In a recent issue we quoted from the New York *Sun* an article in which the statement was made that "Beatrice Harraden's American publisher sent her an honorarium of five hundred dollars, after which she complained because more was not sent." This, Miss Harraden informs us, is a misstatement; she writes:

I have never received five hundred dollars from any American publisher for "Ships that Pass in the Night." One hundred and fifty dollars is all that I have had from beginning to end in America; and that was merely given me in order to secure my volume of short stories. It was not, therefore, an honorarium at all, but a business arrangement.

In England I have received one hundred pounds for "Ships that Pass in the Night"; so that the colossal sum of one hundred and thirty pounds represents my share of the profits of this little book in Great Britain, the United States, the British colonies, and the Continent of Europe.

Renan's privately printed book, "Henriette Renan: Souvenir pour ceux qui l'ont Connue," is about to be issued for the public by Mme. Renan's permission. An English translation under the title, "My Sister Henriette," will soon be issued here. It will be illustrated by Henri Scheffer and Ary Renan. One of the pictures will show Renan's birthplace.

Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the *Forum*. Mr. Page has been in the service of this review for more than seven years, and has had exclusive editorial control for more than four years.

J. M. Barrie, after finishing his forthcoming novel, "Sentimental Tommy," labored over it a whole year until he became satisfied that he had done his best. "And how much do you think you have improved or altered it during that time?" he was asked. "About one per cent.," was the reply.

Following is a forecast of the contents of *Harper's Magazine* for August:

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey's illustrations for "Midsummer Night's Dream" open the August number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Abbey's illustrations—nine in number—will be accompanied by Andrew Lang's comment on Shakespeare's comedy, and one of them will be the frontispiece to the magazine. Julian Ralph's "Everyday Scenes in China" will treat of the common folk, their life and characteristics, in city and country. In "Roundabout to Boston," W. D. Howells will relate passages in his life as a war-time consul at Venice, together with his first experience as a writer of books and his early acquaintance with well-known American men of letters. Frederic Remington, in "Cracker Cowboys of Florida," has discovered a new border type. The second paper in Poulney Bigelow's story of "The German Struggle for Liberty" will deal with the cowardly subservience of the German nobles to Napoleon and the French influence, and the unpatriotic attitude of the king toward his people; with the midwinter flight of Queen Luise along the shore of the Baltic, the dismemberment of Prussia at Tilsit, and the famous interview between Queen Luise and Napoleon. The "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" will describe the recognition of Joan's mission by church and king, her elevation to the command of the armies of France, and the beginning of her career as a general. Mr. Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent" will reach its ninth installment. Besides its serial fiction, *Harper's* for August will contain four complete short stories by Thomas Wharton, Miss Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Hamlin Garland, and Miss Madeline Yale Wynne.

Under the title "Four Humorists of the Nineteenth Century," W. S. Lilly will issue in revised and enlarged form some lectures that he recently delivered before the Royal Institution. The four humorists are Dickens, who is called the democrat; Thackeray, the philosopher; Carlyle, the prophet; and George Eliot, the poet.

The forthcoming volume of stories by Ian MacLaren is to be called "The Days of Auld Lang Syne." Some of the chapters are new and some are reprinted from various periodicals.

The New York *Sun* recently reprinted from the *Argonaut* Margaret Vandegrift's poem, "The Clown's Baby," crediting it "Margaret Vandegrift in the *Argonaut*." Inasmuch as it was printed by us as an "Old Favorite," we hardly need disclaim the honor of being the original publishers of the poem. It first appeared in *St. Nicholas* in 1882, and has frequently been reprinted since in various publications.

There are said to be quite a number of unpublished manuscripts of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the market. They are held at high prices, but are of interest only to the autograph collector.

On the morning of July 4th, newspapers in various sections of the country published a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, some of the newspapers going to the trouble of copyrighting the venerable document. That the Declaration should be copyrighted one hundred and nineteen years after its promulgation, and in the face of the fact that it has been frequently reproduced in all its original accuracy, excited a great deal of surprise, and Librarian Spofford was called upon for an explanation. He is quoted in the New York *Tribune* as saying:

"It is one thing to copyright something and another thing entirely to have that copyright sustained. Under the law, I am compelled to record a copyright for anything that is brought to me. I can not act in a judicial capacity and determine whether a person who seeks a copyright is the author or is entitled by priority to secure the privilege he asks. I remember once that Mark Twain came to me and complained that a number of his early contributions to Western papers had not only been published without his knowledge or consent, but had actually

been copyrighted by the literary pirates. 'Sam' Jones's sermons used to be taken in shorthand by unprincipled people, and then copyrighted and published, the real author, of course, not receiving a cent in the way of profits. The same scheme was tried successfully with Ingersoll, but now he copyrights his lectures before he delivers them. So you see an amendment to the copyright law is sadly needed. In this case of the Declaration of Independence, it is absurd to think that the copyright would hold for a minute if a test case were made in the courts. The document is everybody's property. Still, if you brought me the Constitution of the United States, I would have to record its copyright if you paid me the legal fee. The Bible has been brought here for copyright any number of times, and every time the request is granted. As for the protection which such a copyright would grant—well, that is a question which some court would have to settle."

"Three Gringos from Central America" is the title of a paper by Richard Harding Davis which will appear in the September issue of *Harper's Magazine*, and will be the first of a series of articles on Central American affairs by this author.

Rudyard Kipling, who is said to have postponed his contemplated visit to India, will bring out what he calls "The Other Jungle Book" in the autumn.

Charles Kingsley's daughter, Mrs. Harrison ("Lucas Malet"), has written a new novel, with the queer title of "The Power of the Dog." The hero believes himself haunted by a dog.

Mrs. Humphry Ward left three years—or was it four?—between "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve," and as much between the latter and "Marcella," but between "Marcella" and "Bessie Costrell" there is less than a year, and in January she will have a long novel ready, to be begun in a magazine. As each story adds some forty thousand dollars to her bank account, she is in a fair way of getting rich.

Confessions of a Literary Hack.

There is an exceedingly interesting article under the above caption in the July *Forum*. From it we have taken the following extracts:

"I am forty-five years old. For twenty-three years I have earned my living in New York city by writing for various periodicals—daily and weekly newspapers and monthly magazines. When I was graduated from Harvard and had just turned my twenty-first year, my father died suddenly and left a very small estate, and I was obliged at once to do something for my own support.

"I secured a place as a reporter for a newspaper, and within a year a sub-editorial position had been given to me, and I received a salary of forty dollars a week. This was very much more than any of my college classmates were making. At the end of my second year, I was promoted in the newspaper office, and I now received fifty dollars a week.

"When I was twenty-five, I wrote an article and sent it to one of the great magazines. The article happened to be 'timely,' and was promptly accepted. For this article my own newspaper would have paid me twenty dollars; the editor of the magazine sent me a check for seventy-five dollars. Of course I wrote other magazine articles as quickly as I could find subjects, and, singularly enough, I sold these also. While I was having these successes, I was still writing for the newspaper. At the end of my third year, I told the editor that I thought my salary should be raised. He, too, had been influenced by the fact that I had been writing for the magazines, and so my salary was raised to seventy-five dollars a week. That was surely doing very well, for I was only twenty-six years old.

"That year my earnings must have amounted to almost five thousand dollars. So I persuaded a young girl, who ought to have been better advised, to become my wife. And in the course of time I began a family. Before the family had attained large proportions, the newspaper for which I wrote changed ownership, and the new editor asked for my resignation to make room for a personal friend. I put a bold face on the matter, and procured the insertion of paragraphs in the literary columns of the various newspapers something like this:

"Mr. Hack, long the dramatic critic of the *Castor and Pollux*, has resigned from that paper so as to devote his time exclusively to more serious literary work. He has hitherto written for *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, and *Scribner's*, and it is likely that he will in the future be a more frequent contributor to these magazines. Besides, Mr. Hack has in preparation a drama, the completion of which several managers are impatiently waiting."

"It was a very silly thing to do. It was due to my family that I seek a place with a salary. Instead of that, I cut off all offers with these foolish paragraphs. I have paid for this folly a hundred times over, and to-day at forty-five, with deep wrinkles beneath my eyes and my hair white at the temples, I write myself down a literary 'hack' because of it. From the day I left the newspaper till now I have never had a salary, and have had to depend entirely for my own support and the support of my family upon the sale of poems, stories, articles, and other literary matter manufactured to order.

"My first year as a literary hack was full of disappointments. Not having a comfortable salary at my back, I was dependent entirely on what I received for the fugitive pieces that I wrote. And I wrote a great many of them; but selling them was another matter. Of the first six articles that I produced, after leaving the newspaper, only one was purchased by an editor, and this editor paid his own price, which was not much in excess of ordinary newspaper rates. When an article would come back from one magazine, I promptly forwarded it to another, and in this process I spent in the aggregate a considerable sum for postage. During that year I did not earn more than six hundred dollars, and I saw myself and my family grow shabby, almost out at elbow.

"I was learning how to be a moderately prosperous hack during that year of disappointments. Hack-writing is unprofitable because the work can not possibly bring either fame or fortune; it is undignified because the hack writer does not say what he thinks or what he feels, but says, as nearly as he can, what he thinks the editor would be pleased to have him say. I learned also that not one voluntary contribution in fifty had any chance of acceptance in a first-class magazine. Magazines are planned by the editors for months in advance of publication; so, when I had gained some insight of the interior management, I began proposing to write this article and that on subjects which would have a timeliness six months or so later. Of course, being of comparatively untried metal, I could not get absolute orders for these articles, but I received conditional orders now and then. With the advantage of such an order I could write with a better heart, and consequently I did better work and

had more success. My second year's product sold for something like eighteen hundred dollars, and I should have been moderately content had it not been that the money came to me with such irregularity. One month I would make only fifty dollars, and the next month perhaps two hundred and fifty dollars. That irregularity of remuneration has continued till this day.

"During the second year I realized that the mere maker of descriptive and didactic articles had a very limited field in which to sell his pieces; so I concluded to try my hand at fiction, for there was a constant demand for short stories. My stories are so poor that I never read one without a blush of shame. I write them, however—I am obliged to write them—and I consider it a pretty hard year when I do not sell more than half a dozen of them. Some of them are so bad that I am ashamed to send them forth to the world under my own name. I sell them, however, to be used over a pen name, which I have adopted for the sake of what I call my 'misfits.' My stories for ten years past have yielded me always in excess of one thousand dollars a year.

"Only a man who has become the fashion has much chance of regular employment on any monthly magazine. But hack writers are needed on weekly papers in which current events are commented on. And a hack who has the confidence of the editor of a prosperous weekly paper is in a position by which he can secure a steady income. Editors of weekly papers, however, do not appear to have a long tenure of office. *Harper's Weekly*, for instance, has had seven editors in as many years. The new man, as likely as not, does not know the hack, and the hack does not know the editor. The hack is held at arm's length, and is given to understand in both courteous and discourteous fashion that he must not make a nuisance of himself. The new editor always strikes me as being in mortal fear of being made use of, of being imposed upon. The attitude of the editor and the contributor toward each other is quite likely to be one of disguised hostility. When a contributor makes a proposition to an editor, the latter is very apt to give more time to thinking of reasons to decline than in considering the merits of the offering. The contributor or hack is very apt to resent this editorial hostility, and to feel that it is directed against him only. But, as a matter of fact, it is general, and a hack who would succeed should not pay any attention to it. I never in my life had an idea for an article for which, sooner or later, I did not get an order. An article once written, however, is the veriest drug in an overstocked market. An idea has potency and value; a written article which has not been ordered in advance is almost entirely valueless. Every now and then a hack gets an order for an article which does not 'pan out.' If he have some wisdom and experience, he will go to the editor who ordered it and candidly tell him that the article when written did not come up to the mark. The editor is not likely to be disappointed, for one article more or less is of little importance to him; but if he is a fair man, he is apt to think better of the hack for his candor and honesty. A thrifty hack, however, will not lose such an article entirely, for the land is filled with Sunday newspapers which give a warm welcome to second and third-rate matter. The 'literary syndicates,' also, are always on the alert for 'mushy' matter. I have usually little difficulty in disposing of my 'misfits.'

"There are other sources of annoyance to the hack writer than editorial hostility and editorial insolence. The chief of these may be called editorial indecision. Suppose a literary hack goes to a magazine office and submits his idea. The editor promises to think about it. While this process is going on, the idea, of course, is unavailable; it is 'hung up.' Nine times out of ten the idea is declined by the editor who wants time to think it over, and then, a discarded thing, it comes back to the hack, who must whip himself into a renewed enthusiasm so that he may suggest it to another magazine. This is a real hardship on a hack, for a certain amount of preparation is necessary in presenting a subject in attractive form to a hostile editor. Another disagreeable feature of the commercial side of the profession is the delay between the finishing and the acceptance of an article. Some editors put off reading articles as long as possible, and a long delay often robs an article of more than half its value. This loss, of course, falls on the writer.

"Another difficulty is the rate of pay and the time of payment. The Harpers pay more promptly than any other publishers. The ordinary Harper rate for hack work is ten dollars for a thousand words for the *Weekly*, the *Bazar*, and *Young People*; and twenty dollars for a thousand words for the *Magazine*. As the Harpers pay more than any other firm of publishers, they may be said to establish the rate of payment by the other periodicals which rival theirs. But even hack writers, for anything involving much work or expense, receive higher rates than ten and twenty dollars a thousand words from the Harpers. A short story of five thousand words—a most convenient length—will usually bring one hundred and fifty dollars from the Harpers, from the *Scribners*, or from the *Century*. The *Atlantic* pays less, and so does *Lippincott's*. The *Cosmopolitan* appears to have no regular rate of payment, either for articles or for fiction. The Harpers pay for contributions instantly upon acceptance; a check from the Century Company follows quick upon the heels of the letter from the editor saying that your contribution is acceptable; the same is true as to *Scribner's*, and to *Lippincott's*, and the *Ladies Home Journal*. Nearly all the others pay on publication.

"We hear of literary hacks who make ten thousand and twenty thousand dollars a year. But they do not make it, by a long shot. It is not possible for a hack, unless he have some special and exceptional good luck, to make more than six thousand dollars a year. I have made that much, but I average only a little less than five thousand dollars a year. To do this I work every day in the year, and in all my walks abroad my eyes have to be always open for subjects. A transcript from my account book for a year will show the sources of a hack's income and indicate in some measure the amount of work that had to be done:

JANUARY.		—\$903	
<i>Century</i> (story).....	\$50	<i>Harper's Bazar</i>	\$100
<i>Harper's Weekly</i>	87	<i>Harper's Weekly</i>	61
<i>Lippincott's</i>	45	<i>Scribner's</i> (story).....	150
<i>Chautauquan</i>	40	<i>Century</i> (poem).....	15
<i>Leslie's Weekly</i>	25	<i>Harper's Y. People</i>	17
<i>Harper's Y. People</i>	17	<i>Once a Week</i>	25
<i>Once a Week</i>	43	<i>Christian Union</i>	24
<i>McClure's Syn</i>	25	<i>Am. Press Ass.</i>	80
		<i>Leslie's Weekly</i>	27
		<i>Youth's Companion</i>	25
		<i>Sun</i>	24
FEBRUARY.		—\$337	
<i>Harper's Mag.</i>	\$ 75	April.....	\$27
<i>Ladies H. Journal</i>	40	May.....	47
<i>Cosmopolitan</i>	75	June.....	420
<i>Harper's Weekly</i>	93	July.....	310
<i>Tribune</i>	45	August.....	295
<i>N. A. Review</i>	40	September.....	354
<i>Herald</i>	32	October.....	450
<i>McClure's Syn</i>	40	November.....	475
<i>Am. Press Ass.</i>	40	December.....	440
Total for the year.....		\$5,222	

"The year when I made more than six thousand dollars had one of one thousand dollars for re-writing a book for a wealthy gentleman who wished to show to the world that he could do something else besides accumulate money."

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If you do not know what soap your laundress is using, would it not be well to find out?

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LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"The Keys of Fate," a novel by Herman Shores, has been issued in the Copley Square Series published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"The Island of Fantasy," a romance by Fergus Hume, has been issued in the Lakewood Series published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier, has been issued as the third number of the Novelists' Library. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Thoughts in Verse," a little volume of rhymes by Clifford Howard, ranging from metaphysical problems to fairy-tales and epigrams, has been published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo; price, \$1.00.

"Letter F; or, A \$20,000 Bet on Durrant," by Jacob Taussig, who signs himself "the Emil Gaboriau of America," a wild detective tale based on the Emmanuel Baptist Church crimes, has been published by N. Savier & Co., San Francisco.

"Desperate Remedies," one of Thomas Hardy's earlier novels, and "Froment, Jr., and Risler, Sr.," a translation of Alphonse Daudet's famous story, have been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents each.

"The Reign of Lust" purports to have been written by the Duke of Oatmeal and condensed for the American public by Amos Goth, M. A. Lust, as the word is used in this book, means envy, desire, covetousness, and all uncharitableness, and these are discussed in their relations with business, politics, and other phases of life. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Maureen's Fairing," the latest issue of the Iris Series, contains eight short stories and sketches of Irish life, by Jane Barlow. "Maureen's Fairing" tells how a little "dark"—we would say "blind"—girl is taken by her twin brother to a heath where rabbits are playing, to show her the fairies at their revels. The other tales are in the same simple and pretty vein, full of humor and pathos. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

There are half a dozen short stories of widely diverse interest in "Foam of the Sea," by Gertrude Hall. In two of them the time and scene are those of the cave-dwellers; in another a feeble little chaplain is raised to the possibility of telling a splendid lie by his love for a *passée* woman of fashion of the last century; in another religious asceticism wars with envy and malice in the half-starved body of a dweller in our modern slums. The tales are all cleverly constructed and well written. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Reform" is the title of an essay by Colonel Ralph de Clairmont on the political, financial, and social condition of the United States. In an opening chapter, which he heads "Caveat Patria," the author points out what he considers the defects and dangers of our country, and subsequently he discusses these piecemeal, taking up in turn law and justice, legislation, the press, education, religion, finance, the Federal Government, and the United States army. In an appendix are given the constitutions of the United States and of Switzerland, which latter the author considers a model republic and frequently cites in the body of his book. Published by the author, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

"Philip Vernon" is the title of a short tale in rhymed verse by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author of the novel "Characteristics," "A Psalm of Death and Other Poems," and other well-known books. It is a dramatic story of the days of Queen Bess; the hero is saved from drowning and taken to Spain by an English priest, who trains him in all knightly feats and brings him back to England when he himself returns to help the cause of his church and the Spanish king. Philip breaks with his priestly guardian when he learns that he is heir to an earldom, and after serving bravely under Lord Howard, the High Admiral, wins his inheritance and the hand of his fair cousin. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A new edition has just been issued of "The Love-Letters of a Portuguese Nun." They were written in 1668 by a beautiful young Portuguese nun who had been betrayed and deserted by a young officer in the troops Louis the Fourteenth had sent to help Portugal against Spain, and were printed, presumably with the officer's permission, on the return of the French soldiers to Paris. They have since remained unrivaled in the naive outpouring of an exalted passion. St. Beuve excused the sending of French troops to Portugal with the phrase: "This was all well enough, since the letters of the Portuguese nun came of it." There are only five of the letters, but they have been brought out in twenty different editions. The

latest, in English, is published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

One has the impression, after reading the book of short stories by Henry Harland entitled "Gray Roses," that Mr. Harland cares precious little about the conventions of society, and that his morals, as shown in his books, are anything but Puritanical. The first of the stories is "A Bohemian Girl"; she lives with a Brazilian and deserts him for a financial baron, who makes her fortune by clever speculation, and the narrator thereafter is driven by her in the Bois du Boulogne in her basket-phaeton. The last story, "Castles near Spain," concludes in this fashion: "Her divorce didn't carry with it the right to marry again. But she said, 'We can go on making believe we're married. Things one does in play are always so much nicer than real things.'" Between these two tales there are seven others, and over them all is the trail of St. John's Wood and the Latin quarter. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Plated City," by Bliss Perry, is a story of the New South. The "plated city" is so called because it is built up on the plating industry, and its founder is Dr. Atwood, a physician who went into business after the war. Into his service comes a young fellow who evidently has negro blood in his veins, and this Tom introduces a beautiful white girl, Esther, as his sister. The suspicion of a taint in their blood makes life in the "plated city" very hard for both of them, and Tom goes away to California as a member of a base-ball team. He comes back in time to sacrifice his life in a great fire, and, as he lies dying in Esther's arms, the doctor sees in him a striking resemblance to his own scapegrace brother, who had married a creole in Louisiana. This straightens matters out to some extent, and when Esther is married to a young lawyer and is received during her wedding journey by his grace, the Bishop of Duxminster, the leading social light of the "plated city" determines to give them a little dinner when they come back. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Binding of Books.

Apocryph of the fact that the Boston Public Library, in its new and ample quarters, has a roomy and well-lighted bindery, wherein all the books of the library are clothed, at their need, the *Nation* says:

"One result of modern industrial triumphs is that good leather can not, as a general thing, be got for binding—none that will be tolerably sure to last for twenty years, although there are plenty of bindings three hundred years old still at hand whose joints are yet solid and whose corners are yet sharp. We used to be told that Russia ought not to be used, because it would turn to dust and split all along the hinge of each cover, and that was true; but it is true also of calf, and now it is beginning to be said that even the once trustworthy red morocco must be given up. Hogskin there is yet, but it is heavy and hard and makes an expensive binding; parchment and vellum, too, but they crinkle and blister and refuse to cling to the boards, unless, indeed, the work is done at a very considerable cost. It is in view of these very serious drawbacks to the old custom of binding in leather that the Boston Library has taken up textile fabrics as its covering material. On the other hand, the book-binders by trade tell us that the leathers of fifty years ago are made now as well as then. If you want the Turkey morocco or Levant morocco binding of old times, you can have it, and at the same or equivalent prices as then. It may be a little dearer or a little cheaper, as duties or wages vary, but the leather is the same and costs the same. This, however, has happened: the market is deluged with cheap imitations, and the librarians have remade their own standard of cost to correspond with these. A sham morocco can be furnished at half the price of the real article, and the volume that would cost \$2 to bind in the latter can be bound in the imitation for \$1.50. The librarians say then that \$1.50 is all they will pay; and binding done at this price will drop to pieces—there is no doubt about that. Forget the new commercial shams, go back to the old honest leather and the old prices, and you need not hanker after linen or cotton covering for your books.

"Binding in cloth has been somewhat used already by amateurs of small means. Such an one, having his long rows of French novels which he loved—Cherbuliez and George Sand, Dumas and Gautier, Daudet and About—and wishing to save his money and yet to have pretty books, thought of the bright printed calicoes which were in fashion for ladies' gowns that summer—those with small sprigs of flowers for their pattern. He laid in a stock of these, a different pattern for each author (and a good many yards were necessary of the styles chosen for Dumas and George Sand). The French volume of regulation size costs a franc a volume in France to cover prettily in this way, or a franc and a quarter a volume with 'top edge gilt,' not counting the cost of the printed calico which one buys by the yard; but this is *cartonnage*, or cloth binding of the usual sort, and the covers, although bearing the wear and tear of years without splitting or separating from the volume, do certainly spread at the back and grow unsightly. Now, if it were indeed true that modern industrial conditions do not allow of good leather being made, why not, so long as linen and cotton are still allowed us of reasonable strength and durability, bind in these? Plain gray and brown linen are there for the serious workman, and, for public libraries, variously colored stuffs are accessible for those who prefer them. Stamped work, which has now grown common in what are called commercial bindings, is capable of much if not forced beyond its limitations, and finally silk is available, and has even been used in several instances of late in the binding of whole editions of gift-books, although the binders tell us that silk does not behave as well as the bumber textiles. Velvet used to be familiar on the covers of church service books; and figured velvets, such as those made nowadays in Venice, brocades like those brought from Japan, and the heavier kind of Indian *kimkhab* might be used as well as printed or thread-dyed cotton. The chevot of which our summer outing-shirts are made would seem to be well adapted for book-coverings, and so would the tartan silks which are offered us this year (1895) for spring neckties."

THE HUMBLER POETS.

A Lullaby from the Block.

G'wan t' sleep, Chimmy, I'll sing youse a song
An' rock youse, so close yer eyes now;
Mudder's out washin', hut she won't be long,
So busheebly, hol' still yer row.

Dere, take yer nigger doll, squeeze her up tight,
She's wantin' t' go t' sleep, too.
Dat's d' kid. Now isn' dat out t' sight?
Wot's dat youse wants? Me sing t' you?

Get on t' dat now. I was bluffin' youse, see?
Dat kid's more den fly fer his size.
Dere's no use a-talkin', he's dead on t' me—
Dere isn' no green in his eyes.
Wot shall I sing youse? Youse got me dead now.
I ust t' know more den a heap,
But can't t'ink 'f one—doncher care, anyhow—
Cheewiz! 'F d' kid ain't t' sleep!

—John H. Lewis in *Life*.

The "God" to the "Star."

They see that your lover to-dye
Is a torf at five bob in the stalls.
Well, p'raps he may chuck a hokye,
But it's me as starts all of your "calls."
Yuss; I shout and I stamp, for I loves yer the time
As before yer 'ad took to the 'alls.

D'ye mind that there night as yer fust
Got a "turn" for to see 'ow yer go?
Your 'eart, yer said, beat fit to bust,
And my own seemed to slip a hit low.
We was all in a muck; but yer did the thing grite—
Yuss, the best bloomin' hit in the show.

D'ye mind, my dear, when yer come of,
'Ow the arms that went round yer was mine?
'Twas me, Joey White, was your 'torf,'
As we turned down the court in the rine.
Oh, 'ow jolly we was with our quart of four 'arf,
And them whelks we took in from the Line!

It's past. Yer 'aves hysters and fizz;
You're a "dore" now, and goin' the pice.
I knows where yer grub since yer've riz,
For I've shut up your kerridge-door twice.
Yuss: I've shut up the door of your kerridge—my
Gawd!

And yer didn't remember my fee!

—Leonard Merrick in the *Sketch*.

That Dear Type-Writer has Gone Away.

Girls they must marry, I s'pose, but us boys we all wished
Mary wouldn't.

'Course, at six dollars a week, wan't none of us as could
hope

Ever to marry her so as to get her to stay—naw! we
couldn't.

Why, she made twenty, herself—marry us? Nope!

Call her Mary? I guess not! There wasn't nobody
dazzled.

Just to ourselves we said Mary; I did, I mean, in me
mind.

Name seemed to fit her, sort of; little and sweet; but
she hasn't

Give no permis—she wasn't that kind.

Lord! What a dif it made in the shop when the boss
he hired her.

Catch me missin' a day and her sittin' 'round the
place!

Called me "Tom" all right, and I bet she knew we ad-
mired her—

Nice low voice she's got and a baby face.

'Tain't no use my thinkin' how pretty her lips when she
smiled was—

Droop at one end of her mouth and white little teeth
like rice—

Them lips ain't for me; no such luck; all my chances
sp'iled was

When I was horn so dumb stupid and ber so nice.

Said good-bye to me, and she seemed kind of sorry to
leave us.

Don't know where she is now, East or West; she is
happy, I hope.

Bet you I know who is happy; he'd oughter be, just you
believe us.

Well—we couldn't expect her to marry us. Nope!

—*Life's Office Boy*.

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Children. Next session will begin Aug. 5th. Carriage
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EVERYDAY SCENES IN CHINA

By Julian Ralph

CRACKER COWBOYS OF FLORIDA

By Frederic Remington

74

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DU MOND, SMEDLEY,
and Others

HEARTS INSURGENT

By Thomas Hardy

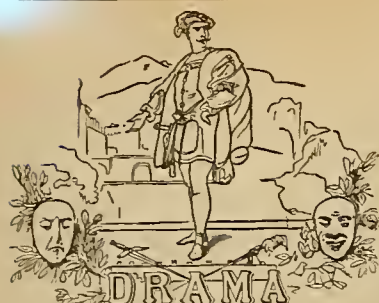
AND

JOAN OF ARC

FOUR COMPLETE SHORT STORIES

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



STAGE GOSSIP.

The third and last week of the engagement of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company at the Baldwin begins on Monday evening. The third ovelty of the engagement will be given at that time to the new English society comedy, "An Ideal Husband." It is announced for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and Saturday matinee; "The Wife" for Thursday and Saturday nights; and "The Case of Rebellious Susan" for Friday night.

Charles H. Hoyt has finished his new play, "A Silent Woman," in which Mrs. Hoyt (Caroline Miskel) is to star during the coming season. The scene is laid in Denver.

"The Ensign," by William Haworth, will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. It will be presented by the entire Frawley company, including the first appearance of Miss Lansing Rowan, who is here from Boston, and makes her San Francisco debut in this piece.

William Gillette, the author of the comedy, "Too Much Johnson," is at present on his ranch at Santa Barbara.

"Captain Heroe, U. S. A.," has been a great success at Morosco's Grand Opera House during the past week. The tremendous stage gives opportunity for splendid scenic and mechanical effects, and the scene representing the bayonet charge at Vicksburg, in which some fifty soldiers participated, was very realistic. J. J. Dowling, the star of the piece, will remain one more week at the Grand, presenting a melodrama, "Under the City Lamps," which is new to this city. It is eminently a scenic play, and some of the scenes are painted from photographs, notably those representing a roof-garden, a church exterior, a ferry slip, and a national haok. In the ferry-slip scene, there is a rescue from drowning in real water.

The last week of Hoyt's "A Black Sheep" at the California commences on Monday evening oext, when, for the first time in this city, "The Trilby Dance" will be executed by Hattie Wells. She will give the dance without shoes or stockings. Otis Harlan also has some new business for the last week.

Edna Wallace Hopper, the pretty little Californian wife of big De Wolf Hopper, is speeding her vacation in Paris. She is to appear with her husband during his engagement at the Baldwin.

As the following plays were accorded the largest number of requests for the closing week of the Frawley company's engagement at the Columbia Theatre, it has been decided to make the repertoire as follows: Monday and Tuesday, "All the Comforts of Home"; Wednesday and Thursday, "The Arabian Nights"; Friday, "Young Mrs. Wintthrop"; Saturday matinee and Saturday night, "Moths"; and Sunday night, "The Senator."

John Drew, who is now in Loodoo, will start for this city in three weeks. He opens his next season at the Baldwin, and will present during the engagement all of his successes, including "The Bauble Shop."

After a run of two weeks of "Satanella," Wallace's charming English opera, "Maritana," will be presented at the Tivoli Opera House for one week only, beginning next Monday evening. Alice Carle, prima donna contralto, will make her first appearance as Lazarillo, a part she has sung with the Boston Ideal Opera Company throughout the East. Mario Paché will be the Don Cesar, John J. Raffael the Don José, W. H. West the King of Spaulo, and Laura Millard the Maritana. After "Maritana," Flotow's tuneful opera, "Martha," will be sung. In this opera, George Broderick, the basso, will make his first appearance. "The Royal Midday," "Faust," and "The Tyrolean" are in preparation.

Rose Coghlan, who will be at the head of the next Columbia Theatre organization, has been engaged for the leading rôle in the open-air performance at Saratoga on August 2d, after which she will come right through to San Francisco to open here in "Twelfth Night."

"Too Much Johnson" will be seen at the Baldwin Monday, August 5th, with William Gillette and all the original cast.

It is stated that Mr. Palmer's profits upon Paul Potter's play, "Trilby," have already reached close upon twenty-five thousand dollars. In Chicago,

the week before last, the receipts considerably exceeded one thousand dollars, while in New York, in the face of hot weather and a change of cast, more than five thousand dollars was taken in.

May Irwin is soon to commence rehearsals for her initial starring tour. She will be supported by Jacques Kruger, Joseph Sparks, Ada Lewis, and others.

The combination that has been made up by the Columbia Theatre management to follow the Frawley company on Monday evening, August 12th, comprises Rose Coghlan, Henry E. Dixey, Maurice Barrymore, Maud Winter, William Beach, and L. R. Stockwell. "Twelfth Night" will inaugurate the season, with Miss Coghlan as Viola, Dixey as Malvolio, and Barrymore as the Duke. The second week three plays will be given, "A Man of the World," "Nance Oldfield," and "The Critique." The third week "The Rivals" will be produced, with Miss Coghlan as Lydia Languish, Dixey as Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Barrymore as Captain Absolute, and Stockwell as Bob Acres. In the succeeding weeks will be given "The District Attorney" and other New York successes. Harry Dixey will present his new play, "A Gentle Savage," for the first time on any stage during this engagement.

Nym Crinkle says that there are only three prominent actors in America who are able to lose their individuality. First on the list is Henry E. Dixey, then comes Richard Maasfield, and next E. J. Henley.

Ralph Delmore, Charles J. Bell, Robert Hickman, Maud Haslam, and Kate Meek are a few of the principal members of the "Too Much Johnson" company.

Stephen Gratton, who has not appeared in the cast of "The Amazons" at the Baldwin during the past week, will make his reappearance next Monday evening in the part of Sir Robert Chiltern in "An Ideal Husband."

JANE HADIG AT HOME.

A Visit to the Famous French Actress.

One afternoon (writes a Paris correspondent of the *Bazar*) we drove out to a delightful little villa, hidden away like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, almost on the edge of the wood, where dwells, as the story-books say, one of the most charming and sympathetic of French women, Mlle. Jane Hadio, the actress. In her private life nobody is less of an actress than Mlle. Hadio. Her mother and sister live with her, she receives on one outside of a carefully chosen little circle of friends, and in her pretty, dainty house there is nothing to suggest the stage. She received us in a sort of conservatory, a cool-looking, restful place, in which the prevailing tone was pale green, with the light that came through the long windows that inclosed one end falling through curtains of soft India muslin, on which quiet yellow flowers straggled over a white ground. Some palms stood here and there; there was a beautiful piano in light carved wood; there was a writing-table, covered with pretty silver things and an odd blotting-book; there were a few good pictures, and a few rare porcelains, and bits of bric-à-brac; and there was a little English tea-table, at which Mlle. Hadio herself served us tea à l'anglaise. "I've been pouring tea every evening lately in the 'Princesse de Bagdad,'" she said, laughingly, "and so I'm in practice." Mlle. Hadio's manner is the perfection of simplicity and grace, and her conversation is brilliant, witty, and sympathetic, without a particle of pose. She said not one word of her profession. We talked of books, of old curiosity shops, of the Salons and pictures in general, and of the United States, which she dearly loves. She showed us the chairs in her dining-room, which she told us were all souvenirs of America, old Chipendale that she had picked up in Philadelphia.

In her drawing-room, on the other side of the hall, are some fine portraits of the mistress of the house, including the celebrated pastel by Rodon, one of the best things he has ever done. A beautiful old-fashioned garden surrounds the place, and when we came away, Mlle. Hadio gave us each a handful of flowers that she had picked herself, with the quotation from the "Princesse de Bagdad": "La plus belle fille du monde ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a." Those were the only words during our entire visit through which we could have told that we were in the presence of one of the greatest artists on the French stage. But since then, through friends who have known intimately both the artistic and private sides of Mlle. Hadio's life, I have learned a great deal about her career, which I give you, and which is absolutely accurate.

In the first place, Mlle. Jane Hadio, the actress, must not be confounded with Mme. Jane Hadio, the singer. Jane Hadio is a very distinguished woman, whose whole carriage is absolutely dignified and above reproach. Her name, originally Jeanne Hadio, was anglicized as a *nom de guerre* when she went on the stage. She sang first in operetta, then at the Palais Royal, and finally took an engagement at the Gymnase

and married the director, M. Victor Kooiog. Up to this point, M. Fraoçisque Sarcey's story of her life is true. Here his prejudices, or rather his traditions, carry him away. M. Sarcey is a little fat, round-headed, red-faced old man who writes old-fashioned theatrical criticisms for the *Temps*, and considers his main business in life to serve as caryatid to hold up the traditions of the French Conservatoire. Mlle. Jane Hadio has never been to the Conservatoire. Mlle. Jane Hadio may be one of the most original and creative of actresses, but she does not exist for M. Sarcey. I saw him the other evening at the first night of her new play at the Gymnase. He slept through most of it. But as his mind was probably entirely made up beforehand about the piece and the acting, that was a matter of small consequence. He will write his Monday *feuilleton* on it just the same.

Mlle. Jane Hadio had never been through the Conservatoire. Therefore, when differences arose between her and her husband, from M. Sarcey's point of view it was Mlle. Hadio who was in the wrong, while everybody in Paris knows that M. Kooiog was an impossible sort of person in private life and that the sympathy of the public was entirely on the side of his wife, who got a divorce and took her maiden name. Kooiog, as director of a theatre, had the press with him, and Mlle. Hadio, young and radiantly beautiful, had to begin life over again, entirely unprotected, except by her devoted mother. It was a year before the divorce was finally granted, and during that time M. Kooiog prevented her from playing on any Paris stage. It was at that time that she made her first visit to America with Coquelio. When she came back, she went to the Vaudeville, and from there to the Français. One does not need to have a very deep knowledge of the green-room life of the Théâtre Français to understand why a woman with such extraordinary beauty and such an unusual amount of talent was not allowed to play there. "My daughter wanted to be an actress while she could act," her mother said to me. Mlle. Hadio quietly told the director that she had entered the Français principally to work, and since she was given so little opportunity of doing that, she preferred to go somewhere where she had more.

There never was a harder student than Mlle. Hadio. She lives simply for her art, which she makes the most exacting of masters. She studies her rôles nearly always from twelve to four in the morning, after she comes home from the theatre and while she is waiting for the excitement of the evening to pass away. She is very fond of Lamartine, and often reads herself to sleep to the music of his verses. She lives the simplest possible life, and shuns notoriety to such an extent that she never drives in the Bois at the fashionable hours and is never seen at vernishing days or show-places of any description. She is noted for her beautiful gowns, and while Laferrière makes them, she herself designs them, and half Laferrière's models come from suggestions they have got from Mlle. Hadio. She has a thoroughly refined and delicate nature, and is generous and tender-hearted in the largest sense of the words.

Mlle. Hadio has made her greatest success of this winter in Dumas' "Princesse de Bagdad." You remember the rôle of the Princesse, which was created by Croisette eleven years or so ago. Her husband is the type of the impulsive, unreasoning nature, who suspects his wife without reason and drives her, out of sheer exasperation, to the very verge of the infidelity which he fears.

Her last new play is the most Parisian of Parisian things, by Marcel Prévost, one of the new French writers, who discovered a mine of gold in writing and exaggerating an experience he had with an American girl—South America, to be sure—and then dramatizing it.

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and OTIS HARLAN as "HOT STUFF."
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At the Baldwin—Monday, August 5th,
TOO MUCH JOHNSON!

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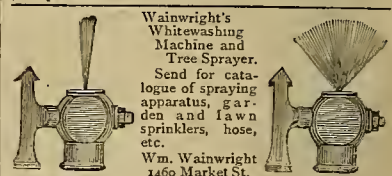
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THE NEW CRITICISM.

SCENE.—*The study in KENNETH BOLTON'S chambers.*

CHARACTERS: KENNETH BOLTON, aged twenty-eight; ALEXANDER ORME, aged forty; ROSAMUND FINDLAY, aged twenty-one; SEVERAL OTHER FRIENDS OF BOLTON'S.

[KENNETH BOLTON asleep on a lounge, in evening dress, his hair disheveled. Morning light streams over him. A clock strikes eleven, and he wakes, looking dazedly around the room for a moment or two. His eyes fall upon a crumpled pile of newspapers lying on the floor at his feet. He mutters, half aloud:]

It's all true, then. Heavens! how terrible, waking up to life again with such a dead weight on brain and heart! I was a coward not to take a header off Westminster Bridge. I can't face Rose again, my Rose of the world! [Sees a half-finished letter, which lies near a brandy-bottle on the table close beside him.] Gad! I must have dreamed I finished that and posted it. She has been grieving about me, I know. [Rises and walks to the mantel, where, among a confusion of pipes, photographs, and tobacco-jars, a couple of small revolvers are lying. He takes one, and stands looking at his reflection in the mirror, his bloodshot eyes, haggard face, and tumbled curly hair.] What a brute I look! I oughtn't to let myself live. [Tosses over the articles on the mantel.] I wonder where those cartridges have got to? [He goes hastily to the next room, and, as he drops the portière behind him, a faint knock at another door is heard. A sweet voice calls:] "Kenneth, may I come in?" [Another knock, and, after a pause, ROSAMUND FINDLAY timidly enters.]

ROSAMUND—Kenneth, I met Hawkins just going out to buy your breakfast, and he let me in. Oh! Kenneth's not here, after all; but he has been here. There are the newspapers. How my heart aches for him! What wretches those critics are! I should like to see them killed with my own eyes! He's begun a letter. I wonder if it is to me? [Reads] "My own precious girl, I have not courage to see you again. Forgive me for what I am about to—" Oh, has he killed himself? [She moans, and falls on her knees, with her face upon the letter. BOLTON comes to the doorway, the revolver still in his hand, which he conceals when he sees ROSAMUND.]

BOLTON—My darling!
ROSAMUND—Oh, you are alive!
BOLTON [taking both her hands]—You ought not to have come here, Rose.

ROSAMUND—You wouldn't come to me. You left me sitting in the box at the theatre without a word. It nearly broke my heart.

BOLTON—I could not face you and your mother after that wretched fiasco. I knew then that the play was a hopeless failure. I went out alone, and walked the streets until I could get the morning papers. Those were terrible hours; but perhaps I felt a spark of hope until I read what the critics had to say. You know that they all agreed my play was the work of a madman—that it isn't even original, that it's immoral, that it's absurd, that it's the worst bit of work put on the London stage for a dozen years. You know how our hopes were built upon it—that your father had promised you to me if it proved a success. And we were so sure! How I have worked these last few weeks, with you to encourage me! I didn't leave a stone unturned. And you were an angel, and let me engage the prettiest actresses in England. But nothing could save me. And what is left but debt, disgrace, and disappointment? Who will take any of my work after this? What is life to me without hope of you? I will not accept it!

ROSAMUND—Oh! Kenneth, if you kill yourself, you kill me, too. [The voices of men laughing together boisterously are heard in the hall.] How terrible! I must have forgotten to close the outside door. What shall I do?

[BOLTON hastily puts her into the next room, and, drawing the portière, stands before the door, as though at bay. ALEXANDER ORME and five or six other men, more or less young, enter, following their own knock.]

A JOURNALIST—Well, old chap, here we are, you see, to congratulate you.

ANOTHER MAN—Luckiest fellow I know!

STILL ANOTHER MAN—Well, we don't grudge it you, or we shouldn't be here.

BOLTON [confused and angry]—I don't know what you mean. Have you come here to laugh at me?

THE JOURNALIST—Laugh? Don't talk rot! We've come to pat you on the back.

BOLTON—In heaven's name, for what?

THE JOURNALIST—Because you're in such deuced good luck. Haven't you seen the papers?

BOLTON [grimly]—Yes; I've seen them.

ANOTHER MAN—Well, then, what do you want? What could be better? Does anybody say a good word for you? Do they leave you a leg to stand on?

BOLTON—Not they. And I can't help saying it's not exactly friendly in you all to come spying about here, gloating over my misfortune.

[They all close hilariously around him, slapping him on the back and poking him in the ribs.]

A PLAYWRIGHT—Don't be an ass, dear boy! We all know you're green, only born two years ago—when you came to London—and this is your first play. But you can't get us to believe that you're donkey enough not to see that the critics have simply combined to make your fortune.

BOLTON—For God's sake, take your sarcasm somewhere else! They've ruined me, that's all.

A PLAYWRIGHT—Well, old man, you are behind the times. Haven't you learned yet that nowadays the public goes by contraries? It's all the new criticism. If the critics damn you, the people run after you. They're filled at once with morbid curiosity. They want to see for themselves what's wrong—whether it's your private spite or whether you've got anything to say that it would be better for them not to hear. Jove! what luck you're in! Not one or two of the papers, but all, come down on you, and, as though they hadn't done enough for you already, they attack your morality. The parsons will be preaching against you in church. You'll have to take a larger theatre. None of us have ever contrived to fall on our feet like this at the first jump.

THE JOURNALIST—See, here's Orme; read the papers, and wouldn't rest till he'd flashed over here to engage you to write the next play for the Frivolity, lest he should be too late.

ANOTHER MAN—Clever beggar! knew some other manager would have haggled you before night.

BOLTON—You're not all lying to cheer me up? Is it really true?

ALEXANDER ORME—It is, my hoy. I've come to talk business.

THE PLAYWRIGHT—You must stand us some wine all round.

BOLTON—I will, I will! I'll drown you in champagne. But go over to the club, and I'll join you there presently. Don't think me inhospitable or ungrateful, but I—I must have ten minutes alone. By Jove! fellows, you've saved my life.

[They all go out laughing. The door slams behind them.]

BOLTON—Rosamund!
[ROSAMUND runs in, between tears and laughter. They fall into each other's arms.]

—The Sketch.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Whitelaw Reid is now again personally editing the New York Tribune.

Rider Haggard has been elected president of the Anglo-African Writers' Club of London.

Sir Henry Bessemer, the "steel king," absolutely refuses to give his autograph to any one.

Those who have seen ex-Speaker Reed since he shaved his mustache say that the expression of his face is now even more innocent than ever.

Mrs. George J. Gould is very fond of sitting for her portrait. Mr. Gould has in his possession twenty-three different paintings of his wife.

In his old age, Donald G. Mitchell, who won fame under the pen-name of "Ik Marvel," devotes himself to landscape gardening, and New Haven's beautiful parks are evidence of his ability in this direction.

Mme. Casimir-Perier has followed the example of her husband, the ex-President of France, and learned to ride on the bicycle. She practices daily with Mme. de Bourqueney, wife of the former "introducer of embassadors."

In making Lord Rosebery a Knight of the Thistle, Queen Victoria enrolls the ex-premier in the highest order of knighthood in England. "The most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle" is limited to the sovereign and sixteen knights.

Billy Caffyn, once a famous cricketer and a member of the first English team that visited Australia, is now, at the age of seventy, earning a precarious living as a barber at Hartford. On account of his prowess at the hat, he used to be known as Terrible Billy.

When the Empress of Austria takes her daily walk of four or five miles, she wears a short black dress that does not reach the ankles. She walks straight on wherever she wishes, and her Greek teacher follows close behind, talking Greek or reading to her. She has to get a new teacher every year.

Sir Frederick Pollock, who made an address to the Law School at Harvard during the commencement, is accused of appearing on the lecture platform wearing a high white hat, a blue shirt, lavender cravat, black frock coat, and light trousers. He wore a "red, red rose" in his button-hole and gold-rimmed pince-nez.

Although the Duke of Cambridge, the retiring commander-in-chief of the British army, is seventy-six years old, he is one of the most regular diners-out in London. As a speaker on such occasions he is always happy, being an admirable raconteur. His capacity for physical endurance is said to be remarkable, and his mind is as active as ever. Complaints were sometimes made that the duke was not qualified to command, because he had seen

no foreign service. This impression did him an injustice, for he served in the Crimean War with distinction.

Among the treasures in Lord Rosebery's house are a mantel-piece from Rubens's house, the chandeliers from the Doge's palace, and tapestries that belonged to Cardinal Mazarin. These were Rothschild treasures, and on the death of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, in 1874, they came into the possession of Hannah de Rothschild, Lord Rosebery's wife.

Pierola, the rebel leader, who has been elected President of Peru, is a handsome man, tall, erect, and well-proportioned. His hair is slightly tinged with gray, and at the top of his forehead is a white lock that is in singular contrast with the rest. Pierola is distinguished, it is said, for his courtesy. He was once a professor of philosophy in a Lima seminary, and he is a son-in-law of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is an enthusiastic collector of posters, and his collection is said to be the largest in existence, numbering in the thousands. In his Walnut Street house he has a room papered with them. The doctor has given the man who supplies him with his periodical literature a standing order to secure every poster he can lay his hands on, and is said to have agents in England and France who act under similar instructions.

The fifth fascicle of the "Figaro-Salon—1895" has for its double-page colored plate "Pour l'Humanité—Pour la Patrie," by J. J. Weerts, and its other leading reproductions, which are in monochrome, are: "Les Halles," Lhermitte's decorative piece for the Paris Hôtel de Ville; Puvis de Chavannes's panel for the Boston Public Library; "Joies de la Vie," by A. Roll; "Le Faux Modèle," by G. Linden; "L'Ane," by A. Dagneaux; Bar-rau's "Don Quixote"; and a few pieces from the sculptors' gallery, notably, "Projet d'un Monument aux Morts," by A. Bartholomé. Published by Boussod, Valadon & Cie., Paris; price, 60 cents.

It is now definitely settled that the great operatic performance of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" will be given under the auspices of, and for the benefit of, the Channing Auxiliary of the Unitarian Church. It is expected that Rose Coghlan, Henry E. Dixey, Maurice Barrymore, William Beach, L. R. Stockwell, and other well-known professionals, will assist in the performance.

An enjoyable Sunday excursion is that by the O., S. L., & H. Electric Railway from Oakland to Hayward. The pleasures of a fine cuisine and a free concert are attractions at Hayward Park.

—THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY, having overcome the difficulties that heretofore existed in the speedy supply of sea-water for the swimming-tanks at the Lurline Baths, at the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are now prepared to refill them with fresh water in one hour and a half. The baths will be open every evening at 10.30, free to the public, to witness the process of emptying and refilling.

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VANITY FAIR.

"A few nights ago I went to take supper with a few friends after the theatre," writes *L'opinion*'s Paris correspondent, "and just as we were leaving our *cabinet particulier* we passed Liane de Pougy in the hall. So dazzling was her aspect that I can not resist the pleasure of describing, at least, the stupefying quantity of jewels which she had considered it necessary to don, in spite of her wearing a hat! Around her neck glittered seven necklaces, no less. First, a collar of pearls with diamond clasps, then a *rivière* of diamonds of amazing size, then three rows of pearls as big as robins' eggs, and last, a necklace of emeralds and diamonds, with two ropes of pearls thrown over all. The emeralds were a great deal too large to be really handsome to wear; in fact, they would have appeared considerably too bulky even for crown jewels. There were emeralds on her fingers and emeralds on her wrists, a belt of emeralds and diamonds encircled her slender waist, and a long string of the same deep-toned gems hung chate-laine-fashion, supporting a diamond-encrusted fan, a diamond-mounted looking-glass, a diamond and emerald watch, and several other costly knick-knacks of the same kind. She was dressed in white, with a white chiffon hat, trimmed with pink roses; and flung over her shoulders, in a most negligent fashion, was a rich royal mantle of white velvet, covered with priceless point lace, lined with ermine, and finished off by a cape collar of blue fox fur."

A short while ago, says a London paper, a girl arrived at a country-house, her *impedimenta* including a pair of guns, a set of golf-clubs, a bicycle, a valet, and a maid; the valet being wanted to act as a loader, rub down her bicycle, be caddie on the golf-links, and furthermore varnish her boots. What next?

Electric hair-curling tongs are a recent invention. A woman writer in the London *Queen* says of them: "We can scarcely imagine the luxury of being able to wave or curl our hair by tongs which are heated without the injurious aid of gas or spirit; for the one blackens and spoils our plated instruments, and the other, less speedy, is tantalizing when time is of consequence. With the electric curling tongs, the plated surface is always kept free from dirt and as bright as possible. The hair runs no chance of being burned or even singed, and, greatest joy of all, the heat is generated in one minute, and will remain uniform for as long as the most exigent of *mondaines* or careful of *coiffeurs* requires." The tongs may be used in any house where the electric light obtains, or with portable batteries, small enough to be convenient to pack, and yet sufficiently charged to last two or three months, the only necessary addendum to the tongs themselves being an adapter, which is readily inserted in any existing lamp-holder. The tongs resemble the ordinary pattern, and are of the best workmanship and finish, but they have fitted in them an electric coil. The cord is attached to one of the handles by means of an ingenious swivel, which, revolving with every movement of the hand, prevents the wire from twisting or tangling itself with the arm, and thus allows perfect freedom in manipulation.

"The single daughter of a house without sons is, of all women, the most apt to grow into a self-sufficing prig," declares the London *Spectator*, describing an English condition which is not without its counterpart in some respects in this country; "and a number of daughters without brothers will often display, in a less degree, the same proclivity. There is often, too, a furious spirit of rivalry. Brotherless women have had no chance of learning, as children, in what they can rival or surpass men, and in what they must infallibly, by the operation of the mere laws of nature, be outstripped. They have not the opportunity of learning, without thinking, wherein men intend to rule, have ruled from the beginning, and will rule to the end. It is not, as a rule, from the houses where there are sons and daughters both that mannish women come, but from the houses where there are no sons, or where the sons are exceptionally weak. The boys in a mixed household beat the girls in all boys' works so easily, so continuously, and so permanently that rivalry in their pursuits dies away, and the girls turn, without effort and without much disappointment, to their own proper field. Above all, they learn early and without pain the grand art, first, perhaps, of practical feminine arts, of 'putting up with things,' including a certain amount of what many women now describe as oppression—the greater expenditure, for instance, on boys; their greater liberty, which proceeds from unalterable circumstances and can not be changed; and their much later introduction into the active life and business of the world. The girls with brothers are as wives much less liable to get irritated with their husbands than the girls without them."

Americans are the only women in the world who do not by their dress indicate whether they are married or single. Of course those who follow in the wake of European etiquette would not appear with their daughters wearing a hat without strings,

but the universal American woman buys what she likes, regardless whether it be matronly or not; and, what is worse, her daughters will select articles of dress only suitable to married women. Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood, of which they are very proud, and "donning the cap" is a feature of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities. The married women of Little Russia are always seen, even in the hottest weather, with a thick cloud of dark hue twisted about their heads. In every country but our own, there is a sign or symbol of some kind that distinguishes the matron from the spinster.

One day Otero, the dancer, was passing by a shop in the Boulevard Haussemann, when her attention was drawn to some underclothing in surah, soft lawn, and Valenciennes lace. She went to gaze on them, was invited by a forewoman to step in, wanted to buy the objects she admired, which were priced, but allowed herself to be dissuaded from this and led into giving an order, without ascertaining what she would have to pay. In due time a quantity of those exquisite things known as *dessous* were furnished. They included some toilet-table draperies, a tea-gown, smart sheets and pillow-cases, a chemise in blue silk gauze with *pantalons assortis*, a chemise in diaphanous lawn, and two pairs of sheets in pink satin, bordered with Valenciennes lace, which were set down at three hundred and ninety dollars. The rest was in proportion, and all so costly that even Otero felt she could not afford such prices. The outfitter proposed to take the bill to some kind of a financial king, whom he ascertained to be Otero's banker to the amount of forty thousand francs a month. She protested against such a course, paid the greater part, and said she would see what she could do when she came back from Monte Carlo. Further installments were paid in the course of the spring; but she could not swallow the three-hundred-and-ninety-dollar item, and asked for a reduction. The tradesman would not abate a centime, and she refused to pay until he did. French law on black-mailing must be elastic, since he was able to pass through its meshes in writing certain threatening letters. One of them was to warn Otero that if she did not pay the bill in full, he would, at Long-champs, on the Grand Prix day, jump into her carriage and there denounce her as a swindler and a hussy. The threat was not carried out, but the domicile of the *dansuse* was invaded when she and her secretary were at lunch. The secretary strove to turn the tradesman out, and got his hand badly bitten in the fray. Otero came to the rescue with a decanter of water. There was first a douche, and then, the invader says, a blow on the head which broke the decanter. She was denounced by the man for using violence, with the aid of her secretary, against a creditor who came to demand payment for a just debt. He also clamors for her expulsion from France on grounds into which it is needless to look. Such denunciations come with a bad grace from one who deals in *dessous*, which only professional beauties or Russian imperial ladies can afford to buy.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Being a Protestant of Protestants, Rev. Dr. Savage was not greatly awed by the historic exhibition of Virgin bones at Cologne, concerning which he makes the rather unclerical observation: "I can see all the virgins' bones I wish to see at full-dress parties; and my reverence is stirred in the one case about as much as in the other."

There was once a prominent man in Chicago who had a very exalted opinion of his own city. He died, and when he reached his eternal home, he looked about him with much surprise and said to the attendant who had opened the gate for him: "Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected some change in heaven." The attendant eyed the Chicagoan a second, and then observed: "This isn't heaven."

Sir John Hopkins, admiral of the British fleet which came here on the occasion of the Columbian celebration of 1893, appeared on deck in a fine new uniform, and said to Julian Ralph, who was his guest on the *Blake* at the time: "Will you look at me? I beg you to do me the favor to look at me." "Sir John," said Ralph, "I should think you would feel proud." "Pr-roud, me boy!" said Sir John; "I'm as pr-roud as a puppy dog with a gladiolus in his mouth."

One day Maurice Barrymore dropped in at the Lambs' Club and met a few congenial friends. "By the way, boys," he said, "how is dear old Joe Holland? Where is he now? I should so like to see him." "Why, he's playing over in Philadelphia, at Mrs. Drew's theatre. Why don't you jump on the train this afternoon and run over there. You'll see him play Brutus in 'Julius Caesar' tonight." "I'd love to do so," said Barrymore, enthusiastically, "hut, thank God, I can't."

A neighbor, whose place adjoined Bronson Alcott's, had a vegetable garden, in which he took a great interest. Mr. Alcott had one, also, and both men were especially interested in their potato patches. One morning, meeting by the fence, the neighbor said: "How is it, Mr. Alcott, you are never troubled with bugs, while my vines are crowded with them?" "My friend," replied Mr. Alcott, "I rise very early in the morning, gather all the bugs from my vines, and throw them into your yard."

An English clergyman, who was suddenly called on to preach to a congregation of college students, was unable to speak without notes, and had only one written sermon with him, which was on the duties of the married state. The topic was hardly one that he would have chosen for the occasion, but he hoped that it would pass muster as being appropriate by anticipation. But unfortunately he did not read the sermon over, and so, before he knew it, he had uttered this appeal: "And now, a word to you who are mothers."

When, after the second battle of Bull Run, General Sickles assumed command of a division of the Army of the Potomac, he gave an elaborate farewell dinner to the officers of his old Excelsior Brigade. "Now, boys, we will have a family gathering," he said to them, as they assembled in his quarters. Pointing to the table, he continued: "Treat it as you would the enemy." As the feast ended, an Irish officer, Captain Byrnes, was discovered by Sickles in the act of stowing away three bottles of champagne in his saddle-bags. "What are you doing, sir?" gasped the astonished general. "Obeying orders, sir," replied the captain, in a firm voice; "you told us to treat that dinner as we would the enemy, and you know, general, what we can't kill, we capture."

Wordsworth was present at a public dinner one night, when he was informed that Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, was present. While the latter was building the Skerrievore lighthouse, he had been in the habit of swinging in a hammock during the evenings and reading the "Excursion." This was told Wordsworth, who was delighted. At the end of the dinner he was called upon for a speech. He rose and said: "Gentlemen, I can not make a speech; I never did, and am afraid I never shall. But there is a gentleman here present, Mr. Stephenson, the great engineer, and if you call upon him to speak, he will doubtless tell you something that will interest you more than anything I could say; he will tell you how he passed the long summer evenings when he was building the Skerrievore lighthouse."

In a New York town which has a colony of colored people, one big darkey was one day employed in setting out shrubs on the lawn of a handsome estate. The master of the house was nowhere to be seen, and a number of the gardener's friends were leaning comfortably on the fence watching the operations. Another darkey, driver for a physician living next door, looked curiously at this row

of spectators, and then addressed the doctor, who was just getting into his huggy. "Doctor Wilson," he said, solemnly, "dere's somebody dead at Massa Jones's, sartin sure." "Dead!" echoed the doctor; "no such thing, Caesar. I should have heard of it if there had been any illness in the family." "Well, sah," said Caesar, pointing to the row of sable individuals hanging on the pickets, "if dere ain' nobody dead to Massa Jones's, sah, den w'at fer is all dis yer mournin' strung along de fence?"

At a small railway station in the hilly part of Alabama, an old man, carrying a carpet-bag and accompanied by his wife, boarded the train. They took the first seat, the old lady sitting next the window. It was apparent that this was their first railway journey. The train started, and they both looked eagerly from the window, and as the speed increased, a look of keenest anxiety gathered on the old lady's face. She grasped her husband's arm and said, in a voice plainly audible to those about her: "Joel, we be goin' awful quick. I know 'tain't safe." A few minutes later the train ran on to a long trestle. With a little shriek of terror the old lady sprang to her feet and seized the back of the seat in front of her. There she stood, trembling from head to foot, staring from the window. Meantime the train sped onward and was soon once more on solid earth. The old lady was quick to note the change. Her features relaxed and she sank into her seat with the fervent exclamation: "Thank goodness! She's lit again!"

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* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	10.50 P.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, and principal Way Stations.....	9.45 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San Jose, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San Jose and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	* 8.05 P.
5.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 7.30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. § Sundays only.
†† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets,
3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer from San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895. Belgic.....Saturday, August 24. Coptic (via Honolulu) Thursday, September 12. Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 1.

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. July 19, 24, August 3, 8, 18, September 2, 17.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, July 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, July 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, July 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pomona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey leaves Broadway wharf at 4 P. M. For Eureka, San Jose, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 25th of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

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Britannic.....August 14 Britannic.....September 11
Majestic.....August 21 Majestic.....September 18
Germanic.....August 28 Germanic.....September 25

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The McCrackin-McPherson Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Belle Fitzbush McPherson and Lieutenant Alexander McCrackin, U. S. N., took place last Wednesday noon at the residence of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Maynard McPherson, 2522 Fillmore Street. The groom is a native of Iowa, and has been in the service since July, 1866. His present station is at Annapolis, Md. The bride is very well known in society circles, and is highly esteemed.

A limited number of relatives and very intimate friends attended the wedding and witnessed the marriage ceremony, which was performed in the beautifully decorated parlor by Rev. George Edward Walk, rector of Trinity Church. Miss Anna Hall was the maid of honor and Mr. R. P. Schwerin acted as best man. The dresses worn by the young ladies are described as follows:

The bride appeared in an elegant robe of white corded silk, with a full skirt made walking length. The high corsage was trimmed with old point lace, and her ornaments were pearls, a family heirloom.

The maid of honor wore a becoming gown of white organdie over white satin. The V-shaped corsage was filled in with chiffon and trimmed with Duchesse lace and ribbons. She carried a cluster of La France roses.

After the ceremony and congratulations an elaborate breakfast was enjoyed, and later in the day the newly wedded couple left for a two weeks' trip through Southern California. Their future home will be at Annapolis, Md. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant.

The Von Schröder Dinner-Party.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder gave an elaborate dinner-party at San Rafael last Tuesday evening at which they entertained twelve of their friends. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and a sumptuous repast was enjoyed. Those present were:

Baron and Baroness von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Mr. Walter McCreary, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Hugh Tevis, and Consul V. Arsimovich.

A Cohweb Party.

Miss Rutherford gave a cobweb-party recently at the cottage of her mother, Mrs. George Crocker, at Castle Crags. The affair, which was given to about thirty young people, commenced about nine o'clock, and the cobweb contest resulted in the prizes being awarded to Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Condit-Smith, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Mr. Gwin, Mr. Veeder, and Mr. Morse. Afterward there was dancing which lasted until midnight, when a delicious supper was served, during which the Glee Club sang in a charming manner. The affair was a delightful one throughout, and was enjoyed by all present.

Bohemian Club Jinks.

The members of the Bohemian Club will hold their midsummer jinks at Meeker's Grove, near Guerneville, Sonoma County, on Saturday evening, August 3d. Preparations are now being made there for the affair under the direction of Mr. John A. Stanton. The excursion will leave on the Tiburon boat at eleven o'clock in the morning and at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The return will be made at two o'clock the following afternoon, and dinner will be served at the club at six o'clock. Mr. Vanderlynn Stow will act as sire. The entertainment committee comprises Mr. Robert H. Fletcher, Mr. John A. Stanton, and Mr. Max C. Sloss.

Lawn-Tennis at Del Monte.

Arrangements are being made to have an invitation lawn-tennis tournament at Del Monte on August 9th and 10th, or the 16th and 17th. There will be doubles and mixed doubles, but no singles. Among those who are likely to enter the contest

are Miss Bee Hooper, the Misses Clarke, of San José, Miss Bates, of Oakland, Mr. Thomas Driscoll, the Messrs. Whitney, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Mr. Charles F. Hubbard, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mr. W. A. Magee, Mr. D. E. Allison, Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. F. S. Mitchell, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. English, Mr. Bates, Mr. Dell Lindermann, Mr. H. B. Havens, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. F. Hovey, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Haight, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Ella Hobart, Mrs. Dell Lindermann, Mrs. Havens, Mr. Hoffmann, Mr. W. S. Thatcher, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Parker, Mr. A. F. Allen, Mr. Samuel Hardy, and Mr. Sumner Hardy.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. William Babcock, of this city, and Mrs. Julia Bech, daughter of the late Henry May, of Baltimore, Md., were married in New London, Conn., on July 20th.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jennie Winston, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Winston, of Los Angeles, to Mr. Albert E. Castle, son of the late F. L. Castle, of this city.

A garden-party will be given at Belvedere this afternoon for the benefit of the Church Building Fund. The tickets are one dollar, including transportation to and from the grounds.

THE NEW MAN.

"Here," she said, impressively, "I have a book personally descriptive of American female writers and their admirable contributions to literature."

"I shall take it," he began.

She beamed, and opened her order-book.

"If," he continued, suavely, "it does not say of a certain writer: 'She is prouder of her pork pies than of her poems.'"

"I—I believe in one biography there is mention of something of the sort."

"Is there an assertion that another author pays attention to every detail of her house-work, and takes particular pains that dust shall never be permitted to gather in her domain?"

"I—I think there is."

"Does one paragraph declare that a well-known novelist makes a boast of darning her table damask with number one hundred and fifty thread?"

"I recall a reference to that effect."

"And is it avowed of another celebrity that she fashions and remodels her gowns with such skill that her neighbors and associates believe them Parisian-made?"

"That is, indeed, said of a brilliant poetess."

"And is it also asserted in any part that a popular woman of the pen takes more pleasure in the knowledge that the suppers prepared in the chafing-dish by her own hands are exceedingly successful, than in the popularity of her novels?"

"There—(faintly)—is something of the sort."

"So I supposed. When you bring me a book, dealing with what women have done in literature, without any apology for their having presumed to do it, I shall gladly buy the volume. I have not read that Ruskin put his ability for chopping kindling-wood above his brilliant criticism. I never heard that the chief argument in favor of Howells was his deftness in putting up stove-pipes. It is yet to be announced that Riley takes less pride in his poems than in whitewashing a cellar. There may be people who think that a compensatory domestic sop should be offered to the Cerberus of mediocrity by every woman who ventures to send her soul beyond the four walls of the kitchen. But such people would not buy the book, anyway. They would borrow it. They shall not borrow it from me. Good-morning!"—Puck.

At the last St. Andrew's dinner at Delmonico's, in New York, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Canadian Governor-General, who was the guest of honor, appeared in full Highland costume. Joseph H. Choate, the eminent lawyer, is said to have expressed himself thus on the occasion: "After sitting here for four hours, cheek by jowl with the Earl of Aberdeen, I take great shame to myself that I did not leave my trousers at home."

The Mercantile Library Auxiliary will give a musicale in the library on Thursday evening, August 1st. Among those who will participate are Mme. Amelia Tojetti, soprano; Mr. J. Joseph, cellist; Mr. L. von der Mehden, Jr., violinist; and Mr. R. A. Lucchesi, pianist.

Kansas is a prohibition State, and the law is enforced in some districts. A Winfield paper tells of a crowd of sorrowful citizens of that place assembling at the railway station to see a train load of beer pass through, bound for the further and freer West.

Alexandre Dumas fils remained a widower a very short time. He has just married Mme. Régnier, widow of the actor. Sardou and Ernest Légonvé were witnesses to the marriage.

The most beautiful, or, at all events, the most valuable cat in the world belongs to Mrs. Vanderbilt, who paid no less than one thousand dollars to obtain the coveted possession.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late A. N. Towne the following testamentary provisions were made:

The will was made a year ago and was witnessed by Mr. Harvey Brown and Mr. F. B. Lake. All of the property, real and personal, is bequeathed to testator's wife, Mrs. Caroline Amelia Towne, who is to act as executrix without bonds. The estate is estimated to be worth about one million of dollars.

DCCLXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 28, 1895.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Melon.
Fried Pompano Cucumbers.
Broiled Chicken. Saratoga Chips.
Summer Squash. Egg Plant.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Royal Cream. Raspberries.
Fruits.
Coffee.

ROYAL CREAM.—One quart of milk, one-third of a box of gelatine, four tablespoonsful of sugar, three eggs, vanilla flavor. Put the gelatine in the milk and let it stand for half an hour; heat the yolks well with sugar, and stir into the milk; set the kettle in a pan of hot water, and stir until the mixture begins to thicken like soft custard. Have ready the white of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, and the moment the kettle is taken from the fire, stir them in quickly and turn into the molds. Set away in a cold place to harden. When you can not get cream, to make chocolate russe, this is a good filling, if you omit the whites of eggs and fill the molds when the cream is perfectly cold, but not hardened.

Champagne and Frenchmen.

A decided partiality for the better grades of champagne seems to have possessed the French people of late. While formerly sparkling wine was either conspicuously absent on the *menus*, or a thing of rare occurrence (unless Tisane, with the fish), dinners and smaller affairs nowadays would not be complete without a brand of well-known merit. The impetus to this change of taste seems to have been given by the deceased President Carnot, who was an ardent admirer of the better products of the champagne country. Mr. Vasnier, the manager of the Pommery establishment, received the Order of the Legion d'Honneur at the hands of Carnot. At the recent banquet, on the occasion of President Faure's reception by the exhibitors of wines at Bordeaux, Pommery Sec again flowed in abundance, and, to judge from the quantity consumed in France at present, the home consumption of fine champagne promises to grow steadily.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

—MME. BERTHA SPITZ, PIONEER HAIR STORE, 111 Stockton St. Artistic hair-dressing any style, 25c.

—RACE GLASSES IN ALUMINUM. HENRY KAHN & Co., opticians, 642 Market Street.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

DELASCO'S LYCEUM SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL acting—Private theatricals arranged by Mr. Fred Delasco, late of New York. Rooms 5 and 12, Odd Fellows Building, corner Seventh and Market Streets. All pupils rehearsed on stage.

DIVORCE AND PROBATE PRACTICE A Specialty. Divorces successfully defended, or, if need be, obtained; with custody of children, also alimony and homestead rights. W. TEMPLE, 12 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

DR. C. E. BLAKE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE TEETH. Latest invention—especially for bridge work; positively guaranteed never to break; also DR. BLAKE'S enameled platinum crowns; no display of gold. The highest art in dentistry. Prices moderate. Office 405 Sutter, near Stockton.

MONEY, COURT COSTS, AND BONDS FURNISHED to litigants in suits at law. Accounts and collections bought. Favorable terms made in matters of contracts, notes, damages by accident, probate and general law business. Reports made as to the financial standing of debtors. J. F. NAUGHTON, 124 Sansome St., R. 3.

VELVET IS JUST THE THING FOR LADIES to take with them to the country. One application will relieve sunburn in a few minutes. A sure preventive for Poison Oak. For sale by druggists and at VAL. SCHMIDT'S Pharmacy, Corner Polk and Jackson Streets, San Francisco.



THE SECRET OF BEAUTY of the complexion, hands, and hair, in thousands of instances, is found in the perfect action of the PORES produced by CUTICURA SOAP.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American druggists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NAWLEY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER, DETO & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

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Classic and Popular Music every Sunday, from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M., at Haywards Park.

The Club-House cuisine excellent.

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French Method. Country orders promptly filled.

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RUINART CHAMPAGNE,

Vin Brut.

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Manufacturer and Proprietress of the

Marvelous LA ROSE REMEDIES

For Beautifying the Complexion and Developing the Form, making a lady a Perfect Model.

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DR. ARTHUR MARTEN

The well-known Lung and Nerve Specialist.

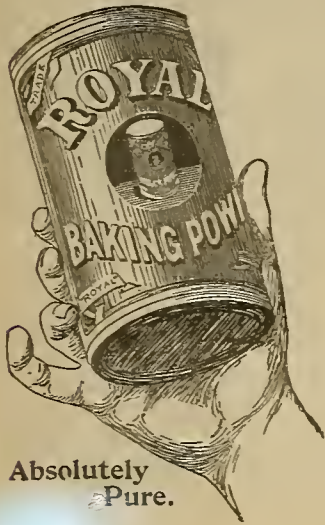
Is not in favor of quarantine measures against sufferers from Phthisis and Consumption. Many years successful practice in Europe and on the Continent has enabled Dr. Marten to bring sufficient knowledge to bear on all such cases as to insure speedy cures inside of eight, nine, or twelve weeks, according to the severity of symptoms. Dr. Marten's success has been simply phenomenal. Sufferers should consult him.

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H	TO THE	E
I	COUNTRY?	L
R	TAKE COCOA WITH YOU	L
A	It strengthens you before a hard day's	I
R	tramp and refreshes you after any kind	S
	of exertion.	
	GET THE ORIGINAL	
	Ghirardelli's	
	Cocoa.	
	DON'T ACCEPT THE "SUBSTITUTES"	

Rheumatism

The baths and waters of BYRON are the death of Rheumatism in all its forms and stages.

Thousands have been cured—among them many men of prominence.

\$15, \$18, and \$21 per week—including use of all the baths under advice of the resident physician.

Write for interesting particulars. Address,

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The Principal and Finest
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Special Pride Taken in the
Excellence of the Cuisine.
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Permanent Guests Will be
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GUESTS ENTERTAINED ON EITHER
THE AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN
PLAN.

THE GRILL ROOM

A UNIQUE INNOVATION.

Is the Most Elegant Dining Apartment for
Men in San Francisco.

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The Colonial, IS

Pine and Jones Sts.,

The Select Family Hotel of San Francisco.

The cuisine is the pride of the hostess.
Elegantly furnished and sunny apartments, single or en suite, with or without bath.
To see the interior in its beauty and with all its accommodative means to locate permanently, and

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Convenient to all cars.

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Head-quarters for Salmon Fishers. Experienced boatmen at hotel.

JOHN T. SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

The Latest Discovery. GRAPE ROOT COMPOUND!

(Roots and Herbs.)

Alterative, Blood Purifier, and Tonic
—FOR THE CURE OF—
Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Biliousness, and all Blood Disorders.

Good, rich, wholesome blood insures health. GRAPE ROOT COMPOUND insures health, aids digestion, makes the weak strong. Price, 75 cents. Ask your druggist for it.

HERBALINE COMPANY
320 Sansome Street, S. F.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier are entertaining a number of their friends at their country home, on the shores of Clear Lake. Among them are Miss Edith McBean, the Misses de Fremery, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, and Sir Henry Heyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester O. Peck, nee Wilson, have been at the Holland House, in New York city, during the past fortnight.

Mrs. William S. Tevis is at Santa Monica on a brief visit.

Mrs. Butler and Miss Emma Butler left last Wednesday to visit Alaska.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Hitchcock and Mrs. Lily H. Coit are in Paris.

Dr. Paolo de Vecchi has arrived in Turin, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox and Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet are visiting Santa Monica.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Ebel Keeney, and Miss Leontine Blakeman are passing a few weeks at Santa Monica.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall left last Sunday for Southern California on a week's visit.

Mrs. J. Condit-Smith and the Misses Condit-Smith returned from Castle Crags early in the week and went to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are passing the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant are passing a month at Blytheedale.

Miss McNutt has gone to Arizona to visit Miss Adèle Perrin for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page left last Wednesday to visit Alaska.

Misses Eva and Blanche Castle are visiting the Misses Fanny and Julia Crocker at Castle Crags.

Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann is in Helena, Mont., on a four months' visit to her sister, Mrs. R. H. Kleinschmidt.

The young Earl of Renwick is the guest of his friend, Mr. Page Collier, at Villa Kahana on the shores of Clear Lake.

Mrs. Alexander Center has returned from a prolonged visit to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith will leave Santa Cruz next month and go abroad for a year.

Mrs. J. P. Le Count and Miss Susie Le Count are passing a few weeks up in the Sierras.

Mrs. H. C. Hyde has returned from her European tour, and is at the Colonial.

Mrs. Webster Jones and Miss Anna Hohhs have been at San Mateo during the past week.

Mrs. N. Shainwald, Miss Martha Shainwald, and Mr. Herman Shainwald are now residing at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wise are in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Brigham are at their cottage at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, came up from Del Monte last Sunday and passed several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht are at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain for a couple of months.

Dr. Eugene Payne, who has been visiting the Thousand Islands, is now at Niagara Falls. He will soon be joined by Dr. C. J. Payne and family and then return home.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter have returned from Castle Crags, and are at San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Bert Hecht will soon leave to visit Portland, Or., for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnold returned from Lake Tahoe last Monday.

Mr. John N. Featherston is passing a few weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. C. Becker, of Washington, D. C., is here on a visit and is staying at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman have returned from the Lick Observatory, at Mount Hamilton, where they were the guests of Professor Holden for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Riche and family, of Denver, are staying at the Colonial.

Mrs. Cornwall and Mrs. Widdfield and family, of Honolulu, are residing permanently at the Colonial.

Miss Alice Dickinson has a number of Eastern friends visiting her at her residence on Van Ness Avenue, and recently gave a pink dinner-party in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston, Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, and Mr. Edgar A. Mizner were the guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker at their cottage, "Casal del Cerro," at Castle Crags.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left on Friday to visit the Hotel del Monte, and will return on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning and family, of Los Angeles, are at the Tavern of Castle Crags.

Mrs. William C. Ralston is visiting Mrs. James McClaughy in Sacramento.

Among the recent arrivals at the Tavern of Castle Crags were Miss Myrah Prather and Mr. John W. Coleman, of Oakland, Mr. H. P. Sonntag, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. H. D. Pillsbury, Mr. Thomas Brown, Mr. Charles Weh Howard, Mr. A. P. Baldwin, Mr. F. E. Magee, Mr. E. S. Heller, Mr. C. R. Winslow, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Charles Holbrook, Miss Olive N. Holbrook, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Mr. A. Lilienthal, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. Maurice Dore, Miss Nellie Dore, Miss Charlotte Dore, Mr. Crittenden Robinson, and Mr. Winfield S. Jones.

Among those who recently arrived at the Hotel del Monte were Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Winslow, Mr. William F. Herrin, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Jr., Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, Mrs. E. M. Bliss, Major and Mrs. J. S. Walcott, U. S. A., General and Mrs. E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Miss L. Mendell, Mr. J. A. Mendell, Mr. Clarence Mendell, Captain Mariou P. Maus, U. S. A., Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. H. N. Stetson, Mr. A. J. Dibble, Mr. L. E. Van Winkle, Dr. H. L. Tevis, Mr. James W. Burling, and Mr. Horace L. Hill.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKee, U. S. A. (retired), and Miss McKee are passing the summer at Southampton, Long Island, N. Y.

Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Johnson V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., left last Wednesday to visit Alaska.

Lieutenant William R. Smedberg, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed as recruiting officer at the camp near Wawona, Cal.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lieutenant Alexander T. Dean, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has joined his troop at Del Monte.

Lieutenant Clement A. F. Flagler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect August 30th, and has permission to go beyond the sea.

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Bell, U. S. N., will reside at The Colonial when they return from Del Monte.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Mair, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at Lindsay Institute, Wheeling, West Va., and ordered to the *Mohican*.

Major W. M. Maynadier, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered before the retiring board.

Lieutenant Clough Overton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence of six weeks.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to take effect August 1st.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant R. H. Nohle, First Infantry, U. S. A., have exchanged stations from Benicia Barracks to Angel Island.

Lieutenant Edward F. McGlachlin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two weeks' leave of absence, to take effect August 15th.

Lieutenant E. M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at his own request on September 1st at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., and will report for duty at Washington Barracks, D. C.

Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will report for duty at the Military Academy at West Point on August 20th.

Lieutenant John Hahradar, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as inspector of the Bliss Works, at Brooklyn, N. Y., and ordered to the *Essex*.

Lieutenant T. S. Phelps, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Olympia*, and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Olympia*.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has resumed his duties as aide-de-camp to General T. H. Ruger, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., is at his home in Georgetown, D. C., and is improving in health daily.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. G. Treat, U. S. A., are at the Hotel del Monte.

Ensign C. T. Vogelsang, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Ensign J. S. Doddridge, U. S. N., Ensign H. A. Pearson, U. S. N., Ensign F. B. Upham, U. S. N., and Chaplain J. B. Frazier, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Olympia*.

Miss Young, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., is visiting Mrs. J. B. Goe on Governor's Island, N. Y.

Bad Chimmie Fadden.

A small boy, carrying a big cage with a parrot in it, got aboard a Third Avenue "L" train at Fourteenth Street recently, and took a seat next to a benevolent-looking man wearing a white tie.

The boy set the cage down in front of him, and, as the train started, the parrot began to mutter in most unintelligible fashion. The benevolent-looking man glanced up from his paper and said:

"Nice parrot, isn't he?"

"Yep."

"Is he yours?"

"Nop; m' uncle's."

"What's his name?"

"Chimmie Fadden."

"Can he talk?"

"O' course; hello, Chimmie!" hending over the cage.

"What t'ell! what t'ell! what t'ell!" screamed the bird, without an instant's hesitation.

The benevolent-looking man got red in the face, and a girl across the car giggled. Other passengers laughed, also. The owner of the white tie got behind his newspaper, while the small boy looked innocently out the window.—*New York World*.

"Makin' any money off er yer summer boarders?" "Am I? Well, say! I'm lettin' every new boarder teach me how ter play poker."—*Judge*.

General Schofield says the United States has been on the verge of war twice within six years, and was wholly unprepared.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How dry it is!" "Yes; we need rain badly."
"Er—wouldn't beer do as well?"—Puck.

She—"Don't you think he is a good dentist?"
He—"I'm afraid he hasn't had much experience. I
knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all
he could find."—Puck.

Mendicant—"Please give a poor man a dime to
get something to eat with?" Mr. Haverhill—
"My good man, you can not buy a set of false teeth
for ten cents."—Truth.

Mr. de Witt—"Ah! Youth is the thing. The
time for man to enjoy life is between eighteen and
thirty." Kitty—"Oh, my! Don't you think he
ought to marry before thirty?"—Puck.

"I often endeavor to encourage young writers,"
said the editor, "by accepting stuff that is utterly
unavailable." "But isn't that rather expensive?"
"Oh, no. We pay on publication."—Bazar.

"I'm very glad I don't live in Rome," remarked
Mrs. Bickers. "Why?" asked her husband.
"I'm sure I never could learn to read by the
light of Roman candles."—Detroit Tribune.

"Papa, I know what I'm going to buy for your
next birthday." "Well, what?" "A nice,
painted shaving-mug." "But I've got a fine one
now." "Oh, I've just broken that."—Fliegende
Blätter.

"No," said Mr. Wheeler, "I have my doubts
about the bicycle being able to displace the horse.
The time I tried it, the horse and huggy came out
of the collision without a scratch."—Indianapolis
Journal.

"I wish to ask your permission to pay my ad-
dresses to your daughter," said the old-fashioned
young man. "All right," said the old gentleman;
"if I can get her permission to give you my per-
mission, go ahead."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Why did she marry Fiddlehack?" "Because
she was in love with another man, and the man was
in love with another girl, and the girl was in love
with Fiddlehack. It was the only way she could
get even with the other girl, you see."—Life.

"I think, mamma, I must be beginning to look
old." "I'm sure I don't see why you think so, my
dear. I heard only to-day Mr. Noodle tell you
how young you were looking." "That's just it.
When I was young, people didn't say anything
about it."—Bazar.

Her eyes flashed. "I would do anything for a
great name," she exclaimed. He glanced uneasily
in the direction of the door. "Madam," he fal-
tered, "I must venture to inquire if you have matri-
mony in view, or are you an autograph fiend?"—
Detroit Tribune.

Brown—"You look as if you had the blues."
Robinson—"So I have. I've lost my beautiful new
silk umbrella." Brown—"Where did you leave
it?" Robinson—"I didn't leave it anywhere. The
owner met me on the street and took it away from
me."—Texas Siftings.

Doctor—"I really don't understand. There is
no reason why you should go in for a reduction of
corpulency." Patient—"Still, I want you to put
me through a course of anti-fat treatment. My
Eulalia shall see with her own eyes how I pine
away for love of her."—Gartenlaube.

"I have just captured a slot-machine-maker
down on the beach," said the servitor. "We'll have
him served broiled alive," said the King of Mhwpa,
grimly; "he and his kind have been responsible
for a falling off of more than fifty per cent. in the
missionary contributions."—Indianapolis Journal.

A middle-aged man of tall, slender build and
earnest cast of countenance stepped into a hatter's
shop on Jackson Street yesterday morning and re-
moved the wrappings from a soft felt hat he carried
in his hand. "How much will it cost to have this
dyed a light-gray, to match my hair?" he inquired.
"It will cost you at least a dollar," replied the
hatter. The caller wrapped it up again. "I won't
pay it," he said, decidedly; "for thirty-five cents I
can get my hair dyed to match the hat. Good-day,
sir."—Chicago Tribune.

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without breaking the passenger's back, the sauce-pan,
collar-button, nut-lock, bottle-stopper, suspender-button,
book, buckle, and snow-shovel are things that every one
sees some way of improving upon, and it is such simple
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The interest in the decision of Judge Ross declaring the Wright irrigation law unconstitutional has continued unabated through the week, as is natural considering the importance of the subject and the magnitude of the interests involved. The discussion has turned, however, upon the legal aspect of the question, and has amounted to little beyond a disapproval of the reasoning by which the conclusion was reached. As was stated in these columns last week, the argument of Judge Ross seems to be unassailable from a legal point of view, and a discussion turning upon the law points is unprofitable. What concerns the people of this State principally is that the measure upon which the more important part of the irrigation system of

the State rests has been declared invalid, and that the practical destruction of one of the great sources of wealth to this State is threatened. Should the decision of Judge Ross be sustained by the Supreme Court—and there is no question that the case will be appealed to that tribunal—all the work done under the law will be rendered worthless. The systems of irrigation that have been built will become useless; those that are under construction and in contemplation must be abandoned. The bonds that have been issued and sold will become invalid, and the money received from them must be repaid. This last point—the invalidation of the bonds—is dwelt upon by Mr. Wright, the author of the law, in a recent interview, but he can hardly expect or desire that the money received in payment should be retained, when it is not to be used for the purpose for which the bonds were issued.

The problem that now presents itself is what is best to be done should the Supreme Court decide that the decision of Judge Ross is good law. It would be idle to enact another law on similar lines, for the conflict with the constitution would again present itself. A constitutional amendment would, of course, render such a law valid, but it would be doubtful policy to adopt such an amendment. In its last analysis, the decision holds that the functions of government can not be delegated to a private corporation, and this is a fundamental principle of government that it would be extremely unwise to abandon.

The work of irrigation in this State is so vast that it is not practicable to carry it on by private enterprise. The assistance of the government in some form is absolutely necessary, and, while the governmental powers can not be delegated, there is no reason why they should not be exercised by the State. The State may exercise the right of eminent domain, may condemn and purchase the necessary land, and construct the proper ditches for a complete system of irrigation. It may issue bonds for the inauguration and prosecution of the system, and may provide for its construction and control by public officials. Such a system should be adopted only after a complete study of the situation and the needs of irrigable land by competent engineers; but a large part of this work has been done and the results published in the reports of the State engineering department.

It would, of course, be manifestly unjust to tax the people of the whole State for this work. The development of irrigation will bring a vast amount of wealth to the State, but the owners of irrigable land will be primarily benefited, while the others will receive only an indirect benefit. To tax the citizens of San Francisco in order to enrich the farmers of the San Joaquin Valley, or of the southern part of the State, would be contrary to all true principles of taxation. But no injustice is done by using the credit of the State to float the bonds, provided payment is made only by those directly interested. Should such a system be built, a charge for the water furnished could be made that would be sufficient to cover the interest on the bonds, the cost of maintenance and operation, and also to provide a sinking fund that would be sufficient to redeem the bonds after a period of twenty-five or thirty years.

The State could build such a system far more cheaply than it could be constructed by private enterprise. The bonded indebtedness of California is small, and its credit is good. Bonds bearing a low rate of interest could be issued and would find a ready sale. The construction of a comprehensive system by the State would be cheaper than if it were constructed by a number of private corporations, and the rates charged for water would be lower than they are at present. Mr. Wright furnishes a comparison between the prices charged by a typical ditch company and the cost in an irrigation district. According to these figures, the private company charges an initial fee of ten dollars per acre for the water-right and a yearly rental of one dollar and fifty cents. In the irrigation district the initial cost of construction was five dollars an acre, and the cost of maintenance, corresponding to the yearly rental, twenty cents. This does not include any charge for interest, but it may

safely be assumed that by the time the bonds are paid off, the users of water will not have paid more than one-quarter of what it would have cost if furnished by private companies.

Under such an arrangement the expense would be paid exclusively by those who received a direct benefit. It is not probable that the people of the State at large would be called upon to pay any of the bonds, because there is a practically unlimited demand for water for irrigation. The owners of irrigable lands would enjoy the benefit of a better service at less cost, and, at the end of the period for which the bonds ran, the State would own the entire system free from all indebtedness. This, however, would be but small advantage, because the rates charged for water should be reduced to a point where it would cover only the cost of maintenance. It would be as unjust for the State to make a profit from the irrigators as it would be to tax the whole body of the citizens for the benefit of any particular class.

The passing of the horse seems about to be followed by the passing of steam. Electricity has supplanted horse-power in nearly all the fields of its former activity, and now man's most faithful servitor appears about to be delegated to the status of a food product. In the same way electric power has encroached upon the field where heretofore steam was supreme. The completion and successful inauguration of the plant transmitting electricity from Folsom to Sacramento is but one illustration of the newest development of this most powerful and least understood of natural forces. Though this development is barely five years old, the same movement is going on throughout the world. In Europe several plants for the transmission of electric power for greater or less distances have been successfully operated for five or six years. At Telluride, in Colorado, a plant has been in operation for four years transmitting the electric power for a distance of fifteen miles. At Portland, Or., the power to run the street railways has been obtained from Salem, a distance of eleven miles, for about the same length of time.

The inauguration of the plant at Sacramento will undoubtedly revolutionize the industrial interests of this State. California has always been limited in its manufacturing activity by the absence of deposits that would furnish coal of a sufficiently good quality and at a sufficiently reasonable price. The water-power of the rivers has heretofore been unavailable, and manufactures have languished. With this new development, however, there is no reason why manufacturing industries should not be established practically in all parts of the State. The plant at Folsom is developed from the waters of the American River, and it was with the idea of utilizing this water-power that the branch prison was located there a quarter of a century ago. At that time, the plan was to utilize the water-power directly, factories being built at the town of Folsom, only a short distance away. The increased knowledge of the feasibility of transmitting electrical force has modified this plan. With a fall of thirty-five feet through pipes eight feet in diameter, electric power to the amount of four thousand horse-power is generated and transmitted to Sacramento, a distance of twenty-three miles. The power can be doubled and even quadrupled by a slight extension of the facilities, and as eighty per cent. of the power placed upon the wire at Folsom is now available in Sacramento, there is no reason why the transmission should be limited to this one city.

Already a proposition has been made to furnish electric power at Fresno by utilizing the water-power of the vicinity, and a company has been organized to make use of the water-power at the mouth of the Kern River Cañon to develop electricity and transmit it over wires to Bakersfield, a distance of fourteen miles. The plant is to generate at first only fifteen hundred horse-power, and is to be used not only for electric lighting and street-car lines, but also for factories, for mining, and for pumping water for purposes of irrigation.

The pioneers in the long-distance transmission of electric power were in Europe. In Switzerland and in France, sev-

eral companies had been organized to utilize the water-power of the rivers rushing down the sides of the Alps by various means of transmission. The principal methods were transmission by water-pressure and by air-pressure. These, however, proved too costly, on account of the loss of power arising from friction, and at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, one of these plants was transformed into an electric plant, the water-power being used to run the dynamos, and three thousand horse-power was developed and furnished to neighboring factories. At Fribourg, a similar change was made, with the result that the plant, which had been unprofitable before, has been successfully operated ever since. At Geneva, a plant was established to utilize the whole power of the Rhône River as it issues from Lake Geneva. Transmission by water-power was adopted, and the works were opened in 1886. The horse-power developed was five thousand four hundred, and this plant proved successful. In 1892, however, it was determined to supplement this by another plant about four miles down the river, which was to adopt the system of electrical transmission. The plant is almost completed, and when finished will contain fifteen turbine wheels of twelve hundred horse-power each, generating in all eighteen thousand horse-power. By 1890, electric transmission was in successful operation at three places in France. At Oyannax, on the Jura Mountains, the power is carried about five miles. At Domène, the power is drawn from a glacier in the Alps, four miles away, and another plant carries power to Paris. A plant carrying power from Tivoli to Rome, a distance of eighteen miles, has been in operation for three years.

The most important utilization of water-power by electrical transmission is that now in course of construction by the Cataract Construction Company at Niagara Falls. This company was organized, in 1889, for the general purpose of utilizing the immense water-power at the falls, estimated to be 6,750,000 horse-power. The construction company propose to use only a small fraction of this. After very complete investigation of the various methods of the transmission of power, both in this country and in Europe, a system of electrical transmission was decided upon. A canal two hundred and fifty feet wide at the mouth was constructed on the margin of the Niagara River, about one and one-fourth miles above the falls. This canal was carried in from the river a distance of seventeen hundred feet, with a depth of twelve feet, and is capable of furnishing water for the development of one hundred thousand horse-power. At the inner end of the canal a wheel-pit has been constructed extending to a depth of one hundred and seventy-eight feet, and from this a tail-race seven thousand feet long extends under the ground to a point a little below the base of the falls, where it delivers the water into the river again. The turbine wheels are placed in the wheel-pit about one hundred and forty feet from the surface, and the water from the canal is brought down to them in pipes eight feet in diameter. The power supplied by the company at present amounts to about three thousand horse-power, furnished to two companies whose plants are located in the immediate neighborhood of the power-house. As the work of construction continues, they are developing their plants to furnish power to Buffalo, and it will be but a short time before this connection is completed. The engineers of the company estimate that within one year a total of ten thousand to fifteen thousand horse-power will be supplied to factories and street-car lines within three miles of the power-house. By five years from the present time, they expect to extend the circuit to ten miles, increasing the demand to twenty-five thousand horse-power. The amount to be delivered to Buffalo will be at first ten thousand volts, but connections will be made so that this may be increased at any time to twenty thousand.

This comparison of the various plants being established for the purpose of transmitting power by means of electricity, shows that the system in operation at Sacramento is at present the largest in the world. The plant at Geneva, while it is larger than that at Sacramento, is operated by water pressure and not by electricity. The new plant being established at Geneva will be larger than the Sacramento plant, and that at Niagara, with its development in the near future, will undoubtedly be the largest in the world. It is a peculiar fact, in regard to the transmission of electricity, that the loss in transmission decreases in proportion to the volume of the power transmitted. Thus, if five thousand volts are transmitted a certain distance, and two thousand five hundred are delivered at the end of the circuit, should the volume be increased to ten thousand volts, the loss would be only twenty-five per cent. on the increase and six thousand two hundred and fifty volts would be delivered. It is this fact which makes it possible to increase the amount of power delivered at a decreased relative expenditure, and which renders electricity so much more profitable than steam. Nicolas Tesla has declared that if the Cataract Construction Company can put one hundred thousand volts on the line at Niagara, it

can be delivered in New York city at a commercial profit. The construction company has estimated that suitable coal for manufacturing purposes can be furnished anywhere in the district north of Pittsburgh for one dollar and fifty cents a ton, and that they can ultimately furnish the power cheaper than this. This latest and most important triumph of electrical engineering makes it possible to place factories at the most convenient places for marketing their product, and to convey to them power generated at the point where nature furnishes it at a minimum cost.

While mankind, with trusting complacency and characteristic blindness to the signs and portents in the sky, is rejoicing over improved business prospects and contemplating with satisfaction the progress of civilization throughout the world, a tremendous social cataclysm is impending. The social structure is threatened at its very foundation, and already the edifice is tottering. The strike of railway employees last year upset business, caused untold suffering and destruction of property; many who were usually calm of mind and cool of judgment saw anarchy impending, and confidently predicted a return to the time when force ruled and social order was unknown. This railway war was, however, merely an episode compared with the horrors of the impending revolution. Woman, lovely woman, is about to go on strike, and man can but contemplate the prospect in speechless consternation.

The mind to conceive and the voice to urge this terrible move are owned and controlled by Miss Susan B. Anthony. That same gentle and attractive woman, who but a few brief months ago was in our midst and charmed all with her ready wit and genial manner, has now thrown down the gauntlet and let slip the dogs of war. Patience—and she has been patient—has ceased to be a virtue; she no longer asks, she demands the suffrage. Woman shall vote or man shall go hungry. That is the ultimatum, and who can not but be appalled at the alternative that is presented?

It was at a convention held in Kansas, the home of the grasshopper and the Populist, that this desperate move was urged. Miss Anthony presented her resolution, and urged its adoption with all the eloquence of a consciousness of right and a long pent-up anger that had at length burst its bonds. "Resolved, that it is the duty of every self-respecting woman in the State of Kansas to fold her hands and refuse to help any moral, religious, charitable reform or political organization until the men of the State shall strike the adjective 'male' from the suffrage clause of the constitution." This is the resolution that has precipitated all the trouble: the female declaration of independence and bill of rights.

There is but one ray of hope in all this dark prospect. For the present, at least, the irrepressible conflict is to be confined to the State of Kansas. If the blow must fall, it is better that it should fall there, for Kansas has already shown a toughness of vitality that justifies the hope that it may successfully endure this infliction. The Populistic microbe committed its worst ravages there, and yet the State survived. Who shall say that it may not endure even this new affliction? But though Kansas is to be the ground of the first skirmishes in this bitter conflict of sexes, as it was in the earlier conflict to stamp out the earlier slavery, success there means an extension of the field of battle, until the whole country is involved. It is the duty of every State in the Union to extend a helping hand to this stricken sister. It is the duty of every self-respecting man to gird on his armor and do fierce battle against this female militant.

The serious nature of this impending struggle is not to be ignored. It will enter every home in the land and thrust asunder husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, sons and mothers. What could be more comprehensive than "every self-respecting woman"? Is there any woman that breathes, and dresses, and looks upon the reflection of her loveliness in the glass who is not self-respecting? The sense of duty is strong in the female breast, and, the path once pointed out to them, they will follow it unflinchingly to the end. The prospect of these myriads of rebellious Susans marching in battle array is one to strike terror to the stanchest heart. Man must submit or starve. There is now no other alternative, and we can but await the inevitable with resignation, tinged though it may be with serious apprehension.

Ensign McFee, of the Salvation Army, desires to establish a farm upon which the unemployed may find work and become self-supporting. He asks that the counties of San Francisco, San Mateo, Santa Clara, and Alameda furnish the necessary land, and he will guarantee the means for superintendence and support. The Salvation Army, under Ensign McFee, who has had charge of that branch of the work, has proved itself well qualified to carry on the distribution of charity in a discriminating manner, and the experience they have had in this city should prepare them admirably for intelligently handling this new problem. The

details of the scheme have not been announced as yet, and probably are not yet determined upon, but in its general character it is similar to a number of institutions both in this country and in Europe intended to accomplish the same object, and the success that has attended the experiment elsewhere should be encountered here.

The nearest approach to the proposed plan in this country is the system in force in Detroit, and popularly known as "Pingree's Potato Patches." About two years ago, when the whole country was confronted by the problem of the unemployed in an aggravated form, Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, conceived the idea that the vacant land in and about the city might be employed to relieve the distress there. In pursuance of this idea, he called upon the owners of unused tracts of land to donate the use of their land, with the understanding that they might withdraw the land at any time that they desired to use it for improvement or sale. In this way six hundred and forty acres of land was secured and divided into half-acre tracts. The unemployed were called upon to make application for these tracts; but it was soon found that pride restrained some, and a nominal fee of fifty cents was charged. The tracts of land were distributed by lot, and then each of these small farmers called at the city granary to obtain two and one-half bushels of potatoes, which were given on the sole condition that the applicant should cut them into pieces of the proper size. After the potatoes were properly planted, the farmer might receive seeds of other kinds.

By this plan seventeen hundred and fifty laborers secured employment last year, and earned a fair amount of money by their work. Those who were unemployed and had sought work in vain, were given an opportunity to do something for themselves. Wives and mothers helped in the lighter part of the work in order to increase the product, and, in some cases, deserving laborers who were employed elsewhere devoted their time before and after work hours to planting, tending, and harvesting their crops. The success of the plan in Detroit led to its adoption by New York shortly afterward, a farm on Long Island being obtained for the purpose, and since that time no less than twenty-five cities have adopted it.

These efforts, while similar in purpose to the proposal of Ensign McFee, differ from it in the method of attaining the end. The labor colonies in Germany furnish a more nearly analogous experiment, which has been thoroughly successful. The first of these labor colonies to be established, and also the largest and most interesting, is at Wilhelmsdorf, in Westphalia. It grew out of the suggestion of Rev. Mr. von Bodelschwingh, and was established by him with pecuniary assistance from the government. This is the plan that has been followed with the other colonies, which now number twenty-four. Private associations control them, but all receive subventions from the government.

The object of these colonies is to furnish a home for those who, through misfortune, have been rendered unable to obtain a living, though still retaining the physical power to work. Convicts who have served their terms in penitentiaries and those who have been confined in workhouses for vagrancy may also come to the colonies and make a new start in life. Any person may become a colonist voluntarily, and may sever his connection with the colony at any time that he desires, the only limitation being that his residence there may not continue longer than two years. While he remains there he must obey the rules of the institution, however, and these are devised to inculcate in him habits of self-reliance, industry, and observance of discipline. It has been determined by experience that the cost of maintaining each colonist is thirteen cents a day, and it is assumed that he earns this amount by working for half a day. His work during the first two weeks goes toward paying for his board and lodging during this probationary period. If he desires to remain after this, he is credited with thirteen cents for each full day's work. When he severs his connection with the colony, he receives the amount that has been placed to his credit, partly in the form of cash, and partly in tools and implements to continue his work. In some of the colonies education in trades is given, and in all cases the superintendent endeavors to find employment for colonists when they desire to leave.

There are certain features of these German labor colonies that are peculiar, but they will be found to be based upon reason. They are always located in out-of-the-way places, far from the general lines of travel and away from the temptations of cities and large towns. This may prove an inconvenience in reaching them, but it is overcome to a great extent by the "stations" where laborers traveling through the country may obtain board and lodging for one day in return for work. By means of these, the laborer may travel almost anywhere in Germany, provided he can give a good account of himself. The isolation of the colonies enables the authorities to secure better control over the colonists, enables them to have more influence in forming their charac-

ters, and frees them from the frequent visitation of the worthless. It also renders the colonists more contented and improves the chances of a successful issue.

Another peculiar feature is the location of the colonies upon poor land that can not be rendered productive without a large expenditure of labor. The colony at Wilhelmsdorf is in a sandy spot that was formerly the bed of a lake. The sand must all be turned up to a depth of five or six feet before the fertile land underneath can be reached. It is apparent that this would never be done under ordinary conditions of agriculture, and thus competition with the legitimate farmer is avoided.

These various plans seem to offer an effective method of reclaiming those who have lost all ambition and have sunk so low that they are incapable of bettering their condition. It would seem that in a new country such as this, with abundance of natural resources and seemingly limitless opportunities for the employment of labor, such a class should not exist. But experience has proved that it does exist, and so far as can now be seen, the acute struggle for existence and preference will cause it to exist always. The problem must be faced and conquered, and it is to be hoped that this experiment or some similar one will be tried.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is thoroughly angry, and she has expressed herself on the subject in a manner that leaves no possibility of doubt as to the state of her mind. She is convinced that an unwarranted attack has been made upon woman, and feels certain that its purpose is to assist in maintaining the supremacy of the tyrant man. She rushes into print to express her indignation, and the result is one that her best friends must regret, for its tendency is to sustain the contention of those who claim that woman in argument is essentially illogical and inconsequent.

What has particularly aroused Mrs. Spofford's ire is "the latest absurdity of certain sciolists—they surely do not deserve to be called men of science"—who assert that women are less sensitive than men, "sensitive" being here used to express susceptibility to emotions and sensations of pleasure and pain. Mrs. Spofford refutes this charge with what seems to the unprejudiced observer to be undue warmth. "It might be asked," she says, "if women do not quail before the certainty of suffering, if they take wild risks, if they walk up calmly to the perils which menace their own life in giving life to others—is it because they feel nothing, or because they have been taught by ages of repression to endure in silence?" Some trusted friend of the New Woman should try to persuade her that there are some things that can not be accounted for by "ages of repression." Repression may bring about many changes in the character of the repressed, but it has never yet had the effect claimed for it here. The subjects who have for ages been repressed by cruel and tyrannical rulers do not display these characteristics of moral and physical courage; the slave who trembles beneath his master's lash shows no tendency to rise superior to considerations of pain; the wild beast exhibits characteristics the reverse of courageous when subjected to a systematic course of repression. It is woman alone in the whole range of animal creation, according to Mrs. Spofford, whose heroism has been developed by repression. Woman's heroism may be the result of her lack of susceptibility to pain, or it may arise from a devotion that, for the time being, raises her above the consciousness of suffering, just as men may sometimes be raised by passion or excitement. But man's repression can hardly be charged with the development of those characteristics in woman.

It is difficult to understand just why this accusation of sentimental inferiority in woman has so incensed Mrs. Spofford. It is generally accepted that the emotional qualities of the mind are inferior to the logical. The man of courage and bravery who performs his duty without thought of danger is admired and praised. The patient endurance of suffering is recognized as a noble attribute. But Mrs. Spofford assumes that the assertion that woman possesses these qualities is an attack upon the frailer sex.

It is men, she continues, who have so far practiced all the vivisection that has been done; it is men who have participated and engaged in wars of bloody and exterminating sort, involving every horror of loss of life and limb and ruined families and sacked cities; it is men who not only have hound others to the rack, and the wheel, and the stake, but have been able to sing *Te Deum* while witnessing the consequent torture. All these things, she remarks ironically, men have done by reason of their superior sensitiveness to pain, while woman, with her dull susceptibility to pain, could not endure the sight of them.

The irreverent man might suggest that the vivisection of animals has enabled the medical profession to reduce the pain and suffering of humanity, while the wanton killing of birds and animals for purposes of female adornment has served no useful purpose whatever; that the most cruel and destructive wars have been precipitated to satisfy a wom-

an's ambition or to gratify her hatred; that the horrors of the rack and the wheel were inspired by religious fanaticism out of which mankind happily developed generations ago. But this is a species of recriminatory argument that is of little avail, and it is sufficient to say that these things illustrate the sympathy of woman which these sciolists recognize, and sympathy is very different from sensitiveness to pain.

The question as to whether the male or the female is more sensitive to pain is, however, a scientific one and not a subject for argument. Mrs. Spofford is mistaken when she supposes that the conclusions of Lombroso, and those who follow him, are based upon "inferences connected with the brain," or upon the comparative weight of that organ in the male and the female. They are the result of observations conducted by means of scientific apparatus with the greatest care in order to secure scientific accuracy, and carried on with the sole purpose of ascertaining the truth. These observers are not seeking to sustain any contention as to the inferiority of women, nor, indeed, do they draw any conclusions as to that point. The characteristic differences between the sexes offer an interesting subject for their study, and, content with this, they do not burden themselves as to that all-absorbing question to the New Woman, "Which is the superior sex?"

Mrs. Spofford's outburst has proved little as to the subject under discussion, but it has proved, at least, that she is extremely sensitive to any assertion that can be tortured into the semblance of an attack upon her sex. She has further furnished evidence in favor of the assertion of these "sciolists" that woman is essentially illogical in argument.

It has long been a favorite assertion among a certain class of "reformers" that, while the rich are becoming richer, the poor are becoming poorer. Upon this, and particularly upon the latter part of the statement, they base their arguments and demands for a change of the industrial organization more or less radical. There can not be denial of the fact that the rich are becoming richer, and also that the interval between the very rich and the very poor is far greater than it was a century or even half a century ago. The immense fortunes that have been built up, particularly those in this country, are less than fifty years old. Accumulations measured by the millions are common now; a short time ago they were unknown.

While these immense fortunes have been accumulated and the rich have become very much richer, it by no means follows that the other part of the statement is true and that the poor have become poorer. These great accumulations are not the result of depriving others of wealth, as was the case in the accumulations during the Middle Ages and in the earlier days of history. They have resulted from improved methods of production, and, whether it be said that the rich have taken more than their share or not, their activity has resulted in producing a far greater amount of wealth than they themselves took. The middle class of to-day were in a condition of practical slavery at a period in history not so very remote. They have advanced from this condition, where they would be classed with the very poor, to a condition of comfort and ease. This advance has been achieved as a result of the very social and industrial conditions that the reformers decry. The progress of invention has transformed what were at one time luxuries that kings and rulers might have dreamed of in vain into the every-day necessities of the middle class. The methods of business make it possible for a man, beginning with nothing but his energy and his natural ability, to accumulate in a life-time a fortune that would rival that of one of the rich families of one or two centuries ago—family fortunes which were accumulated through successive generations. The development of credit has enabled a man to transform a part of his brains and a part of his integrity into available capital, and has made it possible for him, with a limited amount of actual wealth, to carry on a business many times greater than would otherwise be possible.

The less radical of those who have their arguments upon this formula claim that, while it is true that the middle class have advanced and that the material condition of the laboring class has improved somewhat with the general social improvement, the latter have not advanced in proportion to the other classes. In other words, they claim that the laboring man now does not receive his full share of the results of production, and that he is now no better off, as a result of his own personal efforts, than he was fifty or a hundred years ago. The figures regarding the movement of prices presented in these columns last week furnish an opportunity to examine into this claim. The United States Bureau of Labor, in a report on the cost of production of articles, presents an itemized statement of the average expenses of the laboring man. The report covers Massachusetts and Illinois only, but these two may be taken as typical of the Eastern and Western manufacturing States. Taking the average of the two, we find that the expenses of a laboring man and his

family in 1875 amounted to \$649. These expenses may be divided under the headings: food, clothing, fuel and lighting, sundry articles, and rent. As to the change in rent since that date, there are no figures obtainable, but it is undoubtedly true that rents have decreased in value since that time.

On the basis of the figures published last week the expenses of purchasing the same articles as those enumerated in the statement for 1875, in 1880 would have been \$467.67, exclusive of rent, or \$590.56, including the same rental as before. In 1890 the cost, exclusive of rent, would be \$426.58. In other words, after purchasing the same articles that he purchased in 1875, he would still have remaining \$100 as a surplus.

At the same time that this reduction in prices has been going on, there has been an increase in wages. According to a report of the United States Senate, which takes the average wages in 1860 at a basis of 100, the wages in 1875 amounted to 140.08; in 1880 to 141.05; in 1890 to 158.09. Thus in 1880 the laborer had slightly more money with which to pay the cost of supporting his family than he had in 1875. Reducing the expenditures on this new basis, we find that in 1880 the total cost, including rent, was \$587.59, a gain of \$61.41, or nearly ten per cent. of the average expenses. In 1890, on the same basis, the cost of necessities for an average family amounted to \$487.08, a saving of \$161.92, or about one-fourth of the total. In view of such figures as these, which are certainly reliable, the claim that the position of the laboring man is worse now than it was twenty-five years ago, is clearly unwarrantable. The statistics of the savings banks show that those in the poorer class are continually increasing their savings. It is true that in some cases more extravagant habits have been developed with the increased ease of living, and with these there has been no increased savings. But on the average the position of the laboring man to-day is far better than it was a generation ago.

The action of Judge Murphy in granting an injunction restraining the performance of a play based upon the tragedies at the Emmanuel Church, will meet with general approval. Whether the stage is regarded merely as a vehicle for amusement, or as charged with the higher duty of presenting moral lessons and inculcating correct ideas, the production of this play could serve no good purpose. The lines are dreadfully stupid, so far as they have been laid before the public, and the plot is revolting. The play would have attracted no attention whatever had it not been for the interest that attaches to the trial of Durrant, and, so far as its effect on the public is concerned, it would be far better that as little as possible of that should be published. Such performances should be prohibited, because they have a degrading tendency upon those who witness them; familiarity with crime in its most revolting aspects is brutalizing, and will develop into activity whatever morbid tendency to crime may be latent. No healthy-minded person would desire to attend such a performance, and those whose morbid inclination leads them to do so should not be given the opportunity. The suppression of the play was desirable on grounds of public policy, but it is very doubtful whether it would have had the effect to prevent which the injunction was asked and granted. It is extremely difficult to see how the performance would have had any effect at all upon the trial. The jury was not expected to attend the theatre, nor was it likely that any person who had seen the play would have been drawn upon that body. Public opinion is felt in the jury-box to a greater or less extent, though the jurors themselves may be wholly unconscious of the influence. But those who would witness such a play are not leaders of public opinion, and could not possibly have any influence in molding it.

The difficulty that has been experienced in obtaining jurors who are not already convinced of the guilt of the accused, does not arise from the proposed presentation of this play, nor would it be increased were the play actually produced. The daily press, which has warmly supported the action of Judge Murphy in this matter, is wholly responsible for the general belief in Durrant's guilt, and nothing has been heard about an injunction to restrain this abuse. The freedom of the press is as valuable as personal freedom; but personal liberty of action does not extend to the point of wronging another, and it is not apparent why the freedom of the press should include this privilege. They order these things better in England. In that country, Mr. W. T. Stead was called before the court for contempt in publishing of an accused prisoner after his trial that he was "a rare rogue, and we may expect to hear no more of him for some time to come." It was held that such publications prejudiced the jury, and Mr. Stead was fined five hundred dollars for the offense. The press in this country would probably pronounce this unendurable tyranny, that would soon destroy all liberty of conscience and of thought. But we should like to hear Mr. Durrant's opinion of it.

AMBUSHING A GRIZZLY.

A Naturalist's Unexpected Encounter in the Sierra Nevada.

There are still regions within the Sierra Nevada as wild, desolate, and unvisited as if they lay amidst the Siberian Altai. Once *Ursus horribilis*—miscalled the grizzly bear—lived in great numbers throughout these mountains and roamed over their adjoining plateaux. But now, except for an occasional straggler, encroaching civilization has driven this great beast from adjacent plains and foot-hills into remote alpine fastnesses.

Men who profess the natural sciences, however, go everywhere, and that explains how an individual of this order was encamping, one fair evening in autumn, among these lonely heights. It was not a very attractive party to look at that gathered by the foot of a sheer precipice, where they had raised a rough shelter of brush, and there were but two of them. Arms, accoutrements, and some scanty baggage constituted their entire visible possessions, which, with couches of pine spray covered with saddle-blankets, occupied the imperfect habitation that these travelers had made. One of them was a tatterdemalion half-breed, who displayed on his whole person nothing perfect but the spurs. Another man, looking like a choice specimen from some collection of tramps, sat on an avalanche-boulder and surveyed the scene.

This solitary dell within the Sierra's recesses had once, in by-gone ages, been a glacier lake. Its waters drained away and were evaporated; the scouring of surrounding uplands filled it in; running water and wandering winds planted the flora of its cliffs and sward; at length, during the lapse of unrecorded days, Time, the destroyer, clothed it with beauty born amid the ashes of its own decay. Loveliness intermingled with grandeur was everywhere revealed by the soft evening light, which showed alp, pinnacle, and gorge in shadow or relief. Sombre hues blended with rich, mellow tints upon ice-polished and weather-worn rocks; while far above the maples and willows, by which their bases were fringed, dark pine-trees climbed on high toward the snowy peaks. Occasionally a squirrel scuttled past through rustling leaves; more rarely the phantom-like form of a deer crossed some opening in the darkening brake. Below, where the gleo ended, "the blessed ousel" sang among the mists of a gleaming water-fall. It was there that later, when sleep lay upon its only human occupants, a grizzly came and killed the baggage-pony. A gusty and boisterous wind rose after night had fully come, which drowned or swept away the sounds of that fierce assault.

The animals were "side-lined" so they could get about and graze, without being able to go far, and all naturally betook themselves to the valley's lower end, where rivulets from the cascade freshened everything around. This part was bordered by a deep ravine running between mountain buttresses, and dense thickets along most of its course left only a narrow path upon the arroyo's edge. The bear had approached by this way, and only turned off in order to come within rubbing distance of his prey.

Next morning, Indian Van's blasphemies proclaimed the catastrophe that had occurred. This worthy's father, who was a sailor and disappeared before his birth, left the boy nothing but the prefix to his name and an opportunity to learn to swear in two languages—both rich in curses and profane combinations. He had taken advantage of that chance to the utmost, and his announcement of the unfortunate pony's death was amazing.

It was an injury, however, that could not be permitted to pass unavenged, and Van's employer, who would have done much better to have pocketed the affront, determined upon active reprisals. All the acts of this tragedy were stamped upon that spot where it took place; the trail told everything. As far as it was followed, the grizzly's track extended along the arroyo's edge up to where the valley opened out. It could be easily seen where he turned off to get above his destined prey, and from thence those immense, flat footprints were pressed into the damp soil of an almost continuous brake that only great strength enabled this beast to force a way through. Some boulders lay low down upon the southern side of the mountain slope; here also the thicket came to an end, and from that point this ferocious creature had evidently made all the observations preliminary to his fatal attack.

That branch of woodcraft which has to do with the interpretation of signs is easy enough to acquire an elementary knowledge of; but its higher departments are so difficult of attainment that few, even of those whose lives have been spent in such observations, ever reach any remarkable proficiency. When they do, however, the results of their skill appear to be little less than miraculous. In this case no special training was needed to show how miserably the poor pony had died. Here, as was shown by the trampled and bloody soil, no merciful blow from the bear's tremendous forearm had at once put an end to life and suffering.

It is constantly so with respect to all more formidable beasts of prey. They torture their victims, though not always intentionally, for whenever death is delayed, fang and claw must make a terrible ending. Natural histories and books about large game bristle with dogmatic opinions concerning this subject, mostly, however, to the effect that if existence is not ended at once by the larger animals, a state of shock by which pain is extinguished accompanies their overwhelming assault. It might easily be shown that this was not always true, and that in very many instances their prey suffers untold tortures and is even eaten alive, especially by bears.

At all events, this brute having killed the pony and probably devoured part of its body, dragged all that remained of the carcass away and rolled it into the ravine, where it was covered with earth and other things at hand. Nobody, of course, went near this cache, as that would most probably have prevented it from being revisited; but with respect to grizzlies generally, they dispose of a "kill" very differently.

Some leave an animal where it fell, without making any attempt at concealment. In other cases, it is so imperfectly covered that the act of burying looks as if it were due to an imperfect instinct; while a third class of bears inhume their prey completely, and fly into impotent fury-fits at "whisky jacks" (a kind of magpie) that sometimes watch the work and begin to scratch there before they have got out of sight.

Van had sworn himself into a state of serenity while these investigations were going on. Nevertheless, that imperfect character received the plan of vengeance proposed with marked disapproval. It was not for him, he observed, to say what the señor should do, but in case his views—which were no doubt suggestions of the devil—came to be carried out, he—Van—would forthwith retire to the top of a rock that stood near by, and which no grizzly might climb without a notched pole such as he himself intended to use. As for fighting *demonios* like these on foot and in the dark, it was preposterous. The bear would make a general massacre, so that to unhobble the horses and give them a chance for their lives was a mere act of mercy. With regard to the señor, if any fragments remained, he stated his intention to bury them decently.

A certain amount of obvious good sense underlay the extraordinary forms of speech in which these ideas were delivered, and when Indian Van pointed out a scrub oak-tree, at the ravine, saying that if this beast was to be attacked, which he did not advise, there beyond peradventure was the place to do it, since his trail passed almost beneath its gnarled boughs, the original plan of ambushing the cache itself was abandoned.

Now this person whom Van called señor to his face, but spoke of as a sorcerer and dealer in black arts, knew the ways of tigers much better than those manners and customs which belong to bears. Therefore it was argued that, as the former often returned early to their prey, grizzlies might do likewise, and it would be well to take up a position in the oak betimes. This accordingly was done, and the watch commenced even while the flush of sunset had not yet entirely faded. Evening does not fall, as it is our habit to say—darkness does not come down upon the earth; it rises from that abode of tears, and blood, and mourning to obscure the sky. As on the night before, also, a strong, sbrewd wind arose, and made a crooked limb much less comfortable than one of those comparatively commodious *machans*, or tree-platforms, which are constructed in India.

Finally that roost became too distressing, and the Evil One, who is always at hand, whispered: "Get down and dance." A first step in ill-doing seldom fails to lead to a second one in the same direction, and then the thing happened that always happens. Down came the watcher, restored his circulation with a double-shuffle, looking eagerly up the path, as if that were absolutely the only way in which danger could be expected, and forthwith started for camp. It is quite proper for all persons to despise such behavior and feel sure that they would not have acted so rashly themselves. Those who act, and the people who bear, read of, or even see, such actions, rarely regard matters in a like manner. Here hunger, cold, and uncertainty so arranged mental processes that, unless restrained by timidity, which they would undoubtedly have called prudence, a great many men, who knew better, might be confidently counted upon to do the same.

So, going along the arroyo's devious course, sinuous and eccentric as flood waters cut it out, visions of food, the camp-fire, and a pipe grew ever brighter, and our hunter much commended himself for coming away. "Why, indeed, stay longer when here was the false dawn already? How infinitely better to defer hostilities till one could see, and Van was cajoled or bribed into rendering aid. Other bears had been tracked to their lairs and shot, and as for this one, it was plain that he had no intention of coming."

Turning a sharp angle at this juncture, man and beast met face to face. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been impossible for an animal whose scent and hearing are so acute as those senses in the grizzly bear, to be thus taken by surprise. But, then, a strong wind was roaring across the trail, by which all sound of footsteps and odor were completely swept away.

If men are not paralyzed or utterly confused by fear, they act automatically, for the most part, under sudden and desperate emergencies, and it is on this account that training is really invaluable to those placed in unexpected peril.

Few situations could have been more menacing. The brake grew like a wall on one side, a black chasm yawned upon the other, and in front reared a wild beast than which none more terrible can be found on earth. Furthermore, accident brought the antagonists almost into contact, and when that happens, all great carnivora are nearly certain to attack. A rifle goes up instinctively at imminent need; then its report mingled with the bear's harsh, grunting roar, its flash lit up his vast, ungainly form and malignant eyes. In another instant came an overwhelming shock, a pang of intense pain, and the man was hurled into the ravine with a torn and dislocated shoulder, bruised and cut in all directions by jagged rocks.

It is needless to say that neither nerve nor skill played any conspicuous part in this issue, nevertheless the bullet went straight, and happily not even a grizzly can remain dangerous long after being shot through the heart. So he lay dead above and his assailant insensible below. Sensibility returned, and with it extreme suffering; but at day-break Van's vociferations echoed like sweet music in that rugged gorge. He got the discomfited individual to camp, patched him up so far as possible, and, after a slow, interminable ride, turned this wretch over to a torturer called MacD—, who said that he had been a dresser in some London hospital and understood dislocations. When, by dint of main strength, the bone was at length got in place, his victim spent several weeks on a blanket, making reflections upon how much better it would have been to stay in the tree.

J. H. PORTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1895.

OLD FAVORITES.

Atlanta Victorious.

And there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot—a young man, slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.
But on this day with whom shall he contend?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.
Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.
But when the people saw how close they ran,
When half-way to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And hinds unhoping for o'er his heart 'gan steal.
But midst the loud victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afraid,
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound,
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.
There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place;
But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then, with a groan, his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;
Then high rose up the gleaming, deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

—William Morris.

Amazon.

I burn to tell my love; to call her mine;
To pour upon her heart the fiery tide
That fills my own; to open my soul's shrine,
And show her her own image defiled.
Oh, you should see her! She is, of all queens
That drive their chariots over bleeding hearts,
The loveliest one! Not by her sex's means
She won her throne. She has no need of arts.
Born to enslave, she conquers with a glance;
All blandishments and subtle wiles disdains;
A heretic to the antique romance,
To know she is, is knowing that she reigns.
Like the phosphoric trees in forests dark,
She lights all hearts, and yet herself is cold;
And woe to him who, dazzled by the spark,
Hopes for a heat her heart can never hold.
But she is beautiful! No vocal dream
Warbled in slumber by the nightingale
Can match her voice's music. Sculptors seem,
When most inspired, to copy her—and fail!
To gaze on her is song unto the sight;
A harmony of vision, heaven-sent,
Where all the tones of human charms unite,
And are in one majestic woman blent.

But once I thought she loved me. Bitter hour,
Whose mingled joy and torment haunt me still!
Her eyes look out from every starry flower;
I hear her mocking laugh in every rill.
'Twas in the autumn woods we rode one morn
To hunt the deer, with wild and willing steeds.
The young wind gayly blew his mellow horn,
And beat the tangled coverts of the reeds.
The golden elms tossed high their lucent leaves,
While on their giant holes, so rough in form,
The rugged hark stood out in corded sheaves,
Like muscles swollen in wrestling with the storm.
A sudden, wayward fancy seized us here
To pause and act a leafy masquerade.
No idle tongues nor curious eyes were near,
And silent splendor filled the sunlit glade.
So, gathering armfuls of the autumn vines,
I wove their red ropes round the passive girl,
Looping the tendrils of the blushing vines
Round arms, and head, and each escaping curl.
Then through her horse's mane that blackly shone
I plaited mosses long and leaden-hued,
Until she seemed like some young Amazon,
Chained by the mighty monarch of the wood.

O mockery of conquest! Hidden sting!
O triumph treacherous as the sleeping seas!
She played the captive—I, the victor-king,
Threading triumphal arches through the trees.
Sudden, with one wild burst of regal might,
She flung her fluttering fetters to the wind;
She and her steed, with bound of fierce delight,
Dashed through the crashing boughs that closed behind—
And so she vanished. From the distance dim
Her scornful laughter floated to my ear;
A jest for her—for me a funeral hymn,
Sung o'er a love that froze upon its bier.

How shall I conquer her? Since that cursed day
Her image stands between me and the world;
Around my cup of life where flowers should lay, (sic)
Forbidding me, a poisoned snake is curled.
As heron chased by hawk I soar through space,
The fatal shafts of her disdain to shun,
And seek the clouds; but vain the dizzy race—
I find her still between me and the sun.
O queen! enthroned upon an icy height,
What holocaust does thy proud heart desire?
When will it flame like beacon through the night
With fiery answer to another's fire?
Ah! why so cold—so ever cold to me?
I chafe—I chafe all day from dawn to dark,
As chafes the wave of Adria's glowing sea
Against the pulseless marble of Saint Mark.

—Fitz-James O'Brien.

WAS SHE A MARTYR?

New Light on Mary, Queen of Scots—Her Physician's Account of
"The Tragedy of Fotheringay"—Was her Death
Noble or Theatric?

The new contemporary materials used by Mrs. Maxwell Scott in "The Tragedy of Fotheringay" are drawn chiefly from the journal of Dominique Bourgoing, the last physician of Mary, Queen of Scots, published by M. Chantelaue in 1876, recounting the events of the last seven months of Mary's life, including her trial, of which Bourgoing was a witness. She has made up a volume interesting, as well as attractive to the eye, and her partiality for Mary, though strong, is too frank and undisguised to be misleading. It is impossible to believe that Mary's last speeches are given to us by Bourgoing exactly as she uttered them. Evidently they have been dressed by the reporter. Yet in substance his accounts agree with those given in the Letters of Sir Amias Paulet and by other authorities.

The story opens at the moment when the plot of Bahington had been discovered—eighteen years after Mary's imprisonment in England had begun. It was resolved that Mary should be removed from Chartley; that her papers should be seized, and her secretaries he sent to London—all with a view, as was afterward seen, to furnish the material for her trial at Fotheringay. She was enticed from Chartley by the prospect of a huck-hunt. Sir Amias Paulet, her keeper, accompanied her; and the first scene was enacted in the closing act of Mary's drama:

The party proceeded a short way "without thinking more about it," says Bourgoing, "when Sir Amias, approaching the queen, said: 'Madame, here is one of the gentlemen pensioners of the queen, my mistress, who has a message to deliver to you from her,' and suddenly M. George, habited in green serge, embroidered more than necessary for such a dress, and, as it appeared to me, a man of about fifty years, dismounted from his horse, and coming to the queen, who remained mounted, spoke to her as follows: 'Madame, the queen, my mistress, finds it very strange that you, contrary to the pact and engagement made between you, should have conspired against her and her state, a thing which she could not have believed had she not seen proofs of it with her own eyes and known it for certain. And because she knows that some of your servants are guilty, and charged with this, you will not take it ill if they are separated from you. Sir Amias will tell you the rest.' To which her majesty could only reply that, as for her, she had never even thought of such things, much less wished to undertake them, and that from whatever quarter she (Elizabeth) had received her information, she had been misled, as she (Mary) had always shown herself her good sister and friend." A melancholy scene now took place. Nau and Curle, who wished to approach their mistress, were forced back, and taken off to a neighboring village. They never saw Mary again. Melville was also removed. The queen's party now turned back and proceeded a mile or two, when Bourgoing, who, as he tells us, had placed himself as near as he could to his mistress, saw that they were following a new route; to this he drew the queen's attention, and she called to Sir Amias, who was ambling slowly in front, to know where they were going. On hearing that they were not to return to Chartley, Mary, "feeling very indisposed, and unable to proceed," dismounted from her horse and seated herself on the ground. She now implored Sir Amias to tell her where she was to be taken; he replied that she would be in a good place, one finer than his; that she could not return to her former residence; and that it was mere loss of time to resist or remain where she was.

The long struggle between Mary and her accusers soon began. The great object from the beginning was to extort or cajole a confession of guilty participation in the plot to assassinate Elizabeth. The commissioners summoned her to appear before them. She replied proudly:

"I am myself a queen, daughter of a king, a stranger, and the true kinswoman of the Queen of England. I came into England on my cousin's promise of assistance against my enemies and rebel subjects, and was at once imprisoned. I have thus remained for eighteen years, always ill-treated and suffering constant trials at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. . . . As a queen I can not submit to orders, nor can I submit to the laws of the land without injury to myself, the king, my son, and all other sovereign princes. As I belong to their estate, majesty, and dignity, I would rather die than betray myself, my people, or my kingdom, as a certain person has done. I decline my judges," continued Mary, "as being of a contrary faith to my own. For myself, I do not recognize the laws of England, nor do I know or understand them, as I have already often asserted. I am alone, without counsel or anyone to speak on my behalf. My papers and notes have been taken from me, so that I am destitute of all aid, taken at a disadvantage, commanded to obey, and to reply to those who are well prepared and are my enemies, who only seek my ruin."

The chief evidence against the queen consisted of the depositions of Nau and Curle, the two secretaries who, it will be remembered, had been taken to London from Chartley at the moment when her papers were seized. Time after time Mary pointed out how untrustworthy was such evidence:

"Why," said she, "are not Nau and Curle examined in my presence? They, at any rate, are still alive. If my enemies were assured that they would confirm their pretended avowals, they would be here without doubt. If they have written, be it what it may, concerning the enterprise, they have done it of themselves, and did not communicate it to me, and on this point I disavow them. . . . For my part, I do not wish to accuse my secretaries, but I see plainly that what they have said is from fear of torture and death. . . . And I see well," continued Mary, examining one of the written depositions attributed to Nau, "that he has even not written or signed as he is accustomed to do, supposing that, as you all affirm, he has written it with his own hand; may it not be that while translating and putting my letters into cipher, my secretaries may have inserted things which I did not dictate to them? . . . I can only be convicted by my words or by my own writings. If, without my consent, they have written something to the prejudice of the queen, your mistress, let them suffer the punishment of their rashness. But of this I am very sure, if they were now in my presence, they would clear me on the spot of all blame, and would put me out of case. Show me, at least, the minutes of my correspondence written by myself; they will bear witness to what I now assert."

From the moment of her condemnation, Mary was taught to feel the lowliness of fortune to which she had sunk:

Paulet, when the commission had departed, waited on Mary and told her that as she had shown no signs of repentance for her faults, their queen had commanded that her dais with the royal arms, the emblem of her sovereignty, should be taken down, "because," continued he, "you are now only a dead woman, without the dignity or honors of a queen." "God of His grace called me to this dignity," replied Mary; "I have been anointed and consecrated such. From Him alone I hold this rank, and to Him alone I shall return it, with my soul. I do not recognize your queen as my superior, nor her heretical council and assembly as my judges, and I shall die a queen in spite of them. They have no more power over me than robbers at the corner of a wood might have over the most just prince or judge in the world; but I hope that God will manifest His justice in this

kingdom after my death. The kings of this country have often been murdered, and it will not seem strange to me to be among them and those of their blood. It was in this way that King Richard was treated to dispossess him of his rights." At these words, Paulet ordered the queen's attendants to remove the dais, but they utterly refused to have any hand in the outrage offered to their mistress, calling aloud for vengeance on him and Drury. Paulet was obliged, therefore, to send for his soldiers, and caused the dais to be thrown on the floor. He now sat down in the queen's presence with his head covered and ordered the billiard-table to be removed, saying to the queen: "This is no time for you to indulge in exercise or amusement." "Thanks be to God, I have never made use of it since it was put up," replied Mary, "for you have kept me sufficiently employed in other ways."

A few days later, when Paulet repented of his brutality and offered to ask leave to retract the dais, Mary "contented herself with showing him a crucifix which she had placed on the spot formerly occupied by her dais and arms."

One of the first requests of Mary, after sentence of death was pronounced against her, was for a priest of her own religion. She was offered the Dean of Peterborough, but peremptorily refused his ministrations, and reiterated her demand for a priest of her own creed. After some more debate on the point, the queen asked when she was to die. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock," replied Shrewsbury. After the departure of the commissioners, she first spent a little while in prayer; then, says our authority:

She set herself to count her money, and, after dividing it into several parts, put each amount into as many little purses, with a paper on which the name of each of her servants was written in her own hand. . . . Seated in an arm-chair, with an inventory in her hand, the queen now examined the contents of her wardrobe, and distributed among her attendants the garments and jewels and the small quantity of silver plate and valuable furniture which had escaped the search at Chartley and Queen Elizabeth's rapacity. She accompanied each gift with some kind and gracious word, which enhanced its value tenfold. Mary also charged her followers to take certain mementoes from her to her son, to the King and Queen of France, the King of Spain, Catherine of Médici, her cousins of Lorraine, and other friends. No one, absent or present, was forgotten.

After she had written her will—which kept her up till two o'clock—she lay down on her bed without undressing.

When she heard six o'clock strike, she called her servants to her, reminding them that she had only two hours to live. The historian continues:

Then rising, she dressed herself with unusual care and magnificence, as in preparation for some great and solemn occasion. Her robes—the only ones she had reserved of former splendors—were such as were then worn by queens-dowager. The skirt and bodice of black satin were worn over a petticoat of russet-brown velvet; while the long regal mantle, also of black satin, embroidered with gold and trimmed with fur, had long banging sleeves and a train. The queen's head-dress was of white crêpe, from which fell a long veil of the same delicate material, edged with lace. Round her neck she wore a chain of scented beads with a cross, and at her waist a golden rosary.

The place in which the execution took place is thus described:

The procession now moved on and entered the hall, the sheriff and his escort leading the way, followed by Paulet, Drury, Beale, and the two earls. The queen followed, attended by Bourgoing and her other servants, Melville carrying her train. The great hall of the castle was hung entirely with black. At the upper end of the apartment, near the large Gothic fire-place, "in which was a great fire," stood the scaffold, which was raised about two feet from the ground, and measured about twelve feet square. It was covered with black serge, as were the stool and cushion prepared for the queen, and surrounded on three sides by a balustrade, made low enough to allow the spectators to see all that passed. At the fourth side, toward the end of the hall, the scaffold was approached by two steps. The block, made of oak and covered also with black, was placed near the chimney-piece. By it stood the executioner and his assistant, both in long black velvet gowns, with white aprons, and both wearing black masks. The executioner bore a large axe mounted with a short handle, "like those with which they cut wood." In front of the block, chairs were placed for my Lords Kent and Shrewsbury. Two other chairs, placed higher up the room, outside the balustrade, awaited Paulet and Drury. Round the scaffold was stationed a guard of halberdiers, the men of Huntingdon. Among the three hundred spectators, who alone were permitted to enter the hall, might be observed Lord Montague, his eldest son, and Robert Tyrrell. A large crowd surrounded the castle, kept in order by a troop of horsemen which had arrived the preceding night. The queen had now reached the threshold of the hall. When she perceived the scaffold, she elevated the crucifix which she carried above her head, and, undismayed by the terrible scene before her, advanced with great dignity. Arrived at the scaffold, Mary, unable to ascend the steps without assistance, accepted Paulet's arm, saying gently: "Thanks for your courtesy, Sir Amias; this will be the last trouble I shall give you, and the most agreeable service you have ever rendered me."

The religious element in this tragedy is not pleasant:

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, now advanced, and, placing himself in front of the queen, made her a profound reverence, and said that he had come to her by his mistress's command in order to prepare her for death. "Peace, Mr. Dean," replied Mary, gently; "I have nothing to do with you; I do not wish to hear you; you can be silent, if you please, and go from hence." And as he began again to exhort her, Mary said, resolutely: "You gain nothing; I will not listen to you; be silent, please," and turned her back upon him. Fletcher, however, continued to insist, placing himself again before her, and exhorting her to repent "of her crimes," till Shrewsbury, shocked, bade him be silent and begin to pray. Kent, observing that Mary often made the sign of the cross with the crucifix she held in her hand, rudely exclaimed: "Madame, what does it avail you to hold in your hands this vain image of Christ if you do not bear Him in your heart?" "How is it possible," returned the queen, gently, "to have such an image in one's hands without the heart being profoundly touched by it? Nothing is more suitable for a Christian about to die than to bear in his arms the true mark of his redemption." Shrewsbury now proposed that as the queen would not listen to the dean's exhortation, they should all pray for her in common. "I thank you, my lords," said Mary, "but I can not pray with you, because we are not of the same religion. Pray if you wish; I will pray also." Fletcher now commenced to pray in English that God would grant repentance to Mary; that He would bless Queen Elizabeth in granting her a long life, victory over her enemies, and the triumph of the Protestant religion. This prayer was repeated in chorus by the assembly. Meanwhile, the queen prayed aloud in Latin, repeating some of the penitential Psalms, the "Miserere," "In te Domine speravi," "Qui habitat in adjutorio," etc.

Here are the principal passages describing the execution:

The queen now rose and re-seated herself. Kent and Shrewsbury approached, and asked her if she had no secret matter to reveal to them; but she replied that she had said enough, and was not disposed to say more. Then, seeing that the time had come, without being asked, she rose and prepared herself calmly and cheerfully for death. The executioner, his face hidden by his black mask, advanced to remove her dress, but the queen gently moved him aside with her hand, saying smilingly: "Let me do this; I understand this business better than you; I never had such a groom of the chamber." She took out the pins of her head-dress, and calling Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were praying at the foot of the scaffold,

she began, with their assistance, to disrobe, observing that she was not accustomed to do so before so many. The poor women, unable to restrain their emotion, wept bitterly, and uttered heart-rending cries, "and crossed themselves, praying in Latin"; but their mistresses placed her finger on their mouths and chid them tenderly. "Do not weep any more," said she; "I am very happy to go from this world. You should rejoice to see me die for such a good quarrel; are you not ashamed to cry? If you weep any more I shall send you away." The queen then took from her neck the gold cross, wishing to give it to Jane Kennedy. "My friend," she said to the executioner, "you can not make use of this, leave it to this lady; she will give you more than its value in money." But Bull seized it roughly, saying: "It is my right," and put it into his shoe.

The queen had now laid aside her mantle and veil, her collar and pourpoint, and remained in her brown velvet skirt and black satin bodice with long sleeves. Then she, with a smiling countenance, turning to her men-servants, as Melville and the rest, standing upon the bench near the scaffold, crossing them with her hand, bade them farewell, and made them pray for her until the last hour. Then embracing her women, she blessed them, making the sign of the cross on their foreheads. "Adieu for the last time," she said in French. "Adieu, au revoir"; and when Jane Kennedy had banded her eyes, she desired them to go down from the scaffold. The executioners fell on their knees at the queen's feet, begging her, as was the custom, to forgive them her death. "I forgive you with all my heart," she replied, "for in this hour I hope you will bring in an end all my trouble." The queen, who was seated on her stool, unbound, and still holding her crucifix, raised her head and stretched out her neck, thinking she was to be beheaded with a sword, according to the privilege granted in France to royal persons. "My God," she said, fervently, "I have hoped in Thee; I give back my soul into Thy hands." The executioners, seeing her mistake, assisted her to rise, and conducted her to the block, where they made her kneel down, and as she knelt upright, still thinking she was to be beheaded with the sword, they made her lie flat, with her head on the low block, only a few inches high. As the queen repeated the words "In te Domine speravi," Lord Shrewsbury raised his wand to give the fatal signal. The executioner lifted the axe, but stopped at a sign from his assistant, who had perceived that the queen, to enable herself to breathe, had placed her hands under her chin. The assistant moved them and held them behind her back. Mary continued to pray aloud, and in the deep silence that reigned in the hall she could hear repeating the verse, "In manus tuas Domine commendo." These were her last words. The executioner, affected, perhaps, by sympathy and by the general emotion visible among the bystanders, struck with an ill-assured aim, and only wounded the queen severely, but she neither moved nor made a sound. At the third blow the soul of Mary Stuart passed to its eternal reward.

This is the story told by Queen Mary's faithful servant, edited by a sympathizing woman. But the cold light of history does not show her to have been such a martyr. The differences between Bourgoing's testimony and that of the iconoclastic Froude are well brought out by the *Nation's* reviewer, who, in the course of an interesting article on this book, says:

The controversy about the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, will probably be settled only by the Last Trumpet. On any hypothesis, great allowance must be made for the influences to which in the wicked and corrupt court of Catherine de Médici, and afterward among the savage, plotting, and turbulent nobility of Scotland, her young heart was exposed. Her death scene, at all events, here fully described, is in the highest degree magnificent and touching. Her bearing on the scaffold, and from the moment of her condemnation to death, superbly combines royal dignity with Christian resignation and meekness. It is not easy to understand how the woman could have gone through it as she did if there had been anything heavy weighing upon her conscience—though what would weigh very heavily on a conscience formed under Catherine de Médici and the Guises it is difficult to say. Perhaps the murder of Darnley, supposing Mary to have been an accomplice, as we can hardly help doing, need not have weighed on her conscience as the murder of a husband, seeing that he had broken into her chamber with a gang of murderers, stabbed her favorite attendant almost in her arms, and, to justify the outrage, whispered foul slanders against her honor. With Froude, Mary's behavior on the scaffold, like her conduct throughout life, is but the last exhibition of the wiles of the consummate actress and "enchanted." The nerve which could sustain such acting on the scaffold would be almost as admirable as genuine virtue. But Froude is also an enchanter in his way. Mary, when she bent her head to the axe, appeared entirely clothed in red. "Thus," says Froude, "she stood on the black scaffold, with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons," he proceeds, "for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture; it is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling." The fact is that she came on the scaffold in black; but when she was disrobed for execution, her red or crimson petticoat and bodice ("blood-red" Froude chooses to call them) were, probably on her part unexpectedly, at least without any premeditated effect, exposed to view. When her head was cut off, Froude tells us, "the coif fell off, and the false plaits; the labored delusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness; the executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the grizzled features of a withered old woman." This is the literary artist's version of the simple contemporary statement that Mary's "dressing of lawn, falling off from her head, it appeared as gray as one of three-score and ten years old and polled very short, her face in a moment being so much altered from the form she had when she was alive as few could remember her by her dead face." Any face, probably, would be altered by decapitation. But decapitation could not suddenly produce "wrinkles." Froude revels in the falling off of the false hair and the revelation of the gray locks beneath. But surely a woman in those days, at all events, might wear false hair without being a Duesia; and Mary's head, as we see, was covered by a coif. Her own hair might well be gray.

The courts of justice at that time for the trials of state prisoners were, as Hallam says, little better than the caverns of murderers. The trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, was conducted with strict regard to decorum. But it was not fair. The witnesses Nau and Curle were not confronted with the accused, though she earnestly called for their production. She was not allowed access to the papers on which the case against her was founded. She was not provided with counsel, while the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, and the queen's sergeant appeared against her for the crown. Alone in the frowning conclave of forty commissioners, she had to face the interrogatories and plead her own cause. In fact, the verdict had been settled, as usual in state trials, by the privy council, and the trial at Fotheringay was a legal pageant. History, therefore, must enter a verdict of "Not Proven." Mary solemnly protested to the Earl of Kent and his associates, with her hand on the New Testament, that she had "never either desired the death of the queen or endeavored to bring it about or that of any other person." Such a protest is compatible with the hypothesis that she was guilty of participation in Bahington's conspiracy as a plot for her own release from prison, and perhaps as a plot for a rising in her favor, but innocent of it as a plot for the murder of Elizabeth. Participation in a plot for her own release alone would be hardly criminal.

On the other hand, if the ex-Queen of Scots had committed a crime, especially if she had plotted the assassination of Elizabeth, there was no real force in her passionate claim to the inviolability of a sovereign. She had resigned her crown, very reluctantly, no doubt; but not involuntarily in such a sense as to invalidate the resignation. At any rate she had lost it *de facto*. When she sought an asylum in England, she submitted herself to English law. Was she to be at liberty to cut the throat of the English queen with sovereign impunity? Nor had she any ground for asserting, as she constantly did, that she died a martyr to the Catholic religion. It was not for her religion that she was, or was ever in danger of being, put to death. She was put to death for political conspiracy and as a person dangerous to the state.

The book is imported by Macmillan & Co., New York.

THE WICKED NOTARY.

How His Bad Reputation was Made to Win Him a Bride.

It would be hard to enumerate all the services rendered Durrieux by his friend Levignard. It may be that Durrieux realized them, but Levignard never once suspected, for the reason that when Durrieux used his friend, he neglected to tell him of it.

Durrieux lived at Robigny with his wife and her niece. When he went to Paris, he stoutly declared his intention to return home the same evening, but oftener it was the next day. He insisted that Levignard had made him lose the last train; he did not hesitate to add that his companion did it out of malice. If Mme. Durrieux was unable to find the two hundred francs which she knew she had placed in the drawer, her husband had loaned them to Levignard to relieve him of a temporary embarrassment. Durrieux even whispered to her that it was some scandal.

Mme. Durrieux stopped him by exclaiming: "That's enough. I forbid you to associate with that fellow."

"You do not know him," answered Durrieux. "No doubt he is a bit dissipated, but he has a heart of gold. He is sowing his wild oats, and I can not abandon him. His father trusted him to my care; if I do not counsel him, he will become intemperate in his habits. Fortunately, he is a little afraid of me."

To tell the truth, Durrieux, who had suddenly become rich in the unbleached cotton business, had but one desire in life, and that was to go to Paris without his wife as often as possible and squander his money. He found it convenient to cast upon the shoulders of a third person the burden of his own profligacy. Mme. Durrieux swallowed these tales without suspicion, and the sly fellow spent the day after his revel in perfect peace, nursed by his wife, who was a most estimable creature, and by her niece, a bright young girl whom one could always interest by telling her that she would be married some day.

For two or three years, Durrieux made use of his friend Levignard in this manner, when the startling news was received that Levignard was in Robigny; that he was going to settle there and take up the practice of notary.

This announcement did not please Durrieux, for he would have to furnish other excuses in the future to account for missing the last train from Paris.

"Now, then," exclaimed Mme. Durrieux, "we shall see great doings; our young ladies will have to look out for themselves. Point this rascal out to me, I am anxious to see him."

Her husband was alarmed, but casually observed: "It is not necessary to speak to him of the past. It would annoy him, and, besides, it might injure him in the community."

But Mme. Durrieux had had plenty of time to relate the stories confidentially to the pharmacist's wife, to the collector, and to the grocer, who in their turn had spread them in the neighborhood, so that the new notary came to Robigny preceded by the most questionable reputation.

Mme. Durrieux had pictured to herself a Levignard with waxed mustache and blonde hair falling upon his shoulders; such a fop as would wear a long coat and sigh for a becoming uniform. Now Levignard appeared with a long beard, short black hair, dressed in a severe frock-coat, and wearing eyeglasses. It was a great surprise to Mme. Durrieux; nevertheless, she scanned him cautiously, for one never knows—"still waters run deep." She had opportunity to observe him closely, but she saw nothing to confirm the evil reports. In thinking it over, she concluded that he must be very clever and was concealing his game.

Everybody knows how good women are, how anxious they are to save a soul. It is a temptation they can not resist, even if it has its perils, and they enter into it with their whole hearts. Sometimes they neglect their husbands. We do not accuse Mme. Durrieux of this. To be sure, she nourished more and more a secret resentment against her husband because he had not resisted the evil advice of his dissolute friend. On the other hand, she regarded the new notary with an indulgence more and more marked, and she bravely undertook the task of pointing out to him the path of a sedate life; but she never went beyond the limits of a conventional sermon.

She lectured Levignard without showing her usual sympathetic tenderness, and yet he was so far encouraged by her gentleness that he resolved to put an end to the lectures by asking for the hand of her niece. He had seen her about, and besides had heard that she would have a dowry, and that would be quite useful to a notary.

"Never!" said Mme. Durrieux. "Never, so long as I live! No, indeed!" And the good woman dismissed him with so much energy that a casual observer might have thought there was some spite about it.

Born of French parents, a bachelor, honorably discharged from his regiment, a graduate of law, at last a notary, Levignard was astonished at this check, and confided in the husband.

"Indeed! my wife dismissed you?"

"Yes; can you tell me why?"

"Well, you have such a deuced reputation—"

These words had no sooner escaped Durrieux's lips than he would have given the world to recall them.

"I, a deuced reputation!" exclaimed Levignard. "How the devil could I get it? My habits are regular, I work twelve hours a day, I am not intemperate, I eat little, and am not conscious that I have a single vice. A deuced reputation!—then that is the reason your wife has been moralizing all this time. I insist upon seeing her and explaining—"

"Don't!" cried Durrieux; "heavens, don't do that!"

"What harm would it do?"

"I don't know just what," he answered, frightened at the abyss opening before him; "but there is certainly something. Besides—besides, you can not decently present

yourself at the house after your dismissal. But trust yourself to your old friend, I will arrange the matter."

"Truly?"

"I tell you I will see to it. I see a way out, surely; but on condition that you do not step inside my house until I tell you. Do you promise me?"

"Oh, well, if that will help it along—"

"It is absolutely necessary. You promise me that you will not show your face?"

"I swear it."

They parted mutually satisfied. Levignard was comforted by Durrieux's promise; the latter was reassured, for he knew he could postpone, at least for awhile, the dangerous explanation to his wife and Levignard. He must still find the solution which he had promised, and, to tell the truth, he could think of nothing that would be satisfactory. But he was too kind-hearted not to feel remorse with respect to his comrade, and to appease it he felt that he must fulfill his promise.

* * * * *

When Mme. Durrieux returned a little late from a walk, there seemed to be something unusual in the home atmosphere: her husband, with his cheeks swelled out by something that seemed to be suffocating him, turned and twisted through the salon with disconsolate look; as for her niece, she was assiduously playing the piano, making discords, which showed that this occupation was only a pretense.

"Well—what's the matter?" said Mme. Durrieux.

Her husband raised his hands to heaven, loosened his cravat as though he could scarcely breathe, and, gasping, said: "Ask your niece."

Her niece, with her hands on her head, leaned her elbows on the piano, producing about as much harmony as a moment before, her plump and graceful shoulders shaking—perhaps with sobs, perhaps with suppressed laughter; it was hard to tell.

"Well," said Durrieux, who had at last succeeded in controlling himself, "your niece went out during your absence, and where do you think I found her?"

Bracing himself, with his feet spread apart and his arms crossed, he commenced swinging backward and forward like the pitching of a boat at sea, and at last said: "Where do you think?"

"How should I know? You make me uneasy; has anything happened to her?"

"I found her at her lover's office."

Mme. Durrieux rushed to her niece, seized her by the arms, and turned her about, exposing a roguish face, young and lovely, but enigmatical. For a quarter of an hour it was impossible to tell just what this pretty face expressed—confusion, remorse, or the torment a smothered laugh inflicts upon one who tries to control it.

"Do you mean to tell me you have a lover?" said Mme. Durrieux.

"She went to his office," interrupted her uncle.

"You went to his office!"

"She even resorted to his house," again answered her uncle.

"You will be good enough to—"

But the child had had time to catch up her handkerchief with a deft hand and cover her face under pretext of weeping; thenceforth it was vain to try to question her.

"You little rascal!" Durrieux took advantage of this to exclaim. "She does not wish to answer, because she has nothing to say; she does not wish to tell the name of her lover, because we do not approve of him. Yes, her lover is the very one I have forbidden her. It is a lover whom I decline to sanction, and they are both aware of it. It is a lover to whom both you and I have closed our doors, and with good reason; it is the notary."

He might just as well have called him an executioner, he could not have alluded to the suitor's profession in a more disparaging manner.

"A child I looked upon as my own daughter," he began again in a mild tone, "I discover at the notary's, inclined to revolt against her aunt's authority as well as my own. What will become of us? She can not stay with us after such an insult. It will be necessary for her to leave the country. But the scandal of her misconduct will reflect upon us."

"Did any one see her?" said Mme. Durrieux, frightened at the gossip that might ensue.

"She may have been seen, or she may not; but, my dear, in our little community, everybody knows such things as that. How unfortunate that this scoundrel, Levignard, should have such a cursed reputation. I should say that they ought to marry at once, without delay. He is of a good family, and later will inherit some property; besides, he already has an established position which may become brilliant. But to give him our niece would reflect upon us, and surely I do not wish that—no, it would be better to exile the unfortunate young girl."

"What are you dreaming of? Are you crazy? A marriage would be preferable to all this scandal. Go and bring that scoundrel of a notary and let's make an end of all this."

"I will not."

"I insist."

"I repeat what I said, my dear; I—will—not. That ends it."

"You—will—not! I shall send the maid for him," and the imperious woman ran to give orders about the message.

After she had gone, both uncle and niece sank into their chairs, exhausted from their efforts to control their laughter.

"But, uncle," said the notary's future intended, "when poor Levignard finds out that he has compromised me, he will protest his innocence and my aunt will accuse us of deceiving her."

"Don't distress yourself about Levignard," returned Durrieux, "I have warned him."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jean Destrem by Eva W. Parker.

GOSSIP FROM NEWPORT.

The Opening of the Regular Summer Season—Large Entertainments, Lectures, and Outdoor Sports—Mrs. Have-meyer's Fencing Class.

The regular summer season at Newport has begun, and it will go on in a *crescendo* of gaiety until the climax in the last days of August, when the end comes as suddenly as the snuffing out of a candle. A few of the cottagers have been in residence for some weeks, and have entertained themselves quietly with family dinners, with an occasional friend or two from the outside. But recent arrivals from Long Island, Westchester, Tuxedo, Europe, and other summer habitats have now opened almost all the cottages and given the necessary impetus to start the ball of festivities rolling. Not that there has been any dancing as yet. But the informal dinners have been growing more formal and more elaborate until they reached their culmination, so far, in that given by Mrs. I. Townsend Burden last evening, when she entertained twenty-six guests. The dinner was served in the handsome ball-room at Fairlawn, and was the most brilliant entertainment held there since Mrs. Burden's famous hall of five years ago. Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Mrs. William F. Burden, Mrs. Henry Clews, and Mr. Lisenard Stewart have been among those who have entertained in the same way during the week.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's dinner-dance, next Saturday evening, will inaugurate the series of dances, dinners, luncheons, teas, coaching, tennis, and yachting-parties that make up the regular season, running its course like a fever through twenty-eight days of summer heat and ending with the first cool breath of autumn. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will probably be the hosts at a large reception at their place, the Breakers; the Fred Vanderbilts give a big dinner next Monday night, and W. K. Vanderbilt intends giving Sunday dinners on board the *Valiant* as long as he remains here. Perry Belmont has his cousin, Miss Tiffany, staying with him, with her mother, Mrs. George Tiffany, and will give her a hall at By-the-Sea which will recall the old days when Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont occupied the place. Mrs. William Astor has abandoned the hall that used to be a regular feature of her stay at Newport, but she will give Thursday dinners, and her one afternoon "at home" each week will also be a feature of the season here. The Ogden Goelets have opened their new million-dollar villa on Ochre Point Avenue and the Cliffs, which is surpassed in magnificence only by the two Vanderhilt mansions, and, as it has not been occupied until this season, though it was finished three years ago, it is confidently expected that they will give an elaborate house-warming next month. Mrs. Theodore Have-meyer has announced her intention to give a large hall in the new Country Club house. Finally, there is talk of an amateur circus, similar to the one that James Waterbury gave in his barn at Westchester a few years ago, of which the glories still linger in the memory of the guests; it will be on a larger scale than Mr. Waterbury's, however, and will include among its attractions Oliver Belmont's menagerie of wild animals and their wilder-looking native keeper.

The rumor that the Prince of Wales would be on this side during the Newport season fluttered the dovescotes not a little; but, of course, he did not come, and to add to the discomfiture of the matrons and maids of this republican city, there is a singular dearth here of foreign nobles, or even notabilities. Of the foreign legations in Washington, only those of Great Britain and Japan are represented; of the former only the subordinates of Sir Julian Pauncefort being present as yet—though the ambassador himself will contribute to the festivities of the season a little later—while the Japanese Minister counts for little in a social way. The only foreigners of distinction, in fact, who have been here so far, are the officers of the Austrian man-of-war now in the harbor, and they have only their naval titles; still, they have been lionized, especially by Theodore Havemeyer, the Austrian vice-consul, who has been assiduous in entertaining them with dinners and coaching-parties.

Besides catering to the inner man with elaborate dinners, the hostesses of Newport have been providing intellectual pabulum for their friends by a series of lectures and French conferences. Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot, daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is to begin a series of Monday lectures on art subjects soon. At Mrs. James P. Kernochan's, she will lecture about "Artists in Rome" on Monday, August 12th; at Mrs. J. Clinton Gray's she will talk of "Venice" on the following Monday; and the two remaining lectures will be "Andalusian Days" at Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks's, and "A Miracle of Waters" at Mrs. I. Townsend Burden's.

But the Newport colony's talk is not all of art and foreign languages. The epidemic of elopement that seems to have seized our New York girls is discussed with avidity. I told you, not long ago, of Miss Shepard's sudden marriage to the son of the late John H. Morris. It was not precisely an elopement, but it was in opposition to her mother's wishes. And no wonder, for the marriage of his daughter to the son of the late lottery king ought to make the former proprietor of the *Mail and Express*, who used to print Bible texts on his editorial page every day, turn in his grave. Since then Miss Marie Lentillon actually eloped and was married, though her father was dangerously ill at the time. A third matrimonial item to turn under the tongue is the sudden marriage of Mrs. Anne Childs Whitney to Charles A. Baudouine. Both parties to this match have been divorced. Mr. Baudouine, a famous New York whip and formerly president of the Tandem Club, was first married to a Miss Rutter, who went home to her father's house last winter and secured a divorce from Mr. Baudouine. He was the correspondent in the suit by which Caspar W. Whitney, who writes about sports in the Harper publications, secured a divorce from his wife, now the second Mrs. Baudouine. Finally the engagement of Miss Pauline Whitney, daughter of the former Secretary of the Navy, to Mr. Paget, of St.

Paul, Minn., is being discussed in all its bearings. The young lady is to be in Newport during the season, and will doubtless be much fêted.

But life at Newport is more out-of-doors than in drawing-rooms and around the festive board. The wonderful hold athletic sports have taken on the American people in the past few years shows its influence in the constant outdoor life of the cottagers here. It used to be that bathing at Easton's Beach, being driven along the avenues in a luxurious carriage, and dancing almost all night were the sum of a woman's exercise in Newport. But now mothers as well as daughters drive their high-steppers in swagger carts, play golf with the best, and make records on their wheels in a way that puts the men on their mettle. In spite of the exclusiveness that Bailey's Beach affords, bathing is little regarded this season. The cottagers all have their own bath-houses, for which they pay a considerable rental for the season; but there is no regular bathing hour and few go in at all.

Fencing is one of the pet exercises of the women here, and they even have a fencing club, to which men are allowed to belong. Mrs. Havemeyer is at the head of it, and other members are Mr. and Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Miss Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Elliott, Harry Havemeyer, Mr. and Mrs. S. Whitney Warren, and Mrs. Edwin C. Potter. Mrs. Havemeyer's villa is the scene of their bouts, which are under the direction of an instructor who practices and criticises them every morning, and there is talk of giving an exhibition in Mrs. Havemeyer's parlors.

Out-of-doors, the cottagers ride, drive, play golf, and skim about the smooth, level roads on their bicycles, most of the women trying to equal Miss Virginia Fair's remarkable record. At several of the cottages a few extra wheels are kept on hand for the use of visitors, and those who can not ride practice on sequestered roads, with the aid of a manservant or two from the house, until they have mastered the art sufficiently to appear in public.

The favorite ride for wheelmen and wheelwomen leads to the Country Club. At almost any hour—even the hour of the afternoon drive, which is falling into desuetude—one can see shoals of men and women pedaling to or from the popular club-house. They go out there morning, noon, and night, and, indeed, one can not blame them, for it is a pleasant run, and one can watch the golfers very comfortably from the piazza. Then it is quite the thing to run out there for luncheon, for the club's *cuisine* is a distinct success, or in the afternoon, to get a cup of tea and munch waffles.

Golf is enjoying a boom just now. There are two instructors who have their hands full teaching beginners. The Golf Club, which is under the executive charge of Buchanan Winthrop, Henry A. C. Taylor, and H. Mortimer Brooks, has just reduced its age limit for members from twenty-one to eighteen years, and has had quite an accession of members in consequence. It is proposed to have a series of "club afternoons," when tea will be served, and a further aid to the popularity of the club is to be the competition for the six silver trophies which Mr. Havemeyer, president of the club, has offered. Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorchon and Mrs. John Jacob Astor are among the notable players who will go in for these trophies. The club building is not yet finished, but it will be in the near future, and its completion will be celebrated by a series of dances, which will be given under the patronage of Mrs. Havemeyer, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Robert and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. Fish, and Mrs. Gray. FLANEUR.

NEWPORT, July 24, 1895.

Probably the queerest branch of the educational profession is maintained under the auspices of the Secret Service Bureau of the Treasury Department at Washington. It is the education of bank clerks in the art of detecting counterfeit money. About twenty-five men (writes George Grantham Bain in the *Youth's Companion*) are now pursuing this vocation. Each of them has five hundred dollars' worth of counterfeit money, and carries with him a permit from the Secretary of the Treasury, which says:

"Authority is hereby given _____ of _____ (under Section 4 of Act of Congress, approved February 10, 1897, a copy of which said Act is hereunto attached) to have and to keep in _____ possession the within described counterfeit money aggregating _____, each note being branded 'counterfeit.' It shall not be lawful for the said _____ to part with (except to the United States) any one of the above-described pieces of counterfeit money, either permanently or as a temporary loan; neither shall it be lawful for the said _____ to add a counterfeit note or coin to the list described herein. If at any time, by design or carelessness, a violation of the provisions of this permit is proven to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Treasury, an order will at once issue revoking the authority herein given to the said _____."

The man who holds one of these permits must report his whereabouts to the chief of the secret service once a month, and if he is near a secret service office, he must hand over his counterfeits for inspection. If he fails to report to the secret service chief, a special agent of the office hunts him up and takes the counterfeit money from him. His authority once revoked can not be renewed. The necessity for these strict regulations grew out of the fact that not only people to whom counterfeit money was intrusted for legitimate purposes, but the agents of the secret service themselves, frequently gave counterfeits to their friends as pocket-pieces. Before the passage of the law of 1891, it was not necessary to put out counterfeit money for educational purposes. The "counterfeit detectors" reproduced the designs of noted counterfeits, and bankers, whenever any counterfeit of new make came into their possession, kept specimens of it to compare with notes of the same denomination where doubt of their genuineness existed. The law of 1891 made it as much an offense to have counterfeit money, however innocently, as to utter it. Permission is still given to some bankers to keep counterfeits on hand; but these bankers have to obtain permits under the same conditions that govern "professors" in the art of detecting counterfeits. The usual charge for a course in "counterfeit detecting" is ten dollars, and there is enough business to keep some of the "professors" on the road a good share of the time.

SLUMMING IN PARIS.

Low Resorts Frequented by the Fashionable World of the French Capital—A Visit to the Casino of the Concièrges—Its Eccentric Proprietor and its Queer Habitués.

History proves to us that the curiosity of the higher classes for all that is vulgar, coarse, and ignoble is a certain sign of social decadence, far more even than that of the decadence of manners. To cite but two examples: the downfall of the Roman Empire was foretold by the patrician ladies' taking gladiators for lovers, and the French Monarchy of Divine Right was shattered by the Duchesse de Berry's smoking a pipe borrowed at the barracks from one of the Life Guards. Such tendencies demonstrate an unwholesome, *blasé* state of mind analogous to that of the financier whose stomach, so goes the story, wearied of truffles and venison, turned to the black bread and the onion pastry of the cobbler round the corner. The one is none the less disastrous to the moral state of a society than the other to the physical state of an individual.

If this be true, Parisian society is very ill indeed. It was an unheard-of thing, a few years ago, for a woman of good society to enter a music-hall. Not because what one hears sung or recited at them, or that the dances one sees, are excessively indecorous, but because it is all coarse and vulgar merriment, suited to the taste of a popular public, at which persons of refinement, one would think, could find no more pleasure than they do in breathing the atmosphere of bad tobacco, cheap perfumery, and the odors that emanate from a crowd of spectators of doubtful cleanliness. Well, to-day it is such a commonplace thing for fashionable women to go, during the winter, to the Folies Bergères, to La Scala, to the Eldorado, and, in summer, to the Ambassadeurs, to the Horloge, and to the Alcazar, that the sensation has become very insipid to them. They continue to visit them, however, as well as the newer establishments, such as the Médieval Tavern of the Chat Noir, which lately has a rival in the Chien Noir, and also to go to the Cigale, the Carillon, Parisiana, the Bataclan, and others, which proves the success of this kind of establishment. "But all this has become very *bourgeois*, *ma chère*!" say the fashionable young women to each other.

Seeking worse places, they have discovered the Moulin Rouge, the Casino de Paris, where, besides more or less improper songs, public balls are given where they can elbow prostitutes of the lowest class, apparently an intense pleasure. However, even this does not satisfy them. There is the tavern of Aristide Bruant and that of "Colonel" Lisbourne at Montmartre, somewhat similar in style, but with this difference: the publican who keeps the former is a song-singer of real talent, a sort of obscene Béranger, who composes and sings his songs with unquestionable art, which one regrets is not better employed. This, therefore, is still too refined for fashionable curiosity, now beginning to frequent the neighboring establishment, which, up to date, appears to have reached the climax of vulgarity and brutish taste. To go there, after having dined at the Rat Mort or at the Abbaye de Thélème, is, as the slang has it, "le dernier cri."

"Colonel" Lisbourne owes his title to the Commune, during which time all that was necessary in order to obtain military rank was to sew enough braid on one's sleeves. After that sanguinary insurrection, "Colonel" Lisbourne was sent off as a convict to New Caledonia, and returned to France at the epoch of the amnesty, when he first became a revolutionary journalist and then a manager and actor at one of the faubourg theatres.

One evening at a free reception at the Elysée, the alarmed ushers saw him appear in evening-dress—not very correct—with lace ruffles at his wrists and a loose white foulard cravat. But this attire and his long flowing hair, in the Buffalo Bill style, were not sufficient to forbid him entrance. He was announced, shook the astonished M. Carnot's hand, mechanically held out to him, walked gravely through the drawing-rooms, behaved himself well, and, as may be supposed, was followed and looked at much more than any ambassador, illustrious personage, or professional beauty present. They laughed over it a great deal at the time—for Paris laughs at anything—but the event had not a little to do with the abolition of official receptions, except those given by personal invitation.

At that very time, Lisbourne was running his "Convicts' Tavern." The idea which induced him to give this name to his pot-house did not originate with him. When the Chat Noir was founded—a sort of Bohemian club for independent artists and writers, independent in the way of grammar and drawing, most certainly—the waiters were attired in a dress-coat embroidered with green palms and wore at their side the mother-of-pearl-handled sword of the Academicians. This pleasantry, a protest against classical art, was a little far-fetched, but amusing. The former convict's satire was more malevolent when he dressed his waiters in the yellow trousers, red jacket, green cap, with around their ankles a chain and ball—made in tin, of course—which the prisoners of state wear at Noumea. Several scandals, of which this delightful spot was the theatre, caused it to be closed by the police.

The "Colonel" inaugurated a similar one, less offensive in name, the Casino des Concièrges. This establishment is only opened very late at night. Instead of being able to enter it free, as in any other tavern, one is obliged to ring at the closed door, and the *cordon* is pulled by a waiter, dressed, as are all the others, in the costume generally worn by *concièrges*, or porters, in low-class houses: a woven woolen shirt with sleeves, a high, coarse blue apron, felt shoes, and a cap on which, in guise of ornament, is attached a small feather duster, constituting the amusing note in the costume—not offensive, it must be confessed.

The large room, with its low ceiling, wherein the wooden tables, benches, and stools are placed, is filled with rank tobacco smoke. On the walls, pictures and advertisements of doubtful taste are hung. At the bottom of this room is

a cellar where, on a small stage, the "companions, of both sexes, stand and sing songs of which it is difficult to say whether they are the more silly or obscene.

The patrons of this establishment are prostitutes of the lowest kind, a few of whom are still fresh and pretty, proving their extreme youth, and, then, men of all conditions. We saw there—ought we to confess it?—a professor of philosophy, an author of a voluminous treatise on ethics which is making a great sensation in Paris at present, and whose lectures exert an enormous influence over a group of earnest young students who venerate him almost as though he were a prophet. Monsieur X. might, perhaps, be able to account for his presence there from a desire of obtaining (like ourselves) data concerning the lowest social strata. But, alas! he seemed to be so very much at home that we are obliged to conclude he must be one of its *habitués*. Suppose his fervent disciples should find it out!

The patron of the establishment walks about between the tables, sitting down here or there, like a host among his guests. He has a curious physiognomy, in which one discovers energy and intelligence soddened and soiled by crapulous vice. His features, formerly fine, are ruined by drink and sleepless nights—the wan face of an old loafer, with dulled eyes, an almost toothless mouth, a bristling mustache, and he is constantly chewing an eternal cigarette. He wears his hair long and ill-kempt, and there is an apparent exaggeration and accentuation in his attitude of loose manners and his summery costume: a night-shirt without collar or cravat, an old open jacket, and trousers beld up by a leathern belt. We are told that, when not exercising his profession of "Colonel," he dresses like a gentleman, except that he displays a too showy Bohemian style, and that he is very amiable and courteous in his ways. One would never think so to see him at the Casino des Concièrges.

It is the rule in this place that the entrance of every customer should be greeted with a round of epithets, very un-Athenian, for which he gives the signal. The form of language he employs to tell them to shut the door and not to crowd the passages is more blasphemous than any circumstance would justify.

A detail, however, should be mentioned in justice: if the women are particularly the victims of the most gross language, it is because they belong to a class that has not the right to be offended at it. But, on the other hand, when respectable women, accompanied by their husbands or friends, stray into this ill-begotten place, by a sign imperceptible to all but the initiated the "Colonel" stops the coarse brawling, and they can sit down quietly in a corner without being molested and are treated with especial courtesy by the waiters. Lisbourne never makes a mistake, and his regular customers are admirably disciplined.

What does one do there? Nothing. Seated before a glass of horrible beer, or unsavory brandied cherries for which one pays four times as much as elsewhere, one simply has the pleasure of looking at this crowd of low people, who, taken on the whole, make but little noise, who smoke, drink, and from time to time scream out in chorus the refrain of the filthy songs that are dolefully repeated every night by the artists of the place, and in which the patron deigns to join with a rough, coarse voice.

The star is Mlle. Gavrochiette, a little Montmartre girl, with a wide-awake, cunning face, such as one sees frequently in studios, for she is a model during the day. At intervals she circulates through the room, selling the songs that have been sung, together with paper-fans and screens. She is a good sort of creature and honest in her way. The other evening a young sailor, decorated with the Tonkin medal, came in with a *cocotte*, quite showily dressed. Proud of his good fortune, he was for buying a number of things from Gavrochiette to offer them to his fair conquest. She sold him one or two, then suddenly: "That will do, my boy. Do you think I'm going to take all your 'galette'?"—the slang for money.

The specimens of humanity that one sees in this place are far from admirable. The pretty, fashionable women who have been led to it by unwholesome curiosity, leave it disgusted. But, as they must be supposed to have been amused, they say confidentially to their friends the next day: "It is ignoble, *ma chère*! But you must see it!"

Not a quarter of a century ago, the Princesse de Metternich created a great scandal by going to hear Thérèse sing at a *café chantant*, and, having discovered a great artist in her, occasioned still greater scandal by having her sing her songs—very innocent ones compared with those of to-day—before a circle of intimate friends at the Austrian embassy, among whom was the ex-Empress Eugénie. "The Imperial rottenness," of which so much has been said and written, has made great headway since the republic.

PARIS, July 8, 1895.

DORSEY.

Religion was strangely mixed with trade at Fécamp, in Normandy, the other day, when the Archbishop of Rouen, assisted by the Bishop of Blois and many other priests, consecrated the new buildings of the liqueur distillery where the *Bénédictine* is made. The liqueur was invented in 1510 by one of the *Bénédictine* monks of the Abbey of Fécamp, and was made by them till they were dispersed by the revolution. Thirty years ago, a descendant of one of the agents of the abbey found the recipe and manufactured the liqueur as a commercial speculation. The buildings were burned down three years ago, and in their place he has now put up, on the site of the former abbey, as close a reproduction of the old monastery as could be made. The finest room, properly enough, is a banquet-hall, one hundred and sixty-five feet by sixty-six.

Oregon has just passed a law against fishing on Sunday in the Columbia River. It is not intended for the moral benefit of the fishermen, but to give the salmon a rest and enable them to catch up somewhat with the slaughter of the canneries on the other six days of the week. The law will be rigidly enforced.

LITERARY NOTES.

New Publications.

"Harum Scaram: The Story of a Wild Girl," by Esme Stuart, has been issued in the Authors' Library by the International News Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Josiah's Alarm" and "Abel Perry's Funeral," two short stories by "Josiah Allen's Wife," have been issued in a little "vest-pocket" book by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

A second edition has been issued of "The Tourists' Guide Through the Hawaiian Islands," prepared by Henry M. Whitney. It is a comprehensive description of the islands, with much information useful for immigrants as well as for tourists, and it is copiously illustrated. Published by the Hawaiian Gazette Co., Honolulu; price, 75 cents.

Another book called forth by the success of Harvey's "Coin's Financial School" is "Eli Perkins on Money," which resembles its predecessor in being a strange conglomeration of text and cheap wood-cuts, intended as argument for the enlightenment of the public on financial questions. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

The third part of "The Royal Natural History" edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S., continues the chapters on apes, monkeys, and lemurs, and completes the chapter on bats. The colored plate represents a tigress and her cubs, and the wood-cuts illustrating the other pages are very numerous. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Strength: A Treatise on the Development of Muscle," by "the champion C. A. Sampson, the strongest man on earth," contains introductory remarks advocating the development of muscular strength; a biography of the author; some remarks on hygiene, and directions for exercises with and without apparatus. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"A Holiday in Spain and Norway," by Caroline Earle White, is a little pamphlet containing a series of letters written last year during a tour of those countries, which are so far out of the beaten track of travel that these clear-cut impressions will be doubly welcome. The letters are nine in number, and are dated from Cordova, Granada, Tangier, Seville, and five Norwegian places whose names are equally unknown and unpronounceable. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The latest issue of the *Bibelot* is entitled "The Pathos of the Rose in Poetry," and consists of a delightful article by the late John Addington Symonds, reviewing "Ros Rosarum ex Horto Poetarum: Dew of the Ever-Living Rose Gathered from the Poets' Gardens of Many Lands." It is more upon the poems omitted by the compiler of that book than on those he prints, and contains some exquisite translations of little-known gems from the Latin and Italian poets. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

"When Valmond Came to Pontiac," by Gilbert Parker, is another Canadian story. Valmond is a gay young Frenchman whose advent in the quiet Canadian village of Pontiac creates no little excitement, because of his remarkable resemblance to Napoleon. His hints and admissions give the impression that he is the son of a noble countess who managed in disguise to obtain access to Napoleon at St. Helena—a story that divides Pontiac into two camps of believers and non-believers. Among the latter is a veteran who had served under the Little Corporal, and the scene in which he confronts this impostor, as he thinks Valmond, is the best in the book. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

"Parson Thring's Secret," by A. W. Marchmont, is an English story which begins with a prologue in which a wronged woman promises to make life miserable for the man who should make her his wife. The story proper opens up a few years later, when the man has come into a large property from his uncle and is trying to marry his vicar's daughter. His nemesis and the other nephew, who is also in love with the vicar's daughter, combine forces against him and discover that he has suppressed a later will; but the parson's secret comes up to aid the villain and postpones the happy dénouement until several new complications are disposed of. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Story of the Plants," by Grant Allen, is the latest issue in the Library of Useful Stories. Its purpose is to give a short and succinct account of the phenomena of plant life in language suited to the comprehension of unscientific readers, accepting the evolutionary theory and making the study of plants a first introduction to the great modern principles of heredity, variation, natural selection, and adaptation to environment. Some of the chapter heads are: "How Plants Came to Be," "How Plants Eat," "How Plants Marry," "More Marriage Customs," "What Plants Do for

their Young," and "The Past History of Plants." This interesting little book is fully illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

"A Gender in Satin," by "Rita," recently published in the Incognito Library, takes its name from the phrase by which a cynical young physician designates womankind. His friend, Christopher Hope, is in love with a fellow art-student, Paula Drewe, and she feels a strong love for Dr. Dering, while recognizing and despising his selfish worldliness. The doctor furthers his fortunes by marrying a wealthy patient, and honest Christopher and Paula are hurried into matrimony by the wishes of a dying aunt. Six months later the two couples meet, and Paula, afraid of Dr. Dering's passion, goes with full confession to her husband to implore his protection against herself. The characters are all persons in English society, and some of them are quite cleverly sketched—namely Christopher and Mrs. Leslie Bruce, a flirtatious young woman whose empty life soon makes her malicious. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is issued as the tenth volume of the Variorum Edition of Shakespeare which is being edited by Horace Howard Furness. It was in 1871 that Mr. Furness began his monumental task, and as yet only nine plays have been finished, "Hamlet" requiring two whole volumes. The eighth volume, containing "As You Like It," was published in 1890; "The Tempest" bears date of 1892; and this latest volume required three years in its preparation. The text employed in this volume, as well as in its four predecessors, is that of the first folio, reproduced from Mr. Furness's own copy, which he argues is merely a reprint of Robert's quarto, after a mild editorial revision, which, in its turn, was probably set up by dictation—a common practice in those days and one of importance to the Shakespearean student—from the Fisher quarto. The preface by Mr. Furness (thirty-four pages) and the text and notes (two hundred and forty-three pages), together with the appendix and index (one hundred and ten pages more), contains all the information the most inveterate student of the comedy will need: they summarize all the German, English, and American criticism on the subject, forty-three editions, from 1600 to 1891, being collated with the first folio and six other editions being referred to in disputed passages, while the list of books cited fills four pages. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$4.00.

M. Frantz Funck-Brentano seems in a fair way to win for himself a name as a legend-killer. Says the *Nation*:

"He has already grappled with the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, and he has lately attacked the long-prevalent belief in the sale of blank *lettres de cachet* under the old régime. This legend has had the support of many historians. It passed unquestioned into the works of Michelet, Ramhaud, Duruy, and into the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' M. Ramhaud, perhaps, gives the story best and most concisely. He says, in his 'Histoire de la Civilisation Française,' that any person of influence could obtain '*lettres de cachet*' in which the name was kept blank, and could write in the name of his personal enemy, his rival, his creditor. Under Louis the Fifteenth they could be had for money. La Villière, when he was minister, made a business of selling them through the Countess de Langeac; they came to be sold by his lackeys. It cost only twenty-five louis to have any one arrested.' Duruy tells a piquant story of a husband and wife, each of whom solicited a letter of which the other was to be the beneficiary. Both succeeded, and both were disagreeably surprised at the result, for both were shut up on the same day. M. Funck-Brentano himself had no doubt of the correctness of the story at the time when he was put in charge of the archives of the Bastille. These archives contain not only the *dossiers* of the prisoners of the Bastille itself, but also those of all who were confined under *lettres de cachet* in other prisons, and hospitals or convents of Paris and its environs. Within the last ten years sixty thousand of these *dossiers* have passed under his eyes. In all the innumerable quantity of letters from persons of every rank and station which these contain—applications for orders of arrest, appeals for liberation, petitions of friends, reports of officials from ministers down to police spies—is all this mass of documents, M. Funck-Brentano finds not only no trace of any *lettre de cachet* issued in blank, but not even a hint that any such letter ever was asked for.

It can not be objected to his conclusion that these secret documents may have been taken away from the Bastille and destroyed, for it has been demonstrated that the old régime left such untouched. The Bastille was precisely the safest and surest place in the kingdom, and confidential letters and secret documents were sent there for safe-keeping. But M. Funck-Brentano has something better than merely negative evidence to rely on. He has a letter which the Lieutenant of Police Héroult addressed on February 21, 1735, to the Duchess de Lorges, explaining the long series of regular formalities which had to be gone through before a *lettre de cachet* could issue. And of more weight yet—of conclusive weight, in fact—is a letter written on the twentieth of August, 1770, by the Duc de la Vrillière himself to M. de Blossac, in which he says, in reference to a man who had threatened the king's life: 'You will send me a report at once, in order that upon this I may transmit to you orders (*lettres de cachet*) for his transference to the Bastille; but it is not possible to send these to you in blank. That would be against all rule, and against the usage I have constantly observed since I have been in the ministry.' But how did the legend of blank *lettres de cachet* arise? M. Funck-Brentano has a very simple answer to the question. Up to the last years of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, until the royal government became administrative, *lettres de cachet* were wholly written by hand. The administration then for the first time had some forms printed, and in these, of course, blanks had to be left for names and dates, as well as for the signature of the king. From these blanks, no doubt, the legend sprang.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

My Sweetheart.

She is neither short nor tall,
Rather what I think you'd call
Just the size;
And her hands and feet are—well,
I'll say ditto, and not tell
Any lies.

Though her eyes are soft and blue,
They have not the brilliant hue
Of the sky;
Yet when in their depths I look,
Like a picture in a hook,
There am I.

Not so very small her nose is;
Neither are her cheeks like roses,
Red and white;
And my muse does not embolden
Me to call her brown hair golden,
Though I might.

Just a village maiden she—
Many ladies that you see
Rank above her;
Men have seldom called her pretty;
I have never thought her witty;
But I love her.—D. C. Hasbrouck.

To an Intrusive Butterfly.

'Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way,'
—FIVE RULES OF BUDDHA.

I watch you through the garden walks,
I watch you float between
The avenues of dahlia stalks,
And flicker on the green;
You hover round the garden seat,
You mount, you waver. Why,
Why storm us in our still retreat,
O saffron Butterfly!

Across the room in loops of flight
I watch you wayward go;
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,
Review my books a-row;
Before the hush you faunt and flit
Of "blind Mæonides"—
Ah, trifter, on his lips there lit
Not hutterflies, but bees!

You pause, you poise, you circle up
Among my old Japan;
You find a comrade on a cup,
A friend upon a fan;
You wind anon, a breathing while,
Around Amanda's brow—
Dost dream her then, O Volatile!
E'en such an one as thou?

Away! Her thoughts are not as thine,
A sterner purpose fills
Her steadfast soul with deep design
Of baby hows and frills;
What care hath she for worlds without—
What heed for yellow sun,
Whose endless hopes revolve about
A planet, *etait* one!

Away! Tempt not the best of wives!
Let not thy garish wing
Come fluttering our autumn lives
With truant dreams of spring!
Away! Reseck thy "Flowery Land";
Be Buddha's law obeyed;
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand
Should slay—a future Praed!
—Austin Dobson.

Ballade of a Coquette.

She wears a most hewitching hang—
Gold curls made captive in a net;
Her dresses with precision hang;
Her hat observes the stylish set;
She has a poodle for a pet,
And drives a dashing drag and pony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her phrases all are fraught with slang,
The very latest she can get;
She sings the songs that Patience sang,
Can whistle airs from "Olivette,"
And in the waltz perhaps might let
You squeeze her hand with gems all stony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,
Nor known a momentary fret;
Want never wounds her with his fang;
She likes to run papa in debt;
She'll smoke a slender cigarette
Sub rosa with a favored crony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

ENVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!
She has no thoughts of matrimony;
I know it, though we've never met—
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

—Frank D. Sherman.

The difficulty between M. Catulle Mendès and Signor Leoncavallo in regard to alleged plagiarism, which has been productive of so much tempestuous rancor, has come to a ludicrous termination. M. Mendès imagined that the scene in the last act of "Pagliacci," where the actress is murdered by the husband before the audience, was taken from one of his works; but it has been shown that the incident occurs, substantially in the same detail, in Bousquet's opera "Tabarin," produced in 1852. So M. Mendès has withdrawn his process against Signor Leoncavallo.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There is a good deal of guessing as to who is the "Literary Hack" whose confessions we reprinted last week from the July *Forum*. Some say that it is John Gilmer Speed, others that it is Brander Matthews playing off; but a writer in the *World* can not agree with this latter opinion. Mr. Matthews, he says, has a large income from his father's estate and five thousand dollars a year as a Columbia College professor, besides the goodly sum he makes with his pen.

Lovell, Coryell & Co. announce that more than fifty thousand copies of Edward W. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden" had been sold up to July 20th. Mr. Townsend is now at work on his novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements."

The biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, which is in course of preparation by Sidney Colvin, will not appear for two years or more.

Two neat phrases are flitting about the literary world. The first is due to Mr. Zangwill, who lately spoke of a number of contemporaneous writers as "falling into the sere old *Yellow Book*." The second, in *Blackwood's*, classified decadent literature as of three kinds—"erotic, neurotic, and tommyrotic."

M. Zola has finished a third of his long novel, "Rome." He says that it is giving him great trouble, there is so much "reading up" to be done. The book is to deal with all the Romes—that of antiquity, that of the Middle Ages, and that of to-day. He adds, concerning his new series, "The Three Cities," that "Lourdes" symbolizes the city of the Middle Ages, with all the simplicity of its faith; "Rome" represents the city of modern evolution; and Paris—"well, Paris is the future."

Mr. William Morris makes high art pay, if we may accept the calculations of the *British Printer*. One of the latest publications of the Kelmscott Press is an edition of Chaucer, of which only four hundred and twenty-five copies were printed on paper and seven on vellum. Every one of these has been sold, over forty-two thousand dollars being realized for the ordinary copies and nearly five thousand dollars for the vellum impressions.

Dr. Conan Doyle writes very frankly to the *Author* concerning the profits of his lecture-tour in the United States; his statements are thus summarized in the *Critic*:

"The subject of the gains to be made by lecturing in America is one, he declares, upon which there has been a great deal of exaggeration. Any one who goes to America with the primary idea of making money will, he thinks, be disappointed; but if he goes to have a good time, and incidentally to make his expenses, he will not be disappointed. Thackeray and Dickens made money, and when we have another Thackeray and Dickens, they may do the same; but the British lecturer whose credentials are more modest will find that the margin left over, after his expenses are paid, is probably a less sum than he could have easily earned in his own study. The story that he averaged five hundred dollars a night he brands as nonsense. He intimates that he made about one hundred and twenty-five dollars a night, from which the agent's commission and traveling expenses had to be deducted. Allowing him four lectures a week, in two months he would have made three thousand dollars. From this, he says, the lecturer has to subtract his double passage-money, and about a month extra spent in the journey and preparations. If the balance will exceed what he would earn in the same period by his pen, it is then worth his while to go to America for money. 'My own trip to America,' he adds, in conclusion, 'was one of the most pleasant experiences of my life, but if it had been the wish to earn more than I could have done at home which had attracted me thither, I should certainly have been disappointed. This would be a merely personal and unimportant matter, were it not that the mention of exaggerated sums in your pages might mislead and cause disappointment to some of your readers.' One infers that the writer makes at least ten thousand dollars a year by his pen."

The long-promised volume of Matthew Arnold's letters, written between 1848 and 1888, will soon be brought out. George W. E. Russell has carefully collected and arranged these epistles.

The prize of two thousand dollars which Miss Mary Wilkins recently won in the detective-story competition is out her first success of the kind. Her earliest published story, "The Ghost Family," secured her the prize of fifty dollars for which it was written. Miss Wilkins had chirography handicapped her early efforts to gain a publisher's favor. She writes an immature, school-girl hand that used to prejudice publishers' "readers" against her.

George Hugo has been made sub-director of *La Nouvelle Revue*, of which Mme. Adam is in charge. It is supposed that he and young Léon Daudet will soon replace Mme. Adam, who is to devote all her time to her six volumes of memoirs, one of which is to appear each year until finished.

A new translation of Nordau's "Conventional Lies of Our Civilization" is announced in London. A translation appeared in Chicago about ten years ago.

A bust of Henri Mürger, the author of "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," has been unveiled in the Luxembourg garden in Paris. A dinner at six francs per *couvert* formed part of the official programme, and aroused by its aristocratic price the ire of the denizens of the Quartier Latin, who at

once organized a dinner costing but two francs, as being a fitter tribute to the historian of Bohemia. As a matter of course, a third repast was organized at once, costing only half a franc, thus giving an opportunity to Jean Aicard to make a witty allusion, in his speech at the unveiling, to the artists "assez pauvres pour ne pas dîner aujourd'hui, même en l'honneur de Mürger."

A third edition has been called for of Mr. Stockton's "Adventures of Captain Horn," and yet the book has been out only six weeks. The number of copies sold has exceeded thirteen thousand.

It is probably the success of Mr. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden" that has led his publishers, Lovell, Coryell & Co., to bring out another series of tales by a *Sun* writer. This is "The Old Settler, the Squire, and Little Peleg," and the author is Ed. Mott, who has written a great number of very funny sketches, ranging from wild hunters' tales to the adventures of the bibulous Mr. Johnson, of Cohoes, and his friend Grimesy.

"Elizabeth Hastings," the author of that clever satire, "An Experiment in Altruism," turns out to be Miss Margaret Sherwood, a young instructor in Wellesley College.

Pierre Loti is about to start on a journey through India.

Colonel John Hay is the latest author to boast a literary daughter. Miss Helen Hay contributes to one of the young folk's magazines, this month, a humorous poem called "The Merry Mongoose."

It is an interesting fact that all of the leading publishing houses in New York are presided over by young men. Says a New York exchange:

"If you see a gray hair in a Harper's head it is not from age. J. Henry Harper—who is virtually the head of the house, his cousin, 'Brooklyn Joe,' having long since retired from active business—is not more than forty, judging entirely by appearances. The two Scribners have not a gray hair between them. Charles Scribner, the senior member of the firm, is still in his early thirties, and his brother Arthur is even younger. At the Appletons you will find some slight inclination to baldness, but that is among the younger members of the firm. 'Mr. Willie,' who is the active head of the house and the senior of the present generation, has some gray among his brown curls, but he is still a young man. You need not look for gray hairs or baldness either at Macmillans'. Mr. Brett is not more than thirty, and yet he is not only the head of the American house of Macmillan & Co., but he is the house itself, every one else about the place being employees. At the Putnams', too, they are young men. Mr. Haven Putnam, the elder brother, may have some gray hidden away under his brown hair, but it does not show. It is in the heads of his younger brothers that you see the gray hairs. At the Century Company you strike a lot of gray hair, but most of it belongs to Mr. Chickster, who was gray at twenty. The Century men are still young men."

The danger that besets the novelist who attempts to write plays is illustrated by Mr. Zangwill in an anecdote of an actress who played in an unsuccessful comedy by a distinguished man of letters. One of her stage directions, she said, ran thus: "Reënter Mary, having drunk a cup of tea."

One of the most promising of the younger school of authors in the West is Miss Lillian Bell, of Chicago, of whose newest book, "A Little Sister to the Wilderness," five thousand copies were sold in three weeks. Miss Bell is a young woman of thirty, who became known a few years ago by her "Love Affairs of Ao Old Maid." She had written two complete novels before she was fifteen, but they are not destined ever to see the light of publication.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian novelist, is writing a story whose heroine is said to be Eleonora Duse.

This is the pessimistic conclusion at which Mr. Howells has arrived, as set forth in his latest book:

"I have found that literature gives one no certain station in the world of men's activities, either idle or useful. We literary folk try to believe that it does, but that is all nonsense. At every period of life among boys and men we are accepted when they are at leisure and want to be amused; and at best we are tolerated rather than accepted."

Captain Mahan will soon bring out another book on sea-power.

Before she turned her attention to literature, Beatrice Harraden had made a local name for herself as a performer on the cello. Ill health, which left her physically unable to stand the fatigue of playing the musical instrument, forced her to lay down the bow and take up the pen, but she occasionally entertains friends with music. In refusing to give a reporter her impressions of things in general, she said: "Impressions are what I sell; they are my stock-in-trade."

Mrs. Deland has finished her new novel, but no date has been set for its publication.

Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The second International Press League meeting will be held at Bordeaux, France, in September. An effort is making to secure the representation of the American press, and an exceptionally cordial invitation has been extended to American writers to send delegates. Apropos of this event, the *New York Sun* says:

"The title 'International Press League' was assumed by the Federation of United States Press Clubs in 1893,

but they have never justified it by affiliation with foreign organizations. The European league held its first congress last year at Antwerp during the exposition. Nearly every civilized country was represented. South America and New Zealand sent delegates. England sent the officers of her great newspaper organization, the Institute of Journalists, which has a membership of four thousand. The United States was represented only by a foreign newspaper man, Paul Ocker, who lives in London and is registered as correspondent of American journals. He was delegated to act for the German Press Club of San Francisco.

"It was decided at the Antwerp Congress to have the next annual meeting at Buda-Pesth in July. Subsequently, however, the committee of arrangements deemed it best to change the place of meeting to Bordeaux. There is an exposition this summer at Bordeaux, and the city is more accessible to visitors from this side of the ocean. Nevertheless, up to this time no lively interest in the congress has been manifested in this country, possibly because comparatively little is known of the league beyond the fact of its existence.

"M. Paul Ocker, who was the only delegate at Antwerp for America, is now in the United States, and has communicated with newspaper men in the principal cities from New York to California in reference to the congress. He says the English newspaper men carried off all the honors last year because there was no American competition. He explains the purpose of the organization as the establishing of good feeling among newspaper writers the world over. Wherever there are press associations belonging to the league (he says), the traveling newspaper man of any nationality will find a welcome and a home, in case the league's objects be fully attained. Other aims are to establish a general bureau of information and facilities for providing or finding employment for newspaper workers outside their own countries; to obtain greater international postal and telegraphic facilities and lower press rates; to protect literary and news property rights; and to found a bureau of arbitration to adjust difficulties among newspapers and newspaper men.

"The Antwerp Congress convened on July 7th and closed on July 15th. The delegates were the guests of literary societies and art clubs. They were received by the municipal authorities. They went sight-seeing. They were bidden to the exposition by the executive committee. They were dined, lunched, banqueted, and fêted, and were taken to any number of entertainments. They went to Brussels by special train, and there was an illumination and concert in their honor. On July 12th, they were received by the king at the castle of Laeken. For four days Brussels did its best for the diversion of the newspaper people. They returned to Antwerp and took a steamer to Ostend, where the authorities gave them a reception and banquet, thus closing the first International Press Congress.

"Dr. John Friedrich, of the Swiss Publishing Company, who has been on the executive committee of the United States Press League, brought up the subject of the Bordeaux Congress at the recent meeting of press clubs in Philadelphia. He said recently, however, that, so far as he is informed, but little interest is felt in the movement."

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"The Amazons" is a caprice, a play "born in a merry hour." A celebrated playwright condescended to lend his mind to this brilliant trifling, and so it has received a higher consideration than it would have done had Jack or Jill written it in their garret under the tiles of Bohemia.

The serious muse of Mr. Pinero has for once been gay and frivolous. For once the creator of Mrs. Tanqueray has let The Woman with the Past gang her own gait without having any opinion to express in the matter. He has deliberately shunned his responsibilities as a playwright who has messages to deliver, and reforms to institute, and abuses to discover, and has gone back to the golden age when people wrote with no other object than to amuse. It is, of course, a little difficult to reconcile this pagan attitude with the highly conscientious one heretofore observed by Mr. Pinero. But great men have these little freaks. Zola writes "La Rêve" and Grant Allen "The Woman Who Did." *Toujours perdrix* is a cloying diet. But Mrs. Tanqueray and Mrs. Ebbsmith must feel a little uneasy about their future dramatic prominence when their most successful modern historian turns his back on them in this cavalier way.

The message of "The Amazons" is one that appeals to the eye rather than to the mind. It is that a woman may wear coat and trousers, and yet not be so hideous an object that the sun will hide his face rather than look upon her. The true message of "The Amazons" is, in fact, how to cut bloomers. All those who contemplate bloomers in a skirtless, emancipated future, or those who have been guilty of them in a desperate, unregenerate past, should see "The Amazons." It will encourage the timid and inspire those standing with reluctant feet to overcome their reluctance. The woman who has said that death is better than bloomers, will be quite won over. It will prove to the advocate of that voluminous, bifurcated garment, arrayed in which the New Woman looks like a cross between a French zouave and a Sunday picnic bather at Asbury Park, that getting as many box-plats as possible on the band is not, after all, the whole solution of the problem of dress-reform.

The three Amazons of Overcot Park are three as attractive figures as one could wish to see. Lady Norline, in her green corduroys—coat, waistcoat, and trousers as trim and smart as a capable tailor could design and make—is the prettiest. Lady Tommy is the most successfully masculine. There is no concession to feminine vanity made in her loose hunting-coat, her triumphantly loud waistcoat, her checked knickerbockers, and her trim white gaiters. The third sister—Miss Katherine Florence takes the part—is neither so manly in her garb or in her nature as her elders. She is a distinct backslider from the principles in which she was brought up, and so compromises on a coat with long skirts and a pair of high boots. To the woman whose soul revolts at the thought of bloomers, this costume may safely be recommended.

The play through which these trousered and booted sirens move is so amusing that its one great fault is not obvious and does not matter. There is no objective point toward which its three acts of existence tend. There is no mystery to be plucked out of its heart; there is no obstacle to be overridden; there is no unexpected *dénouement* in which it culminates. The first act is not half over when one sees the rest of it stretching out before one in a straight, unswerving road to the inevitable and general matrimony to which everybody in the cast is advancing with the placid serenity of sacrificial animals marching to their doom. There are not even any villains to be punished, no goats to be separated from the sheep. Everybody is good and agreeable, and, as a reward of merit, gets mated to some charming person in the last act.

But when a play is as gay, and blithesome, and brilliant as "The Amazons," its faults of construction, its absence of plot, do not matter much. There is a time to be grave and a time to be gay, as Solomon or some other Old Testament gentleman says, and "The Amazons" belongs to the time when one is gay. It is quite the other way with "The Ideal Husband"; that belongs to the time when things are very grave. The bare name is enough to make one feel solemn. A play with any other name would no doubt be quite as sweet, but not half so many women would go to see it. Of course all women want to know what an ideal husband is like—if they have none, just from curiosity, but if they have one, from a laudable desire to study the best models and train him up to the best standards.

Therefore the disappointment is bitter when one

finds out that the ideal husband of Mr. Wilde's play is only considered an ideal by his wife and is not at all ideal to other people. Indeed, he himself does not evidently like being looked upon as ideal, for, in the end of the second act, he furiously reproaches his wife with having regarded him from this impossibly lofty standpoint. It is rather a strange thing to get angry about, especially after a most intense and emotional scene; but there is a good deal to be said for him. Nothing is more oppressive than to have to live up to the lofty standard that your friends raise for you.

The dramas of Mr. Wilde, with all their flippant sprightliness of dialogue and affectation of elegant boredom, are essentially old-fashioned and conventional. Under a surface of maliciously cynical and frivolous wit stands the old skeleton that has been used by Dumas *père* and Emile Augier, "Lady Windermere's Fan" and now "The Ideal Husband" bear in nowise on the life and query of the moment. They might have been written forty years ago. The modern atmosphere is introduced by means of smart conversation and the occasional appearance of the tea-table, which is becoming as essential a part of the contemporaneous play as the good wife or the bad adventuress.

In "The Ideal Husband," all the Lady Windermere characters reappear. There is the tough-fibred old society veteran, who has no end of knowing, sharp things to say of everybody and here and there plants a sentence of advice and guidance hoary with a half-century's accumulated experiences. There is the young wife, good and innocent and very dull. There is the adventuress, of course, who dresses brilliantly, is always careful about the candle-shades, wants to marry into the aristocracy and quite live down a Past which is sufficiently out of the ordinary run to spell with a capital P.

This adventuress is favored above her predecessor, Mrs. Erlynne, by adding to her other useful accomplishments that of kleptomania. In "those happy days, when she was not innocent but not found out," she stole many beautiful and valuable articles, among others a bracelet, which, with undoubted ingenuity on the part of the author, is converted into the means of bringing her to discovery and destruction. The manner in which her discomfiture and downfall are precipitated by Lord Goring's discovery that she does not know of the secret spring in the bracelet, is, if somewhat dimly, clever and unhackneyed.

The character of Mrs. Cheveley, this brilliant being, is portrayed by Miss Annie Irish, a new actress and a decided acquisition in the Lyceum company. She has much charm—very nearly as important a possession as talent—and a good deal of ability. She has also a most striking stage appearance, not so much beauty as that indefinable air and presence, that consciousness of being well-favored above the average woman, which is a very valuable addition to an actress's talents. It would appear that she had been trained in some school of acting, for she has all the stage tricks and affectations of speech and manner that they seem to include in the curriculum in these places. If she would condescend to be a trifle more natural, a little less elaborately affected in her way of speaking and her general manner, she would have given a most brilliant rendering of a very old and conventional stage figure.

Of course, in this type of play, the adventuress is certain to visit the hero's apartment at an advanced hour of the evening and there find the noble heroine, just before her or just behind her, hastening to a rendezvous with the same hero, in which she is going to try to save somebody from some kind of disgrace. It never seems to cross the mind of the noble heroine that it would be easier, and much more according to custom, to send a letter to the hero and ask him to call on her that evening and there arrange the manner in which the disgraced person—husband, mother, brother, cousin—is to be saved and protected. But the noble heroines in plays are of such a mental calibre that, if there were many of them in real life, all the asylums for full-grown idiots would be crowded to overflowing.

In this act, Mrs. Cheveley has her best scene, which is a good one, and also has an opportunity of wearing a particularly magnificent cloak. For some moments the cloak—it was a gorgeous affair brocaded in roses and with cascades of yellow lace and pink ribbon falling about it—held the stage, and the audience even forgot Mrs. Cheveley's attractive face, round and grave, like a child's, emerging from the collar of lace and ribbon. In this act, too, occurs the choice scene of the play, that between Lord Goring and his father. These two distinguished actors are so finely artistic in their work that even the artificial Wildean dialogue took on a tone of naturalness and sincerity in their mouths, and the scene detached itself from the general glittering unreality of the rest of the piece, to remain in the memory as an exquisite little pastel executed by artists of the true kind.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Too Much Johnson," direct from a run of an entire season in New York, with William Gillette, its author, as the central figure of the cast, will be presented at the Baldwin next Monday night, and will constitute the one theatrical novelty of the week. Mr. Gillette has not visited this city for seven or eight years, but his works, among which may be mentioned "Held by the Enemy," "The Private Secretary," "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," etc., have always been successful here. The company is under the management of Charles Frohman, and is the same that presented the play all last season in New York city. It includes Miss Maud Haslam, Miss Kate Meek, Miss Loraine Dreux, Mr. Ralph Delmore, Charles Bell, Robert Hickman, Samuel Reed, Charles Crosby, Thomas Erison, Benjamin Hendricks, Cecil Lionel, and William Gillette.

Helen Bertram has been engaged for the Bostonians. She will receive three hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Duse's second engagement in London is said to have been a failure financially. Duse herself is highly unpopular with her associates and employees in the theatres, whom she treats with almost unexampled rudeness. The one fount of affection in her is for her daughter, who is a child of eleven years, now at school in Italy.

"By Order of the Czar" is the melodrama to be given at Morosco's next week. The name alone conjures up visions of nihilists, knouts, the dread Third Section, *moujiks* full of vodka, and other thrilling features of Russian life, and they will be more than realized in the play, which is taken from Matthew Brenner's novel, "Le Cabaret Rouge." The staging of the play will be very elaborate, especially in the scenes representing the Czar's Winter Palace, a Russian wedding in a Greek church, and Strevensky Castle.

"Le Capitaine" is the name of De Wolf Hopper's new opera, written for him by Klein and Sousa. He will probably have it ready in time for his coming engagement at the Baldwin, which will be the first time that he has ever visited the coast.

The final week of the Frawley organization at the Columbia Theatre, which begins next Monday night, will be made a gala occasion by the presentation of the plays that, judged by popular request for their revival, have been best liked during their season here. The repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday and Tuesday, "All the Comforts of Home"; Wednesday and Thursday, "The Arabian Nights"; Friday, "Young Mrs. Winthrop"; Saturday afternoon and night, "Moths"; and Sunday, "The Senator."

Plotow's lyric opera, "Martha," will be sung next week at the Tivoli Opera House. George H. Broderick, the celebrated basso, will make his first appearance with the company, singing the rôle of Plunkett. Laura Millard and Alice Neilson will alternate as Lady Harriet; Alice Carle will sing the rôle of Nancy; Martin Pache the tenor rôle of Lionel, in which he scored a success in this city with the Tavary Opera Company; John J. Raffael will be the Sir Tristan; and W. H. West the sheriff. Following "Martha," Genée's romantic comedy-opera of "The Royal Middy" will be given for the first time in this city in over ten years.

Maud Haslam, of the "Too Much Johnson" company, was in the cast of "All the Comforts of Home" when that piece was first presented at the Baldwin.

The last performance of "A Black Sheep" will be given at the California Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night.

During the run of "Too Much Johnson" in New York, a special "Johnson night" was given, upon which occasion more than two thousand persons of that name attended.

The company that is to follow the Frawley organization at the Columbia Theatre is really a remarkable one. The leading lady, Rose Coghlan, is one of the best and most popular actresses in America; Maurice Barrymore is an admirable melodramatic hero; Henry E. Dixey's fame with us rests on his great success in "Adonis," but he has latterly proved himself a veritable artist in true comedy, and his Malvolio will doubtless be something to remember; L. R. Stockwell is already well known in San Francisco; and William G. Beach, leading man, and Miss Maude Winter, soubrette, have excellent reputations in their lines. The play selected for the first week, beginning Monday, August 12th, is "Twelfth Night," and it will be followed by "The Critic," "The Rivals," "The District Attorney," "A Man of the World," "Nance Oldfield," and, finally, a revival of Dixey's "Adonis."

The success of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in London has led to a great demand for American plays in the British metropolis. Charles Frohman, who has just returned from the other side, has been selling American plays instead of buying English ones, and Augustus Thomas's "Alabama" will be one of the first of them to be produced

over there. Another of Mr. Thomas's plays that will probably be seen soon in England is his new comedy, "Don't Tell Her Husband." William Gillette's new play, "The Secret Service," and the new play Henry Guy Carleton has written for John Drew will also be seen by the British public in the near future.

John Drew's engagement is near at hand. The comedian is now on his way to this city from London, where he has been arranging for his prospective appearance in the English metropolis. The star's American season, which opens at the Baldwin two weeks hence, will be a short one, as his date in London necessitates it. "The Bauble Shop" will be in the repertoire to be given by Mr. Drew during his engagement here. In this piece, unlike the others he has appeared in, Mr. Drew has a serious part, as has also Miss Maud Adams.

The *St. James's Gazette* finds Augustin Daly's treatment of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" particularly objectionable. It says:

"Mr. Daly uses his managerial scissors and paste with such startling effect that the play is presented in four acts; Julia is given Valentine's tag; and, in addition to this, the epilogue from 'Henry VIII.' is bodily lifted and welded on to her patchwork part. There is just this one justification for the outrage, that 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' is a very poor play which admirers of Shakespeare would be very glad to forget. Still, Mr. Daly might have done his surgery more gently by announcing the production as a dramatic entertainment of selected Shakespeare. It would have sounded funny, but then the whole thing is funny. The play lives in the student's memory almost solely for the sake of Launce and his dog. Mr. James Lewis is an admirable comedian, and portrayed the Shakespearean clown with an unctuous humor which was altogether admirable. He had, too, a most exquisitely funny, roguish, knowing rascal of a dog. Miss Ada Rehan dressed the part of Julia very handsomely, and brought all her well-known grace and commanding presence to the task of rendering the part agreeably. It is to Mr. Daly's credit that the staging, music, and general accessories were all as carefully attended to as though the production were intended for a lengthy run."

A BOSTON WOMAN.

I didn't quite catch her name when old Shaw presented me to her, and I must have shown it by staring rather blankly, for as we passed into the dining-room, he leaned back and whispered something, but it was lost in the buzz of hungry conversation, and I sat down to dinner without the faintest idea as to who she was, and I doubted if she knew me. But not for long. She began:

"How did you like the Ibsen performances?" With that my heart fell. She didn't know me, and I was in for it.

"Oh," said I, rather nonchalantly, but full of trepidation, for I wasn't sure whether Ibsen was a new acrobat, or a pianist, or what. You can never tell where these Boston women are going to break out next, anyhow. "Oh, I didn't care for him. A little too much, don't you think?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, "he is very strong."

I thought it was an acrobat. Ever since Sandow was in Boston, they've been crazy over 'em.

"Too much muscle on his neck," said I, at a venture.

"What a queer way to put it. Tell me, is that a new expression?" She took a little tablet with a gold pencil attached from somewhere and prepared to write. "You see," she said, "I am making a list of unusual idioms, colloquialisms, and bits of slang. I intend, some day, to trace their growth, development, and passage into general use. 'Too much muscle on his neck.' I think that most expressive and full of connotation. It might be applied with equal appropriateness to parts of Browning, and I think it describes Sudermann perfectly." As she proceeded with this, I could feel my appetite slipping from me. I gulped at a glass of wine, and was dimly conscious that there was no escape. She went on: "It has just flashed on my mind; I think I've traced the origin of it already."

"The origin of what?" said I, a little wildly.

"The expression 'Too much muscle on his neck.' It must be derived from a conjunction of the two very common phrases, 'To have a thing on the brain' and 'To get it in the neck.'"

"Yes," rejoined I, feebly, "that seems very plausible." I made mental note of the fact that the one was especially applicable to her and the other to me. She evidently had something on the brain, and I was getting it in the neck. When I emerged from the mazes of this thought she was holding an animated conversation, as she thought, with me, but in reality with herself. "Do you know," she was saying, "this is quite the most interesting expression I've run across in some time; its perfectly evident connection with the two I've mentioned, added to the elusiveness of that connection, makes it in many respects the most important and interesting on my list."

"I am very glad to have been able to give it to you," said I, with a ghastly attempt at looking pleasant.

"But tell me," she went on, having put away her tablet; "which do you really think he is best in, 'The Pillars of Society' or 'The Master Builder'?"

"Who?" said I, absently. I had forgotten all about the acrobat.

"Why, Ibsen."

"Oh, yes; Ibsen." I laughed nervously. "Why, I think he was better in 'The Master Builder.'"

That is a much better test of pure strength. The 'Pillars of Society' is a mere trick. Salvini did the same thing in 'Samson,' and he was nothing but a big, soft Italian."

"I quite agree with you regarding the strength in 'The Master Builder,' but I don't quite understand your other comparison," she said.

I didn't understand it myself, and I didn't see how she expected to. I supposed, of course, the "Pillars of Society" and "The Master Builder" were the names of acrobatic acts, and I simply bluffed about Salvini in "Samson," as "The Pillars of Society" sounded about like the scene where he pulls the temple down about him. It was time to change the subject. That was plain. So with cool irrelevance I asked:

"Have you read 'Chimmie Fadden'?" It was an immense relief to find that she followed the diversion.

"No," she replied; "I have little or no chance to read ordinary biography. I am engaged this winter almost entirely on the history of slang, and what time I have aside from that is devoted to the Browning and Walt Whitman Clubs and the Christian Science Circle; besides I take two courses at the Harvard Annex—one on Dante, the other on the town talk during the Middle Ages; so you see I have little time for outside reading."

"Yes," gasped I, "I see."

An hour later I was reviving, with the aid of one of old Shaw's cigars and a glass of cognac. "Tell me," said I, "that Miss—a—what's-her-name. She's some sort of a new woman, isn't she?"

"I guess not," said old Shaw. "We've had that kind in Boston ever since I can remember."

"Indeed?" I remarked, vaguely. — *Leslie's Weekly.*

Open-air performances have become a great fad in various cities of the country, and now San Francisco is to have one, when Shakespeare's "As You Like It" will be produced under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary and the Christian Workers. A beautiful spot has been selected at Sutro Heights, with arrangements for a seating capacity of not less than five thousand people.

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Women, since they began to play their new rôle
of activity, seem to be ceaselessly tormented with
doubts and difficulties of a domestic, social, and
ethical character by which their grandmothers
were happily untouched. In those good old times,
a young woman of the lower classes permitted her
swain to bestow upon her valentines and embraces
without consulting the editor of any literary organ
as to whether she was showing a waot of maidenly
modesty by receiving them; and ladies of higher
social standing arranged their furniture and their
frocks, and decided more momentous questions,
according as their own individual good sense, or
taste, or principles directed. To-day nothing is
more characteristic of the times, and in a measure
more pathetic, than the implicit belief of the aver-
age womao in the oracle of her favored paper.
Sometimes, however, it is the editress who invites
her readers to express their opinion; and the
letters of the readers are far more interesting
than descriptions of fashion-plates or aristocratic
weddings. Such a symposium has recently been
held in an English paper on a very delicate
point of propriety—namely, whether single womao
might receive unchaperoned the visits of the
other sex to their chambers or lodgings. The
verdict of the readers was unanimously in favor
of ao exchange of visits, conducted with pru-
dence and discretion on either side; and to io-
sure peace of mind, the womao had better possess
a soul sufficiently large and serene to scoro vulgar
gossip and scandal-making. "There is oo need
for me to consider the questioo," is the sigh of ooe
weary, forlorn being, "seeing that I am far too
tired aod woro out io the evenings to care to do
aoything but rest quietly with a hit of oecdle-work
or a precious book borrowed from some friend."
While another, with grim irooy, remarks that she
supposes the questioo only coccoers young girls;
for women past their first youth, not being like
wioe—the better for being old—have little chance
of aoy such intercourse; men being rarely gener-
ous or faithful enough to seek them out io poverty
and middle age. To this one need oot wholly
agree, aod cao eveo call to mind the magical names
of womoeo—especially Frenchwomen—who have
beeo oeither young oor rich; io deed, to be the
bright star of a saloo a woman should surely have
passed beyoo the age when a mao's first homago
must be to her eyes or her dress.

The meo seem to be having almost as much
trouble over their bicycling costumes as the womoeo.
There are hotels, it seems, that will oot eotertaio
meo io koickerbockers, aod they are by oo meaos
so welcome io all places io their bicycle clothes as
with trousers that flap about their aokles and
modish shirts. It is largely to this consideratioo
of clothes (says *Harper's Weekly*) that the far-
seeing look for the preservation of the horse and
the continuance of some of the old-fashioned
methods of cooveyaoce. If meo could live, and
move, aod transact their busioess io golf-stockings
and knickerbockers, aod women in bloomers
or short skirts, the bicycle's progress might be as
sure as it has been swift. But as it is, the formalities
of life, such as they are, militate geotly but firmly
agaiost the bicycle, aod though they are not
effectual to hold it back, they do make a little for
its restraint.

There is a growing cooviction io Eogland that
rudeoess is a distinctio characteristic of what are
koowo as well-bred crowds. The Loodoo *World*
points out that the scenes in the aote-rooms at the
queen's reception would disgrace a mass-meeting
of bricklayers, aod calls attentoio to the fact that
at the opera and concerts the audieoee is always
disturbed by well-dressed and ioconsiderate people
in the boxes. Woman no looger brings with her
into public places a sileot demaod for courtesey.
She repudiates it as a coecessioo to weakness.

Io the very early periods of Jewish history,
women seem to have been as food of dress aod
decoratioos as they are io modern times. As far
back as seven centuries before the Christiao era
there were very gayly dressed women io Jerusa-
lem. The prophet Ezekiel tells of them. They
had garments of silk aodored with broidered
work; their bodies were swathed io fioe lioeo;
they had shoes of hadger skio. They wore ora-
ments of gold and silver, rings io the ears, brace-
lets oo the wrists, a chaio around the neck, a
jewel over the brow, and a crowo upoo the head.
Wheo the daughters of Jerusalem were appareled
and bejeweled io the way described by Ezekiel,
their garments aod ornaments must have beeo
oearly as expensive as those of the grand dames
who oow shioe io society. The weariog of
"divers colors," however, does oot seem to have
beeo a mark of hooor.

Style is ooe of the few desirable thiogs that
moey can oot buy (says the *New York Tribune*).
A first-class dressmaker may dress a womao artiso-
tically, but she can oot give her style. Style does
oot mean variety of apparel; it does oot eveo
meao richoess of material. It is in the poise of
the head and shoulders, the habitual way of mov-

ing, that the indescribable quality of personal style
lies secreted. If the average woman of to-day
were asked what good gift she would choose as a
boon from a fairy god-mother, provided she could
have but one, there is no doubt but that she would,
on mature consideration, select style. Style out-
lives youth aod good looks. It gives a woman an
immense power of holding her own, and carries
off awkward predicaments. It makes its possessor,
in the long run, oot outshine a commonplace
beauty, no matter how plain she may be individ-
ually. Style frequently reorders a woman present-
able in a shabby gown, aod is a gift that holds
good for rain or shine, in hot or cold weather alike
—ooe that, once possessed, never deserts its pos-
sessor. The fundamental principle of style is to
wear an old gow with the air of a princess and to
wear a oew ooe as if you had forgotten its oew-
ness.

Parisian *élégantes* have decreed that during the
summer months the new metallic corsets are the
proper thiog to wear. Metallic corsets (as de-
scribed by *Vogue's* correspondent) are a oew in-
ventio, and are made of metallized tulle, silvered,
gilded, or steeled, very supple and pliable, aod,
above all, eminently cool, for they are, practically
speaking, lace-work which allows the free passage
of air in spite of the fact that they are quite strong
enough to support even the most generous of fig-
ures. Moreover, they look pretty, trimmed as they
are at the top and bottom with metallized Valeo-
ciennes lace, through which narrow baby-ribbons
of the most delicate colors are drawn.

According to the Paris correspondoot of the *Loo-
doo Truth*, Réjaoe can not make the Americans
out. They show, she says, oo feeling as spec-
tators. "One sees lioes of eyes fixed oo ooe, but
one has oo idea of what passes io the brains be-
hind them. If the actress has pleased, heaps of flowers
are left next day at her hotel—by ladies. The
Americao mao is too devoted to business 'to run
around complimeoting actresses, like the Freoch.'
Ladies' admiratioo only coots when the actress is
a persoo of hoorable life. If the ladies stood
aloof, the star would cease to attract. The ladies
get up subscriptions to present souvoirs. They
give theatrical matinees and soirees, theatrical read-
ings, receptions, and talk-lectures, only attendoed
by themselves. The American man is specialized
io business, and the lady is the arbitress of taste,
the soul of refinement, the mainspring of all sorts
of moveoents."

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25¢ Our own Book on Cultivation for 30 cents. Mention THE ARGONAUT.



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Ride, nothing is so refreshing as a cup of TETLEY'S blended Indian
and Ceylon Tea.
These Teas, which are grown on the gentle slopes of the Hima-
laya mountains, midway between the eternal snows that crown
their summits and the burning heat of the plains, are absolutely
PURE. From the way in which they are put up, viz., in lead packages, the delicate aroma
and flavor of the Tea is imparted unimpaired to the ladies' tea-table.
If your grocer does not keep these packets, you may obtain them by writing to M.
HANKIN, Sole Agent, 506 Battery Street, San Francisco, at the astonishingly low price
of 75 cents per pound for No. 1 Yellow Label, 60 cents for No. 2 Green Label, and 90 cents
per pound for Pure Ceylon, in ten-pound boxes.
The economy of these Teas is undeniably established.



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bindings that
last as long as
the skirt and
look as well
as they wear."
The
"S. H. & M."
Bias
Velveteen
Skirt Bindings
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A set of the "S. H. & M." miniature figures showing
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From the common every-
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Goodyear Welt Shoes

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LEATHER SHOES—not rubber.

"AFTER A BICYCLE"



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and Ceylon Tea.
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per pound for Pure Ceylon, in ten-pound boxes.
The economy of these Teas is undeniably established.

STORVETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Gilbert Parker recently encountered a Canadian bishop whom he had known in his boyhood. The bishop pompously inquired: "Ah, Gilbert! and are you still writing your—ah—little books?" Mr. Parker answered promptly: "Yes, bishop. And are you still preaching your—ah—little sermons?"

Dean Hole tells of an old-fashioned cathedral verger, "lord of the aisles," who, one noon, found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of indignant excitement: "The services in this cathedral are at ten in the morning and at four in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."

The late Sir John A. Macdonald was once at a reception, and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party were being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers, "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John; "in some places people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."

At one time the Duke of Wellington's extreme popularity was rather embarrassing. For instance, on leaving home each day, he was always intercepted by an affectionate mob, who insisted on hoisting him on their shoulders and asking where they should carry him. It was not always convenient for him to say where he was going, so he used to say: "Carry me home, carry me home"; and so he used to be brought home half a dozen times a day a few minutes after leaving his own door.

Suzanne Lazier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taillade, the original Pierre of "The Two Orphans," and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip-toe, in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the deities cried from the gallery: "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

The lectures of a certain Oxford tutor were once reported to be "cut and dried." "Yes," said Professor H. J. S. Smith, the witty mathematician, "dried by the tutor, and cut by the men." A dispute arose at an Oxford dinner-table as to the comparative prestige of bishops and judges. The argument, as might be expected at a party of laymen, went in favor of the latter. "No," said Henry Smith, "for a judge can only say 'Hang you,' but a bishop can say 'D—n you.'" Speaking of an eminent scientific man, to whom he gave considerable praise, he said: "Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the editor and not the author of Nature."

A country minister, in a certain town, took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye can not come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."

The Scotch Archbishop Foreman (in the sixteenth century) was so poor a Latin scholar that, when he was obliged to visit Rome, he found great difficulty in conforming to some of the customs of the Pope's table, to which he was invited. Etiquette required that the Scotch bishop should take part in uttering a Latin benediction over the repast, and the illiterate guest had carefully committed to memory what he believed to be the orthodox form of words. He began with his "Benedicite," expecting the cardinals to respond with "Dominus," but they replying "Deus" (Italian fashion) so confused the good bishop that he forgot his carefully conned phrases, and, "in good broad Scotch," said: "To the devil I give you all, false cardinals," to which devout aspiration Pope and cardinals (who understood only their own language) piously replied "Amen."

Mrs. B— is one of those good-natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day (says the Washington Post), when a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburg. Mrs. B—, whose husband is a director of the road, knew the conductor of the Pittsburg train, who passed through the waiting-room just then. Mrs. B— called to him. "Conductor," she said, "this is my especial friend, Mr.

Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible." The conductor, of course, said he would, but when he went away, Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B— with a sickly smile. "I did intend to go to Pittsburg today, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train." And he handed the kind-hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.

Bishop Simpson preached some years ago in the Memorial Hall, London. For half an hour he spoke quietly, without gesticulation or uplifting of his voice; then, picturing the Son of God hearing our sins in His own body on the tree, he stooped, as if laden with an immeasurable burden, and rising to his full height, he seemed to throw it from him, crying: "How far? As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." The whole assembly, as if moved by an irresistible impulse, rose, remained standing for a second or two, then sank back into their seats. A professor of elocution was there. A friend who observed him, and knew that he had come to criticize, asked him, when the service was over: "Well, what do you think of the bishop's elocution?" "Elocution?" said he; "that man doesn't want elocution; he's got the Holy Ghost!"

Laugh and Grow Fat!

You shall do both, even if you are a slab-sided, pallid, woe-begone, dyspeptic, if you reinforce digestion, insure the conversion of food into rich and nourishing blood, and recover appetite and sleep by the systematic use of the great renovator of health, strength, and flesh, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also remedies malarial, kidney, and rheumatic trouble, nervousness, constipation, and biliousness.

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The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days. Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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To secure a loan on real estate at short notice, and upon the lowest rate of interest obtainable, apply to the California Title Insurance and Trust Company, Mills Building. L. R. Ellert, Manager.

— I CONSIDER NELSON'S AMYCOSE THE BEST preparation for a sore or weak throat that I have ever met with, and can strongly recommend it to the public. LOUISE PYK, Prima Donna, Royal Swedish Opera, Stockholm, Sweden.

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Williamson—"My wife wants to name our boy-baby after some of my folks." Henderson—"What's the matter with him?"—Puck.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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CHEAPER THAN COAL.

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SS. Colon.....August 17th
SS. San José.....August 28th
SS. Aztec.....(Freight only).....September 7th
Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.
FOR HONG KONG VIA YOKOHAMA: City of Peking.....(via Honolulu).....Sat., August 3, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, August 13, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Tuesday, September 3, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, September 21, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsen, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite) Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 3.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Baymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	1.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
* 5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
* 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. † Mondays only. † Sundays only. † Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for VOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895. Belgic.....Saturday, August 24 Coptic (via Honolulu) Thursday, September 12 Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 1 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. August 3, 8, 18, September 2, 17. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, August 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, Aug. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer Pomona, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf 1, Saturdays at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico). Steamer Willamette Valley, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Majestic.....August 21 Majestic.....September 18
Germanic.....August 28 Germanic.....September 25
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Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
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29 Broadway, New York

SOCIETY.

The Outing at Del Monte.

The Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association will hold its first annual meeting at Del Monte from Monday, August 26th, to Saturday, August 31st, inclusive, and it is now known that the attendance there during that period will be large and fashionable. The programme, as arranged, is to have polo matches on Tuesday and Wednesday, August 27th and 28th, and it is expected that there will be polo teams present from the Burlingame, Riverside, Santa Monica, and San Luis Obispo Clubs. On Thursday and Saturday the polo and steeplechase races will take place, the entries for which will close on August 17th. Many valuable trophies and cash prizes will be awarded, and the races will undoubtedly be interesting and well contested. The Country Club will hold its annual shooting contest at live pigeons on Friday, for which various valuable prizes will be awarded. On Saturday night there will be a grand ball at the Hotel del Monte, and Sunday evening there will be a display of fireworks on the lake, which will be handsomely illuminated. The grounds, each evening, will be lighted by a myriad of Japanese lanterns and incandescent electric lights. During the week a number of yachts will rendezvous at Monterey Bay, and will be illuminated at night. A military band of fifty pieces will be present all of the week, and there will be concerts every day and night. The members will in every way endeavor to please their guests, and it is quite evident that they will do so and that the week will be one of extreme gaiety.

The Burlingame Club.

The members of the Burlingame Club have been enjoying the attractions there very much during the past week. Several bicycle parties have been given in the evenings, terminating with suppers at the club-house. Mr. Richard H. Sprague has brought out his new spike team, which has two wheelers and one leader, and has had a number of friends out with him. Last Saturday there was a game of polo at the grounds where Mr. Walter B. Hobart is keeping his horses, and the contests were very interesting. It is said that Mr. Daniel Murphy has presented the club with a pack of twenty hounds, and some enjoyable drag hunts are expected with them. Many of the members will attend the barn-party that Mrs. E. M. Bliss is to give at the residence of Mrs. Moses Hopkins, near Redwood City, on Wednesday evening, August 7th. It is to be a dance in the spacious barn there, and the decorations will all be of a rustic character. It is probable that several figures of the cotillion will be danced and some novel features introduced.

A pleasant affair of the week at the club was the dinner-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas last Monday evening. Beautiful flowers graced the dining-table, an elaborate menu was served, and the evening was delightfully passed. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Whitwell, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, and Mr. A. B. Williamson.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Emelie C. Hanlon, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, to Mr. Arthur E. Banks, son of Mr. Thomas C. Banks, one of San Francisco's early bankers. The wedding will take place on Wednesday, August 28th, at the home of the bride's parents.

The management of the Friday Night Club has issued a circular stating that three cotillions and two assemblies will be given at Odd Fellows' Hall during the coming winter season. Answers should

be made on or before August 15th. No new men under the age of twenty-one years will be admitted. Mr. Edward M. Greeoway will act as manager as usual.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue entertained a party of friends recently at Laurelwood, his country home near Santa Clara. There were races at the track there and other forms of amusement, which made the time pass very pleasantly.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Monday evening, followed by a supper at their residence.

The midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held this evening at Meeker's Grove, near Guerneville, in Sonoma County. The Tiburoo boats will leave here at eleven o'clock this morning and half-past three o'clock this afternoon. Mr. Vanderlynn Stow will be the sire.

There will be an invitation lawn-tennis tournament at Del Monte next Friday and Saturday. There will be doubles and mixed doubles, but no singles. Many of the best players on the coast will play.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Stambuloff, the Bulgarian statesman, was one of the best swimmers in Europe.

Dr. Max Nordau, who practices his profession of medicine in Paris, is a Jew, and his real name is Simon.

Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, wears a monocle in her eye whenever she appears in public.

Bandmaster John Philip Sousa is said to have an income of more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year in royalties from his musical compositions.

Lord Salisbury became premier for the third time at sixty-five. He is eleven and a half years younger than Mr. Gladstone was when he achieved the same rare distinction.

The German emperor will smoke no cigars except those specially made for him. They are slim Havanas, seven inches long, kept in hermetically sealed tubes.

President Cleveland is almost as fond of sleep as he is of fishing. In Washington, he usually sleeps only eight hours a day, but at Gray Gables he often sleeps ten and sometimes twelve hours.

Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour, Lord Elgin and Mr. Rhodes—the four men who, until the recent election, between them guided the British Empire—are all under fifty years of age.

In his life of Henry M. Stanley, Mr. Thomas George says that the explorer's real name is Howell Jones, and that he was born at Isgar, in Wales, November 16, 1840. His father was a book-binder.

Professor Huxley was buried, as probably he would have liked to be, in a bed of boulder clay, a fitting sepulture for a paleontologist. In the earth about his coffin are relics of the prehistoric era when all Scotland and England as far as the Thames were covered with a vast sheet of ice.

But one retired Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is living. He is William Strong, of Pennsylvania, who is now in his eighty-sixth year. Judge Strong is the oldest public man of national prominence in the United States, and is as hale and hearty as either Bismarck or Gladstone.

In a recent speech in London, Sir Henry Irving mentioned his son as a striking instance of the social ban against the actor in England. His son is a barrister, and as such was eligible to be presented at a levee held by the Prince of Wales; but now, being an actor, though still a barrister, the honor is forbidden him.

Admiral Keppel, the grand old man of the English fleet, is six months older than Gladstone. He was a small boy trundling a hoop when Napoleon was overthrown, but when the Crimean War broke out, he had become an officer of experience, and was put in command of the naval brigade before Sebastopol. Admiral Keppel has been on the retired list for sixteen years.

Like Lord Salisbury, who is an expert in chemistry, Arthur J. Balfour, the new British First Lord of the Treasury, has abundant claim to recognition outside of politics. His studies in philosophy and psychology have given him high repute among scholars, and as an investigator of psychic phenomena, including ghost-stories, he is an authority. Physically Mr. Balfour appears to be one of the laziest of men, but this outward semblance of languor screens one of the brightest minds in England. As a parliamentary orator he is easy and graceful, but seemingly lacking in force.

Harry Marks, who has just been elected to Parliament in the St. George's-in-the-East division of the Tower Hamlets, is the son of a London rabbi. He came to this country when a young man, and, drifting to Texas, helped to edit a country paper. About 1880 he started a small financial paper in Wall Street, which he soon sold out. Returning to his native city, Marks, with the aid of a rich American, established the *Financial News*, which, in spite of its disrepute, is regarded as the only

journal in the British capital which really gives the news of the money-market. Marks has made his paper, which he now owns entirely, worth twenty thousand pounds a year to him.

French Royalists are thinking of throwing over the Duc d'Orleans, on account of his behavior at the wedding of his sister; he was exclusive, dining in one room with a few friends, while most of his adherents had to sit at a second table in another room; nineteen courses were served at his dinner, and only fifteen at theirs; but the hardest thing to bear seems to be that rose sherbet was provided for him and not for his followers.

Miss Ada Dougherty, of this city, has written the music for a new song, entitled "The California Woman," the words of which are by Miss Kate Clark Brown. The song has been highly complimented by local musicians.

A Reception to Royalty.

The following menu, costing two hundred marks for each attendant, was served at the dinner given by the City of Hamburg to the Emperor of Germany on the opening of the Kiel Canal:

Bouillon, Timbales (Madelra), Sole (Rudesheimer), Saddle of Venison (Queen's Guern), Paté de Foie (Chateau d'Yquem), Baltic Lobsters (Rautenthaler), Fowl (Léoville), Green Peas (Pommery Sec), Dessert (Port, 1890), Ice-Cream (Chateau Lafitte), Cheese (Clos de Vougeot).

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Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

—RACE GLASSES IN ALUMINUM. HENRY KAHN & Co., opticians, 642 Market Street.

—Rountree's English Chocolates. The finest confectionery at Wm. L. Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

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BELASCO'S LYCEUM SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL acting—Private theatricals arranged by Mr. Fred Belasco, late of New York. Rooms 5 and 12, Odd Fellows Building, corner Seventh and Market Streets. All pupils rehearsed on stage.

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NOT SO HARD AS IT SEEMS.

The idea of being able to invent something strikes most people as being very difficult; this illusion the Company will dispel. It desires to get into the head of the public the fact that the things which seem so absurdly trivial that the average citizen would feel ashamed to bring them to the attention of the Patent Office are the most valuable. It is the simple things and small inventions that make the greatest money, and the complex ones are seldom profitable. Almost everybody at some time or another conceives an idea which if patented would be worth a fortune. Unfortunately such ideas are usually dismissed without thought. The simple inventions like the car-window which could be easily slid up and down without breaking the passenger's back, the sauce-pan, collar-button, nut-lock, bottle-sipper, suspender-button, lock, buckle, and snow-shovel are things that every one sees some way of improving upon, and it is such simple inventions that bring the greatest returns to the author.

The prize we offer will be paid whether the application has been acted upon by the Patent Office or not. Every competitor must apply for a patent on his invention through us, and whether he secures the prize or not, the inventor will have a valuable patent. Send for circulars. For further particulars, address

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who has been traveling in Norway, is now in Stockholm, where she will remain a fortnight.

Misses Eva and Blanche Castle returned to Santa Cruz last Saturday, after a visit to the Misses Fanny and Julia Crocker at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin visited Santa Cruz last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Henry Redington has returned from Europe, and is staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George Hyde and Miss Hyde are passing a few weeks in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon will pass this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, of San Rafael, are passing a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve are passing the summer at San José.

Mrs. R. T. Carroll and the Misses Lizzie and Gertrude Carroll are en route to Alaska.

Mr. Edward L. Bosqui is visiting in Eureka, Humboldt County.

Consul and Mrs. de la Lande will soon leave to pass several months in France.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane have taken rooms at the Hotel Richelieu for the season.

Mrs. Irwin C. Stump and the Misses Stump will soon return to New York city, after spending a couple of months here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn have returned from a visit to Siskiyou County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spear, of New Orleans, are staying at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William M. Gwin and Miss Mary Bell Gwin will soon return from Castle Crags and pass the remainder of the season at Del Monte.

Mrs. Rhodes, of Cleveland, Ohio, has decided to remain here permanently, and is residing at The Colonial.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has been at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz during the past week.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager returned from Japan last Thursday.

Mr. Walter S. Newhall has returned from a visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, *né* May, are at their residence at Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Hills.

Mr. Walter B. Hohart, Misses Alice and Ella Hohart, and Miss Vassault left last Thursday for the Hotel del Monte, where they will make a prolonged visit. Mr. Hohart took his string of thirty horses down to keep them in training for the races late in August. He will devote himself principally to testing the polo grounds now being constructed at the race-track.

Mrs. B. H. Baird and Miss Marie Baird are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Mrs. D. E. Williamson has returned home after a visit to her sister-in-law in Portland, Or. Miss Williamson left Portland to visit her uncle in Kincardine, Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. Arthur Donnell is at her cottage, Avilan Cliff, in Belvidere. During the past week she has been entertaining Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Rose Faulk, Miss Sophia Faulk, Miss Bernice Bates, and Miss Mahel Yost.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Wensinger, of Freestone, are at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Jones arrived from Washington, D. C., last Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness will soon return from Santa Monica and pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Captain and Mrs. A. M. Simpson and family are now residing at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, *né* Bucknall, are visiting relatives in Scotland, and will return here next spring.

Mrs. Louis T. Haggin will leave Havre, France, to-day for New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have returned from an extended tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. House are occupying a cottage in Mill Valley for the season.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., is at Guerneville completing arrangements for the jinks of the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses Hoffman have returned from a prolonged visit to San José.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen are passing a couple of weeks at San Rafael.

Mr. Robert McMillan and the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan have gone to Lake Tahoe on a month's visit.

Mr. W. B. Bourn and his sister, Mrs. James E. Tucker, have gone East to visit their sister, Mrs. Moody, who is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Carr, of Bakersfield, have come to the city to reside permanently at The Colonial. Mr. Carr has severed all of his business connections at Bakersfield.

Mrs. Graham Horton and her son, Mr. Claiborne Horton, of Nashville, Tenn., who are making a tour of California, are now stopping at The Colonial.

Mr. Karl Howard and Mr. Harold Howard are visiting the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. A. L. Foye, Mrs. W. K. Cothrin, and Mrs. E. A. Crouch, of Sacramento, are occupying Idlewild, the cottage of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. O. O. Howard, Jr., nephew of General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., is staying at The Colonial.

Dr. L. L. Dunbar, Dean of the Dental Department of the University of California, left for the East last Sunday to attend the meeting of the National Association of Dental Faculties. Before returning he will visit New York, Philadelphia, and several other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, *né* Martel, who have been visiting friends in Canada, have been in New York city during the past week. They are expected home soon.

Mr. John N. Featherston has returned from a two weeks' visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Livingston, of this city, are at the Grand Union Hotel, in Saratoga, N. Y.

Mrs. M. J. Nachtigall has returned to her villa at Calistoga, after visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. Lonkey at Verdi, Nev.

Mrs. George W. Beaver and the Misses Kate and Ethel Beaver are passing a few weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster left for the Hotel del Monte on Friday to make arrangements for the outing of the Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association.

Mr. Henry R. Simpkins has returned from a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Kip have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Coombs have returned from their

summer outing on the McCloud River, and are again at The Colonial. Mr. Coombs made some excellent catches of trout while in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gihbs and Miss Martha Gihbs have returned from visit to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock left last Saturday to visit Alaska.

Mrs. E. Payne and Miss Payne have returned from a trip to various health resorts throughout the State, and are now residing permanently at The Colonial.

Mr. W. J. Shotwell has been visiting San José during the past week.

Mr. E. I. Parsons has returned from a prolonged visit to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman and Miss Aldrich have been at the Geysers during the past week.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are at their country home in Napa County.

Major and Mrs. A. E. Bates, U. S. A., are staying at the Hotel Richelieu prior to their departure for Del Monte.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude May Harvey, daughter of Major Philip F. Harvey, Surgeon, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Conway Hillyer Arnold, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., took place at the home of the bride's parents in Plattsburgh, N. Y., on July 18th.

Lieutenant Delacore Skerritt, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away from duty on a month's leave of absence.

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CONTAINS NO POISON.

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CREATES NO DISAGREEABLE ODOR.

Each package equal in power to one-half pound of ordinary insect powder or tar balls. Price 10 cents per package, \$1.00 per dozen. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Energetic persons wanted to act as State or county agents. Big inducements offered reliable parties. Address all orders and communications to the sole manufacturers,

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Is not in favor of quarantine measures against sufferers from Phthisis and Consumption. Many years successful practice in Europe and on the Continent has enabled Dr. Marten to bring sufficient knowledge to bear on all such cases as to insure speedy cures inside of eight, nine, or twelve weeks, according to the severity of symptoms. Dr. Marten's success has been simply phenomenal. Sufferers should consult him.

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A new candidate for public favor this year is

SHASTA RETREAT,

Also in the Shasta region, about a mile and a half from Dunsuir. It is a genuine paradise for campers, hunters, fishers, and seekers of health and pleasure. Easy to reach (near the railroad), sightly, and all the necessities of camp life easily procurable.

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SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS,

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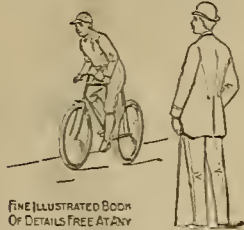
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An infereoce: "Accidents will happen!"
"What have you done?"—Puck.

Bachelor—"I am told that a married mao can live on half the income that a single man requires."
Married man—"Yes. He has to."—New York Weekly.

In the West: First citizen (in the near future)—
"Who is that they're going to strig up?" Second citizen—"That's the man that stole Tornado Pete's bicycle."—Puck.

May—"Were there any meo at the sea-shore?"
Pamela—"Yes, one; but he waso't popular."
May—"Who was he?" Pamela—"The armless wonder."—Truth.

The contrast appreciated: She—"Mrs. Jones says her husband is so fond of all poor dunh animals." He—"No wonder! Mrs. Jones keeps a parrot."—Puck.

Jinks—"What tender care your wife takes of you. Always worrying about your health." Blinks—"Yes; I have my life insured in favor of my sister."—New York Weekly.

Ohio man (io Kentucky)—"And what kind of tobacco has your town—pure?" Colonel Scott—"Putty good, suh! You cao see how the lawns look, suh!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—"I presume the country editor's pathway is not strewo with flowers?" He (pleasantly)—"No, not exactly; but we stumblon on a hushel of potatoes occasionally, or a cord of wood."—Detroit Tribune.

Cobble—"I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in hathing." Stone—"What was that?" Cobble—"I asked him if there were any other sharks around."—Bazar.

Ragged Reuben—"It's dis yere imported pauper labor dat's ruioin' all our prospects." Tattered Timmy—"Sure 'ouff! Dese European noblemen are comin' over here aod satchio' the pick of our 'Merican girls!"—Bazar.

"Any soakes in this neighborhood?" asked the Northern visitor. "It's 'cordin' to what you want," replied the moonlight manipulator; "a pint might fetch 'em, but we give a guarantee with every quart."—Atlanta Constitution.

First horse—"Well, they took poor old Dohhio to the slaughter-house to-day." Second horse—"That's too had." First horse—"It is had, but worse remains. They mean to make his hide into bicycle-saddies."—Indianapolis Journal.

Irate party—"Young man, have you made any provision for your family? Is your life insured?" Agent—"I—er—" Irate party—"Well, it don't make any difference just now. But you'd better get it insured before you call here again."—Puck.

Timmins—"This talk about the type-writer being a drawback to genius is all rot. I do all of my poems with a type-writer." Simmons—"You do? I had an idea that you made them with a set of ruhher stamps."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wife—"If I thought a thing was wicked, I'd die before I'd do it." Husband—"So would I." Wife—"Hub! I think smoking cigars is a wicked waste; an impious defilement, in fact." Husband—"Then you should not smoke. Hand me a match, please."—New York Weekly.

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman; "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place ter go!" replied Meandering Mike, with contempt; "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go to dat it's worryin' me dizzy makin' up me mioid which way ter start."—Washington Star.

"And the preseots?" He waited for the reply with hated breath. "Harold," she replied, placing a tiny hand on each shoulder and gazing soulfully into his eyes, "there are only three duplicates." "Great Scott!" he gasped; "I was figuring on twenty at least to sell. How shall we get through the year?" Then they both realized, as never before, that marriage is a lottery.—Boston Herald.

Recalled Stormy Times.

"Well that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

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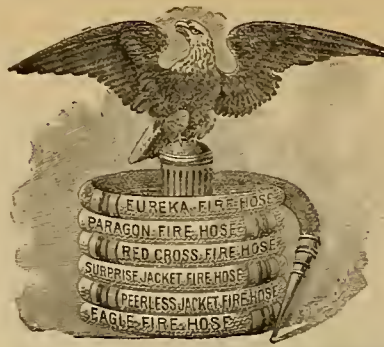
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The possibilities that are opened up to the manufacturing interests of California through the transmission of power by means of electricity are practically unlimited. The successful inauguration of the plant at Folsom has brought to the front numerous other projects for the utilization of the water-power that has hitherto gone to waste. The manufacturing interests of this State have been slow of development owing to the high price of coal and the distance of the water-power from available markets. By means of electricity, however, this power can be utilized, and large and valuable industries will undoubtedly be established.

Last week, in speaking in these columns of the work that is proposed in this State, reference was made to the plants at Bakersfield and Fresno. Work on the latter plant, we are informed, was commenced seven or eight months ago; bonds have been sold and the money received; fifty thousand dollars has been spent on the preliminary work; and contracts aggregating one hundred thousand dollars more for electrical equipment, wires, poles, piping, etc., have been let. The owners expect to have the plant in working order within six months, and the Bakersfield plant will probably be completed within the same time. The latest

scheme to be announced is that by which it is proposed to utilize the water-power of Clear Lake.

This Clear Lake plant, when completed, will be by far the largest in the State. The water that can be utilized amounts to three hundred and twenty-seven millions of gallons daily, and the fall to the proposed site of the power-house is four hundred and twenty-five feet. It is proposed to develop about thirty thousand horse-power and to transmit this power by wire to San Francisco, Oakland, and intermediate cities. Fully three-quarters of the power generated at the lake can be transmitted to San Francisco, and it can be delivered at about one-third the cost of coal. In addition to furnishing power to the various cities along the line, the company proposes to build an electric railway which will connect Clear Lake with Rumsey, the nearest railway station, and also to operate electric steamers upon the lake. Some objection has been raised by those owning property around the lake, on the ground that this utilization of the water-power will change the level of the lake and injuriously affect the land upon its shores. Although Clear Lake is surrounded on all sides by steep mountains, the shores in nearly all parts of the lake slope gradually, and, should the water be hacked up by means of a dam, considerable of this land would be overflowed, while drawing the water off would expose unsightly marshes. There is really little danger of this, however. The rain-fall during the winter is very heavy in that region, and the water in the lake is frequently raised by this means to the extent of causing floods. The proposed dam would carry off sufficient water to prevent the floods, and would store the rest so that the level of the lake would be more fixed than at present.

These four plants are the pioneers in this State, but others will undoubtedly follow them. In the four cities of San Francisco, Sacramento, Oakland, and Los Angeles, the horse-power of the machinery now in operation in manufacturing establishments does not exceed eighty thousand. The Clear Lake plant alone will have a capacity equal to this. The power developed at Folsom can be increased with the present plant to sixteen thousand horse-power, and, were the force of the river more completely utilized, ten times this amount might be obtained. The Bakersfield plant is to develop fifteen hundred horse-power; but Kern River, from which the power is to be taken, is capable of developing one hundred thousand horse-power.

Throughout the State there are rivers capable of furnishing immense power that would support an army of laborers and make California one of the greatest of manufacturing States. On the northern coast are the Klamath and Eel Rivers; in the Sacramento Valley and Cañon are the Sacramento, the McCloud, the Pitt, the Feather, and the Yuba; flowing down the sides of the Sierras with resistless force are the American, Stanislaus, Tuolumne; the San Joaquin, the Kings, and the Kern would furnish all the power that could be used in the great central valley; the Santa Clara, the Salinas, and the Russian Rivers have a power that could be profitably utilized. It is no exaggeration to say that a force equal to three million horse-power is going to waste here, and that properly utilized it would furnish employment for an army of two million five hundred thousand laborers, and bring prosperity to the whole State.

The saving that could be effected by this utilization of the power that is offered by the rivers of the State is far greater than would be suspected. Even at the present time the cost of fuel in the manufacturing establishments in the State is up in the scores of millions of dollars per year, and the electric power can be furnished for less than one-half of that amount. With the multiplication of manufacturing plants that will result from this cheapening of power, the annual saving to the State will be far greater, and the decreased demand for coal will have a beneficial effect upon all consumers. The value to California of this newest development of electrical science can not be overestimated.

The painful fact that the United States has managed to get along during all the years of the nation's existence with-

out a patron saint is at last attracting proper attention. The disrespect shown by our remissness to the swarm of celestial persons ready, even eager, doubtless, to accept the responsibilities of the position, has possibly brought upon us not a few of those industrial and social ills which Americans, in their godless way, are wont to attribute to terrestrial causes. The *Holy Cross Magazine*, alive to the disgrace and dangers of the situation, rises to place a candidate in nomination. Our esteemed contemporary's choice is St. Martin, and the gentleman's claims are set forth with much enthusiasm and particularity.

The church's festival in commemoration of the *Holy Cross's* nominee, it seems, occurs on the Fourth of July, on which date his remains were removed from Candes to Tours, in France. On the Fourth of July, also, his ordination is commemorated. St. Martin's election, it is held, would be a delicate compliment to the French, without whose money, and soldiers, and ships our independence could not have been won. "Moreover," says the *Holy Cross*, "the bedesman, supported by a royal French endowment, wore, in commemoration of the saint, a mantle of red and white, while the cappa of St. Martin, before it was superseded by the oriflamme as the standard of France, was a blue banner of three points." It is true that St. Martin lived and died long before America was known to exist, which weakens the strength of his claims touching our national holiday and colors; but the *Holy Cross* points out that he was "extremely democratic" when in the flesh—that when, in 371 A. D., he was chosen Bishop of Tours by the suffrages of the people, objection was made to his fitness for that dignity on the ground of his "mean dress and scruffy hair." We are informed, likewise, that even after his elevation to the episcopate he "continued to live in a wooden hut."

If this is the best that can be said for St. Martin's democracy, it is more than likely that objection was made to him as a dude by his pious contemporaries. If his hair was scruffy, it had known the shears, and perhaps his mean dress was clean, defects in a saint of the fourth century that could not but have roused against him strong suspicions of spiritual weakness. The *Argonaut* does not, of course, wish to be understood as placing itself in opposition to the candidacy of St. Martin; all that it asks is caution. If we must have a patron saint, let us by all means get the best the market affords. Since St. Martin can not rationally be supposed to have had his eye on the promulgation of the Declaration of Independence fourteen hundred years subsequent to his ordination, that ecclesiastical ceremony's occurrence on July 4th must be dismissed as a mere coincidence. And it would, in this age of reason, be folly to surmise that he had anything to do with the removal of his own remains on a later Fourth of July from Candes to Tours. We do not like to say it, but the date plea made for St. Martin by the *Holy Cross Magazine* certainly smacks of demagoguery. Let him stand on his merits before the convention.

We have but to turn to the pages of Lecky's "History of European Morals" to learn that there were many other contemporary, or nearly contemporary, saints, who ranked as big in sanctity, if not bigger, than Martin. And, after all, sanctity is what we should most value in a saint. That, we take it, is a proposition so obviously true that even the *Holy Cross Magazine*, notwithstanding its excited and inflammatory partisanship, must admit it to be so. If we are to have a foreigner for a patron saint of this republic, and go back to the fourth century, or earlier, to get him, it is only fair to examine the claims of all saints who are eligible. We possess the authority of Hegesippus for it, that St. James's head was never touched by a razor. "He never anointed himself with oil or used a bath." So often and long was he upon his knees in prayer, that they "became as hard as a camel's." For six months St. Macarius, of Alexandria, "slept in a marsh and exposed his body naked to the stings of venomous flies." He was accustomed to carry about with him eighty pounds of iron. His disciple, St. Eusebius, carried one hundred and fifty pounds of iron "and lived for three years in a dried-up well." St. Sahinus would only eat

corn that had become rotten by remaining for a month in water. St. Besarion spent forty days and nights in the midst of thorn-bushes, and "for forty years never lay down when he slept." St. Antony, the patriarch of monachism, as we know from the admiring St. Athanasius, "had never, to extreme old age, been guilty of washing his feet." St. Abraham, who lived for fifty years after his conversion, "from that date rigidly refused to wash either his face or feet." What are the mean raiment and scrubby hair and wooden hut of St. Martin in comparison with these austerities?

And as we are a gallant nation, it is not permissible to overlook the ladies. In modern politics, moreover, the New Woman is an element not to be overlooked when it comes to the election of a patron saint for the progressive United States. There are plenty of females on the calendar fully qualified for the office. Ste. Silvia ought to run well. In her day she was a "famous virgin" who, though she was sixty years old and sickness was a consequence of her dyed-in-the-wool saintliness, "resolutely refused, on religious principles, to wash any part of her body except her fingers." Ste. Euphrasia was a leader in a convent of one hundred and thirty nuns "who never washed their feet and shuddered at the mention of a bath." Since that happy time different ideas of what constitutes true piety have made their way, to the regret of Mother Church, which never changes in a changing world; but modern tests must not be applied to St. Martin or any other candidate. That would be manifestly unjust. The historian recounts that an anchorite once imagined that he was mocked by an illusion of the devil, as he saw gliding before him through the desert "a oaked creature black with filth and years of exposure, and with white hair floating to the wind." It was the once beautiful woman, Ste. Mary of Egypt, who had thus, during forty-seven years, been expiating her sins. Even Archbishop Riordan would flush a little at sight of Ste. Mary now, but Bishop Martin, of Tours, would have deemed her a type of the highest sanctity. And we must remember that all the saints here mentioned, and thousands like them, have been rewarded by the church with canonization, principally because of their horror of water.

Ardent but unreflecting patriotism will demand to be informed why, if America is to have a patron saint, that saint should not be an American. The answer is too convincing to need more than naked statement. This nation is so young that it has produced no saints of even the second-rate order. The bath had been re-introduced to Europe and imported to these shores some time before the colonies cut the tie that bound them to the crown of Great Britain. A compromise, however, may be brought about that would at once be a graceful act on the part of the Roman Catholic Church and a profound gratification to millions of American citizens. Ireland, the mother of Democrats, has, in the midst of modern civilization, retained the holy conditions of the Dark Ages, aqueous and otherwise, and beyond doubt some Hibernian who was translated after our Revolutionary War, and since has been added to the calendar, could be found and lifted to the position of Patron Saint of the United States. The zeal of the *Holy Cross Magazine* in the interests of Martin of Tours renders it evident that if other candidates are to be given any chance, their friends must be up and doing. The next Democratic National Convention is not far ahead, and the champions of an Irish saint, any Irish saint, have but to unite in order to procure for their favorite the invaluable indorsement of one of the great political parties of the republic.

Near Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, where the bicycle mania is now raging furiously, there is an emergency hospital, where are treated many of the victims of the wheel. The statistics accumulated by the physician in charge shed light upon some curious psychical and sexual problems. He has discovered, among other things, that ninety per cent. of the men who are injured succeed in saving their faces from injury; almost without exception, they bear the marks of their falls on the palms of the hands, the knees, and the legs below the knees. Women, on the contrary, seem to possess a fatal facility for bruising their faces, and preferably their noses; and when they do bear wounds upon their hands, it is almost invariably the backs of the hands, and not the inner aspects which are bruised. From this it would seem that men, when falling from bicycles, instinctively throw out the hands to break the force of the blow, and draw up the legs under the body, so that the brunt of the blow comes upon the knees. Women, apparently, make little or no effort to save themselves, and do not struggle against the fall; hence the curious way in which their hands are bruised upon the backs, and the frequency of sprained ankles among them, as compared with men, who save their ankles by gathering their legs under them.

It is curious that this should be so. A woman's instinct

to shield her face from cuts or bruises ought certainly to be stronger than a man's. In fact, it is probable that the man's movement in throwing out his hands is not with any formulated desire to shield his face, but is merely an instinctive movement to repel an expected blow. Yet the result is almost invariably to succeed in what the woman would most desire—immunity of the face from bruises. It is probable that the nature of the two sexes—congenital, ingrained, ineradicable—is betrayed in their actions: that of the man to struggle against danger, that of the woman helplessly to yield.

Yet, on the other hand, the falls in skating-rinks do not tally with the bicycle lists of wounded. When the roller-skating mania was at its height, there were, of course, many falls and not a few accidents. In bicycle accidents, the victim is nearly always thrown either directly forward or else to right or left, with a forward impetus. In roller-skating, however, the most common form of accident for novices is for the feet to slip forward, and for the person to fall backward, assuming, with more or less violence, a sitting position upon the floor. This is certainly the least dangerous fall that can be made, and one for which women are specially fitted. Yet here again the number of bad falls in skating-rinks, and particularly of broken bones, is very much larger on the female than on the male side. A very common accident is for a woman to sprain her wrist in trying to "save herself" when falling. This is most unusual among men. They seem to recognize the fact that if they are falling backward it is futile to struggle, and worse than futile to throw their hands out to "save themselves." Therefore they generally alight in a very solid, possibly not dignified, but certainly safe position. Yet the women, under similar circumstances, almost invariably struggle, and often, as a result, come off with strained, sprained, or broken wrists.

This is really as we said, a curious psycho-sexual problem—why men should struggle when falling from a bicycle, when the struggle is calculated to save them from injury; why women, under similar circumstances, should passively fall; why women, when falling on roller-skates, should struggle foolishly and needlessly, and often do themselves serious harm; and why men, under similar circumstances, seeing the folly and danger of struggling, should passively and harmlessly fall.

There are many people who profess to believe in "woman's intuition." If it exists, it is certainly not applied by the sex to bicycling. For men, with their crude reasoning powers, and destitute of "feminine intuition," have discovered that if you are projected violently forward, you may protect your face with your hands. While lovely woman, with all the intuition of all the ages stored up in her brain, fails to foresee this fact, and shoots forth, comet-like into space, alighting generally upon the bridge of her nose.

It has often been remarked that the fall of a ministry may be traced to the most unexpected causes. Such was the case with the late cabinet of Lord Rosebery. Its fall was primarily due to Oliver Cromwell.

For some weeks the Rosebery cabinet was considered doomed. It was generally believed that the government would come to grief either on the Local Option bill or the Welsh Church Disestablishment bill. But the Liberal brewers were pacified by carrying over the Local Option bill for another session, and the Welsh members were "fixed" on their bill. But just at this time Oliver Cromwell appeared on the scene. The First Commissioner of the Office of Public Works consulted with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in regard to erecting a statue of Oliver Cromwell. The chancellor consulted with his colleagues as to where the statue should stand. Nobody seemed to discuss the question then as to whether the statue should stand at all. But it was discussed later.

When the first vote was taken to appropriate a portion of the three thousand pounds for which Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, the well-known sculptor, had agreed to complete the statue, a terrific row broke out. The "proud and sensitive race" was wounded to the core—the Irish members sulked. But, none the less, the money for a statue of Oliver Cromwell was voted by the English House of Commons on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Naseby by the narrow majority of fifteen. This was rendered possible by the votes of the Ulster Tories. But such was the vindictiveness and rancor shown by the bulk of the Irish members that the ministry became alarmed. They formally announced that the project for erecting the statue was abandoned. This pleased the Irish, but enraged the Non-Conformist Liberals and the men of Ulster. They relieved their minds by subscribing personally the three thousand pounds required for the statue, but they placed a rod in pickle for the ministry.

Their opportunity soon came. A few nights after, a

motion was made to reduce by one hundred pounds the salary of Mr. Campbell Bannerman, the Secretary of State for War, on the ground that he did not keep enough cordite cartridges in stock. The disaffected Non-Conformists and the Ulster Tories, remembering how the ministry had truckled to the Irish over the Cromwell statue, voted with the opposition, and the Rosebery cabinet fell.

Out of the 670 seats in the newly elected House of Commons, the Conservatives hold 336, the Unionists 72, the Liberals 175, the McCarthyites or Nationalists 68, and the Parnellites 12. This gives the Conservatives alone a majority of 9 over all other parties, and the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists combined a majority of 153.

This is indeed a sweeping revolution. It may be said that the government would soon have fallen in any event. But the fact remains that it has fallen now, and that it has fallen because it tried in a pusillanimous way to truckle to the Irish Roman Catholic hatred of that stout old Puritan, that sturdy Roundhead soldier, Oliver Cromwell.

The *Argonaut* does not believe in sumptuary legislation. But it does believe in enforcing the law. If the people of New York city were foolish enough to pass laws which they do not want, we think the best way to convince them of that fact is to enforce those laws. Therefore, we believe that Theodore Roosevelt deserves the moral support of all right-thinking men for the hold stand he has taken in regard to enforcing the excise law of New York city. Mr. Roosevelt does not himself believe in such extreme rigor of the law concerning the sale of liquor on Sunday. But he believes in enforcing the law. And he is doing it.

In the meantime, there is terror in the hearts of politicians all along the line. There is terror in Tammany for the reason that they see "Roosevelt has got on to their little game." The present excise law is a Tammany measure, and was passed for the purpose of bulldozing the liquor-sellers. Tammany exacts a heavy tribute from the rum-mills. Therefore, when a saloon-keeper refused to disgorge, Tammany simply "ran him in" for selling liquor on Sunday, while his more prudent neighbor, who had "yielded up" to Tammany, continued to do a large and lucrative business through the side-door, unmolested by Tammany's police. Since the Roosevelt régime, all this has been changed. Saloon-keepers selling liquor on Sunday have been at once arrested, regardless of whether they had paid tribute or not, and Tammany sees its ill-gotten money going.

The Republican politicians are also in a state of terror, for they fear that Roosevelt's rigor will cause such a popular uprising that Tammany will be swept back to power on a tidal wave. Well, what of it? There was once a man who said, "It is better to be right than to be President." Correspondingly, it is better for the Republican party in New York city to do what is right and enforce the law rather than to juggle with iniquity.

Apocryphal of Presidents, there is some talk of Roosevelt as the Republican nominee. We think he would make a good President. But he would have the liquor element against him solid. And he would have the foreign element against him solid, too. For he once said in print:

"In speaking to my own countrymen there is one point upon which I wish to lay especial stress: that is, the necessity for a feeling of broad, radical, and intense Americanism, if good work is to be done in any direction. Above all, the one essential for success in every political movement which is to do lasting good, is that our citizens should act as Americans; not as Americans with a prefix and qualification—not as Irish-Americans, German-Americans, native-Americans—but as Americans pure and simple. It is an outrage for a man to drag foreign politics into our contests, and vote as an Irishman, or German, or other foreigner, as the case may be; and there is no worse citizen than the professional Irish dynamiter or German anarchist, because of his attitude toward our social and political life, not to mention his efforts to embroil us with foreign powers."

These are sound, vigorous, and patriotic words. But they would terrify the average political convention, which is so hard at work trying to catch the Irish vote, the German vote, and the Dago vote, that it frequently overlooks the American vote. But Theodore Roosevelt would catch the American vote, every time.

Dr. Max Nordau has scared the world a little by nearly convincing it that Ibsen, and Zola, and Tolstoy, and most contemporary men of genius who are in fashion, are no better than moral idiots—degenerates. He increases alarm by discountenancing some pleasing suggestions of others looking to the protection of society against the harmful influence of the poets and novel-writing philosophers who mistake their hodies for their souls, and teach ordinary people that clean thinking and decent living are proof of a hopelessly commonplace mind. In the *Forum*, the inexorable Nordau, who has ruffled the feathers of the finest *fin-de-siècle* literary birds, smiles with patronizing but discourag-

ing good-humor upon the attempt of Guglielmo Ferrero, a young Italian scholar, to re-assure us as to the destructive consequences of the tread-mill prose and oakum poetry of the era. "In our neurotic, overstrained, intoxicated society," says Ferrero, "an immense number of individuals is subject to abnormal and morbid tendencies." But these tendencies, usually remaining latent, are no interruption to a position in social life. "Under the influence of excitement or suggestion, however, a development into positive wickedness might readily occur." It is Nordau's view that the sort of reading mentioned gives this inciting impulse; but Ferrero is a cheerful soul, and thinks that "happily these books, in creating a literary satisfaction, prevent such individuals from seeking a further fruition in real life." He adds:

"Hence the book is the best defense against the dangerous psychical epidemics, which not yet existing as a derivative of literature while the ages were crude and ignorant, were a powerful cause of social disturbance. Like the anti-toxine injected to protect the sick from the bacillus which produces the anti-toxine, it is transformed into a remedy against the contagion which precedes it."

Dr. Nordau admits that this argument of Ferrero's is enticing. "There are surely degenerates," he says, "who exhaust their obsessions and impulses in their literary and artistic activity; I do not doubt that certain novels and dramas in which the most fearful and bloody deeds are lovingly and explicitly described have preserved their authors from committing murder, nor that the lewd can move and talk only in respectable society because their impulses are satisfied by written expression." This effect is by no means assured or general, however. "There are degenerates in plenty who demonstrate an equal aberration in both their writing and conversation." He avoids the temptation to quote living examples, preferring to go back to the past. "The Marquis de Sade was the author of the abominable 'Justine,' but did this hinder him from inaugurating the most fearful orgies in real life to satisfy his mad desire for a mixture of cruelty and voluptuousness?" Nordau's conviction is that the best protection that society can secure against the literature of the degenerates is not by vaccination, which may turn out to be inoculation, but by exposing the degenerates for what they really are. "Degenerate art and literature," he strikingly avers, "are from beginning to end but the rehabilitation of all that civilization up to this time has stamped as imperious and vicious. It is the glorification of what heretofore has been considered only shameful." He would have the young know that it is not fine to be morbid. To this end, he falls upon Ibsen, Nietzsche, Zola, Wagner, Maeterlinck, Swinburne, and the rest. He says:

"Whatever the work of the degenerates may be, new it certainly is not. In their works nothing is fresh, progressive, or free. None points to the future. . . . These mystics would conduct one back to the speculative and superstitious dreamers of the Middle Ages. The pre-Raphaelites find a date in their own name. The music of Wagner demonstrates a backward tendency to the commencement of art, when there were no sharply defined melodies, and when musical emotion found expression only in vague and indistinct melopoeia. The so-called revolt of an Ibsen is not a longing for freedom, but the caprice of hysterical beings who are themselves uncertain what they desire; his creative forms do not rebel against the tyranny of law and rotten tradition, but against the profoundest instincts of nature, love, altruism, the ties of blood, and the salutary restraint of sound human intelligence."

The press can better than any other agency abate the vogue of the degenerates. "On the day when the newspapers no longer consider it a duty to advertise the cripples and clowns of art and literature, the influence of degenerate productions will be greatly arrested."

It is remarkable that the physical scientists have not yet been drawn to the help of Nordau in his warfare upon the muddled musers on the ethereal nature of the suggestions of insufficiently exercised and understood bodies. It is time, one would think, for the evolutionist to rise from his study of structural homologies and give his practical mind to consideration of the philosophical and social consequences of the knowledge which he has made common. The grand truth that modern science has put us in possession of is that, degenerates and undegenerates alike, we are gorillas. What is needed is a clear and steady appreciation of that basic fact. The man, writer or artist, who knows himself to be a gorilla—realizes it acutely—is in no danger of being led into the error of mistaking simian promptings for soul throbs. Professor le Conte and Professor Jordan will each admit that, scientifically, the other is first cousin to the chimpanzee—that the essential difference between either of them and an anthropoid ape is in the superior endowment of brain possessed by the human animal. For the gorilla, morally or aesthetically viewed, neither Le Conte nor Jordan will profess the slightest respect. Science makes no such requirement. Both will admit that the more conscious one is of his ancestry, the less likely ought he to be to permit his hereditary impulses to cut monkey-shines with him. Therefore it is manifest that true,

scientific morality consists in every man caging his personal gorilla and giving the beast a run as seldom as may be. The gorilla who does not know that he is a gorilla—which appears to be the case with Mr. Ibsen, for example—and has acquired the writing as well as the introspective habit, is not only in a bad way himself, but influential in leading other non-writing, though highly sympathetic and soulful, apes into bad ways. The main difference between the writing gorilla and the gorilla which is still roaring healthfully in the forest, is that the former wears his hair concealed under clothing, where it troubles him as well as annoys Dr. Nordau, and all who, like him, have lifted their heads into a strictly human atmosphere.

The United Press dispatches recently gave an account of a remarkable dinner in Paris, at which Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, son of John of that ilk, was the host. This dinner, it seems, was given at the restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne known as the Pavillon d'Armenonville. The account is so extraordinary that it reads like a newspaper fake. But it was printed in the New York *Sun* and other reputable newspapers, and printed as if it were true, so presumably it is.

From the account, it seems that twenty-five guests were bidden to this Lucullus feast, and "twenty-five of the finest equipages that Paris could produce called at the same moment at the residences of the guests, and brought them to the banquet-hall." This is rather an unusual feature in dinners. It presupposes poverty on the part of the guests. It seems to assume that if the host does not provide the guests with carriages, they will be forced to walk. Did Mr. Wanamaker fear that his guests would come to his gilded feed in boulevard husses or riding bikes? It seems improbable when we look over the list of noble names—the Counts of Bryas, of Chazelles, of Rochefoucauld, the Baron of Zuylen, "son-in-law of a Rothschild," and the plain American Misters, of whom there were a few. Can it be that all these distinguished persons either had no carriages of their own, or no money to pay cab fare?

The dispatches go on to tell us of the glories of the banquet. It seems that, to make it as expensive as possible, an entire dinner was served to each guest—a "square meal," as we say in the West. "Each guest had a whole leg of mutton, a whole salmon, a whole truffled fowl, a whole basket of peaches, and a double magnum of champagne"—besides other wines and other undivided delicacies. This is really an embarrassment of riches. The spectacle of twenty-five men plugging into twenty-five legs of mutton would to us most strongly suggest a barbecue. "After the dessert had been served," as we are informed, "a waiter brought around a black silk bag, into which each guest thrust his hand and drew out a souvenir. The souvenirs were pearl and emerald pins, ruby links, gold cigarette-cases, inlaid with diamonds, and other trifles of substantial value. It is asserted that the cost of the entire affair was close to twenty thousand dollars."

Young Mr. Wanamaker may hug the flattering unction to his soul that he has given the most expensive and most vulgar dinner of modern times. We would suggest that he omitted one feature which might have added *clat*—as we say in Paris—to the occasion. It has recently been judicially decided that the trade-name "wanamakers"—given to those humble but useful receptacles indispensable to tobacco-chewers—is not libelous. It would have been a neat idea had young Mr. Wanamaker given to each of his guests a handsome metal wanamaker—say of gold for the counts, of silver for the barons, and of aluminum for the plain American Misters. On the bottom of each wanamaker, the arms of the Wanamaker family might be engraved. These souvenirs would be useful as well as ornamental, and in years to come, whenever his guests expectorated, they would think of young Wanamaker, his wanamakers, and his dinner.

We recently commented on the fact that the daily newspapers of the United States are in the habit of taking their news from the New York journals, and that matters of no importance except to New Yorkers, and of very little even to them, are given an undeserved prominence in the press of the country. The daily journals throughout the United States do this not because it is the best way to fill their columns, but because it is the easiest and cheapest.

This second-hand way of procuring news is directly in line with the methods of the very New York journals from which the provincial dailies obtain their news. The New York papers obtain practically all of their European news from the London papers. It is true that some of them have "special correspondents" in Paris and London, but the duties of these correspondents consist in scissoring paragraphs from the London papers, and then cabling them to their New York journals. This is carried so far that we have seen dispatches in the New York papers marked "special from our Paris correspondent" which were

verbatim reproductions of portions of the London *Telegraph's* admirable telegraphic department entitled "Paris Day by Day." There is thus presented the curious spectacle of a New York newspaper correspondent in Paris waiting two days to chop Parisian news out of a journal published in London. The fact that most of the news cabled to the New York journals from Europe is filtered through English bureaus is not creditable to the so-called "enterprise" of the American daily press.

These are facts upon which we have frequently commented, as our readers know. These lines are suggested by the fact that our contention in the matter has just received a striking confirmation. Captain R. D. Evans, who commanded the United States man-of-war *New York* at the Kiel celebration, has written to the Navy Department, inclosing a number of clippings from the German press. From these, it appears that the four ships of Admiral Kirkham's squadron attracted the most favorable comment from the German press. The *New York*, the *San Francisco*, the *Columbia*, and the *Marblehead* were especially praised by the Continental press, for their construction, armament, equipment, and the discipline of their crews. This, when it is considered that all the navies of the world were represented at Kiel, can not fail to gratify the officers and men of the United States Navy, as well as the people of the United States. But none of these facts appeared in the long accounts of the Kiel celebration printed in the New York papers, and from them "lifted" to the columns of countless dailies throughout the country. There was a bare mention in the Associated Press dispatches of the commendation of our war-ships by the Continental press. No extracts from the German journals appeared in these New York papers as "specially cabled from Kiel." The reason is very plain—practically all of the matter that was cabled from Kiel was handled by English news agencies, or prepared by English correspondents for English dailies. It is needless to say that all matter reflecting any credit on the American nation or the American navy was carefully excised by them. It was from these Bowdlerized reports that the enterprising New York dailies took their "specials," and it was from the enterprising New York dailies that the enterprising journals of the Western cities took their "cablegrams." Thus it is that European news for American readers is edited by English writers. And this is the "enterprise" of the American daily press. A murrain on such second-hand enterprise.

Governor Budd's vigorous action against irregular military organizations, the bearing of arms by such organizations, and the carrying of foreign flags through American streets, has, as we expected it would, caused him to be disliked by the trades-unions. There is a so-called "National Labor Army" which is formed "for the purpose of amalgamating trades-unions into a military organization," and which has recently issued a long and windy "preamble." This "preamble" is signed by James W. Rose, Harry A. Knox, and Frank Farquhar as "committee." Knox is one of the men who were tried for the murder last summer of the United States soldiers who were on a train in the line of their duty, engaged in trying to see that the government mails went through unimpeded and that the laws of their country were not set at defiance. He, Worden, and others were tried for the ditching of the train and the cowardly murder of the engineer and several of the soldier guards. The jury failed to agree, but Knox and Worden have not been acquitted by public opinion. We can not congratulate Messrs. Rose and Farquhar on their fellow committee-man, Knox.

E. D. Marlatt is the "president" of this "army." He said to a reporter of the *Call*:

"A mistaken impression has gone out to the effect that we are arming ourselves. Such is not the case at all, and, so far as we are concerned, there was no occasion whatever for Governor Budd's proclamation against organizations drilling with arms. It strikes me as unwise. We have about eleven hundred men enlisted in this National Labor Army in this city already, and there is not a weapon of any kind drilled with. All we do is to go through the ordinary military tactics without arms. The governor should think of his obligations to the working people before rushing into type with proclamations, the effect of which was to throw a stigma upon organized bodies of wage-workers."

It would be difficult for Governor Budd to "throw a stigma" upon bodies of wage-workers who are secretly organizing against the law. The claim that the organized trades-unions are merely "going through the military tactics without arms" is disingenuous. It is on a par with the plea invariably made by the trades-unions in times of strikes that all acts of violence are committed by outsiders. We think the governor is right in warning these sullen trades-unions, and we hope he will keep a sharp eye upon them. This pretext of organizing purely for going through the goose-step and "drilling without arms" is a little too gauzy. These gentry will hear watching. Look after them, Governor Budd.

THE SHADOW OF THE CRUCIFIX.

A Tale of the Mexican Sierras.

Beautiful indeed is the site of La Villa de Los Angeles, for it rests in a tiny valley far up in the Mexican Sierras—those great, majestic mountains, grand and worshipful. Tall pines dot the valley, and winding in and out among them are *acequias* filled with slow-moving water taken from the stream above and giving solace to the fields of growing *maiz* that stretch away even to the very mountains. Leading off to the westward is a mighty gorge through which, in the late afternoon, the sinking sun sends long golden beams of light across the beauty of the fields and into the heavy foliage of the pines; and later, a golden glory of red spreads across the west and high in the gray-blue sky shoot scintillating rays that bathe any passing cloud in liquid fire; and then—all fades gradually away until the very last, when rests on the eastern mountains a tinge of rosy light.

It is a little town—this La Villa de Los Angeles—only a cluster of ten or twenty adobe houses, grayish-brown in tone, built not around a plaza as is customary in that fair Mexican land, but grouped irregularly about a tiny ruined church—the Church of the Holy Crucifix—a church whose once rich façade of carved stone is now defaced by great cracks and crevices. The niches, wherein stood beautifully sculptured statues of the saints, are all but vacant, their shattered tenants lying scattered about the doorway; and, too, a part of the roof is gone, and through the opening the sunlight pours into the gloomy interior, at times casting a halo around the walls of the sacred edifice, seemingly sanctifying holy memories of the past that live on therein. In the summer, the rains—those heavy tropical rains—come and almost flood the little building; and yet, through it all, the altar, on which rests a life-size figure of the Christ nailed to the Cross, has remained uninjured for years and years, and is the one pride of the easy-going, dreamy descendants of the race of Montezuma who inhabit the village. Should you ask of these simple-hearted folk why they do not repair the little chapel, they will reply with gentle voice, as they reverently cross themselves: "It was the will of the good God that it is so; so he it," and then, should you care to listen, they will tell you a strange tale of the past, of the far back time when Don Carlos Martinez owned all the land thereabout, as well as the once great mines of El Carmen that lie, now abandoned, up in a rocky cañon some few miles to the north.

A hard master was Don Carlos, and there were few, very few, of the people who labored for him who were not kept continually in his debt—bonded to him—by fair means or foul, and many a poor creature found himself after months of labor only a slave to the master. Now it happened, in this far back time, that Pablo Duran, with his pretty young wife, wandered from the distant city of Durango up into La Villa de Los Angeles. Pablo was very poor, so poor that he possessed but two *burros* and just what these patient brutes carried into the valley on their backs—Pablo and his wife themselves had walked all the long miles over the mountains—and this consisted only of hedding, a box of clothes, some earthenware pots to cook in, a coop of chickens, and a bag or two of *maiz* and *frijoles*.

Pablo was not young, being nearly fifty, more than twice the age of his wife; but then this did not trouble him, for he knew that she, his Juana, loved him, and all that he desired in the world was to make a home for her. And so, after a while, he leased a little plot of land and built him a house—a tiny house of adobe—and very pretty it looked when the spring-time came and the passion vines clung in dense masses about the veranda and climbed up over the roof—so pretty and quiet, that the birds came and built their nests there.

The days came and sped happily away, and with them they brought a great joy to Pablo and Juana, for a little daughter was born to them; but shortly after there came to Pablo the sorrow of his life, for his Juana passed hence, down into the Valley of the Shadow. He laid her to rest under a great spreading pine that grew near their home, and in the time that followed he would take, on certain sunny afternoons, his motherless little girl and sit by the grave and mourn for hours for his lost love; and great thrills of mortal agony would come into his lonely heart as he gazed on the mite, so like herself, whom she had left him. Afterward when the *padre*—good Padre Antonio—came, he carried her to the church and placed her in the arms of the priest, and the sainted man touched her brow with holy water, murmured a prayer, and named her Juanita—little Juana.

The months slipped silently away and were lost in the depths of the passing years, and with them Juanita grew on into girlhood, living a life only of peace and happiness. Pablo, grizzled and gray and his form bent by age, still tilled his little plot of ground, and Juanita herself helped him in his work, going about barefooted in the wet soil, and with a clumsy hoe turning the water from the *acequia* into the little ditches that led it out over the whole field, until the thirsty land was all refreshed. Then, when evening came, and after supper, she would climb on her father's knee, and, pillowing her head on his shoulder, pass her hand gently through his curly gray beard while she talked to him; and at times, when the memory of his lost love on earth—she who rested out under the great pine—would come back to him and fill him with a dreary sadness, Juanita, who understood, had a way of drawing his cheek down to hers and kissing him until she drove the sorrow from his heart and caused his kindly old face to beam with smiles, for Pablo dearly loved this little daughter of his.

During the years of her childhood, Juanita had of all the children of the village but one playmate, and this was Ramon, the son of Pablo's old friend and neighbor, who farmed the land adjoining. Together the children had grown up, and it had been decided even while yet they were playing and building little houses of fallen cones out under the pines, that they should marry; and with this end in view, the two

old men began to hoard and save that they might give the children a start in life; but, then, saving with them was a very difficult matter, and it was only a few, a very few, *pesos* a year that they could manage to put aside, and some years, when the harvest was bad, none at all.

When Juanita was seventeen—she was to have been married in the late autumn of that year—a great storm swept over the valley, laying in waste the fields of growing *maiz*, and there was no harvest; and worse, all the little sum, the savings of years, the marriage portion, passed for rent into the hands of Don Carlos.

Ramon, in the bitterness of his disappointment, for his marriage to Juanita was postponed for a year, tried with the little he himself had saved to recoup their fortune by gambling, and lost all, and when the annual *fiesta* came around, he had sold himself to Don Carlos; not all at once, to be sure, but, little by little, five *pesos*' worth of him going at one time, ten *pesos*' worth at another, and with his losses, more, until he found himself bonded for nearly one hundred *pesos*. The knowledge of this, when it came to her, struck bitterness into Juanita's heart, and often in her sorrow she would wander into the little church, and there reverently kneel before the Blessed Virgin and pray from the depths of her soul that the sweet Lady, whose gentle, loving face seemed to be looking down on her, full of sympathy, would watch over Ramon and guide him aright, and that the next harvest would be very great, so that they might surely be married in the year to come. Then a holy peace would come to her, and, rising from her knees, she would pass out from the sacred edifice almost happy.

Juanita's prayers were surely not heard, for the harvest of the following year was very poor—so poor that Pablo knew that it would be impossible to pay his rental, and this, with the knowledge that he, in his old age, must become a bondsman, a peon of the master, filled him with anguish; and, too, it was so hard to give up his little home—the home he had built for her who had gone before, and whose every nook and corner recalled some sweet thought of the dear, dead past. Yet he knew that he must, and perhaps would never see it more, for he, as many another had, might be sent to other fields of labor far away from La Villa de Los Angeles.

The day of settlement came at last, and in the late afternoon Don Carlos rode up to Pablo's home. He did not dismount at once, but sat gazing at a picture before him, for there, in the doorway, amid the heavy festoons of the passion vines, stood Juanita. She was clad in a loose garment of bright-red *mantila*, her dark hair piled high on her head, and with her great brown eyes filled with a look of mingled sorrow and fear. He wondered how it was that he had never noticed the great beauty of the girl before. Then, dismounting, he addressed her, "*Buenos dias, señorita*. I am come to see thy father. Is he about?"

"*Si, señor*," she answered, as she slowly walked toward him. "He is here," and, reaching his side, she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, and pointing off to where a man lay face downward on a grassy mound out under the pines, and said: "There, señor; there he is. He has been there all day, bidding her—my mother—farewell."

A look as of scorn covered the dark face of Don Carlos; still, he bowed his head and walked slowly away. Reaching his horse, he turned and gazed at the girl so intently and for so long that she dropped her eyes and the hot blood rose to her face. Then he said: "Thou art very beautiful, my little one. Tell me, hast thou no lovers?—for surely thy beauty would tempt the saints."

The girl stood with clasped hands and bowed head, and a great sob swelled up from her breast as she softly murmured: "*Si, señor*; Ramon, our neighbor's son—I was to have been his wife last year, but the trouble came—and even now—oh, I know not—," and, hursting into tears, she turned and entered the house.

And Don Carlos? He mounted and rode away, deep in thought. With him, to think was to act, and that very night Juanita and hers felt the weight of his hand, and it howed them down with grief, for Ramon on the morrow was to leave for the far-off *hacienda* of Don Carlos in the State of Chihuahua, there to remain and work out his indebtedness—if he ever could.

The parting between Ramon and Juanita was sad, for it was for the first time and was to be, perhaps, forever. At the last moment, even after he had left her sobbing in the arms of her father, he turned back, and reaching out his hands, cried: "Come to me once again, my Juanita—come to me, my little heart, for I love thee so, I do love thee so! Come to my arms; ah! that is right. Now let me hold thee close and kiss thy eyelids, so; and thy lips. Juanita *mia*, dost thou remember when we were children, how I would call thee my little wife? And thou wilt be, my Juanita, for I love thee so, I love thee so! Nestle close in my arms, sweetheart, and tell me of thy love and that thou wilt wait, my little one, wait, for I will return to thee."

And Juanita clung to him to the very last, sobbing over her love as he pressed his farewell kisses to her lips.

He was gone, and all was dreary misery to Juanita; and to her it seemed that she was deserted even by the Blessed Lady, who had failed to listen to her prayers. Still, she went to the little church, and, kneeling there on the old tiled floor, tried from the depths of her sad heart to pray, but she could not; then she thought that, after all, of what was the use, for her prayers of the past had been in vain. Yet, when she raised her eyes, the Blessed Lady seemed to be looking down on her with the same sweet smile as of yore.

The following day, Don Carlos came again, and Pablo, meeting him at the door, bade him enter and asked what was his will.

"I am come, Pablo," Don Carlos replied, "to make thee an offer. Do what I desire, and I will free thee from debt and give to thee the land without rent hereafter. Thou hast a daughter, Pablo, and she is very beautiful," and, placing his hand on the other's shoulder, he whispered: "Give her to me!"

"Señor! To thee! Señor, thou art already married." "Married! Who said anything about marriage, thou fool?" and Don Carlos threw his head back and broke into laughter.

The old man gazed at him for a moment, then his face grew ashen and his head fell forward on his breast as he moaned, "Sainted Mother, has it come to this? My Juanita!—my little daughter! Oh, God!" Then he arose, his form becoming almost straight as he drew himself up, and, trembling with anger, he cried, "Go thou! Go before I kill thee! Go, thou accur—"

"*Caramba, hombre!*" cried Don Carlos, springing to his feet. "Thou hast forgotten! It is I who shall say 'Go thou!'—and go thou wilt to where'er it pleases me to send thee, and without thy daughter, too. Think well of what I have offered, for to-night I will send for thee, and when I do, thou—wilt come! *Adios!*" and he left the house.

Pablo sank back in his seat and bowed his head in his hands, sobbing out in his grief. And there Juanita found him. Gently she fell on her knees at his side and, wrapping her arms around his neck, drew his face down to her, and he told her all.

That evening the two men, Don Carlos and Pablo, sat talking at a table in the corner of the village store; a queer little store in which a few shelves served to carry the meagre stock of goods it contained, while from the beams above hung great strings of onions and red peppers and slabs of dried beef. It was very faintly lighted by a few crude tallow dips that sputtered and flickered as they burned, throwing fantastic, quivering shadows across the earthen floor and on the rough adobe walls.

Outside the rain was falling in sheets, and every now and then a distant flash of lightning would cast through the open door a glare that for the instant would dispel the gloom and bring out in bold relief the faces of the men. A bottle of *tequila* was on the table, and Don Carlos, taking it up, filled a glass with the liquor and pushed it toward Pablo, saying: "Come, man, drink, it will do thee good. And now listen, for I have decided I will give thee a chance, a great chance—with the dice. If I win, thou owest me nothing and can have the land rent free, but—Juanita is mine! Shouldst thou win, I will recall Ramon, and he and Juanita shall marry, and neither thou nor he will owe me anything. Refuse, and thou shalt labor in the mines, and thy daughter—well, she—Come, what sayest thou? Wilt thou throw?"

The old man howed his head on his arms, and his whole body quivered. After a time he raised his head and, stretching out his trembling hand, grasped the glass of liquor on the table before him, drank it, and sat gazing out through the open door into the blackness of the night and beyond, even through the thick walls of the little church, to where he seemed to see his daughter kneeling in prayer before the Holy Crucifix; and vaguely he knew it must be Juanita, for she had told him that she was going there to pray, not to the Blessed Lady, who refused to hear her, but to the Christ, to ask the dear Christ on the Cross for protection. Then he thought of her mother—she who was waiting for him in the over there—and he seemed to see the rain as it dripped, dripped, dripped from the boughs of the overhanging pine down on her last earthly home, the little mound beneath.

His reverie was broken by Don Carlos exclaiming: "Come man, come! Here are the dice—wilt thou throw?"

Pablo took the box as though dazed and without a word, and, as he slowly shook it, great beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. Then he threw—eleven! With trembling hands, he gathered up the dice, placed them in the box, and threw again—fifteen! Once more, and for the last time, he turned the box down on the table—nine! Thirty-five in all. He sank back in his chair, and through his dry, parched lips breathed a prayer while he watched Don Carlos carelessly sweep the dice back into the box and throw—ten! Again—seventeen! And again, and when the box was lifted, two fours and a six rested on the table.

The old man arose, muttering: "Two fours and a six!—two fours and a six!" Then, realizing that he had lost, he grasped at the table for support, and cried out in agony: "Juanita! Oh, Juana!—my Juana in heaven!—save her!—and forgive!"

Then a strange thing happened. Suddenly the whole heavens were filled with a blinding light, and amid the roar of the thunder that followed could be heard the crash of falling timbers; then all was silent. But after a moment from without came a cry: "Mother of God! The church is struck!"

Pablo heard, and through his throbbing brain it passed—"The church is struck!" What did he care?—for now he must go home to Juanita and tell her that she—oh, God! how could he! And as he thought, some one seemed to be crying out to him, "The church is struck!" and as he tottered out through the door into the night, the very wind seemed to moan, "The church is struck, the church is struck!" Then it came to him that Juanita must be there. Yes, he remembered now; she had gone there to pray—to pray for what? Oh, the mockery of it!

Slowly he groped his way through the darkness toward the little house of God, and reaching the door, which stood open, he passed in. No light was there, save a faint flame on the altar that had burned on and on, day after day, night after night, from far back in the years. He hesitated a moment, then called, "Juanita! *Chiquita mia!* Juanita!" No answer came, and, moving on toward the altar, he stumbled over a pile of broken beams and earth. Why, he did not know, but he dropped on his knees and groped about the debris—and he found her.

Gently he drew her forth and gathered her to his breast, holding her there all unmindful of the rain that dripped down on them through a great gap in the roof. Vaguely he knew that she was with her mother in heaven, and he bent to kiss her brow. A sudden pain grasped his heart with fingers of steel and he moaned in agony; then a sweet drowsiness stole over him; into his ears came a ringing as of music, and he seemed to fall asleep.

There early next morning they were found—she clasped close in her father's arms, with his lips resting on her hair. Peace had come to them at last, for their spirits, leaving poor earthly love and sorrow behind, had passed hence into the perfect love of heaven—unto perfect and eternal rest.

Don Carlos came and gazed down on them, and as he stood there at their side, the first rays of the rising sun fell through an open casement in the rear, across the altar, and, as though a sign of protection even in death, cast over both, father and daughter, the shadow of the Holy Crucifix.

GEORGE WARREN STEALEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1895.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Taj.

Ah, the white wonder I have there been who came
And gazed, and laid staff and surveying chain
Along thy sacred sides, fairest of fanes!
Who with yard-rule would count the inches off
From Aphrodite's Parian majesty,
And stretch tape o'er Elysian asphodel.
He hath not eyes to see whose eyes have seen
The glory of the beauty of the Taj,
Nor knew and felt, at seeing, how man's hand
Comes nearest God's herein, touching his charm
Of rounded silvery clouds in that poised Dome
Which hangs between the sky's blue and the stream's.

A passion, and a worship, and a faith,
Writ fast in alabaster.

Oh, friends I verse is too bold seeking to tell
How beautiful this Eastern tomb doth rise.
How fair by sun or moonlight, how superb
This house of Love and Death—all lily-white
In the green garden upon Jumna's shore!
The city, swarming past the river's bend,
Wafts no noise here; far off you may discern
The bridge of boats, the Fort's red wall, the Domes—
Three pearly foam bells—of the Mosque of Pearl
Suspended o'er those distant parapets;
Ram-Bagh; the tall palm groves by Akhar's grave;
And Akhar's judgment terrace. Here the stream—
Yamuna, silver daughter of the Sun—
Glides broad and silent, washing sandy flats
And ancient water-gates. By avenues
Of neem and *palsa*; past low huts of mat,
Gay-painted country dwellings, topes, and wells,
Temples, and little shrines, where gilded gods
Squat with cross legs—Balkrishna, Hanuman;
By pan and hangle-shops, by weaving grounds,
By creaking Persian wheels, rice-fields, and tanks,
Winds the cantonment way, made populous
With tread of patient feet, which come and go
Doing the errands of their placid day.
You meet the brown-limbed laden coolie girls,
The ekkas with full-freight of pots and wives,
The camels stalking slow, the palanquins,
The helmed peon, the sweetmeat man, the ox
Grave pacing with his spriting water-skins;
The spangled dancing-girls, the fishermen,
Byrdgis, *sepoys*, *hamals*, jungle folk,
The people of an Agra afternoon.
When, suddenly, wheels stop, brides are drawn,
One cries, "The Taj!" the "Exalted one"—
Queen of her Sultan's heart, and Hindostan—
Here by her lord and lover laid to sleep.
And here, too, sleeps the stately king who planned
This splendor for his sorrow.
First a proud archway, reared of rosy stone
Banded with marble; and a frontal wall
Crowned by low cupolas. The demi-vault
Of entry towers aloft, framing huge space
Of azure heaven, broad groined with span and rib
In marbles brown and white.
Through the vaulted door opens to sight
A glorious garden, green, forever green,
Since hither comes no harsh or biting time,
With cypress intermixed, ranged all the way,
On either border of the broad-paved path,
Like sentinels of honor. From the gate
Straight to the threshold of the Taj Mahal
Those trees of mourning marshal you.
Led thus by sombre cypresses and lines
Of dancing water-jets, and lilled tanks,
And glistening garden causeway, the gaze lights
On that great tomb, rising prodigiously, still,
Matchless, perfect in form, a miracle
Of grace, and tenderness, and symmetry,
Pearl pure against the sapphire of the sky.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Japanese correspondent of the *Chicago Record*, W. E. Curtis, confirms the statement that the Japanese Government proposes to use the greater portion of the indemnity paid by China for the construction of naval vessels of the highest class, and the extension and improvement of the fortifications that protect the coast of the empire. The Krupp and Armstrong guns from the captured fortresses of China are already being removed, and will be mounted for the defense of Tokio. In the letting of contracts for new men-of-war, it is said that American firms will be given a preference, and this will be done, Mr. Curtis says, "even if the American prices are higher than those of Europe; first, because they are convinced that the best ships in the world have come from American yards; and second, because they desire to show their friendly interest in the people of the United States." Newspaper dispatches state that Japanese agents are already in this country for the purpose of inspecting the facilities of the Cramps and other ship-builders.

A new law, reducing the length of residence necessary in order to get a divorce to seven months, has just gone into force in Yankton, S. D. It is related that many attorneys of that city have recently been visited by a hustling young man from the East, who proposes to furnish them with divorce clients for a liberal percentage. He intends to make a close canvass in the East, extolling the attractions and conveniences of Yankton and its divorce accommodations, and drumming for clients.

Paris courts have at last decided that *concierges* are liable for damages if they say anything about the private life or business relations of the tenants. They can only give information about their leases.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND DOWERS.

How They Seem as Seen Through European Eyes—M. de Varigny's Chat with an American Beauty's Chaperon—The Cost of Preparing a Girl for Matrimony.

It is a curious society that elbows you on board of one of the great transatlantic liners. It is a microcosm, a microscopic world, a city looked at through the wrong end of an opera-glass: busy promoters, millionaire bankers, tourists in search of adventures, cavaliers of industry, emigrants rich in hope, but poor in money, sacrificing their last coins to make a show by taking first-cabin passage, and wondering how they will dine when they get ashore.

The women are more interesting than the men. Among them you will notice young American girls, still intoxicated with the heavy air of Paris, dreaming over their "social success" and of the as yet unworn toiles with which they will eclipse their feminine friends in Boston, Chicago, or San Francisco; young ladies' boarding-school teachers who have been making tours of Europe, and are about to import to the Far West the manners and customs of Paris and London; young brides who are just finishing their honeymoon trip, and are economizing on the last quarter of the honeymoon, owing to the first three-quarters having been made excessively expensive by the tips and tricks of Europe; here and there some daughters of the financial aristocracy of the New World, still dazzled with the artistic riches of Italy, the beauty of Greece, and the strange bazaars of Egypt and Constantinople, but preferring to them Paris, where all is gay and brilliant, and repeating to themselves the familiar saying, "Paris is the paradise where every good American goes when he dies."

When the steamers are going east instead of west, the scene is different. Curiosity is the dominant note. The travelers are going either to see for the first time or to revisit that Old World where they look forward to so much. It is interesting to draw out the travelers whom you meet and to exchange ideas. The ideas, by the way, which American mothers and daughters hold of their respective rights and duties are very different from those of European mothers and daughters. Take, for example, the ideas which prevail in France. The rule which public opinion lays down for a young girl in the United States differs to such an extent from that which custom demands of a young lady in France that the conditions of life are modified by it. This is shown in the fact that the family budget of expenses is modified to a great extent by the rôle played by the daughter. This is partially explained, perhaps, by the absence of *dots* in America. It is supposed that the pecuniary and other advantages which are lavished upon the American girl should compensate for the absence of a dower. Nevertheless, upon this point the usages are changing, and the day is undoubtedly coming when American girls will claim the same dowry right that their European sisters enjoy, without abandoning those premarital privileges which they already possess. By a minute comparison, it is seen that the normal budget of expense of a young American girl far exceeds that of a young French girl, taking into consideration, of course, their relative social positions. It costs much more to bring the American girl to the threshold of matrimony. These facts were made plain to me by conversations with a most intelligent American lady and practical woman, who was familiar with figures and also familiar with the modes of life of France and America.

"Yes, our American girls are certainly charming," she said, with a legitimate pride, "and my traveling companion is one of the most charming types that our civilization can produce. She is the third daughter of a rich New York merchant. The two elder daughters are married, one of them to the son of a banker. She had no *dot*, but her father gave her on her wedding day five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of her honeymoon trip. The second daughter married a lieutenant in the navy, a young man with a promising future, but without any fortune. The father makes to this young couple an allowance of three thousand dollars a year, which he can stop at his own pleasure. The third daughter, Daisy, who has been accompanying me in my European trip, is considered the beauty of the family. They have dreams of a brilliant match for her with an English peer or Roman prince or Austrian count. That will all depend, of course, upon fate. Daisy has everything done for her which could fit her for pleasing and for maintaining her position in any station, no matter how high. Neither money nor care has been spared to make of her a woman of good breeding and distinction, and to cultivate and develop, with her natural advantages, her intellectual gifts. By her birth and by the influences that have surrounded her, she personifies the type of a young American girl of the upper class.

"In New York I kept a select academy for young ladies. I have thus gained a competency and a profound knowledge of the circle to which Daisy belongs. She was one of my favorite pupils, and during the course of six years that she passed with me, I had nothing but praise to report of her to her family. And so, when I retired and decided to come to Europe, Daisy's father, who is a widower and absorbed in his business, begged me to take charge of his daughter and to take her around Europe, a preliminary to marriage which is indispensable in the United States for every young girl of her position. Do not think, however, that it enters into my duties to find her a husband. That is Daisy's affair and not mine. If she finds one to her liking, I shall not know it until the day that they are betrothed. She will not ask my advice about the matter any more than she will that of her father. Daisy is twenty-one years old. She will choose in her own way, with discernment and discretion. She knows what she wants and is perfectly aware that the responsibility of her choice depends upon herself. I know what you are going to say to me, that at that age the flatteries of man may dazzle her, but don't believe it. Daisy has no imagination. Daisy is *blase*

with flattery. Daisy is surfeited with adoration. She has perfectly clear and well-defined ideas of how to live, and, without asserting that no one could deceive her, I should be much surprised if any one did. When I was keeping my academy, my pupils were all warned against this danger. The parents knew it, and from that comes their confidence in me. That is why I am returning from a European tour at the expense of Mr. Newell Morton, with his charming daughter, of whom I am nominally the chaperon, but who might just as well be my chaperon. You smile; you think that I exaggerate. You are mistaken. Daisy is the finished type of modern American education. Her father has spared no money, and I have spared no pains. Daisy is worth her weight in gold, according to the common saying, but you would never dream, you benevolent and disinterested admirer, what it has cost to bring this young American girl to such a point.

"Foreigners often wonder at the ardor for work which Americans show, their apparent thirst for gain, and the easy way in which they spend their money. To understand it, one must know what their family life is, the incessant demands for money of their wives and daughters, the burdensome expense with which they are confronted. Woman in the United States is a luxury; daughters most of all. Both come high. Take Daisy, if you will, for an example and see what the figure for her budget is. First of all, in America we believe in the principle that perfect physical health is the basis of beauty; that it is an indispensable possession; and that our young women must be robust, and that husbands do not care for delicate wives. Frail and sickly beauties are not to the taste of our young men. Daisy can walk ten hours without fatigue. She rides like an Amazon; she knows how to row; she knows how to fence; she knows how to swim; she is an accomplished gymnast; she knows how to dress herself; her toiles and costumes are in the most perfect taste. This charming envelope covers muscles of steel, over which she is unquestioned mistress, and a body akin to Atalanta's.

"Now let us figure up what all this represents. Lessons in horsemanship, horses and groom, boats and canoes, fencing-masters, gymnastic teachers, swimming teachers, milliners, dressmakers, summers at Newport, operas, balls, dinners, and receptions. Add for her toilet \$3,000 a year, without counting special costumes, such as those for horseback-riding, bathing, fencing, and gymnastics. Add to these what so many girls who have taken up sporting slang called 'grooming,' to wit: Turkish baths, massage, pedicuring, manicuring, hair-dressing, and perfuming. 'Grooming' costs much in America. We shall have to put it down at \$500 at least. Education, strictly speaking, costs about \$1,500 a year. I did not receive pupils for less. At these rates they learn English and French, history and geography, the rules of etiquette, and good manners. Every evening they dress for dinner. Once a week I held a reception. There was music and occasionally dancing. Music, painting, and dancing, and foreign languages were extra—\$20 a month for dancing lessons, \$2 a lesson for singing, and as much for languages, fencing, and gymnastics. For the young ladies who wished to take all these courses, I charged \$600 over and above the regular price. I could not place at less than \$50 a month the amount that a young American girl of the richer classes spends in flowers, bonbons, charities, and lunches. They have a weakness for orchids, and orchids come high. Now let us make up the total. Dress, \$3,000; education, \$1,500; other educational charges, \$600; grooming, \$500; pocket money, \$600; say \$6,200 in all. Estimate at what price you like her summers at Newport, her trips to Saratoga, her excursions by carriage, and her yachting cruises and horseback parties, and you will have a total that will make even a well-to-do bachelor shake in his shoes."

My American friend told the truth. The result is charming, that can not be gainsaid. But the cost is big, and it is not to be wondered at that the heads of families are somewhat refractory when it comes to the question of a dower. Their daughters, fortunately for them, agree with the papas. They think that their future husbands should content themselves with their persons, without demanding money to boot. But, nevertheless, America and Europe rub elbows to such an extent that the rich heiresses of New York and Chicago are becoming tinged with Old World ideas. They have become used to exchanging their millions for the title of princess or duchess in Europe. When they marry with Europeans, a dower is necessary. It is gradually becoming the fashion.—Translated for the *Argonaut* from the French of C. de Varigny.

While the gold-fields of Western Australia are attracting such general attention (says a London paper), it is not unnatural that consideration should be given to any improvement in the route thither. A French architect was dissatisfied with the route at present existing; it was not direct; it went round. So he took unto himself a pick-axe and spade, and at eleven o'clock went to the Place des Vosges, removed the paving-stones, and began to dig. For three hours the police let him go on with his work; by this time he had not actually got down so far as Australia, but still he had dug quite a nice hole in that direction. Then the police asked him questions, and, as they got no answers, took him away, leaving the direct route to Australia still, so to speak, in its infancy, and unlikely to be further continued.

One would not have imagined that the Catholic churches in Chicago could have one-half more children in their parochial schools than the larger city of New York; and yet it is a fact. Chicago has 46,975, while the parochial schools in New York have only 32,866. A Catholic paper explains the difference in the following disrespectful way: "Archbishop Feehan has been saying nothing, but sawing wood ten hours a day. Archbishop Corrigan has been filling three continents with the report of his zeal for Catholic education, and otherwise showing how busy a ben can be that has only one chicken."

EX-QUEEN ISABELLA.

Her Tempestuous Life and Loves, as Told in "Secrets from the Court of Spain"—Her Lack of Bringing Up and the "Spanish Marriages."

Some person whose identity is not revealed, but who certainly writes with every appearance of intimate knowledge of his subject, has been contributing an interesting series of papers, entitled "Secrets from the Court of Spain," to one of the English reviews. They constitute a highly entertaining history of the reign of Queen Isabella, that stout old lady whose reputation rests on her amours rather than on her career as a ruler, and who is to-day one of the most prominent *rois en exil* who maintain the mockery of regal state in Paris.

Isabella's mother, Marie Christine, sballow and a cunning and an unscrupulous intriguer, "a woman whose chief amusement was to cut her servant's eyebrows and make him eat her curl-papers," and to whose devising was largely due the infamous "Spanish marriages," allowed her daughter, who had become queen at three years old, was of age at thirteen, and was married three years later, to run wild. The lack of discipline in her bringing up may be imagined from this paragraph, descriptive of her life at the age of thirteen:

Cooking was one of Isabella's favorite diversions. But, like the spoiled and ill-brought-up child she was, when she took it into her head to amuse herself in this way, she would set up her kitchen in the drawing-room and commence her operations without the slightest regard for cleanliness, and without any one thinking it worth while to tell her that it would, perhaps, be more fitting to whip the cream in a place less liable to be soiled; and it was no uncommon thing to see ministers, in their eagerness to take part in these culinary exploits, disputing with one another for the handle of the stew-pan, while the sovereign smeared the silk furniture with grease, and burned holes in the carpet.

With characteristic malice she took delight in making fun of the wearisome crowd who surrounded her, and of using them to provide amusement for her. Thus, when one day she was giving a strictly official ball, she was seized with the idea of having all the lilac in the gardens cut, and of bestowing it in such profusion in the rooms that the walls were literally covered with it, so that one might have imagined one's self in a forest of lilac. Such an accumulation of flowers exhaled so overpowering an odor that the guests were gravely inconvenienced, and since etiquette forbade them to leave the hall before the queen, in an hour's time ladies began to faint, ministers, diplomats, and chamberlains snored aloud in arm-chairs, and the palace was transformed into the similitude of that of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

Left to themselves, Isabella and Marie Louise dressed very badly. Their mother took no trouble about their *toilette*; and, judged by the clothes they wore, they would never have been suspected to be princesses. The queen, who has always had a taste for finery, suffered much from this neglect. Her keenest joy, when she was declared of age, was unquestionably the thought that she would be able to have as many dresses and be as smart as she wished. But before that time she was reduced to pitiable expedients, and it sometimes happened that her attire was meretricious. One day she saw a picture representing an *odalisque* in a long veil, which floated out loose around her, without a fold; she immediately wished to have a veil like it—one which would float equally well; and, as her milliner did not know how to make the veil float, she invented a wire contrivance which she attached to her waist-band, so as to make her veil "float" at the bottom, as in the picture; and thus attired, she appeared, proud as a peacock, at a state hall.

The writer of these articles gives us this glimpse of Queen Isabella as a girl:

In person, Isabella was thin and slender, with a charming figure. Her complexion was delicate and fresh; her fair hair was worn in hands; her blue eyes were soft and bright. But when she was three years old, she was the victim of an attempt to poison her, consequent on which she contracted a skin disease which no remedy has been able to cure, and which has only become worse with advancing years.

Here is a specimen, by the way, of Isabella's wit:

There was no sort of resemblance between the two daughters of Ferdinand. Marie Louise was as cold, timid, and suspicious as Isabella was lively, sprightly, and bold. She had much of her mother in her—a pretty, dainty brunette, with magnificent black eyes. The future Duchesse de Montpensier had one great fault—she was horribly jealous of her sister. All her life long she fretted herself because she was the second. She aged quicker than the queen, a fact which caused the latter to observe wittily:

"My sister has always wanted to be the elder, and God has permitted her to appear so."

Christine took little notice of her two daughters. One reason was that, apart from the cares of the regency and of politics, she had a second family which still further distributed the small portion of maternal instinct with which nature had endowed her. Our author says:

The king died on the twenty-ninth of September. Less than three months afterward, on December 28th, his widow married Fernando Muñoz secretly.

The person who was thus called to so improbable a destiny was born at Tarrancon, a little city in the province of Cuenca. He was the son of a hutchman, and his mother still kept a small tobacco shop in his birthplace after he had become the queen's husband. In a lucky moment he took service in the army, and was a soldier of the body-guard, when his unusual beauty, his superb carriage, and his three-and-twenty years took the regent's fancy. It was a thunder-clap. Muñoz appeared, and Christine married him.

Was this singular woman's love an affair of the heart or of the senses? It is a nice point to decide. She seems to have had nothing but a temperament. The heart played a very minor part in her existence. As to the senses, she was incapable of an infatuation. She had been faithful to Ferdinand; she was faithful to Muñoz. She bore two children to Ferdinand and six to Muñoz; and when Muñoz died, she forgot him as calmly as she had forgotten Ferdinand.

Up to 1840, the time when she had to surrender the regency and leave Spain provisionally, the marriage remained a profound secret, and the birth of the children as well. The facts were known only to a few intimates. Espartaco, on his accession to power, made them public, because they entailed on Christine the loss of the right to the wardship of Ferdinand's two daughters.

A less energetic woman would have found a difficulty in keeping such a situation a secret. Christine was noways embarrassed. Her constitution lent itself marvelously to such a scheme. The regent managed to conceal her condition without any apparent inconvenience. She bore her confinements with remarkable ease. . . . For seven years no one dreamt that Ferdinand had a successor and Isabella little brothers and sisters. The ladies-in-waiting passed as the mothers of the children.

It must be added that Muñoz, with perfect taste, never allowed himself in public the least familiarity with her whom he appeared to regard simply as his sovereign. Correct to the point of exaggeration, a slave to etiquette, he was content to be "the queen's husband," or rather her first chamberlain. Even after the marriage had been officially recognized, he continued to treat Christine with the most perfect discretion. Nothing could be more comical than the dignity with which, when they were in Paris, he used to reply to the ex-regent's visitors:

"I will do myself the honor to inform myself of her majesty's arrangements."

He never tried to meddle in any way in public matters. His life was spent in seeing "whether her majesty could receive." He was, in short, a sufficiently poor creature.

Political reasons made it necessary to hasten the young queen's coming of age. Of this event, and a most horrible circumstance that attended it, our author says:

By the terms of the Constitution of 1837, the queen was to come of age at fourteen, that is to say, on October 10, 1844. But it was impossible to run the risk of a new regency for a year. The ceremony, therefore, took place on August 8, 1843, in presence of the whole *corps diplomatique*. On November 10th, the queen took the oath. One of the persons who had been instrumental in bringing about Espartaco's fall was Don Sebastiano de Olozaga, a former ambassador to France, and one of the chiefs of the Progressist party, who held the office of *ayo*, or tutor, to the queen. He was an intellectual man, a good talker, well fitted for political warfare, devoted to his party and his ideas, but devoid of all scruples, and not squeamish in his methods. Short, fat, squat, and totally lacking in distinction or elegance, just the type of a *torero* of the baser sort, or even of a vulgar *chifpero*, his exterior sufficiently indicated his character. The queen did not love him.

He had been trying for a long time to acquire a disastrous influence over his pupil, and reckoned, no doubt, on finding means to establish his own power. He could find no better way than to try to debase her mind. While she was still of tender years, he gave her disgusting hooks to read. At last one day, when Isabella was twelve years old, he drugged her and endeavored to take advantage of her innocence. The attempt was only defeated by the unexpected appearance of the Countess de Mina. Mistrusting the designs of Olozaga, this brave woman, despite the danger she ran, did not hesitate to enter the room and prevent the accomplishment of the crime. Queen Isabella preserves a lasting gratitude to her. To-day, at sixty years old, she never speaks of her former governor without the liveliest emotion.

Isabella's first meeting with General Serrano, a young and handsome general of twenty-one, is thus described:

It was a day of trouble and alarm. Revolt was in the air, and nothing seemed too fearful to apprehend. The queen was fifteen years old. There was a sudden alarm, and it was deemed prudent to get her out of the palace by a small door which opened on the gardens of the Campo del Moro. While the queen was descending the staircase which led to the gardens, General Serrano was mounting it. He was handsome, young, brave, renowned. Profiting by the romance of the moment, he advanced toward the young girl and swore that, be the danger what it might, he would never leave her. Isabella was charmed, and allowed him to accompany her. And while the town below was seething and swaying like a stormy sea, in the peaceful, shady groves of the Campo del Moro the brilliant general brought the first flutter of love to the heart of his sovereign.

At this epoch, and indeed long before, the queen's marriage was the object of the keenest and most untiring negotiation on the part of the several governments of Europe. Isabella knew it, and awaited the decision of statecraft with a noble indifference:

"If my marriage takes place soon," she said one day, with perfect nonchalance, "Trapani will be my husband. If it is delayed a little, it will be Cohurg; if longer, Montemolin." And, in her twelve years' experience of sovereignty, she was so convinced of the futility of any kind of personal preference in the matter, that even before she was married, even before she had had a chance of being disappointed in the husband she had not yet seen, she had no hesitation in allowing herself a favorite.

All Europe seemed interested for political reasons in the choice of a consort for the young queen; but the combination that was finally consummated was devised by Isabella's mother, Christine, and was thus proposed by her to the latter's uncle, Louis Philippe:

The latter then proposed to her uncle the combination which she had conceived. Isabella was to marry her cousin, François d'Assise, and the Duc de Montpensier was to marry the Infanta Marie Louise. Thus, come what might, the throne of Spain would revert to the Orleans family, either in the person of the Duc de Montpensier himself, or in that of one of his sons. It was, in short, absolutely certain that no issue would be born of the marriage of the queen with her cousin. In any case, if the two sons of Louis Philippe could not marry the two sisters, this combination appeared preferable to any other. The Spanish doctors, whose hunders are legion, had declared that the queen would never have children, and to marry her to François d'Assise seemed a perfect security, a very surfeit of precaution.

Of the parties to this political arrangement, our author says:

On the day of his marriage, Don François d'Assise received the honorary titles of king and majesty. He was a young man of twenty-four years, very small, very fair, and curly. His pretty face was coquettishly adorned with a slight, fair mustache, delicate lips, and a pair of charming blue eyes. He was, so it was said, a typical "Miss," and his smallness accentuated this impression. On the other hand, he looked very well on horseback, where his tiny figure was less remarkable, and his grace and elegance stood him in good stead.

What a contrast to her whom politics, fate, and the irony of history had allotted to him for wife! He, dainty, refined, childish, a *duodecimo* man; she, tall, strong, and vigorous; he, of inconceivable timidity, and shrinking from the rough ways of life to the point of fearing to take any kind of action, or bringing himself into notice in any way; she, on the contrary, brave, courageous, virile, all dash and "go," rash, reckless of danger, and ready to rush blindly into adventures; Isabella, thoughtless in her generosity and prodigality; he, prudent and careful, calculating his expenses minutely, and quick to profit by the least circumstance from which he could derive benefit; the one of a tortuous mind, dealing in dissimulation, ruses, and *finesse*; the other romantic, of exaggerated sentiment and imagination, always impelled toward great actions and fair thoughts.

To look at them, it seemed as if nature, as well as constitution, had inverted their positions in life. Isabella was the king. Had she not been at the same time every inch a woman, it is likely enough that they would have maintained a very creditable domestic life. But Isabella's temperament was passionate.

"I should have preferred a *castañero*" (chestnut-vendor), she used to say later on, "to a man so pretty and dapper."

The young king soon became the creature of a swarm of intriguers and sycophants, of whom the chief and most powerful was the Duc de Baños—a sufficiently interesting personage:

The duke was well known in Paris. Every *boulevardier* of that period remembers well the fastidious Duc de Baños—that sort of Monte Cristo whom Arsène Houssaye sketched in one of his novels as the Duc de Paris. The favorite of King François d'Assise found life run smoothly. He was a great *viveur* and a Lovelace out of date.

The origin of the Duc de Baños was lost in obscurity. He had arrived in Madrid under the name of Ménésès. His putative father was a barber in the neighborhood of Moron, in Andalusia, who had brought him up. But rumor had it that he was in reality the son of the Emperor of Brazil by an Indian woman. But, as a matter of fact, no one knew anything about it.

He had married a mysterious wife; a gentle creature, pale, sickly, and silent. This woman's birth excited still more curiosity than that of her husband. Some said that she was a natural daughter of Pius the Ninth; others affirmed that she had been picked out of a *maison de tolérance*. Anyhow, there was a mystery attaching to her existence; she had the air of a martyr; she was so white that the legend went that she was the victim of strange orgies, and that her husband sucked her blood. Some color was given to this legend, which was discussed by all the court, and even by Queen Isabella herself, by the fact that the Duchesse de Baños always wore her

dresses cut very high, and that even at the highest functions no one had ever seen her neck.

Nowhere is etiquette more tyrannical than at the Court of Spain. Queen Isabella set herself to the task of modifying its more antiquated and absurd usages. Certainly she succeeded, during her reign, in upsetting more ministries than court ceremonials; but, all the same, she did put an end to some even of these. To take a single instance:

The *accouchement* of the queen, according to an invariable custom, took place in the presence of all the dignitaries of the court. Under the pretext of thus authenticating the birth of the Spanish Infanta, the poor queens were obliged to endure all the pangs of child-birth under the eyes of a hundred spectators. Queen Isabella insisted on being separated by a curtain from these solemn and intrusive witnesses. And it is owing to this first concession, obtained not without difficulty, that at the present day a Queen of Spain, no less than the humblest of her subjects, can give birth to her child in the solitude of her own room, without any one being present but her doctors and her husband.

The birth and death of the first child Queen Isabella bore are narrated in these papers as follows:

On the eleventh of July, 1850, when the official twenty-one cannon-shots announced the birth of an heir to the throne of Spain, there were frantic rejoicings. An immense crowd flocked to the royal palace to see the flag which announced the birth of a prince. Queen Isabella was yet happier than all Spain put together. This woman, against whom, on so many other points, so many just reproaches may be made, had a highly developed sense of maternity. The child that she had brought into the world was a robust boy, admirably formed, and endowed with all possible vitality.

What was it that really happened? It is as well not to inquire too closely. Let us say only that the child was so kissed and fondled, especially by his grandmother, that he was, so to speak, stifled with kisses. The little corpse, many hours after death, still bore the traces of lips and fingers.

Had it not been foretold that Queen Isabella "was to have no children"?

The general grief was as profound as the hopes founded on the birth of the little prince had been extreme. It seemed as if the sign of peace and concord that had appeared for an instant changed now into a menace of new misfortunes. The sorrow of the young mother knew no bounds.

In 1857, the year in which the child who was so soon to become Alphonso the Twelfth came into the world, the queen began a certain *liaison*, "which had the very closest connection with that event":

A young captain in the Engineers, named Puijmolto, had become madly in love with the queen. He had seen her only at a distance, and it was his great desire to be near her, to win her notice by some brilliant action—poor, unknown captain as he was. Great was his joy when, by dint of effort and perseverance, he succeeded in getting put on duty in the palace, where he was, in consequence, called to dine every day at the royal table. At last he had found the occasion that he had sought so long—to be near his sovereign, where he might perhaps win her favor.

This was when Narvaez was at the head of affairs. On the very day when Captain Puijmolto was to make his first appearance at the palace, a riot broke out in the barracks at Saint Gilles. The general ordered Puijmolto to take command of a company, go to the barracks, repress the insurgents, and hinder the mutiny from spreading.

"Very well, general," replied Puijmolto; "but on one condition: that you will permit me to return in time to dine with her majesty!"

In an hour's time Puijmolto had returned victorious; he had taken the barracks by storm.

Naturally, Narvaez told the queen what had occurred. Curious to see the young hero, deeply flattered besides by a chivalrous trait, which stirred in her all the sentimentality and the "sword and cloak" feeling that she had in her, she received Puijmolto with the most gracious welcome, and he, amiable and handsome as he was, had no more difficulty in taking the heart of the queen by storm than he had had in storming the barracks of St. Gilles.

When the idyl was at an end, Puijmolto retired to Valencia, where he married in 1856. On the eve of his marriage he returned to the queen all her letters, with this word:

"Madam, I am marrying."

And when Isabella inquired what he had to ask of her, he replied:

"I ask nothing."

At Valencia he left the army, in order not to have to go to Madrid, and he quietly devoted himself to agriculture. Never did he again set foot in the court.

When the king came to Valencia, after the revolution, he refused to be presented to him, contenting himself with seeing him from afar, lost in the crowd. The only occasion on which he returned to Madrid was in order to take part secretly in the coronation of Alphonso the Twelfth.

It is not to be expected that the king ignored these incidents. Our author says:

The king, urged on by his favorites, by a little party which had got him into its power, irritated by his helplessness, by his failure to succeed even in his small endeavors, by the sort of ridicule which always followed his person, his position, and his actions, became insupportable. His ill-humor showed itself in a thousand ways. Ruptures and projects of reconciliation, reconciliations and new ruptures, made up the conjugal existence of king and queen.

Sister Patrocinio and Father Cirilo, Archbishop of Toledo, were, with Father Claret, their majesties' confessor, the usual mediators in their domestic quarrels. It required all these three holy personages to appease the king in his wildest moments of wrath. The king always kept suspended over the head of his wife a terrible sword of Damocles, and he was forever threatening to break the thread which held it from falling. He had in his possession a collection of letters and documents proving conclusively the various adulteries of the queen and the real paternity of her children. With this collection was a manifesto in which he protested against the legitimacy of the children born to him in his marriage. Many times, both by surprise and by pressure, the queen attempted to get from him this bundle of papers, always without success. It was the strongest weapon that the king had succeeded in forging against his wife. When he talked of making it all public, Isabella gave way completely and consented to anything. It appears that one day he was really on the point of carrying out his threat. There was terrible dismay throughout the palace. The prime minister, who was then Gonzales Bravo, was warned, and his only resource was to keep the king prisoner in his own rooms until the intervention of the three mediators had succeeded in smoothing over matters. Generally it was with money that these affairs were settled. The money rarely remained long in the hands of the king; it generally passed into those of the Duke of Baños; and then the same proceedings began over again.

But we have already quoted enough to show the interesting character of these papers, and must close with the hope that they will soon be reprinted in book-form.

Fifteen years ago, ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, bought a farm in the Missouri River bottom, between Atchison and Leavenworth. He had not visited the property for the last six years. The other day he took a buyer to see it, and en route expatiated upon its fertility and other desirable qualities, but when he got there he could not find the farm. It had been washed into the river five years ago, and during all that time he has been paying taxes on it.

Mme. Veiri, a French widow, wears crape bloomers while cycling, in deference to the memory of the late departed.

ALL LONDON A-WHEEL.

The Cycling Craze in England—A Word about the Lady Rider's Costume—Even the Sacred Precincts of the Carlton Club Invaded.

Now that the season is virtually on its last legs, the question of cycling in the parks does not engage the fashionable attention that was given it a few weeks ago. Swell-dom is going away from the West End and taking its hicycles with it, to be used along the high-roads and sylvan lanes in the neighborhood of country-houses.

A few weeks ago, when the proposal came up in the House of Commons, just before the dissolution of that shaky concern, to allow hicycling in Hyde Park before ten o'clock in the morning, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield's nephew) made some pointed and amusing remarks that I have not seen mentioned in the American press. As a red-tape preliminary notice of forty days had to be given, it did not seem much worth while to object, as "Society" would have flitted long before then. But Mr. Coningsby Disraeli does not often get a chance to air his opinions. "So we are to have people caracoling round Hyde Park on hicycles, are we?" said he. "The proposition has been brought forward in a very surreptitious and secret manner, and it is clearly a job between honorable members and ladies to whom they are attached. To allow hicycling in the park only before ten o'clock in the morning is nothing but class legislation. The richer classes who could perform on hicycles before ten would be allowed to do so, but the poor man who could only ride a bicycle after his day's work was over was to be prevented from using it in the park. I object to hicycles altogether; but I think that everybody ought to have the same opportunities of taking their amusement upon these horrible contrivances."

His remarks occasioned much laughter of a pitying and derisive character, for, truth to tell, his opinions do not carry the same weight as his uncle's used, and I do not think people will give up hicycling because he does not like it.

Curiously enough, this condemnation of the wheel is not confined to the Conservatives, as one might think it would be, for the Earl of Kimberley's eldest son, Lord Wodehouse, and a more advanced Radical than his father, when speaking the other day at a meeting of the Norfolk County Council, of which he is a member, used some pretty strong language against hicycling. "I am one of those," said his lordship, "who consider hicycles to be an emanation from the devil, and that they should only be ridden by lunatics." I do not think this will have the effect of shutting up the hicycle manufactories, which now can not supply the demand. Lord Wodehouse's opinions, I am afraid, are not worth even so much as Mr. Coningsby Disraeli's.

No, I believe that hicycling in England, and in America, has come to stay. A fad and a fashion it may be with some of the ladies who all through the season made Battersea Park an attractive resort for gentlemen to whom skirt-dancing was not sufficiently demonstrating, and who may find an ordinary ride with no on-lookers too dull and uninteresting. But there are now, too, many gentlemen and ladies of rank and position who have taken up hicycling in a sensible, genuine way, for the amusement and healthy exercise it affords, and the easy and pleasurable means it furnishes for getting about. These people have bought expensive machines, and not hired them merely, like the Battersea Park crowd. Indeed, I think it has been the daily scene there that has set many people against the sport. While, of course, there were numbers of expert lady riders going round, skilled in the subjection of unruly skirts and draperies, there were others, from beginners upward, who seemed to have no other object in getting on a hicycle than to exhibit as much as they could of their black-stockinged legs against the white background of petticoats.

"The gents come here, sir," said one of the professors to me, one day, as he mopped his face after a protracted effort to get his young lady pupil to keep both feet on the pedals, "to improve their education," and he gave a grin as he winked. "I don't believe as you ever see so much white embroidery and frills in your life. Well, that's just all the cause of the old ladies setting their faces so against hicycling for their daughters. The trouble is, the ladies will wear white petticoats, and such like, and black silk stockings. Well, what is the result?"

"Then you're in favor of the 'rational dress'?"

"Of the rational dress, yes, sir; not what they call the rational dress. I'd have a lady wear everything black—not a white speck of anything. Let her come out dressed just like she always is—no knickerbockers, leggings, or anything, but just black skirts and petticoats, and lined with silk, mind, so as they won't work up. If she must have anything white, let it be as short as she can make it. Now, just look there, sir."

A rather pretty girl was going past. Her outer skirt of black serge, much too full, had worked up on one side, a black-stockinged and shapely leg almost to the knee being displayed in bold relief against a white petticoat.

I could not help seeing the force of the man's remarks and their sense, and I give them here, and their illustration, for the benefit of your lady readers.

This difficulty removed, and from what I have seen I can hardly blame the old ladies setting their faces against their daughters riding, there can not be the least objection to every woman who is physically capable becoming a hicyclist. Thus far the without-rhyme-or-reason objectors are to be found among the middle classes. The lower classes ride to and from their work, and on holidays for recreation, while the upper classes do it for amusement, chiefly in long tours in couples or even larger parties.

Meanwhile, among riders and patrons and prominent supporters of the wheel in England, we find such people as the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Marchioness of Hastings, Lady Hamilton, Lady Peel, Lady Napier, Lady Kilcoursie, Viscountess Falmouth, Lady Alice Portal, Lady

Augusta Fane (who goes on tour with her husband), Lady Isabel Margesson, a practical rider and inventor of a "dress," the Hon. Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Grenfell, of Taplow Court, the place next Mr. Astor's Cliveden, Mrs. Anstruther Thomson, Lady Dudley, and dozens, aye hundreds, of others of the same sort. Why, the other day, when Lady Edith Ward (Lord Dudley's daughter) was married to Lord Wolverton, one of her wedding presents was a hicycle from the Earl and Countess of Rosslyn. Among lords and gentlemen who hicycle and give their approval to the sport are the Dukes of Abercorn and Sutherland; the Marquises of Lansdowne, Conyngham, and Stafford; the Earls of Alhemade, Lauderdale, Cavan, Darnley, Sefton, and Granville; Lord Brassey, Baron Rothschild, Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Justice Day, the Rev. Harvey Drew (Mr. Gladstone's son-in-law), Lord Kerry, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir John Gorst, and Mr. Marriott, Q. C., M. P., with a short extract from a late speech of whom, when presiding at the last annual dinner of the London County Cycling and Athletic Club, I will end my letter: "All the rich classes are now taking to cycling, heart and soul. Cyclists are now very differently regarded by the owners of vehicles, and a great many of those who drive four-in-hands now ride hicycles also."

I forgot to say, but let me add it now, that hicycling is all the rage among Guardsmen in London, and these swellest and smartest of all that is swell and smart among Englishmen, who a year ago would not be seen to speak to or appear to know a man on a bicycle, now ride to harracks from their lodgings and from harracks to their clubs every morning. Only on Monday last the sacred precincts of Pall Mall, in the very heart of West End cluhland, were "desecrated" by a string of hicyclists, all members of the Carlton Club, who dismounted one after another at the door of this most aristocratic and conservative club, and Sir John Gorst, who was one of the party, actually took his machine into the hall of the sedate and venerable building, much to the surprise of the old-fashioned hall-porter, not to say horror of many of the old members.

LONDON, July 19, 1895.

CROMWELL'S STATUE.

(Voted down by the House of Commons on the seventeenth of June, 1895.)

What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to say
His was the light that lit on England's way
The sundown of her time-compelling power,
The noontide of her most imperial day?

His hand won back the sea for England's dower;
His footfall bade the Moor change heart and color;
His word on Milton's tongue spake law to France
When Piedmont felt the she-wolf Rome devour.

From Cromwell's eyes the light of England's glance
Flashed, and bowed down the kings by grace of chance,
The priest-anointed princes; one alone
By grace of England held their bosts in trance.

The enthroned Republic from her kinglier throne
Spoke, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?

Incaruate England in his warrior band
Smote, and as fire devours the blackening brand
Made ashes of their strengths who wrought her wrong,
And turned the strongholds of her foes to sand.

His praise is in the sea's and Milton's song:
What praise could reach him from the weakling throng
That rules by leave of tongues whose praise is shame—
Him, who made England out of weakness strong?

There needs no clarion's blast of broad-blown fame
To bid the world bear witness whence he came
Who bade fierce Europe fawn at England's heel
And purged the plague of lineal rule with flame.

There needs no witness graven on stone or steel
For one whose work bids fame bow down and kneel;
Our man of men, whose time-commanding name
Speaks England, and proclaims her Commonwealth.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne in the Nineteenth Century.

Saturn's ring has always been popularly thought a sort of mystery, in spite of Clerke Maxwell's prize essay published in 1859, in which his mathematical proofs were conclusive that it consists of a multitude of small bodies revolving round the planet in circular orbits. Certainly there is nothing else like it in the solar system, if, indeed, in the universe, and Professor Keeler, of the Alleghany Observatory, has just published a very interesting paper, in which he demonstrates by a widely different method, that of the spectroscope, the meteoric constitution of Saturn's rings. Mathematical investigation had shown that a solid or fluid ring could not exist under the circumstances in which the actual ring is placed. But the lines now actually photographed by Professor Keeler successfully in these experiments prove conclusively that the velocity of the inner edge of the ring exceeds that of the outer, and that the relative velocities at different parts satisfy Kepler's third law. Everything pertaining to the magnificent system of Saturn is of great interest, and the actual aspect of the lines in Professor Keeler's photographs is in exact accordance with that required by the theory that the rings are composed of a swarm of meteoric bodies, or small satellites, revolving about the planet.

It is puzzling to account for the different status of the cigarette in England and the United States. Here it is very rare to find a man past middle life smoking cigarettes, yet the statement is made on good authority that Herbert Spencer, who is seventy-five, smokes them, and it is noticeable in reading the personal gossip of London weekly papers that the same fault (from a cigar-smoker's point of view) is alleged against many men of prominence in public life. When Emily Faithful died, the story of her fondness for cigarettes was repeated, and it shocked many American readers; but Miss Faithful was not unique among English ladies in this indulgence. In the case of the men, perhaps the inferior quality of their cigars and the proximity of England to the Continent may account for the preference given the cigarette.

"DEFENDER" AND "VIGILANT."

The Races to Decide which shall be Cup-Defender—Some Feeling between the Owners—Is the New Boat Going to Win?

"What do you think of *Defender*?" This is the question which is continually asked of one yachtsman by another, and the answer is generally a dubious shake of the head. There is no doubt that *Defender* is a swift boat, but there is also no doubt that she has not yet heated *Vigilant* by a sufficient number of minutes to make the yachting men of America sleep well o' nights. On the New York Yacht Club cruise, when a fine run was made across the Sound from Huntington Harbor to New London, with a good stiff breeze from the south-west, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* only one minute and four seconds. On the next day's run of forty-two miles, from New London to Newport, *Defender* did better, heating *Vigilant* by about eight minutes. But *Vigilant* split her mainsail that day, and must have lost considerable time in patching up the break. On the third day of the New York cruise, *Vigilant* won, but this was through a fluke, as *Defender* broke her hollow gaff just as she reached the stake-boat marking the third and last leg of the race. The fourth day of the cruise, when the run was from Newport across Vineyard Haven Sound to Cottage City, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, *Defender* beat *Vigilant* by six minutes and twenty-four seconds.

But it must be borne in mind that the two boats have not yet been measured, and it is not known what time-allowance should be made by *Defender* to *Vigilant*. Conservative yachtsmen say that the new boat should allow *Vigilant* at least four minutes. If so, the margin by which she has defeated *Vigilant* is too small to be comfortable when we consider what an excellent boat Dunraven is bringing over this season in the shape of *Valkyrie III*. There is no doubt that in Great Britain the reports of the *Defender* and *Vigilant* races have raised the hopes of the British yachtsmen to a high degree, as is plainly to be seen by the remarks of the English sporting papers which are cabled over here. *Valkyrie III* is now on the way across the pond, and will be here in four or five days. Lord Dunraven, Watson, the designer of the British boat, and Ratsey, the patriotic sail-maker, who refused to make a suit of sails for *Vigilant*, sail next week for the United States. So, in a fortnight, matters will be humming around the Sound.

Matters are already rather lively. It is an open secret that the relations between the owners of *Defender* and *Vigilant* are very much strained. When George Gould bought *Vigilant* and took her over to the other side, there were not wanting envious persons here, who said that he was not and never would be a yachtsman. Among yachtsmen who sail, the ownership of a steam-yacht does not confer that coveted honor. The fact that Gould owned the swift steam-yacht *Atalanta*, which was bequeathed to him by his regretted papa, Jay Gould, gave him no claim to the title of yachtsman. For among the salty gentlemen who claim that title, those who keep up steam-yachts are scornfully spoken of as "members of the tug-boat fleet." Therefore, when Gould bought *Vigilant* and took her over to English waters, it was frequently remarked here that he was endeavoring to climb up the social ladder by the aid of his yacht. But he certainly ran her in a very plucky and sportsman-like manner, and when he returned to this country, he made application to the syndicate of gentlemen who were about to build the new cup-defender to be allowed to share in the burdens, the expense, and the glory. These gentlemen are C. Oliver Iselin, William K. Vanderbilt, and E. D. Morgan. The members of the syndicate unanimously refused, and Gould was "turned down."

Gould then determined to make a very stiff brush with his old boat, *Vigilant*, against the new cup-defender, and he has certainly succeeded in doing so. But he does not relish the treatment which was accorded him by the syndicate, and it is, as I said, an open secret that there is little love lost between the owners of *Vigilant* and *Defender*. Several times *Defender* has refused to yield the right of way when *Vigilant* was palpably entitled to it, so much so that at the first race off Sandy Hook, on July 20th, it seemed as if a collision was imminent, and there would have been one if *Vigilant* had not luffed up and let *Defender* run across her bows. In fact, this occurred again during the New York cruise, and it has caused such feeling that there are not wanting those who prophesy that *Vigilant* will withdraw from the cruise. It would be a pity were she to do so, for "Ned" Willard, who is running her, is a good yachtsman and a good fellow, but he has already remarked, more than once, that "a man can't stand everything."

Altogether it is very evident that *Defender* will be the cup-defender. We all hope that she will be successful; but, as I said in the beginning of this letter, yachtsmen are dubious, and they say that if she is only a little better than *Vigilant*, as has been proved, and if *Valkyrie III* is a great deal better than her predecessor, as seems to be the case, there is grave fear that the America's Cup may again be taken across the water.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 4, 1895.

Nearly four hundred thousand dollars is the amount obtained from the bicycle tax this year by the French Government, the number of machines declared being just under two hundred thousand. They are well spread over the whole country, since Paris and the Department of the Seine return thirty-eight thousand, less than a fifth of the total.

Achylka, in Siberia, has a remarkable temperance society. Its members meet in church on the first of September, and swear before the altar that they will drink no wine or liquor "from to-morrow morning." They then go out and drink hard all day till no man or woman is left sober. For the rest of the year they are total abstainers.

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Literary Hack."

Appropos of the "Confessions of a Literary Hack" in the July *Forum*, portions of which we reproduced in a recent issue, *Leslie's Weekly* says:

"In the main we have no doubt that this is a faithful record of actual experiences. As such, they are interesting, just as all truthful portrayals of life are interesting; but these, as such, are not particularly important. Such importance as the confessions contain is to be found in the view that the author takes of his profession. In this view we believe that he is mistaken, in that, while magnifying its hardships, he misconceives its relations to the public and underrates its possibilities of usefulness.

"The literary hack says that he has pursued his profession of writing to order for twenty-three years, and that now he can not average greater gains than five thousand dollars a year. That we look upon as a handsome rather than a shabby income, especially in view of his confession that much of his fiction is poor sort of stuff; but as he does not himself complain particularly as to the inadequacy of his gains, only suggesting that view of his earnings, it were bootless to dispute with him on this score. The real complaint that he makes against his work and his profession is that a hack does not write what he would like, but what he thinks the editors would like. This is doubtless the fact. It is also true that the men who write the editorials for the great dailies do not say always what they would like to say; they make exactly the argument they are directed to make by the editor-in-chief or the proprietor. The hack who contributes for the weeklies and monthlies, instead of being less independent than the men who write for the daily papers, is much more independent, as in a measure he chooses his subjects, his method of treatment, and is only asked to conform to certain general lines of policy adopted for the sake of principle and consistency. But on the daily paper the writer is but an amanuensis—an active pen which the editor and the owner use for their own purposes without reference to the taste, the convictions, or the inclinations of the writer who is employed to do their work.

"Indeed, there is no professional man who is independent and who can do as he chooses. As a matter of fact, the literary hacks in New York, of whom the *Forum* writer is probably a fair specimen, are, for the most part, men rather to be envied than to be despised. They are engaged on congenial work, for which they are at least reasonably paid; they are free to decline disagreeable commissions, and it is most likely that a larger part of their work requires that they should go to pleasant places where they meet pleasant persons. Besides this, they often have the opportunity to do good deeds, and often still to exert, through their writing, a beneficial social and political influence. Of course there are exceptions; some find life a very dreary grind, but as a body the hacks have no right to complain, even according to the showing of their representative. Instead of exciting a sympathetic confession, this hack's story of five thousand dollars a year and a growing estate is likely to encourage many others to rush into the business and become competitors of him and his colleagues."

Typographical Errors.

A publisher in London once made up his mind to publish a book that should have no typographical errors whatever. An exchange tells the story thus:

"He had his proofs corrected by his own proof-readers, until they all assured him that there were no longer any errors in the text. Then he sent proofs to the universities and to other publishing-houses offering a prize of several pounds sterling in cash for every typographical mistake that could be found. Hundreds of proofs were sent out in this way, and many skilled proof-readers examined the pages in the hope of earning a prize. A few errors were discovered. Then all the proof-sheets having been heard from, the publisher felt assured that his book would appear before the public an absolutely perfect piece of composition. He had the plates cast, the edition printed and bound between expensive covers—because, as a perfect specimen of the printers' art, it was, of course, unique in literature and exceedingly valuable to bibliophiles. The edition sold well and was spread all over the country. The publisher was very much pleased with himself for having done something that had hitherto been considered an impossibility. Then his pride had a fall, for six or eight months later he received a letter calling his attention to an error in a certain line on a certain page. Then came another letter announcing the discovery of a second error in this perfect book. Before the year was up four or five mistakes were found."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Montresor will soon publish a new novel which she intends to call "The One Who Looks Oo," and people are wondering whether she can repeat the success of "Into the Highways and Hedges." She also has in hand another novel which she proposes to entitle "Monsieur Morezes."

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, has written a short popular history of Canada. Two years of work have been given to it.

George Meredith was reader to Chapman & Hall when Thomas Hardy began his career as a novelist, and the latter declares that he was much encouraged when his manuscript was read and pronounced "promising" by the author of "Diana of the Crossways."

"The Journal of a Spy in Paris" is announced. It embraces the period from January to July, 1794. The writer was Raoul Hesdlo, a wood-engraver, who had been in this country, and late in 1793 returned to France. While in the pay of the British Government he obtained employment, apparently as an engraver, under the Committee of Public Safety in a room in the Tuileries, near to that in which the committee itself sat. He knew Fouché, and had dealings with the Dantonists.

Miss Murfree—otherwise Charles Egbert Craddock—has written a new story. It will appear, under the title of "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," in three numbers of a Boston magazine, beginning in September.

A. J. Balfour has in his country home a big and lofty study, where all his literary work has been

done. It is full but not overfull of books, and a conspicuous object is a splendid grand piano, whereon the author of "The Foundations of Belief" is accustomed to wreak his idealistic moods. Mr. Balfour is sometimes heard playing on this piano at two o'clock in the morning.

John Murray will publish this fall Gibbon's journals, correspondence, and autobiographies, the manuscripts of which have been in the possession of Lord Sheffield, who will write the preface. The journals were written in French, and the letters addressed to members of his family. Gibbon wrote seven autobiographies, each on different lines.

Sir Walter Besant began his career as a college professor, and it was due to ill-health, of which there is now no trace, that he turned his hand to novel-writing.

Mr. O'Connor, known as "Tay Pay," is about to bring out in London a volume of "Some Old Love Stories." The papers collected therein deal with actual romances—those of Abraham Lincoln and his wife, of Mirabeau and Sophie de Monnier, of William Hazlitt and Sarah Walker, of Nelson and Marie Antoinette, and of Carlyle and his wife.

A selection has been made from the unpublished letters of Dean Stanley for publication. The letters were addressed to members of Stanley's family, to Dr. Jowett, Mrs. Arnold, Dr. Vaughan, Sir George Grove, and the queen.

Of the late Gustav Freytag, the novelist, a writer in the *Independent* says:

"I thought Herr Freytag's figure and carriage wanting in distinction. His gait was a little shambling. The most striking traits of his countenance were his uncommonly high cheek-bones and a grayish sandy beard. His eyes were remarkable only when a twinkle darkened and polished their blue-gray hue. Freytag was a lover of small things, of *genre*. He liked Poor Richard almanacs, placards, family letters, diaries, and all sorts of historical rubbish of this graphically personal and fragmentary kind; and his 'Pictures' are delightfully various, not only for this reason, but because he likewise cultivated self-suppression. He lets contemporaries speak for themselves in their own way. Of all German historical writers of fiction he, decidedly, was the least rhetorical."

Wheo Samuel R. Crockett, the Scotch novelist, was a student at Edinburgh University, he lived on nine shillings a week, and lodged in the garret of an old house. His life was vigorous, and there is a trace of it still in his habit of rising before dawn. Mr. Crockett is out of bed and at his desk before five in the morning, and by the time a man in mercantile life is on the way to his office he has done a day's work. Six hours' sleep is all he takes, and the long day from ten in the morning till eleven at night is his own to do with as he pleases.

College Courses in Journalism.

Within the last two or three years, college courses intended to prepare young men for journalistic work have been established at several of the universities in the United States. Among the institutions which have entered upon this new educational work are the University of Pennsylvania, the University of Chicago, the State University of Nebraska, the State University of North Carolina, and Union College at Schenectady, N. Y. At each of these colleges the courses in journalism are in the hands of professors who at some time or other have been engaged in newspaper work; and in addition to the teaching received from their professors, the students are frequently addressed by prominent editors and other men who are still actively engaged in journalism.

At the University of Pennsylvania, the course in journalism forms one branch of the work of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy. It is in charge of Professor J. French Johnson, who, after taking his degree in Germany, commenced his journalistic career in the office of the *Springfield Republican*. This journal, published in a Massachusetts town of less than fifty thousand inhabitants, is well known all over America in the newspaper world for the number of first-class journalists who were trained in its office. George W. Smalley, who for many years has represented the *New York Tribune* in London, commenced newspaper work in the office of the *Springfield Republican*; so did Mr. Miller, the present editor of the *New York Times*; and all over the United States there are a large number of men now occupying responsible positions in journalism who owe much of their success to the early training they received in the office of the *Springfield Republican*. On leaving Springfield, Professor Johnson went to Chicago, where he was for three years financial editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. Later on he established and edited a morning journal published at Spokane, Wash.; and then, on the invitation of Professor Edmund E. James, who is at the head of Wharton School, he abandoned journalism for university work at Philadelphia.

The curriculum for the journalistic course at the University of Pennsylvania may be divided into two parts. In the first may be grouped what directly concerns journalism; in the second are the subjects which are taught with a view to helping men who go into journalism to be prepared from an educational point of view for their work. The courses of lectures included in the first group—that immediately and practically concerning

journalism—deal with the history and function of the newspaper and with newspaper practice. As regards the function of the newspaper, this is dealt with in a series of lectures on the making of a newspaper, its cost, and the sources of revenue; the law of libel and decisions affecting the freedom of the press; the work of reporter, city editor, managing editor, department editor, editorial writer, business manager; the use and value of exchanges; the rules and practices of typographical unions; and the lives and achievements of famous editors. The course on newspaper practice embraces exercises in reporting, copy editing, scissors-and-paste work, and other forms of newspaper work, the aim of the course being to develop in the students a practical idea of news, and to train them to the use of clear and forcible English. Until recently the work prepared by the students in this department, after having been corrected and put into good newspaper shape, has gone into the waste-paper basket. Latterly, however, a better arrangement has been made. It is a local journal, produced by the university students and published for West Philadelphia. A local printer furnishes the plant and publishes the paper, receiving all the matter for its editorial and news columns from the students. As fifteen or sixteen students are already taking the course, there ought to be no trouble in getting together a readable local newspaper, and of getting more effective work from them than when all their "copy" went into the waste-paper basket.

A current-topics class is held in connection with the journalistic course, at which American and European questions, as they come to the front, are investigated and discussed from a daily newspaper-office point of view. Then, in that department of the class-work which is intended to help students in acquiring a mental equipment for journalism, there are courses of lectures on "Public Law and Politics," "American History and Government," "European History," "Economic and Social Science," "Statistics," and "Logic and Ethics." In the first of these courses of lectures, students are taught the history and theory of the state; constitutions of leading foreign countries; federal, state, and local administration in the United States, and in England, France, and Germany; constitutional law; municipal administration, and study of municipal problems concerning gas, water, railroads, education, tax-rate, finance, rapid transit, and poor relief. Under the heading of "American History and Government," there are lectures on the political, economic, and financial history of the United States; while under that of European history are embraced lectures on the Tudor and Stuart periods in English history; political and constitutional history of England since 1792; modern economic history, including a study of changes in landholding and industrial conditions in the principal European countries, and an account of modern socialist proposals and experiments; the Renaissance and Reformation. The aim of the course on statistics is to instruct the students in the methods and main results of statistical research, including the bibliography of social science, the employment of government archives, and the investigation of economic questions through financial journals, corporation reports, and market records. The course has especial reference to the conditions prevailing in the United States, its object being to familiarize the methods and tools of statistical work and the sources of trustworthy information. In addition to the general work in statistics, instruction will be given in methods of preserving and indexing handy material for the newspaper writer, such as is found, for instance, in newspapers and magazines.

"Is no place given to short-hand?" To that question the answer is in the negative. An American who is preparing for newspaper work never gives a thought to short-hand. In fact, short-hand figures so little in American reporting that not one newspaper man in twenty takes the trouble to master the art. In most newspaper offices, short-hand writing has come to be regarded so much as something apart from ordinary newspaper work that when a *verbatim* report is required, a professional short-hand writer is called in, just in the same way as a clock-maker would be called in if anything had gone wrong with the office clock.

At the University of Nebraska, the class in journalism is conducted by W. O. Jones, the managing editor of the *Nebraska State Journal*. There were in the session of 1893-4 about twenty members of the class studying theory and practice of newspaper work. "We have covered this semester," writes Mr. Jones, in describing the work, "the history of the newspaper and sketches of prominent newspaper men here and abroad. The class meets twice weekly. The exercise consists of a short lecture on some newspaper topic, an exercise in ready writing—interviews, local stories, and editorials—and fifteen minutes of work writing the news of the university. This news is placed at the disposal of the college papers. Some of it I take and publish in the *Journal*. Once or twice a month each student writes a special article on some assigned topic, and these are printed, when suitable, in the *Journal*. Occasionally the students are assigned to report lectures and entertainments for all of the papers of the city. The work has been very satisfactory so far. It is intensely practical."

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LITERARY NOTES.

Balzac in English.

Two stories, "Ferragus, Chief of the Dévot" and "The Last Incarceration of Vautrin," by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley has gathered together in the latest volume of her translation of Balzac's novels, are not cooed in the author's scheme of the human comedy, but they many points of resemblance. Both treat of criminals, and in each it is the criminal's fatal love that brings about the tragedy of fate. Ferragus, the chief of the Dévotants, and of criminals whose members range from footmen to ministers of state, is in hiding, and his daughter, coming surreptitiously to visit him, is seen in an evil quarter of Paris by a young man who thinks she is keeping an assignation. The young man's meddling creates a breach between this Mme. Julso and her husband, and the story ends with such a sweep of death's scythe as a pestilence might bring. In the second tale, Vautrin is the *déb*, or chief and treasurer, for the aristocracy of criminals who have served terms at the galleys, and the story tells how, at the death of his protégé, Lucio de Rubempré, Vautrin waged a war of wits with the Paris police, and was at last able to dictate to them the terms on which he should surrender and become the head of the detective department. In this latter story, by the way, there is an interesting dissertation on French thieves' slang, which Miss Wormeley has very cleverly translated. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Two Norwegian Novels.

The interest in the literature of the North, which began a few years ago in Paris and soon spread to London, has now crossed the ocean and resulted in the appearance of translations of the works of several Scandinavian and Norwegian writers. Ibsen the most widely known of these, Björnsen is the most romantic, and the third place is held by Joas Le, whose novel, "The Commodore's Daughters," first published in 1889, has recently been translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad and Gertrude Hughes. It may be compared to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" as a beautiful picture of domestic life. "The Commodore's Daughters" and Björnsen's "The Heritage of the Fjords," which has been translated from the Norwegian by Cecil Fairfax, have been issued in the series of translations from the Scandinavian writers which Edmund Gosse is editing, each volume containing a brief article by the English critic on the author and his works. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 each.

Short Tales well Told.

There are half a dozen short stories, differing widely from each other in scene and subject, but like in possessing a high degree of merit, in "Monochromes," by Ella d'Arcy. The first and most is "The Elegie," a fine study of the artistic temperament as shown in a musician who believes in himself and his art to an unlimited degree. "The Pleasure-Pilgrim" is a story, with a tragic climax, of a Daisy-Millerish American girl; "Irretrievable" is a story of an *amour de vacances* which results in a young fellow spoiling his life by marrying a vulgar, silly girl; "The Expiation of David Scott" shows the wealthy and respected sinner suffering almost to the last for the passion of his youth; and "Poor Cousin Louis" and "White Magic" are pretty little tales of the Chacoel Islands, whose inhabitants Miss d'Arcy has found as picturesque as George W. Cable found the Louisiana creoles and Cajons. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

The Middle-Class English.

"In the Year of Jubilee" is a novel in which George Gissing portrays the over-rich and over-educated middle-class Englishman and Englishwoman as they were to be seen in the fiftieth year of her most gracious majesty's reign, and as they are to-day and will be for some years to come. His heroine—for "In the Year of Jubilee" is a story first, and only secondarily a moral lecture—is Nancy Lord, a pretty girl with aspirations above her surroundings, and she works out her salvation by a secret marriage with one Tarraot, a university man and dilettante in life. There are a score of other personages in the tale, all of whom have a strong individuality and seem to be living persons, and the story is well constructed and cleverly told. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Stories of the Slums.

"Tenement Tales of New York" is the sufficiently descriptive title of a little book of short stories by J. W. Sullivan, the well-known magazine writer. Mr. Sullivan knows his ground well, and has chosen a series of incidents which bring out in strong colors the life of the poor in the American metropolis—not the picturesque figures of romance who constitute Chimmie Fadden's amusing fictions, but the poor who struggle along under the yoke of poverty, and rise or fall according as their natures and environment permit. Some of their titles,

which give an idea of their nature, are: "Slob Murphy," "Minnie Kelsey's Wedding," "Cohen's Figure," "Luigi Barbieri," and "A Young Desperado." Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

She Married a Negro.

"A Question of Color" is a novelette which could not have been written by an American. Its author is F. C. Phillips, and his personages are pretty much the same sort that figured in "As a Looking-Glass," though there are no such adventures in it as Lena Despard and her lover. "A Question of Color" is about a negro, the son of a South African king, who has been educated at Etou and Oxford, and, on account of his enormous wealth, is tolerated in English society. This man falls in love with a beautiful young Englishwoman, and he manages to have her marry him. But her aversion to the black man is uncoquerable, and in despair he kills himself. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Imported Poems.

The volume of "Poems by Lioel Johnson" is a pretty thing. It is handsomely printed on uncut—but very evil smelling—paper, and bound in simple taste, and the exterior gives the impression that it will prove a veritable find. But these poems by Mr. Johnson are too precious for the common herd; they are vague and mystical in the new English school of poetry, and they will, doubtless, be best appreciated by the gentleman to whom they are dedicated—each poem has a separate dedicatee—who range from Ernest Rhys to Lord Alfred Douglas and an unknown friend in human shape who robbed Mr. Johnson of a friend. Imported by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"A Mormon Wife," by Grace Wilbur Trout, a story dealing with polygamy from the woman's point of view, has been published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"William Wordsworth" is the latest issue in Elbert Hubbard's entertaining series of Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"John Ford: His Faults and Follies and What Came of Them" and "His Helpmate," two short novels of English life by Frank Barrett, have been published in a single volume by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Story of a Modern Woman," by Ella Hepworth Dixie, and "A Pastoral Played Out," by Mary L. Peodere, have been issued in the Union Square Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Garden of Edoe, U. S. A.," by W. H. Bishop, is a story setting forth the characteristic features of a new Utopia in which the social and industrial ills of the present are cured. Published in the Library of Progress by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

"Merrie England," a socialistic work by Robert Blatchford, which has sold to the extent of six hundred thousand in England, has been revised and adapted to American readers by Alexander Harvey, and is published in the Twentieth Century Library by the Humboldt Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

The second volume of H. E. Watts's new edition of "Don Quixote," to which the publishers have given a handsome setting, noticed in this column some weeks ago, continues the adventures of the famous knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena, at the end, and with the goatherds, and is supplemented with two appendices, in which are narrated the histories of Roland and the Cid. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The present popular interest in financial questions has led Mrs. Mary Kellogg Putnam to bring out "A New Monetary System," revised from "Labor and Other Capital," which was written by her father, Edward Kellogg, thirty-four years ago. The editor has made numerous additions from the author's manuscript and has also furnished a sketch of his life. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Mistress of Quest," by Adelice Sergeant, is an English novel with three heroines: two of them are the daughters of a painter who married once for love and once for money and was twice widowed, and the third is their friend who marries a man twenty years her senior. The mysterious death of a madman involves the men who love the half-sisters in a peck of trouble, in straightening which Miss Sergeant fills more than three hundred pages. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Government & Co., Limited," by Horatio W. Seymour, contains a series of essays on the theories of privilege in the United States. Some of the topics discussed are "Privilege under Mask,"

"Parties of Moral Ideas," "Oppressor and Oppressed," "The Price of Liberty," "Two American Oligarchies," "Easy Infamy of Privilege," "American Pauper Labor," "Our Dependent Classes," "Where to Look for the Remedy," and "Desperate Rich and Desperate Poor." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, 75 cents.

INTAGLIOS.

The First Tryst.

She pulls a rose from her rose-tree,
Kissing its soul to him—
Far over years, far over dreams
And tides of chances dim.
He plucks from his heart a poem;
A flower-sweet messenger,
Far over years, far over dreams,
Flutters its soul to her.
These are the world old lovers,
Clasped in one twilight's gleam;
Yet he is but a dream to her,
And she a poet's dream.

—S. M. B. Piatt.

To Tantara.

Shall I scold you, or enfold you
Where no maid need scorn to dwell?
Shall I kiss you, or dismiss you
To the deepest depths of hell?
Shall I heat you, or entreat you
For a rihand or a glove?
Or disown you, or enthroned you
Sovereign lady of my love?
Loyal reason is heart's treason,
Love and logic are at war;
Make an ending of contending,
Make me damn you or adore.

A Royal Due.

How now, my little Puritan,
With prim new-fangled ways,
That wilt not smile upon a man
Who has a mind to praise,
That wilt not dare to venture near
A Cavalier!

How now, my sweet psalm-singing one,
That art so sad of speech!
The sober creed is all undone
Which thou wast wont to preach
From rosy lips that never kissed
A Royalist.

How now? Since I demand of thee,
Thou little crop-eared maid,
A kiss for the King's Majesty,
Which may not he gainsaid:
All loyal hearts must send the King
Some welcoming.

—Fall Mall Gazette.

Triumph.

The dawn came in through the bars of the blind—
And the winter's dawn is gray
And said: However you cheat your mind,
The hours are flying away.

A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—
Has the sun a heart, I said,
To throw a morning flush on the cheek
Whence a fairer flush has fled?

As a gray rose-leaf that is fading white
Was the cheek where I set my kiss;
And on that side of the head all night
Death had watched, and I on this.

I kissed her lips, they were half apart,
Yet they made no answering sign;
Death's hand was on her failing heart,
And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,
Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;
And oh, for the violet depths it hid,
And the light I longed for there!

Faint day and the fainter life awoke,
And the life was overpast;
And I said: Though never in life you spoke,
Oh, speak with a look at last!

For the space of a heart-beat fluttered her breath,
As a bird's wing spread to flee;
She turned her weary arms to Death,
And the light of her eyes to me.

—H. C. Bunner.

Storm.

Here, where my windows open on the sea,
And white waves darkling under hidden stars,
I hear the breakers, dashed against the scars,
Surge in a barren effort to be free.

The storm swoops hitherward from murky skies;
The rain, blown east on westerling window-panes,
Splashes the casement with its blinding stains,
And down the valley's cleft the pent wind sighs.

What hath the day done that the night should hear
Such loud remorse? What hath the wind to tell?
What secret this, upheaved from ocean's hell?
What is God's mandate? Whence is Nature's fear?

Nay—while creation's travail groans like this
We shall not learn God's message; hush to-morrow
Gold skies shall glow the brighter for passed sorrow,
And spent sea-tumults calm to meet their kiss.

Laurence Hutton—who is studying up "The Landmarks of Venice" on the spot—and his wife recently gave a dance in an old palace in that city to some fifty gooddancers and their "girls." There were dancing, and singing, and eating by the Italians, followed with dancing by Francis Wilson.

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They are certainly giving us a varied bill at the Baldwin. We had modern, up-to-date drama in "Rebellious Susan," and light, fantastic comedy in "The Amazons." In "The Ideal Husband" we were taken backward over a half-century and given an example of the drawing-room play in which the last generation delighted. Now we are having farce-comedy, a whole cast full of people, all furiously raging together in the impossible imbroglion of an improbable comedy.

"Too Much Johnson" bears upon its brow the trade-mark of France. They appear to make these comedies by the gross over there for the amusement of nations. They are generally all the same. In the original they are all more or less frolicsome and free, but when they transplant them to our eminently respectable republic, they expurgate them with ferocious thoroughness, and there is not a sentence left in them which could bring a blush to the cheek of anything.

In "Too Much Johnson" all the old familiar faces are recognized. There is the gay husband, who has broken away from the domestic circle, and been surreptitiously frisking about in the open fields. In the American edition he always succeeds in erasing every shade of blame, in banishing every cloud of suspicion that has darkened his reputation. When the curtain falls he is seen re-instated in the bosom of his family, and Fate has generally a last reward in store for him in the shape of some disconsolate widower who steps forward and offers to marry his mother-in-law.

Mothers-in-law are dear in the hearts of the French farce-comedy writers. With the true conservatism of the European, they are still exploiting a subject which over here we have considered as long since quite worked out. The mother-in-law in "Too Much Johnson" is a figure binary with the moses of antiquity. When the comic papers are short of matter, they fall back upon her, but it is only in dull seasons, when there is a lull in politics, and the summer girl has not yet taken the field. Mrs. Upton Batterson is the true mother-in-law, who reigns the goddess of farce-comedy. She was in "The Masked Ball" and "The Surprises of Divorce," "The Arabian Nights' Entertainment," and how many other frisky French vaudevilles, which Mr. Gillette and his school plane and pare and sand-paper down to suit the American taste?

The third figure in the familiar combination is the trusting wife. She is invariably a dreadful fool, and it amuses every one to see her made a worse one by a husband who, under the stress of events, always displays a most marvelous ability in inventing good lies at lightning speed. It is a melancholy thing that the good wife on the stage—even in a farce-comedy—should always come out at the bottom of the heap. The lesson to be adduced from this is that it pays better to be a shrew. Perhaps a steady diet of such plays is accountable for the increase of Rebellious Susans in domestic life.

The wife of the gentleman who is to her Augustus Billings, and to a certain Clairette who never appears is Alfred Johnson, is the clinging, trusting wife of a French vaudeville. She clings and trusts persistently, and her husband suffers her to cling and tells her many and glittering lies, which prove him to be a man of a profuse imagination and a resourceful mind. As she has nothing to do but to cling, trust, and look pretty, it is an easy part to assume. Miss Maud Haslam takes it creditably and dresses it very prettily. In white muslin with lace edgings she looks charming enough to account for the infatuation she arouses in the sugar-planter.

There are, however, in these vaudevilles never more than one, or, at most, two parts. The hero, with his rich talent for lying and the apprehension of the discovery of his strays from the domestic fold hanging over his head, is the figure that the playwright always elaborates with fond solicitude. This type of man in this type of predicament appears to offer a strong appeal to the interest and sympathy of his fellows. They fairly delight in him. When, by a masterly stroke of falsehood, he subdues the suspicions of his mother-in-law, they shriek with proud glee in sympathetic pride at his skill. When he allays the fears and calms the dread of his wife by a few dextrously intricate lies, they laugh connosedly at the exquisite coolness of his demeanor.

In "Too Much Johnson" the husband dominates the whole play. He is worthy of this prominence, for never, in a long experience of vaudevilles and farce-comedies, can one remember to have seen so successful a liar. He not only can invent any form of lie, but have it ready at a moment's notice to

apply warm and fresh. His powers of invention are unending. In the most desperate situations he does not flinch, but always comes up in time with a lie perfectly warranted to suit the occasion. He would not have won the approval of that old cynic—was it Dean Swift?—who thought a lie too good a thing to waste; but no one who appreciates a mind of fruitful and unflagging resource could fail to admire his amazing capacity for telling untruths.

The character has been changed from the French model. It is American—a purely American liar, and a fine one of its kind. Mr. Gillette still further enhances its naturalness by acting it in the most contemporaneous and colloquial manner. For the truthfulness of his portrayal he would win the approval of those authors and critics who have it that fidelity to truth is all that is necessary to the artist's success. Mr. Gillette is surprisingly natural. One seems to have known many such men, which is an embarrassing thought, as none has always sternly disapproved of liars, and where a lying tendency was suspected, crossed on the other side when its possessor came in sight.

Such a play as "Too Much Johnson" is written and acted to appeal to much the same type of audience as rejoice in the plays of Hynit. It is a large section of the community, who pays its way, has the courage of its convictions, and is not ashamed of admitting its own tastes. If it likes coarse fare, its taste is in the main healthy, for it never patronizes the French melodrama or its English prototype. It is far the people who find keen and humorous pictures of the life they know in the Hynit farce that "Too Much Johnson" is put upon the stage. For them Augustus Billings is a familiar figure, and his predicament is fraught with an exquisite mirthfulness. The quarrels between such a man and such a mother-in-law are found as entertaining as the scene in "The Tin Soldier," where Mrs. Hogg's servant tells Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge that "Miss Hogg says if you don't do more housecleaning than you've done, you'll breed a pestilence in the neighborhood."

It is difficult for a critic who has not the taste for this form of drama to express an honest and unbiased opinion upon such a play. If one wrote an absolutely personal and individual criticism, criticised a play from one's own individual standpoint, one would like to condemn the French farce-comedy to the limbo of old, played-out things with the cheap comic opera and the rowdy burlesque. But there are quantities of people—people who will pay for front seats and go every Monday night—who draw the keenest joy from just these very forms of the drama, and it is to please them, not to please the critic, that the stage bristles with Hynit farces, and adapted French vaudevilles, and comic operas that are a snore and a weight upon the heart.

Therefore, let the person who likes the farce-comedy be honestly told that "Too Much Johnson" is very funny. It makes people laugh. One woman, somewhere in the back of the theatre, laughed till she grew hysterical. She may have been a member of a *claque*, but she is missing her vacation if she is, for any one who can simulate such natural hysterical glee ought to go on the stage. It is also admirably put together. The complications of the plot, which are of a labyrinthine intricacy, are yet kept clear of each other, and in the *melée* of Johnsons one can manage to keep a desperate hold upon the various threads of the story. At times it drops down into burlesque, toward downright silliness. The two Paddis and Henry Mackintosh walking madly round the stage are not funny, because the situation is overstrained and unnatural. But Augustus Billings simulating an attack of swamp fever—absurd though the scene is—is ridiculously, identically funny.

El Campo—Special.

The Natatorial Wonder, Captain F. Hanson, will give an aquatic exhibition in his Boynton rubber suit, cooking, eating, walking, etc., *all in the water*, on Sunday, August 11th, at 1:30 P. M. Fare, as usual, for the round trip, 25 cents.

Bnats leave Tiburon ferry, Market Street, at 10:30 A. M., 12:15, 2, and 4 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo at 3 and 5 P. M.

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INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Countess Giennotti, second lady of honor in waiting on the Queen of Italy, for some years worked in Newark, N. J., as a cigarette-maker.

Lord Rosebery is a great student of the Bible. In a speech which he made a short time ago, he quoted the Bible seven times, Shakespeare twice, and Aristotle once.

Nordau, the degenerationist, is utterly indifferent as to dress, but very particular in the care of his hair and heard, both of which are snow white, though he is barely forty-five.

Balfour never wears his hat in the House of Commons, following in this respect the fashion set by Disraeli and Gladstone. The custom is to keep the head covered while in the House except when addressing the chair.

John I. Blair, the New Jersey railroad king, who has over twenty-five millions of dollars invested in Western railroads, boasts that he has never bought a road merely for speculation and that none of his money has been made by hulling or hearing stocks.

Robert Pate, an Australian millionaire, whose death is reported, struck Queen Victoria in the face with a cane forty years ago, when he was a lieutenant in the Tenth Hussars. For this he was banished to Australia. He amassed great wealth, but was never permitted to leave Australia.

In a visitor's book at Kissingen, where some grandee had been filling the page with his titles, immediately after them one can read the words, majestic in their simplicity, "Henry Labouchère, Elector of Middlesex." He got quite as much attention during his stay as if the title had been equivalent to that of Elector-Palatine. On another occasion, Mr. Labouchère found the name of an English court dignitary inscribed with an array of honors. He took up his pen and added: "Toady and Tuft-hunter in Ordinary to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." To his huge delight, this was all innocently copied into the local paper as it stood.

Milan is mourning the loss of its most popular eccentric son. Carlo Valerio was a millionaire manufacturer, and probably the finest horseman in Europe. He rarely condescended to drive fewer than six horses at a time, and it was quite a common sight in Milan to see him on the box-seat of his coach behind eight superb animals. He often drove ten in a team, and used to boast that he never had a serious mishap. He claimed to understand the language of animals, and he used to pass hours in his stables daily talking with his horses. Although very old, Valerio enjoyed robust health, and probably he would be alive now but for the imprudence of drinking iced water after a long gallop.

President Diaz of Mexico in appearance is purely Aztec. His color is almost that of the Indian. He is over sixty, but the casual observer would not put his age at over forty. His hair is black and straight, and falls a little over his temples. His figure is erect. His eyes are gray and piercing, and his speech is direct, almost to a fault. His strength lies in his chin, as clearly as Samson's strength lay in his hair. His whole manner and appearance indicate power and leadership. His only heard is a small, gray mustache, but he never touches it. It is not long enough to conceal his well-formed and firm mouth. President Diaz goes duck-hunting once a year; but apart from this brief annual outing he has not left the City of Mexico for seven years.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The inauguration of the Stockwell season at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, August 12th, will be an event of unusual importance. The new company is headed by Rose Coghlan, Maurice Barrymore, Henry E. Dixey, and L. R. Stockwell. Miss Coghlan is one of the most finished actresses on the American stage to-day, and is especially good in Shakespearean and old English comedy. Mr. Barrymore—a handsome man and at one time the amateur middle-weight champion boxer of England, a distinction of which evidences are still to be seen in the vigorous grace of his bearing—is a polished actor in a variety of rôles, though his favorite character is the hero of melodrama. Dixey, whose legs are the most shapely in public life to-day, has recently developed a marked ability in high comedy, and Stockwell is an admirable low comedian. They will present "Twelfth Night" during their first week, with a setting quite as beautiful as Barton Hill secured for Marie Wainwright's production and a cast that has seldom been surpassed.

Somebody writes from London that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is not a great actress, but that, owing to the remarkable conformation of her breast bone, she can dress lower than any woman on the stage. Whereupon the *Recorder* fears for the success of her American tour on the ground that the motto of this land of marvelous curves is "no bust, no trust."

The coming visit of John Drew will probably be his last, as he plays in New York all of next season and goes over to London for the following one.

Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, who first sang the rôle of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," died only a few days ago in Paris. She was for thirty years one of the glories of the Opéra Comique and Grand Opéra, and contributed to the early popularity of "Mireille" and "Roméo et Juliette." The *Sketch* says of her:

"Marie Miolan, as she then was, studied at the Conservatoire, and was for some time a pupil of Doprez. Her success was said to have been due to art rather than nature. She possessed the now almost lost art of vocalization to a supreme degree, and, among her private pupils, counted many of the most gifted amateurs of Parisian society. She married, forty-two years ago, M. Léon Carvalho, who became later the manager, or *directeur*, of the Opéra Comique. The fire which destroyed the theatre on May 23, 1887, produced a most painful impression on Mme. Carvalho, the more so that her husband was, to a certain extent, held responsible, and condemned to three months' imprisonment, a sentence which was, however, entirely commuted on appeal. During the last few years, Mme. Carvalho has lived a retired life, but she was generally to be seen at most important first nights, and among her latest artistic pleasures was an afternoon spent with Verdi during the veteran composer's production of "Otello" at the Grand Opéra."

Messrs. Paulton, who will be remembered as the authors of "Erminie," are also the collaborators in the work of "Dorcas," which has been successfully produced by Pauline Hall.

Next week, for the first time in many years, Genée's sparkling comedy opera, "The Royal Middy," will be revived at the Tivoli Opera House. The cast will include Martin Pache as Dom Lamberto; John J. Raffael as the fiery Brazilian, Dom Jaouario; Ferris Hartman as Dom Domingo, the near-sighted and eccentric lord chamberlain; W. H. West as Mungo, Dom Januario's negro slave; George H. Broderick as Norberto, the fencing-master at the Royal Naval Academy; Alice Carle in the soubrette rôle of Fanchette Michel, the Parisian actress; Laura Millard as Maria Francesca, Queen of Portugal; and Mabella Baker, who will make her first appearance, as Donna Antonia.

The second and last week of "Too Much Johnson" at the Baldwin commences on Monday next, and on Monday, August 19th, John Drew will begin his engagement at that theatre with "The Bauble Shop," an English play by Henry Arthur Jones, in which are portrayed the troubles that may arise from a platonic friendship between the leader of the House of Commons and a pretty little toy-mender. Mr. Drew will present several other plays during his engagement, including "The Masked Ball," "Butterflies," and "Christopher, Jr."

The opening exercises of the Mechanics' Institute will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Tuesday afternoon next, promptly at two o'clock, and are free to the public.

It is said that the organization which is to present Rice's "1492" at the Baldwin during the coming holidays, will be one of the most expensive companies that ever crossed the continent. Bessie Bonehill and Richard Harlow are among the new people in the cast.

That the luxury of a sliding roof for a summer theatre is not always desirable was shown at the Pavilion, in London, one night last month. It was a very hot evening, and the house was well-filled. Suddenly those seated in other parts of the house observed a commotion in a certain portion of the stalls, and while they were speculating on its possible cause, several umbrellas were seen to spring up like mushrooms over the scene of the commotion. Then it became apparent that rain-drops

from a passing shower had fallen through an opening in the sliding roof on the perturbed stall-holders. But the opening was soon closed, the umbrellas were lowered, and the show went on undisturbed.

The character portrayed by John Drew in "The Bauble Shop," in which he opens his engagement at the Baldwin, is that of the leader of the House of Commons. Maud Adams plays the part of the daughter of an old toy-merchant.

"Harbor Lights" is to be the play at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week. It is the work of George R. Sims and Henry Pettit, who wrote the strongest melodramas known to the English stage, and it has been accorded high rank among their best productions. The leading rôle, David Kingsley, will be sustained by Gustavus Levick, a popular actor of the robust heroic type, and the other parts will be in competent hands. The stage setting and mechanical effects will be very elaborate, utilizing to the utmost the great resources of the Grand Opera House stage.

Maurice Barrymore is thirty-eight years old. He is the son of an English clergyman, and was first introduced to the New York theatre-goers in 1876, when Augustin Daly's "Pique" ran for nearly a year at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Later in the season we are to have "Charley's Aunt" again by the original company.

During the Stockwell season at the Columbia Theatre the first production in this city will be given of "The District Attorney," by Charles Klein and Harrison Grey Fiske.

Daly's version of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" did not please the London critics, as we showed last week by an amusing quotation from the *St. James's Budget*. Now they have fallen foul of his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and call it "Shakespeare and a Panorama." "Let the dresses be lovely and the scenes beautiful," they say; "yet let panoramas, interpolated songs and dances—to make room for which much of the text is sacrificed—he eschew."

David Henderson's big Chicago spectacle, "Ali Baha Up to Date," is to follow the Bostonians at the Columbia Theatre.

"By Order of the Czar," Mathew Brennan's powerful Russian play, will remain at Morosco's Grand Opera House for only three more performances—this afternoon and evening and Sunday night.

The operatic burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe" is now in its eighth week at the Schiller Theatre, in Chicago. Edwin Foy as Daredevil Willie appears as a pirate, a tramp, a missionary, a race-track sport, and a new woman. W. H. Hamilton, a noted buffo-actor and baritone, formerly with the Duff Comic Opera Company, has the part of Tuffenuff, the pirate king.

During her coming engagement at the Baldwin, Marie Wainwright will present an entirely new play, entitled "The Daughters of Eve," by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus.

The second week's bill at the Columbia Theatre by the new company will be a triple bill at every performance: Maurice Barrymore's "A Mao of the World," "Nance Oldfield," and "The Critic," a comedy that ran for over a year at Daly's Theatre in New York, and in which all of the actors and actresses call each other by their right names.

The discussion of the morality of "Ma Cousine" and "Madame Sans-Gêne," precipitated by the appearance of Mme. Réjane in New York and London, recalls an amusing story. Every one knows that young girls in France are very strictly guarded as to the books they read and the plays they see; it is even said that they have been known to accept undesirable suitors in order that they may be allowed, as married women, to see the notoriously salty Palais Royal farces. A few years ago, at one of the French "cures," the Casino authorities engaged for the season a theatrical company whose repertoire consisted of Palais Royal pieces. One night "Divorçons" was given; another, "Tricocche et Cacolet," and they were followed by works by MM. Toché and Blum. When it came to "Le Parfum," a delegation of mothers waited upon the director, and complained of the character of the pieces, urging that they could not bring their daughters to see *des horreurs pareilles*, and, of course, could not leave them alone at the hotel. "Do they understand them?" asked the director. "Of course not!" answered the mothers, indignant at the suggestion. "Then, mesdames, how will it do them any harm?" The mothers gave in to this logic, and next day "Le Petit Ludovic" was played.

"The Passing Show" will be one of the Baldwin's stooop novelties for the present season.

The Bostonians will include "Robin Hood" and "Prince Ananias" in their repertoire at the Columbia Theatre when they visit San Francisco.

Miss Emily Bancker is booked to appear at the Columbia Theatre in a new comedy.

The Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art, which has been instituted in connection with the

Columbia Theatre and is directed by the Columbia Theatre management, Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., and Mr. Leo Cooper, is intended to do for dramatic aspirants on this coast what the Lyceum School of Acting, directed by Franklin H. Sargent, and the Empire Theatre Dramatic School, directed by Nelson Wheatcroft, do in New York. It offers thorough courses of instruction in acting, voice-building, fancy and ballet-dancing, fencing, and other branches of the actor's art, and its connection with the Columbia Theatre not only affords a stage for rehearsals, but also gives occasional opportunity for the pupils to make professional appearances. Lectures will occasionally be delivered before the students by noted actors and playwrights, and there will be public performances once a month, at some of which new plays will be tried. The success of the school is now assured, as more than fifty pupils are already enrolled, and rehearsals are in progress for a public performance to be given in about a month.

Verdi's popularity at home is somewhat oppressive to him, especially when he ventures out. Crowds collect about him, so much so as to impede his progress, and when he journeys to another town, they gather in front of his hotel to await a glimpse of him. The composer complains that he can not look out of the window without being pointed at. This homage, amounting almost to adulation, has not spoiled him, and he has unquestionably refused more honors from royalty than any other man on the Continent.

One of the things in which Sarah Bernhardt says she takes most pride is the fact that "playing to audiences knowing little French, wherever I go the public always understands me."

Coquelin's homeliness of face and his large, turned-up nose weighed strongly against him when he presented himself for admission to the French Conservatory for stage-training. "Look at his big, trumpet-like nose," said one of his judges, in derision. But the influence of Regnier prevailed, and the aspiring boy was taken on trial. His experience was discouraging and disheartening at first, but to the rôle of a valet he finally scored a marked success, and at the end of the year he went forth, a youth of twenty-one, with the Conservatory's first prize in his possession.

"Les Derniers Glanes," Jules Breton's picture, has the post of honor in the sixth part of the "Figaro-Salon, 1895," being printed in colors as the double-sheet reproduction. There are also several other notable pictures reproduced in this part, among them being Roybet's "La Sarahande," in which two little children dance before their cavalier father and his brocade wife; "L'Epreuve," a fine Russian piece by Makowsky; Chaperon's spirited "Général Macard"; Harris's "Plus de Foyer!"; and several marbles and bronzes. Published by Boussod, Valadon & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

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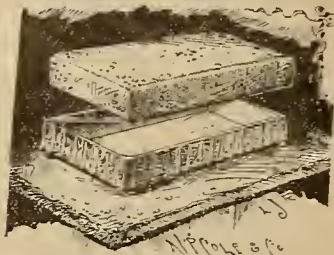
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STORYETTES.

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When, one day, Marshal Lefebvre, husband of the famous "Mme. Sans-Gêne," was irritated by the persistent boasting of a young aristocrat of ancient descent, he stemmed the tide with the quiet remark: "Monsieur, since you are so great an admirer of ancestors, look at me. I am an ancestor."

Toole, the English actor, sitting at a table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, took it up and began to cut a slice from it. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," replied Toole; "I declare I mistook it for the loaf."

Senator Palmer tells a story about an Illinois farmer who for several years had been selling him wood for six dollars a cord. "This year," says Senator Palmer, "he came to me with a load, and I told him that I did not want it. He offered it at two dollars a cord. I still refused, and he wanted to know why I would not take it at two dollars. I told him I was using soft coal, for which I paid one dollar and thirty-seven cents a ton. 'Gosh!' he exclaimed, 'I heard you was trying to demoteize silver, and now you are trying to defuelize wood.'"

After the passage in Georgia of the severe laws against gambling, Judge Dooly was very rigid in their enforcement. At the close of a session of the superior court, the judge had retired to rest; but the noise of a faro-table in the adjoining room disturbed him so much that he got up, dressed, and went in and told them that he had tried all legal methods to break them up, and had failed; and now he was determined to adopt another plan. Before the night had closed he broke the bank, and told the parties to clear out, and he more careful in the future how they interfered with the court.

John Kernell, the Irish comedian, closed his season on the road early, last year, and went into New York city to spend the summer. He put up at a hotel there, and one night, through some mistake, the clerk put opposite the number of Kernell's room a "call" for six-thirty A. M. The hotel had in its service one of those vigorous porters who will break in a door rather than allow a man to oversleep on a call, and this man was so persistent that Kernell finally arose and dressed himself in order to put a stop to the racket. When he went downstairs, he saw by the clock that it was just seven. "See here," he said to the clerk in angry tones, "why do you wake me up at this hour in the morning when I have nothing to do until August?"

In North Carolina the judges of the superior courts "rotate," i. e., ride each circuit of the whole State in regular succession. When Judge Shipp, of one of the mountain circuits, in regular rotation came to ride a circuit on the sea-coast, he was much pleased with clams, which were new to him. He had a clam supper, with the result that he had a most violent illness, and could not hold court for two or three days. When able to sit on the bench, the first case tried was an affray in which one man used a pistol and the other knocked him down with a clam (in the shell). Manly, appearing for the State, introduced a witness to prove that one clam, so used, was a deadly weapon. "Stop there, Manly," said the judge, earnestly; "the court will hear evidence whether or not a pistol is a deadly weapon, but the court knows without further evidence that a clam is."

At a general election in England, a candidate personally unknown to the voters of a certain borough, was asked by party leaders to stand for it. He belonged to a good family, and was a barister of promise in London. His path to success was open, as the borough belonged to his party. But when he mounted the platform to address the electors, after a sentence or two, he suddenly became pale and confused, his eyes fixed on a board opposite, on which was scrawled with charcoal, "Forty pounds!" He stumbled through a short speech, and then hurriedly left the stand. A few days later, he rose to speak in another town, and again the mysterious words, written in black on the wall, confronted him. Again he left the platform, and that night retired from the contest for the seat in Parliament. Not long afterward he disappeared from public life and retired to an English colony, where he hid himself on a ranch. The words, it was found, referred to a theft committed in his youth, which he supposed had been forgotten.

While the late General Gresham was on the bench, a prominent lawyer came into the court-room, and speaking to the counsel, who were in the midst of a case, asked them as a favor to allow him to interrupt proceedings for a few minutes. He had a document, a purely formal matter, which he wished to submit to the court. It would occupy the judge but a moment. The counsel consented, and the lawyer handed to Judge Gresham a paper for his signature. The lawyer was guardian for two

young children, heirs to a large estate, and the paper was an order from the court authorizing him to sell certain real estate belonging to them. It lacked only the judge's signature. Judge Gresham, instead of signing the document, settled back in his seat and read it carefully. Then he turned to the lawyer: "Have you read these papers?" The lawyer answered that he had. The judge reached for his docket and made an entry, evidently of some length. Then he said to the lawyer, speaking with much sternness: "I have removed you from the guardianship of those children. You may go, sir." The lawyer stood for a moment, thunderstruck. Then, without a word, he left the court-room, and the other case was resumed.

A young farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself once at a Presbyterian conference, and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said, frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here." "What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders. "Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, an' in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. I knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, an' here I am." There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of their farm. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat, "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible those two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn'?" This version was accepted by the applicant.

At the meeting of the British Association in 1860, Bishop Wilberforce spoke for full half an hour with inimitable spirit, emptiness, and unfairness. It was evident from his handling of the subject that he had been "crammed" up to the throat, and that he knew nothing at first hand. He ridiculed Darwin badly and Huxley savagely. Hurried along on the current of his eloquence, the bishop so far forgot himself as to turn round and ask whether Huxley was related by his grandfather's or mother's side to an ape. Huxley, when his time for a reply came, had this to say: "I asserted, and I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a man, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an unequivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by an aimless rhetoric and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issue by eloquent digressions and skilled appeals to religious prejudice."

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China.....Tuesday, August 13, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Tuesday, September 3, at 3 P. M.

City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, September 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, October 12, at 3 P. M.

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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.30 P.	Sacramento River Steamer, Yuba, Port Costa and Way Stations.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San José, Colma, Napa, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	9.15 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	4.45 P.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
* 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

For morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Wednesdays only, † Mondays only, ‡ Sundays only, † Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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SOCIETY.

The Spreckels-Jolliffe Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place last Monday at the residence of Mrs. W. H. Jolliffe, 2215 Pacific Avenue, when her daughter, Miss Eleaor D. Jolliffe, was married to Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. The bride has been a great favorite in society circles since her debut and has a host of friends. The groom is the youngest son of Mr. Claus Spreckels. He is the president of the Hawaiian Commercial Company.

Only relatives were present to witness the marriage ceremony, which was performed at noon by Rev. Father Prendergast. Miss Mary Jolliffe was the maid of honor, and Mr. C. A. Spreckels acted as best man. The bride was becomingly attired in a tailor-made gown of tan-colored cloth. After a wedding breakfast was enjoyed, the newly married couple left to make a southern tour. They will return about September 1st, and will occupy the residence of Mr. Webster Jones, corner of Gough and Clay Streets.

The Bliss Barn-Party.

A barn-party was given last Wednesday evening by Mrs. E. M. Bliss, of New York, at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, at Redwood City. Everything about it was informal, from the verbal invitations to the attire of the guests, who were dressed as if prepared for the tennis-courts rather than for a ball-room. Residents from many of the villas at Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park and the neighborhood who had house-parties were present with their guests, and quite a number were in attendance from this city.

The spacious barn was as clean and neat as a parlor, and it was attractively decorated with flowers, potted plants, and draperies of tulle. From the arches overhead netting was suspended, and attached to it were numerous fairy-lamps of varied colors. The floor was covered with canvas, and the doors were hung with handsome portières.

Lanterns were hung from the boughs of the oak-trees scattered around the lawn, and hammocks lounges, and chairs, set here and there, provided resting-places for the dancers. There was an alluring booth beneath an umbrageous oak where cooling refreshments were served.

Dancing commenced at a seasonable hour, to the music of an excellent orchestra, and it was enjoyed until midnight, when a unique supper, comprising chicken tamales and other Bohemian dishes, was served upon the lawn. Afterward dancing was resumed for a couple of hours, when the delighted guests took their departure and drove to their homes under the silvery light of the moon. The party was a charming affair in every way. Among the guests of Mrs. Bliss who were present were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. William H. Howard, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Elair, Miss Essie Shreve, Miss Susie Morgan, Miss Isahel McKenna, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Jennie Honker, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Jessie Coleman, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Walter Hohart, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. Benedict, of New York, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. Clarence McKinstry, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Captain Wainwright, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, and Mr. Henry Simpkins.

The Del Monte Outing.

Preparations for the outing at Del Monte to be given by the Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association are well under way, and there can be no doubt regarding the success of the affair. The entire week from Monday, August 26th, to Saturday, August 31st, inclusive, will be made at-

tractive with polo matches, pony and steeplechase races, pigeon shooting, a grand ball, and a splendid display of fire-works at the lake. The attendance will be very large and fashionable, as almost every room in the hotel has been engaged.

Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Howard, daughter of the late George H. Howard, of San Mateo, to Mr. Duncan Hayne, will take place to-day at San Mateo. The ceremony, at which only immediate relatives will be present, will be performed at twelve o'clock, noon, in a private chapel in the residence of Judge Robert Y. Hayne, the groom's brother, and at one o'clock Judge and Mrs. Hayne will give a breakfast in honor of the bride and groom, to which a few intimate friends have been invited.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Emma Childs, daughter of Mrs. O. W. Childs, of Los Angeles, to Mr. John W. Dwight, of New York city.

Major-General William H. Dimond, N. G. C., and his staff gave a dinner in the Tapestry Room of the Palace Hotel last Thursday evening to Colonel Albert E. Castle, N. G. C., who will be married next Tuesday to Miss Jennie Winston, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Winston, of Los Angeles. The dinner was a very successful and enjoyable affair.

The lawn-tennis tournament at Del Monte will conclude to-day, and there will be a ball at the hotel this evening.

The Larchmonts' New Commadore.

Harry M. Gillig, who has many friends on the Pacific Coast, was elected commadore of the Larchmont Yacht Club while he was making a tour of the world last winter and spring. The announcement of his election was conveyed to him when he was in Japan. On his arrival in New York, Mr. Gillig, who is a most enthusiastic yachtsman, at once entered on his new duties with the vim which characterizes most of his actions. It is five years since he began yachting on the Atlantic Coast, and during that time he has put two boats in commission, one a cruising yacht, the *Ramona*, a large schooner about one hundred and thirty-five feet over all, and the *Gloriana*, a forty footer, which made a good record for herself during the races last year. This year Mr. Gillig did not put the *Gloriana* in commission, but has been cruising in the *Ramona*, which is now the flagship of the Larchmont fleet. He has attracted much favorable comment in Eastern yachting circles by his originality in ideas and the marked interest which he shows in the club. For example, this year the Larchmont cruise was a combined one, the Atlantic Club making up a joint fleet with the Larchmonts. The result was that when the cruise began over one hundred yachts sailed in the joint squadron, and the cruise, from start to finish, during the ten days which it lasted, was a marked success. When it is considered that the New York Yacht Club cruise is one of the events of the year in yachting circles, and that the New York Yacht Club, which is over fifty years old, only musters this year about one hundred and twenty boats, it will be seen to what a prominence the Larchmont cruise has attained. The cruise began at Larchmont Harbor, went from there to New Haven, from there to New London, and from there to Shelter Island, with racing every day. The cruise closed at Shelter Island, and the night before the cruise closed, there was a magnificent display of fireworks, and all the yachts were illuminated. On the following day, a ladies' reception was given aboard the flagship *Ramona* to the combined fleet. The *Ramona* was handsomely dressed with flags, and a fine band was brought down from New York city. Over three hundred people, during the day, accepted the hospitality of Commodore Gillig, and they unanimously voted the cruise a grand success. On the return to Larchmont, Commodore Gillig introduced another innovation in the shape of a "smoking concert," the first ever held at the Larchmont Club. An elaborate programme was given, modeled to a certain extent on the jinks of the Bohemian Club, and among the participants were Clay M. Greene, De Wolf Hopper, Willard T. Barton, Maurice Barrymore, Frank L. Unger, Roland Reed, Hermaon, the magician, and Commodore Gillig himself. These gentlemen gave an elaborate programme of songs, speeches, recitations, etc., and the entertainment was unanimously voted the best ever given in the Larchmont Club. For next season Commodore Gillig has announced a race week at Larchmont somewhat similar to the Cowes week in England, in which there will be yachting every day, racing for four-oared gigs, two-oared gigs, dinghies, and naphtha launches. The yacht-races will be over the new triangular course which has been laid out by the Larchmont Club in the Sound immediately off their harbor.

Grasset, the designer of colored posters, has been commissioned by M. Lebon, minister of posts and telegraphs, to make designs for the new French postage-stamps, since none of those submitted in the competitive examination would do.

A MEDICAL HONEYMOON.

The attention of the Society for Psychical Research is respectfully called to the striking coincidence that at the very time that Sao Francisco society was being stirred to its several centres by the marriage of two prominent medical practitioners, the following poem appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*:

Oh, hid me not, Amanda, as a student of the *Lancet*,
To meet you when the moon has tinged the sleeping
earth with gold;

The evening is traditionally fitting, but perchance it
Would bring about bronchitis, or at least a heavy cold.

And, though we love each other as hut few have loved
before us,

We need no outward token of unalterable bliss;
Leave that to those less prudent; the authorities assure
us

That very often microbes are transmitted by a kiss.

Nor must you rush toward me to express your satisfaction—

It's true that fate has severed us for many a weary
day;

But still, excitement, as you know, accelerates the action
Of pulse and heart in really quite a prejudicial way.

I'll see you, then, at midday (please make sure the room
is heated

To 60° or to 61°); we'll talk about the past,
And how interesting ailments by the faculty are treated—

When, by the way, Amanda, were you vaccinated last?

And so we'll meet to-morrow; I will sing your favorite
hallel

(For vocal exercises greatly benefit the lung).
And, having lunched discreetly off an hygienic salad,

We'll gaze into each other's eyes, and on each other's
tongue!

Mrs. C. W. Juogen—once known among musical people here as Miss Kate Woods—is going to Europe to finish her musical education with a view to coming out as a professional. Mrs. Juogen has been living for a year past at Newport, where her husband was stationed and where she has been singing in one of the swell churches. But, her husband having been ordered off for a long cruise on the *Maine*, Mrs. Juogen has arranged to start for Paris on August 20th with Miss Marie Barnard, another Californian singer, who has just completed a tour with Sousa's band.

Signor Ansaldi, a student, blind from birth, graduated recently with high honor from the Florence Institute de Studi Superiori, the school for post-graduate university work. His thesis on "Compensations in the Senses of the Blind" was declared by the examiners to be an important contribution of new material to physiological psychology.

Max Alvary, the tenor, whose real name is Achenbach, speaks five languages, and in his time has been a photographer, blacksmith, carpenter, electrician, architect, and soldier.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy
Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

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Telephone "Blithedale."

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon are now at the Hotel del Monte, where they will remain several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock, *de* May, sailed from New York city last Saturday, on the steamer *Werra* for Genoa, Italy.

Miss Jennie Catherwood is expected to return from the East in a fortnight.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham and Mrs. C. V. Gummer are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has been at Lake Tahoe during the past week.

The Misses Goad have gone to the Hotel del Monte to remain during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, who have been passing the summer in San Rafael, have returned to the city, and are now at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle has returned from a prolonged visit to relatives and friends in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove L. Johnson and family, of Sacramento, are passing a few weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. M. H. Hecht and the Misses Hecht will leave early in September to make an Eastern trip. Miss Grace Hecht will attend school in Baltimore.

The Misses Fehcheimer have returned from Sausalito, where they have been passing the summer.

Miss Alice Main has gone to Guatemala with Mrs. Maria Reyes, whose guest she will be for several months at her coffee plantation.

Dr. G. B. Somers will leave for Japan on August 13th, and will be away about three months.

Mr. Willis E. Bacheller, the tenor, has returned from a visit to the English Mountain Mine and Lake Tahoe.

The Misses Helen and Maud Bristol have returned from a visit at Larkspur.

Mr. M. R. Higgins has returned from Sausalito, and is staying at The Colonial. Mrs. Higgins is visiting relatives in the East and will return about October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Misses Ethel and Joce Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, and Miss Leontine Blakeman have returned from a six weeks' visit at Santa Monica.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson are passing a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks are now at Redondo Beach. Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager intend to join them there.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague are passing the season at Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland and family are at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Miss Cora Smedberg has returned from a visit at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin and Miss Mary Bell Gwin will return from Castle Crag in a few days, and go to the Hotel del Monte for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, and Miss Amy Regua have been passing a fortnight at Webber Lake.

Misses Maud and Bessie Younger are passing the summer at Lucerne, Switzerland. Mrs. W. J. Younger will soon leave for the East to remain during the winter, and next spring she will be joined by Dr. Younger and go to Russia.

Miss Muriel Homan, a granddaughter of Sir Sidney Waterlow, has arrived from London and is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alfred Ford, at her villa, Fairseat, at San Mateo.

Mrs. H. Seymour Manning left last Tuesday for Applegate, near Colfax, to remain a few weeks for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and family and Miss Anita Goozales, of Santa Cruz, will leave for Europe next Thursday, and will be away several months.

Mr. G. F. Richardson has returned from Sausalito and is at The Colonial. Mrs. Richardson, who is now in the East, will return home about September 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walter and family are at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will return from Alaska next week.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden will soon leave to visit Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dutard have leased the residence of Mr. W. E. Wilshire, on Buchanan Street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler Paige will pass the autumn and winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Harvey, Miss Churchill, and Miss Thompson, of Napa, have been at The Colonial for a few days during the past week.

Mr. Morgan Hill was at Santa Cruz early in the week, and stayed at the Sea Beach Hotel.

Mr. W. Bradford Thompson is the guest of Mr. Peter J. Donahue at his country seat, Laurelwood, near Santa Clara.

Mr. John N. Featherston returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Dutard visited San José early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, left last Saturday to visit the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sheldon were in Saratoga, N. Y., last week.

Colonel and Mrs. George W. Granniss have returned from their summer outing at Coronado Beach and Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. A. Drinkhouse and the Misses Lulu and Hilda Drinkhouse returned to the city last Saturday after making a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, *de* Martel, have returned from a visit to relatives in Toronto, Canada, and a trip to the principal cities in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have engaged rooms at the Hotel Richelieu for the autumn and winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliot have returned from Baltimore, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin at their residence, 1111 Pine Street.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Breckenridge are at the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Miss Daisy Van Ness have returned from Southern California, and will soon go to Del Monte for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Burns, of Kalamazoo, Mich., are here on a visit, and are staying at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse are now residing permanently at Spokane, Wash. Mrs. Morse is the daughter of the late Dr. A. McKinley, formerly Hawaiian Consul in this city, and a niece of Governor McKinley, of Ohio.

Miss May Hoffman left last Thursday to visit Del Monte.

Mr. W. W. Lovett, of Cincinnati, has returned from a camping trip, and is at The Colonial with his family.

Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Jones, who recently returned from Washington, D. C., are now the guests of

Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, at their residence, 1121 Laguna Street.

Miss Alice Ann Clark is passing this month at the Hotel del Monte. She will play in the tennis tournament there to-day.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham, who are at their villa near Lake Tahoe, are entertaining Mrs. K. B. Favre.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are visiting the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese Morgan have returned from Castle Crag, and will go to Del Monte early in September.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has left New York and gone to Europe for a visit.

Mrs. John F. Merrill has returned from the mountains, completely restored to health.

Miss Murray has returned from Berkeley, and is residing permanently at 1306 Pine Street.

Mrs. William H. Crocker and her two children went to Castle Crag several days ago to remain a couple of weeks.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. H. E. Huntington left last Thursday to visit Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah and Miss Judah have been visiting at Castle Crag during the past fortnight.

Mrs. M. E. Pendleton has been on a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., will succeed Lieutenant-General Schofield, U. S. A., next September as the commanding general of the army.

Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., who has been inspecting the lighthouses from Alaska to San Diego has returned to Washington, D. C.

Captain T. F. Kane, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the *Monteury*.

Lieutenant-Commander E. C. Pendleton, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monteury* and granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Carlio, U. S. N., is now executive commander of the *Monteury*.

Lieutenant-Commander C. H. West, U. S. N., will report for duty on the *Thetis* on August 21st.

Passed Assistant Surgeon J. E. Page, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report at the West Point Military Academy on August 20th for duty.

Lieutenant W. B. Homer, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away on a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant E. M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., at his own request, will be relieved on September 1st from duty at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., and will then report for duty at Washington Barracks, D. C.

Lieutenant J. R. Landers, U. S. A., has been in the city during the past week and stayed at The Colonial. He will return to Del Monte to-morrow.

Lieutenant S. S. Jordan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now at Fort Monroe, Va., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Monteury* as navigating officer.

Lieutenant Richard Mitchell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Wabash* and ordered to the *Olympia*.

Ensign E. H. Campbell, U. S. N., Ensign C. J. Laog, U. S. N., and Ensign C. C. Fowell, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Philadelphia*.

Ensign C. L. Hussey, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and ordered to the *Thetis*.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Beayard, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been in Washington, D. C., during the past week.

Ensign L. A. Bostwick, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monteury* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Ensign Edward Moale, U. S. N., is now on duty at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md.

Ensign Yates Stirling, Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the *New York* and ordered to the *Thetis*.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Florence Anna Morgan, daughter of Commander William A. Morgan, U. S. N. (retired), to Mr. Louis F. Tuttle, formerly of Cleveland, O., but now of this city.

DCCLXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 11, 1895.

Cream of Potato Soup.

Melou.

Fried Soft-Shell Crabs.

Green-Corn Tomatoes.

Cauliflower au Gratin.

Roast Beef, Stuffed Potatoes.

Vegetable Salad.

Suiderland Pudding.

Fruits.

Coffee.

SUNDERLAND PUDDING.—Take one pint of milk, four eggs, and four spoonfuls of flour; beat these very smooth together. Fill some small cups, well-buttered, two-thirds full; bake twenty minutes; serve them with strawberry sauce.

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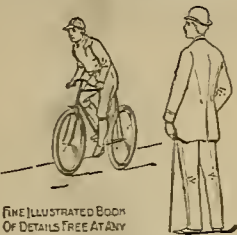
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." He—"Well, the half that doesn't know isn't composed of women."—Puck.

He—"Nice dog, very! Have you taught it any new tricks since I was here last?" She (sweetly)—"Yes; it will fetch your hat, if you whistle."—Puck.

"Who is the best bicycle agent in your town?" "I don't know, but I think Dr. Pellet must be. He recommends bicycle-riding to all his patients."—Bazar.

"Just think," began the missionary lady. "Certainly, mum," assented Mr. Weary Watkins; "jist thinkin' is right in my line."—Indianapolis Journal.

Languid stranger—"Have I got time to catch the train?" Smart policeman—"You may have the time, but you don't seem to have the speed."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"The late editor's wife is something of a humorist." "Indeed?" "Yes; took a line from his original salutatory and placed it on his tombstone." "What was it?" "We are here to stay."—Atlanta Constitution.

Carruthers—"Were you really as drunk as you seemed last night?" Waites—"Well, that depends; I was not as drunk as I seemed to you, and a great deal drunker than I seemed to myself."—Puck.

His specialty: Farmer Hayrake—"Did your son learn anything at college?" Farmer Oatstraw—"Yes; I gave him a hammer to mend the harn with, and he threw it so far I hain't been able to find it."—Puck.

"It isn't what ye do," remarked Clarence Fitz Hautheau, "that always counts in determining a man's prosperity." "No," replied Reginald de Bumme, "it's who ye do more'n what ye do dat signifies."—Washington Star.

Old gentleman—"You say your father lingered a long while and died a sudden death. What do you mean by that?" Tramp—"Well, the Vigilance Committee told him to leave town in an hour, but he lingered for a day."—Philadelphia Record.

Oregon packer—"What is the horse good for?" Dealer—"Well, t' he honest with ye, he's a little too bony fer mountain trout and not quite tough enough fer corned beef; but he'd can up like a daisy fers spring chicken."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"No," said the man who stayed in town while his family went to the sea-shore. "I haven't had any direct news from them. But they are enjoying themselves immensely." "How can you tell if they don't write?" "I read about it in my check-book."—Washington Star.

"Isn't that Colonel Jones with his shotgun?" asked the editor. "It is," replied the foreman. "I think you are right," said the editor; "suppose you crawl in the stove there, and I'll just step upstairs and see if the roof doesn't need repairing."—Atlanta Constitution.

He—"Miss Perrymead, while I may not be the man of your choice at this moment, yet I venture to hope—" She—"I can only be a sister—" He—"As I was saying, Miss Perrymead, while I may not be your choice, I don't want you to forget me when the time comes for you to look for a chance instead of a choice."—Indianapolis Journal.

The heroine had the centre of the stage. "Amid such surroundings," she exclaimed, looking rapidly at the people, "who could not be happy?" Upon her felicity broke the villain rudely. "Ha, ha," he laughed through his nose. She shivered with a nameless dread. "Wait," he cried, "till you see the scenery we get when we go on the road."—Detroit Tribune.

"James," said Mr. Impecune, "to-morrow will be the first day of August, and I shall leave the city for my midsummer outing. You may remain here. Probably there will be several callers at the office during the day. There will be men with folded slips of paper and documents of various kinds. They will be likely to inquire where I am, and you can tell them I am away on my vacation." "Yes, sir," said the new office-boy; "how long will your vacation last?" "Until the day after to-morrow," replied Mr. Impecune, lowering his voice.—Chicago Tribune.

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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1895

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When Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle were driving their hard bond bargain with foreign bankers, the *Argonaut* remarked: "During Mr. Harrison's term, the gold in the United States Treasury reached the sum of \$327,000,000, including what is called the 'gold reserve' of \$100,000,000. Under a Democratic administration this vast sum has disappeared, with the exception of what is left of the gold reserve, about forty millions. Yet even this and more have in reality been wasted, for the Democratic administration during the past year has borrowed \$117,000,000. Not content with this, the Secretary of the Treasury is borrowing more. He has made an arrangement with a syndicate of bankers and

brokers—largely British—to borrow \$62,000,000 in gold, to be paid for by an issue of four per cent. 30-year coin bonds at 104.4, being on a basis of 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. interest. By this bond deal, the government practically made a present of sixteen millions to the syndicate of bankers, British and otherwise. This means an assessment of twenty-five cents a head on every man, woman, and child in this great republic. A laboring man with a wife and four children will thus pay a dollar and a half—about a day's wages—to make up the millions caused by Democratic blundering. It seems hardly credible, but Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle apparently do not know that they have been buncoed. The bunco-men have made a sentimental agreement with the administration, by which they agree to discourage people from taking gold out of the Treasury for the purpose of exporting or hoarding it. But any man can go and draw gold from the Treasury, despite the agreement of these bankers. And then, when the gold runs low, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle will go and be buncoed again."

This forecast was printed in the *Argonaut* of March 4, 1895. It begins to look as if it were soon to be verified. The bond syndicate have kept their promise, discouraged the exportation of gold, and thus maintained the gold reserve. But their sentimental agreement expires October 1st. After that date they are not bound, either in law or sentiment, to maintain the gold reserve. They hold a sentimental option on further bond issues—for preposterous as it may seem, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle made a contract with this bond syndicate—utterly illegal, by the way—by which it was agreed to give them the preference in case further bonds were to be issued. It is needless to state that the syndicate is quite willing that further bonds should be issued. The neat way in which they picked the pockets of the people of the United States last winter makes them want to repeat the operation this fall. Therefore they are slowly juggling with the gold reserve. They are not uncovering it—not so bad as that—but simply letting it get a little low, so as to scare Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle. After they have been scared into a proper degree of financial terror, the bond syndicate will, after October 1st, let the gold reserve go down. The rest will be easy—Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle will be forced to negotiate a new issue of bonds.

The foregoing seems almost fantastic—that a great government like that of the United States should have placed itself at the mercy of a syndicate of bankers, British and otherwise. But such is the case. At their wits' end for means to carry on the government, which their free-trade panic had almost deprived of revenue, the Democratic administration conceived the idea of running a government by bonds. The idea is not new—the plan has long been in use by some of the South American republics, by Hayti, and by Turkey. But this is the first time it has been adopted in the United States. Even when the country was in the throes of a civil war, the Republican party raised money to put down the war through bonds, but raised money to carry on the daily operations of the government by internal revenue and other domestic excise duties. It was reserved for a Democratic administration in a time of profound peace to exhaust the \$327,000,000 left in the Treasury by the Republicans, and then to borrow \$180,000,000 more. Not only did they borrow this, but they borrowed it on the terms of the money-lenders—borrowed it on a basis of three and three-quarters per cent. interest. This is the basis on which first-class railway bonds, such as the New York Central and Illinois Central are now selling. Are not the bonds of the United States worth more than those of the railways within her borders, and which could not exist if she so decreed?

The foregoing remarks are inspired by the fact that already there is marked uneasiness in financial circles over the movement of gold. During the last few days the gold reserve has fallen nearly to its limit, the hundred-million mark—to be exact, to \$101,302,363. This is a loss of over six millions from the highest point to which the syndicate forced it in July. It is six weeks to the first of October, when the agreement of the banking syndicate expires. If

at this date they allow the gold reserve to fall so low, it is quite evident what will become of it when they cease to sustain it—when, on the other hand, they will drain it, in order to get the profits on new bond issues.

What do the American people think of an administration which thus places itself at the mercy of a syndicate of money-lenders? What do they think of an administration which allows its finances to be run by bankers, foreign and semi-foreign? What do the American people think of the new Democratic scheme of government by bonds?

The excitement in New York and throughout the East over the case of Maria Barberi, as that excitement finds reflection in the newspapers, shows again how little capacity the ordinary man—not to speak of the extraordinary woman—possesses to make use of his head when his feelings have become sympathetically inflamed. Maria Barberi was seduced under promise of marriage, the young man refused to fulfill his promise, and she cut his throat with a razor. That was murder, and she has been sentenced to die in the electric chair for her crime. Why not? Because of several facts in mitigation. One of these facts is that the murdered man in casting off the woman did so with scornful exultation and every circumstance of verbal brutality, so that the girl was crazed with rage. Another fact is that Maria Barberi is of a very low order of mental organization, and doubtless in her revenge followed a blind natural impulse, precisely as she did when she surrendered herself to her lover. Still another fact is that she is an Italian of the lowest grade, speaking no English, and in resenting betrayal with assassination probably acted in accordance with the traditions and code of her caste. These are grounds for the plea that she be saved from capital punishment and be given life imprisonment instead. But she is so poor, friendless, and ignorant, that a mighty pity for her has been awakened. Compassion for Maria Barberi is natural, but the circumstance that there are in New York and elsewhere plenty of stupid, ignorant, unchaste, and violent-tempered females might, one would think, cause the champions of this murderess to pause in their efforts to get her off altogether. Deterrent examples are useful in real life—especially in the life of the slums of large cities.

Yet there are multitudes, with newspapers to back them, who declare that Maria not only committed no crime, but exercised only the "natural right of a girl to avenge her honor by slaying her betrayer." Miss Susan B. Anthony, protagonist of equality between the sexes, takes this view, strange to say. "The law," she sets forth, "refuses to punish the man who, under promise of marriage, robs the woman of her chastity; but when the forsaken creature takes summary vengeance, the New York law consigns her without judge or jury of her peers [female judge and jury] to a most ignominious death." Therefore, in Miss Anthony's opinion, the execution of Maria Barberi would be murder. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Miss Anthony's co-worker in the cause of equality, is still more emphatic:

"A jury of women would have acquitted Maria Barberi. I would have acquitted her. A man shoots down his wife's companion, and though a form of arrest and trial is gone through with, it is but a form, for the man is acquitted, and the public says that it is right. When a woman undertakes to avenge her innocence, she is condemned to death. And yet they say that women have their rights! I, for one, can not blame Maria Barberi. If the law will not protect women—and it won't—they must protect themselves. I would have done what she did myself. I say now, as I have always said, that if a man had the temerity to ruin a daughter of mine, I would strike him dead without hesitation. He would not occupy the same planet with me. The governor should pardon her."

When the foremost leaders of the New Woman can think no better than these two, who have been writing and making speeches all their lives, let us be thankful, for society's sake, that we have no female judges and juries. It is much better for a girl to exercise her natural right to preserve her honor than to seek to avenge it when she has lost it with her own unconstrained consent. Men, by public opinion, are accorded the privilege of wreaking vengeance on seducers, because the public is given to avenge

with Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore that women are men's intellectual inferiors, and, being men's wards, should not be held to the same accountability for their acts, morally or legally. The Anthony-Livermore argument for Maria Barberi's pardon is based on the proposition that woman is a lay figure—that in a seduction she is negative quantity, a nonentity, and that the rules applied to man as a responsible being, who knows what he is about when doing good or evil, should not be applied to her. The law is somewhat more respectful. It assumes in the matter of homicide that women are human beings with intelligence and discretion, full-grown members of society. Therefore, according to Mrs. Livermore, the law "refuses protection to women." The law is not chivalrous enough—that is, it does not in its letter always consider woman the weaker vessel intellectually as well as physically, and so does not make those allowances for her that juries do when they have to pass upon the acts of vengeance done by husbands and fathers and brothers. Should the time ever come when women reach real equality with men, juries will not, as now, share the opinion of Miss Anthony, and Mrs. Livermore, and of men in general, that a woman, merely because she is a woman, should not be treated as an adult when she breaks the law against murder.

Tenderness to female criminals is neither good for society nor complimentary to the sex. Men make the laws, and, in their insulting recognition of woman's inferiority as a free moral agent, they have caused it to be written in the statutes that seduction by the male is a punishable offense. In some States it is rated as a felony, but nowhere as yet is it placed among capital crimes, nor is the lady who takes part in it designated as the executioner of the man.

Maria Barberi, dull and low as she is, necessarily was, like other women past their earliest years, aware of what she was doing when she joined in her seduction. Law and chivalry may be as kind and contemptuous of the sex as they like, but common sense, nevertheless, must assert itself. The woman who is seduced is seduced with her eyes open, unless she be an imbecile fit for confinement in an institution. Therefore, to pardon Maria Barberi outright would be an outrage on justice and an encouragement to all immoral women to become criminal as well as immoral. The sentence of Maria Barberi should be commuted, not because she was seduced, but because her seducer drove her to frenzy. Had he cheated a man, and then taunted and trampled upon his victim as he did upon his female partner, the outraged man would have deserved some mercy had he slain him. That is the only just argument that can be made in behalf of Maria Barberi. For the rest, the plague of sentimental fools her case has brought upon the land is bolder to bear than the thought that her heart of a lover got his throat cut. Society has rights in the premises. The supreme one is that the natural perception of the difference between wrong and right should not be debauched by foolish men, hysterical women, and mindless newspapers.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré, mother of the Virgin Mary, and known to the reverent Roman Catholic publications of the country as the "Grandmother of God," is doing herself justice. A few weeks ago, a train of pilgrims from the United States to her shrine in Quebec was divided into two sections, one ran into the other, and a considerable number of pious persons were killed and wounded. This had an embarrassing look, for the heretical were encouraged to sneer at the powers claimed for the saint. "If," these godless ones argued, "the esteemed Ste. Anne can cure the sick and deformed who visit the shrines where her relics repose, why could not she have preserved her worshippers on that train from harm?" To this specious argument the *Argonaut* at the time pointed out that the collision took place thirty miles from the Cathedral of Quebec, so that if the catastrophe proved anything as to Ste. Anne, it merely demonstrated that the range of her power, like that of an eighty-ton gun, impressive as it is, still falls short of thirty miles. Since then, Ste. Anne has triumphantly vindicated herself and the *Argonaut*. We learn from the New York *Tribune* of July 31st, for example, that "Mattie Blute, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Blute, of No. 173 Ashburton Avenue, Yonkers, has returned from a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Canada, where she was cured of a malady of nine years' standing." For nine months she had been without the use of her limbs, "and could not even creep about her room." Specialists had "pronounced her case incurable." The method by which Ste. Anne does her miraculous work is simple. "Mr. Blute bled his child in his arms while the relic was being applied, and after the third application, his daughter was ordered to walk. At first she said she could not, but on a fourth application she walked around the room. She was," says the *Tribune*, "seen out walking in Yonkers by many people yesterday." From this it is apparent that one has only to get within a reasonable distance of the remains of

Ste. Anne to enjoy her protection from accident and sudden death, and to benefit by her medical and surgical skill. But why Mattie Blute should have been taken all the way from Yonkers to Quebec, when a relic of the saint is enshrined in New York, is not explained. The Church of St. Jean Baptiste, on Seventy-Sixth Street, between Third and Lexington Avenues, has for several years possessed a segment of the arm of the deceased, and it has done wonders, one of them being to fill the treasury of the church with grateful offerings. If Mr. Blute had believed that the New York article was as well charged with healing powers as the one in Quebec, it is unreasonable to suppose that he would have journeyed to Canada at great expense, when he might have got the cure for his daughter which he sought right at his door, or at least for two car-fares. Ground is given for the suspicion, therefore, that the ecclesiastical authorities of Quebec employ drummers in and about the American metropolis to depreciate the New York relic and exalt the Quebec bone. Such conduct can only result in reprisal, for business is business, and Archbishop Corrigan is hardly the man to be outdone in enterprise by mere colonials. Mr. Blute was plainly misled into carrying his patronage to a foreign country, for Ste. Anne works at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste miracles quite as well authenticated as that which so happily gave back to his daughter the use of her limbs. The New York *Sun* of July 27th contains an account of some of them. On the twenty-sixth "nearly twenty thousand persons visited the church to kiss the relic of Ste. Anne and offer prayers at the shrine. The only sound which disturbed the stillness was the weeping of women, and even men broke down and cried when they were touched by the miracle-working bone." Truly, those who fancy that the fallacies of modern science and the spirit of nineteenth-century civilization have extinguished true piety of the good old mediæval sort in this enlightened republic deceive themselves grossly. One of the Sisters, when asked respectfully, on behalf of the *Sun*, if any notable cures had been effected, "cited the case of William Cane, of 87 Grand Street, Brooklyn, who, although more than five years old, had never been able to walk, owing to a contracted spine. Last Sunday," she added, "he visited the shrine and kissed the relic." Which was good for William, since he "immediately began to walk, and now runs around like other boys of his age." Also the Sister told the *Sun* of "Mrs. Welsh, of 550 One Hundred and Forty-Third Street, who had used crutches for many years, and now has no need of them." On its own account, our perfectly responsible New York contemporary affirms that a "large collection of canes, crutches, high-soled shoes, braces, and other appurtenances, left behind by their owners, bear witness to the fact that those who came on them to the shrine found no more use for them."

These manifold evidences that the Grandmother of God, notwithstanding the Canadian railroad disaster, is still potential with the Architect of the Universe, the Author of all the marvels of earth, and sky, and time, is inexpressibly comforting, and obviously conduces to the maintenance of a large and reverent faith. It also enforces the fact that no misfortunes, of a railroad or any other nature, have befallen the devotees of Ste. Anne's American shrine, which not only pleases national pride, but should be good for business on the American side of the line. Why, when every Roman Catholic church in San Francisco has relics of saints under its altar, Archbishop Riordan neglects to employ them and start a stream of wealth to the sacred coffers, dumdounds the practical understanding. It betrays a contempt for money which may do him credit spiritually as the head of this diocese, but it deprives one of opportunity to respect him for commercial acumen.

The number of bicycles in San Francisco has increased to such an extent that it is time their use was regulated. Unregulated, they are becoming a dangerous nuisance. In every large city in the East it is obligatory for bicyclists to carry a bell by day and a lighted lantern by night. The lantern must be lighted after sunset, and failure to carry a lighted lantern always entails arrest. Two months ago, the police of New York city were arresting as many as twenty-five and thirty per night for riding on the Boulevard without lights. In the day-time they are required to carry bells, and to sound their bells when approaching crossings, rounding corners, nearing pedestrians, and passing vehicles. Neither of those rules is observed in San Francisco. The result is that the bicycling element here is becoming a nuisance and a danger. Foot-passengers seem to have no rights in the eyes of the hump-backed hobbledoys and wild-eyed, wobbling women on wheels. We recommend to the board of supervisors that they pass regulations for the government of bicyclists similar to those passed in Eastern cities. If they do not pass such regulations, we hope that the board of park commissioners will do so. That board has autocratic power over the park, and inasmuch as nearly all bicyclists in

the city sooner or later go to the park, they would be obliged to heed the park regulations, and would doubtless get into the habit of observing them in the city as well. In the meantime, we commend to foot-passengers when annoyed by bicyclists to take the law into their own hands. When a hoodlum on a wheel, "scorching" around the streets, grazes the person of a pedestrian, we recommend to the aforesaid pedestrian to insert his walking-stick between the frame and spokes of the wheel. If the subsequent fall does not incapacitate the hoodlum wheelman, what remains of the walking-stick may be advantageously used on his fool pate.

This journal's views on woman suffrage are well known. They have frequently appeared in these columns, apropos of many manifestations of the Eternal Feminine. It is needless to state that they frequently draw forth rejoinders from aggrieved ladies, but as these rejoinders are rarely logical and generally shrill, we seldom print them. However, we have recently received a communication from a woman which is pseudo-logical at least, and from it we extract the most important point:

"In a recent issue, I see a protest against woman suffrage based on the argument that because a woman can not fight, she therefore ought not to vote; because she can not hack up her ballot with a bullet, she has no right to the ballot. Where, I ask, would be the bullets or rather bullet-senders, the defenders of the country, if the wives and mothers were to go on a strike? Does not a woman in her hour of trial go through more—aye, a hundredfold—than a man in the thick of war and strife? Does she not risk her life many times for her country and go down to the brink of death? Young, frail, delicate girls cheerfully undergo what would make many a strong man quail. Surely such service may stand against any done by the men of the nation."

Accompanying this is a newspaper clipping which states that when Herr Behel introduced the woman's emancipation bill into the German Parliament this year, he pointed out that, between 1816 and 1876, three hundred and twenty-two thousand women had died in childbirth, thus proving that there was a greater mortality from this cause than the wars had caused among men. It is true that there may be great mortality among women from childbirth, but it should be kept in mind that there is no law compelling women to marry. Nevertheless, we observe no disinclination on their part to incur the burdens and perils of wedlock. Despite the fact that the bearing of children is not compulsory, the race gives no signs of becoming extinct. Women, married or unmarried, are forbidden by none but moral laws to refrain from becoming mothers. It is the clear privilege of women to reserve the right not to marry and bear children, yet the broad fact is within everybody's cognizance that almost the entire mass of womankind is eager for matrimony, and eager for child-bearing. Their eagerness is purely voluntary and in obedience to the decree of nature, with the issuing of which human governments have nothing to do. Therefore, there is no merit in the claim that they are entitled to political consideration for their exercise of a purely natural function. It is as absurd to say that women should vote because they are wives and mothers as that men should have the ballot because they are husbands and fathers. The apprehension of a strike as a means of securing further political privileges is as groundless in one case as in the other.

The foundation error of those who would give women the ballot is this: all woman suffragists, and a growing number of unreflecting men, accept the society into which they are born as the natural order of things. They are either incapable of realizing, or refuse to realize, how very far removed from primitive conditions a civilized state is. It is the result of much fighting and slow building, and the integrity of the edifice is maintained against external and internal foes only because behind the hallofs of the majority is the military strength of the majority. How readily the edifice may crumble when the authority of force is withdrawn the world saw when the lees of the French nation rose to the surface and, besides extinguishing a feeble monarchy and expatriating an effeminated nobility, subjected the people of intelligence, property, and humanity to the horrors of anarchy—the Terror. It required the cannon of Napoleon to restore order, and give decent men a small taste again of the liberty that had been murdered in the name of "liberty," the "natural rights of man," the "sovereignty of the people," and other fine things. Those opposed to the Jacobins could have outvoted them twenty to one; but the Jacobins were organized and had the courage to use the arms that a national assembly, dominated by the idea that men are good and gentle and controlled by reason, had placed in their hands. The majority overcame the minority only when it shot oftener, for all government is founded on force. This is as true of a republic as of the most despotic government that ever existed. The essential difference is merely in the repository of the power, and the purpose of its exercise. In the monarchy, it is exerted to uphold the throne and the privileges of the aristocracy; in a republic, it is exerted to maintain the authority

RIVAL RELICS
AND MIRACLE
SHOPS.

of the majority. Sovereignty always keeps the sword. Were women voters in the United States and the question of war or peace should arise, the men, if for peace, would hardly march at the command of the women's ballots; or if for war, they would scarcely keep from the field at the behest of women's votes. To expect otherwise would be to ask too much of masculine human nature. That our government is founded on reason is true, but reason could not preserve it should unreason assail it with better armies. The laws are on the average reasonable; but not the humblest of city ordinances, any more than the most majestic statute, can enforce itself. The policeman, a walking advertisement of potential force, walks behind it and gives it efficacy.

Civilization, with all its defects, is a precious treasure, an inheritance from ancestors who were fighting men and secured its possession because they were fighting men. This treasure gives protection to men and women alike, but it is only to be preserved by men who, if pushed to it, can follow in the footsteps of their war-like predecessors. And as men stand ready to do the fighting for women, it is but fair that they should do the voting for them also. Not only is this right, but it is necessary. Government stands for order, peace, and civilized liberty. It will not do to weaken its authority by intrusting to other than strong hands the ballot on which it rests. Women are unfitted to be citizens because they are not qualified to be soldiers.

A dispatch comes from Stockton saying that Governor Budd is gaining strength very slowly. He has been suffering from an attack of meningitis, due to overwork. The people of the State hope that he will soon recover, and he at his desk again. His physicians say "that no politician will be allowed to talk to the governor for two months at least, and all politicians will be obliged to submit their requests in writing." This will certainly relieve the governor of a great many office-seekers, owing to the inability of the average Democratic politician to write.

According to one of the San Francisco dailies, "Mr. A. W. Wilson, a Post Street restaurateur," has just returned from a tour of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Mr. Wilson, it seems, took particular notice of street-sweeping, and favors the reporters with his views upon that subject. He closes his interview by saying: "In San Francisco I was disgusted with the sight of the streets when I returned. Two cities in the Old World, Constantinople and Jerusalem, have the reputation of being dirty, but San Francisco is no better than they are." Mr. Wilson is very much mistaken. San Francisco is not an ideally clean city, but she is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Constantinople or Jerusalem. In Constantinople there is absolutely no attempt made at cleaning the streets, and unnamable filth and offal of all descriptions are thrown there by the inhabitants. As for Jerusalem, that Holy City has not been cleaned for countless ages, with the result that the street levels have been raised many feet by the accumulated filth. The thresholds of most of the ancient houses there are far below the street, and the inhabitants descend to them by steps. San Francisco may not be very clean, but she is not so dirty as Constantinople or Jerusalem. Mr. Wilson, "the Post Street restaurateur," is talking through his hat.

The San Francisco school directors have discovered that there will be a deficit of thirty-five thousand dollars at the close of the present fiscal year. They announce that it will be necessary to reduce the teachers' salaries. We do not think that this move would be a popular one. An overwhelming majority of the teachers are women, receiving only fair salaries and working very hard for the salaries which they receive. There are other ways of reducing the expenses of the department. If the school directors desire to do that which is right and that which is popular as well, they had better pare down the high-salaried instructors at the head of the department, and let the assistants alone. In looking over the municipal reports, we find that there are thirty-one teachers in the boys' and girls' high schools and eighteen teachers in the Polytechnic High School; that there are teachers of "physical culture," teachers of "elementary science," teachers of "cooking," teachers of "manual training," teachers of "elocution," teachers of "drawing," teachers of "type-writing," teachers of "stenography," teachers of "hook-keeping," teachers of "free-hand drawing," teachers of "mechanical and architectural drawing and wood-work," teachers of French, teachers of Spanish, teachers of "sewing," and teachers of "methods." The last, we suppose, teach the teachers how to teach. Now we do not quite see why the sons and daughters of the average citizen should be taught Latin and Greek, French and Spanish, type-writing, stenography, free-hand drawing, sew-

ing, and cooking at the public expense. Let their mothers teach them how to cook. We believe that the State owes to the children of its citizens only such a primary and grammar-school education as will make good citizens of them. When it comes to the fancy braoches, such as dancing, playing the fiddle, and free-hand drawing, we think that the parents ought to pay for them, and not the tax-payers.

In the cemetery at the Presidio military post, near San Francisco, there is a tall granite shaft on which are engraved two crossed cannons with the figure "5" above and the letter "L" below, showing that the men who lie beneath were members of Battery L of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A. On another face of the monument is the following inscription:

"PRIVATES JAMES BYRNE, PETER CLARK, WESLEY C. DOUGAN, GEORGE W. LUBBERDEN, BATTERY L, FIFTH ARTILLERY, MURDERED BY STRIKERS, NEAR SACRAMENTO, CAL., JULY 17, 1894."

This obelisk of granite was erected as a memorial to the United States soldiers who were killed by a gang of cowardly murderers ditching a train which they were guarding, near Sacramento, on the eleventh day of July, 1894. A few days after the wrecking of the train, a number of gentlemen, representing the Citizens' Protective Association of Sacramento, called upon General William M. Graham, U. S. A., then in command of the Federal troops at that post, and expressed a desire to erect a monument to the soldiers who had been so foully murdered. The names of the gentlemen who made this proposition were as follows: George B. Katzenstein, V. S. McClatchy, Frank Nulter, George M. Mott, P. C. Drescher, H. G. Smith, Frederick Cox, J. S. Coleman, Lewellyn Tozer, and A. A. Van Voorhies. General Graham at once acceded to the proposition, and as a result there stands in the Presidio Cemetery an obelisk of Rocklin granite about twelve feet high, bearing the inscription we have given above.

This silent spire, pointing heavenward over the silent soldiers who lie beneath, has for some reason irritated the American Railway Union. Some of its leaders have been interviewed by sympathetic reporters, who have set forth their views in the columns of the daily press. Their contention seems to be that it was "not proved" that the murderers were strikers. Perhaps it was not, but one of them, Worden, has been convicted and is now under sentence of death. As for the others who were associated with him, although the jury disagreed, the public did not.

General Graham was interviewed at the Presidio in reference to the inscription. He said: "The inscription was put there by my instructions, with a full knowledge on my part of what it meant. The Sacramento people simply asked to have the inscription referring to their appreciation of the services of the soldiers placed on the shaft. The crossed cannons and the 'Murdered by Strikers' inscriptions were my own suggestions. It was not done with any feeling of resentment on my part, but as a matter of truth, for I have not the slightest doubt that the strikers were alone responsible for that wreck."

It will be remembered that the strike collapsed as soon as the Federal troops appeared upon the scene, under the command of General Graham. The strikers realized that while they might possibly parley with the militia, they could not trifle with the Federal troops. Therefore we do not imagine that they will get much relief from General Graham in "protesting" against this inscription. That grim soldier will give them very little satisfaction. If they want comfort, they will have to throw themselves upon the sympathetic and greasy bosom of the daily press. General Graham and his command believe that their comrades were murdered by strikers, and so believing, General Graham put the inscription there. We are glad he did. We hope it will remain.

And it will remain. If the American Railway Union do not like the inscription, why do they not go and tear the monument down? They are "brave" men—they ditch trains and shoot at trainmen from behind ambuscades. But they are not brave enough to go upon the Presidio Military Reservation and offer indignity to the monument erected to the murdered soldiers of the Fifth Artillery. We wish that they would try. If they did, there would have to be another monument erected in another cemetery. But the men under it would not be United States soldiers.

There are few among the many strong characters crowding the page of California's history who have left a stronger impress there than did Frank Pixley. He was a man of indomitable courage and of iron will; whatever he set himself to do, that did he with all his might; and whether as miner, orator, or writer, he threw his whole soul into his task.

It was natural that a man with such characteristics, mental and physical, should make enemies. From the

time that he came into the State, when the struggle began between the Northern and the Southern men here, he was always in the heat of the fray, and in the many political contests wherein he was concerned, he was always in the forefront of battle. Many and bitter were the political struggles in the early history of this State, and Frank Pixley was in all of them. But no man can say that he was a disloyal foe. From him there came no coward's thrust. He loved the clangor of battle, for he was a born fighter; but there was no treachery in his blood, and looking back over those battles now, through a perspective mellowed by time, we can say that Frank Pixley always battled for the right. He was a bitter enemy of corruption, whether in his own political party or in others, and his hardest and most persistent fight was against an organized faction in the Republican party which he believed to be corrupt. His fight against it was long and bitter, and in the struggle the Republican party in California was almost rent in twain. But he triumphed in the end. The faction which he had opposed was driven from power. And no man can say that his fight was not an honest one, and one without hope of reward, for when it was over he practically retired from politics.

If he was a good hater, he was a loyal friend. In the days when he was fully equipped, mentally and physically, and before illness had clouded his mind, there were few men more sought for than he. He was an eloquent political orator. He was a brilliant after-dinner speaker. He was one of the most entertaining of men. His mind was richly stored with experiences by flood and field, for he had been unusually fortunate in acquiring them. He had crossed the plains when the great wave of gold-seekers swept over the continent. He had participated in the stormy scenes of the early days in the mines. He had been one of the chief actors in the great drama of the Vigilance Committee. He had witnessed many of the most famous meetings upon the "field of honor." He had been one of the men who, from granite-ribbed Sierras and fertile plains, had carved out the commonwealth of California. He had witnessed some of the most thrilling scenes in two great wars. He stood in the midst of a clamoring mob when Gambetta proclaimed the Third Republic from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville. He was one of the few foreigners who were within the walls of Paris when the Germans drew around the doomed city a circle of iron and of fire.

With such unusual experiences, and with a quick brain, a ready wit, and a facile tongue, it is not strange that he should have been almost matchless as orator, lecturer, or writer. Few in the years gone by can compare with him. It seems hard that he should not have retained the full plenitude of his powers until the end of his days, and that when death came, it should be sudden, like the instant extinction of a brilliant star. But it was not to be. Toward the end of his life, his faculties, mental and physical, were clouded by illness, and for nearly five years he had laid down his pen. But he never ceased to follow with interest the course of the journal which he had founded, and which was continued on his lines by men who had been his zealous lieutenants when he was in his prime.

And so it will continue to be conducted. Hating wrong and fighting for the right, upholding American civilization and American ideas, ranged on the side of good government, good order, and good morals, the *Argonaut* will ever be found. And while there may be erected over Frank Pixley monuments of bronze or marble, there is no monument which would please him more than the perpetuation on the lines he laid down of the journal which he founded and of which he was so proud.

During the years of his long and fatal illness, he was watched over with loving kindness by his devoted wife. For forty years they had been happily wedded; for forty years they had lived such a harmonious life as few married couples know. Although she knew that he was doomed, and although herself an invalid, his noble wife struggled against her own illness and against his. Now that he is gone, one can but feel the keenest sympathy for this bereaved lady, who was herself so weakened by illness consequent upon her unremitting care of her husband, that she was unable to attend his funeral service.

But he is gone. A long and forceful life is ended; a keen and subtle brain has ceased to weave thoughts into words; a brave and honest heart is still. All that is mortal of Frank Pixley has gone back to the elements. Peace to his soul.

FRANK MORRISON PIXLEY, a native of Westmoreland, a small village in Oneida County, N. Y., was born January 31, 1825. He was the younger of two sons, and the last, for his mother died in giving him birth. The family is of English origin, and, in the seventeenth century, two brothers came to this country, settling in New England. One of these brothers, who was the ancestor of the subject of this sketch, settled at Bridgeport, in Connecticut. This branch of the Pixleys had always been a family of farmers.

first Pixley of whom we have any historical account was a farmer with a tide-mill for grinding corn and wheat at Bridgeport, Conn. His name was David. A descendant of his, also named David, was the grandfather of Frank M. Pixley, and went to Kirkland, Oneida County, N. Y., where he became the great man of a very small village. He kept the village inn. The old-fashioned swinging sign bore the date of 1800. The Pixleys flourished and the family was honored in all the country for miles around. It built and owned the famous Manchester Mills, where cotton cloth was made, and it had a woolen factory, a grist-mill, a saw-mill, a farm, and the village inn, where passengers stopped on the great stage route from Buffalo to Albany.

The family waxed strong and prospered, and Isaac, the son of David and the father of Frank M., had the pick of all the seven daughters of Judge Roderick Morrisson, a farmer and magistrate of Scotch descent, who was the richest and broadest-acred of all the farmers in all the country around. As times prospered and Isaac grew richer, he moved to Le Roy, in Genesee County, where he had broader acres, a better farm, and on which young Frank, as he grew up, worked as did all farmer boys, and was educated at the village academy. Two years at a Quaker school at Skaneateles, and a year with a private tutor, a graduate from Hamilton College, gave young Frank all the preparation he had for entering the law-office of Smith, Rochester & Smith, at Rochester, N. Y., which he did about 1847. He was admitted to the bar of Michigan after one year in the law-office of the Hon. William Hale.

The father had purchased his son a law library and gave him one hundred and sixty acres of land. But this did not keep him in Michigan; he sold books and land, and, in the fall of 1848, started for California. He spent the winter with an uncle who was a planter and slave-owner in Missouri, and, in the spring of 1849, started on muleback across the continent for the Golden State. He arrived in El Dorado County in September of the same year, spent the winter at Weaver Creek, went to the north fork of the Yuba in the early spring of 1850, worked two winters in the mines, and, in 1851, came to San Francisco.

Here he found a maternal uncle, Roderick N. Morrisson, who was on the bench of the county court. Judge Morrisson at that time patronized, and was supported by, a number of young lawyers, who were ardently attached to him. Upon the arrival of young Pixley, the circle was enlarged to admit the nephew, and he was soon in active practice with the others. Judge Morrisson became embroiled in a controversy with the San Francisco *Herald*, then the leading paper on the coast, and day after day savage attacks upon him appeared in its columns. Will Hicks Graham challenged William Walker, the author of the attacks, and young Pixley was his second in the duel that followed. Walker was wounded twice, and thus the affair ended.

Soon after Mr. Pixley was elected city attorney of San Francisco. He filled the office with credit to himself and advantage to the city. The late Judge Lorenzo Sawyer was employed by him as an assistant in the office, and afterward, for some years, the two formed a co-partnership and practiced law together.

In 1853 he made the acquaintance of Miss Amelia Van Reynegom, only child of John L. and Margaret Van Reynegom, formerly of Philadelphia, but then settled in San Francisco. The Van Reynegom family had been settled in Philadelphia since the end of the eighteenth century, and engaged in shipping; and John, as had his father, had spent the best portion of his life in navigating the ships of this house between Philadelphia, Bordeaux, Antwerp, and other European ports. It is said that he objected to the matrimonial engagement between Mr. Pixley and his daughter, and opposed it with all the obstinacy acquired by habits of command in the mercantile marine; but the young people were as determined as he was obstinate, and, as usual, had their own way. They were married, and the result was a domestic life of exceptional harmony, to which Captain Van Reynegom soon gave his adhesion, and peacefully ended his days, in 1878, at the age of seventy years, under the roof of his daughter and son-in-law.

In 1858 Mr. Pixley became a Republican, was elected to the assembly from the city of San Francisco, and distinguished himself by the zeal and ability with which he opposed the Parsons bulkhead bill, which was defeated that year mainly through his influence and exertions. At that time the leaders of the Republican party in California were E. S. Baker (afterward senator for Oregon and who was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff), Mr. Tracy, and the subject of this sketch. Such an array of orators as these three men constituted, has seldom been grouped together in any political party; their effect upon the public mind might have been foretold. The growth of Republican principles in the State was rapid and overwhelming. In 1861, Frank M. Pixley was nominated by the party for attorney-general; Leland Stanford was the nominee for governor; Tracy was dead, and Baker had gone to Oregon. The orator of the party was Pixley. The canvass he made was memorable in the history of the State. The entire ticket was elected by an average plurality of ten thousand. At the end of his term the fusion of the so-called Douglas Democracy, and the election of John Conness to the United States Senate, resulted in defeating Mr. Pixley for re-nomination. The old Republicans were generally out-maneuvred at the convention of 1863, and Conness was all supreme. The result was that F. F. Low was put forward by Conness, Gorham, and Carr as a party nominee for governor, and a slate was made up by those influences for all the offices in the State. Pixley made several efforts to obtain a hearing on the floor of the convention, but did not succeed until the Low-Conness programme was nearly finished; but when Pixley did obtain recognition at last, his eloquence was sufficient to smash the slate and put his enemies to complete rout; but the nomination for attorney-general had already been made, and it was too late, so far as Pixley was concerned.

The War of the Rebellion being then in progress, Mr. Pixley went East. Arriving at Washington, he found a rigid rule was enforced against the passage of non-combatants to the front; but he had traveled too far to be put off at the end. He applied to Senator Conness for permission to visit the seat of war; he asked Secretary Stanton, who peremptorily refused the permission. Conness gave Pixley his senatorial pass, which allowed him to cross the lines for three months; he took it and went down to the Potomac and on board the mail steamer *Freeport*. Here he bought a horse and rode with the Second Connecticut Regiment, going to the front. General Grant gave him a welcome at head-quarters, and for seven days he rode to the front, on battle days, upon General Dent's battle horse, and having his orderly. Dent was lying in the ambulance, wounded. The result was that General Grant declared that Pixley saw more of the battle

of Cold Harbor than anybody else. The party were fired on, and General Grant sent them out of the lines, as too dangerous for civilians.

In 1868, when General Grant was nominated for President, Mr. Pixley ran for Congress in the district comprising the city of San Francisco and all the southern counties of the State; but the district proved to be most decidedly Democratic, and he was defeated, as were Grant and all the Republican nominees in that district. The following year, on taking office, President Grant appointed him United States District Attorney for California, which office he held until the meeting of Congress in December, 1869, when, finding that his own enemies of the Conness faction, of which Messrs. Sargent and Gorham were the leaders, were determined to defeat his confirmation, he voluntarily resigned rather than make a fight against such powerful and unscrupulous foes. Mr. Pixley held no office afterwards.

In 1870 Mr. Pixley, accompanied by his family, spent a year in Europe; it was a most fortunate period for observation, and he made the most of it. The Franco-Prussian War was declared on the very day of his arrival, and he spent the brief time that intervened between the commencement of hostilities and the siege of Paris in that capital, observing the rapidly passing phases in that most eventful period. On the sixteenth of September, 1870, the Prussian forces having commenced the siege of the city, and all the railroads being severed save one, he quitted Paris and made his way into Spain, spending a few days in Madrid, but soon returning to France, spending several weeks at the ancient city of Tours, while the siege progressed to a conclusion. Later he made his way to Brussels, where he waited until Paris was once more thrown open. Among the first foreigners to enter the besieged city was Mr. Pixley, with the family of the American Minister, Hon. E. B. Washburn. He remained long enough to be present at the grand triumphal entry of the German army, and then returned to Brussels, and thence to Italy. After journeying to Rome and Naples, he returned once more to Paris in time to witness the reign and destruction of the Commune. He was one of the few Americans who were within the walls during the second siege of Paris. He saw the demolition of the Vendome column and other atrocities, and the fearful retribution of thousands of misguided men who were led into that folly.

Soon after he returned to America, and, in 1872, he became a candidate for Presidential elector on the Greeley ticket. The bitterness engendered by the continued success of his enemies—Sargent, Gorham, and others—in controlling the Republican party machinery, seemed to give him no alternative but to follow his old party leader, Horace Greeley, even if by so doing he might become associated with Democrats and that party for a time; but there was no real affinity between Mr. Pixley and the Democratic party, and directly after that campaign was ended, he resumed his place in the ranks of the Republicans.

In 1877 Mr. Pixley, having retired from active participation in politics, founded the *Argonaut*. From that date, beyond his work as an editorial writer, where he vigorously advocated his views on public questions and his participation in conventions, he took no active part in politics beyond being a member of several State Republican conventions and of two National conventions. At one of the latter he seconded the nomination of James G. Blaine in a speech full of force and eloquence. When the American party was formed in 1886, he took an active interest in the movement, and with both his pen and voice urged devotion to the principles of that party. It was largely through his efforts that John F. Swift, the Republican candidate for governor, and M. F. Tarpey, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant-governor, who had both expressed opposition to these principles, were defeated. When William Neely Johnson was governor, he tendered Mr. Pixley the appointment as district judge. During the incumbency of Governor Perkins, he was appointed park commissioner, and served for three years; he was also a commissioner of the Yosemite Valley for a term of four years. He devoted much time and attention to both of these positions, as they suited his tastes, were not political, and were not salaried posts. His colleagues on the Golden Gate Park Commission were General Irwin McDowell and Mr. John Rosenfeld, Mr. Pixley being chairman of the board. Many of the most striking features of the park are due to him, notably the Children's Quarter, constructed from money donated by the Sharon Estate.

About eight years ago, Mr. Pixley partially retired from active life, having discovered, in 1887, that he was subject to a serious organic disorder. He did some editorial work on the *Argonaut* for several years; but his malady progressed to such an extent that he found it necessary to retire absolutely from active life. For nearly five years he has written nothing. He passed the last years of his life at his ranch in Marin County and at his home in this city, and, at the latter place, he died on August 11, 1895.

The funeral services over the remains of Frank M. Pixley took place at his late residence in this city on Wednesday, August 14th. Rev. W. W. Bolton, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, officiated, and the burial service was celebrated according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At the conclusion of the ceremony the many friends of the deceased present were accorded a last opportunity to look upon his face, and then the coffin was slowly raised and placed in the hearse. The gentlemen who officiated as pall-bearers were: P. L. Weaver, John Rosenfeld, Charles Webb Howard, Robert Harrison, Louis Sloss, Frank McCoppin, W. E. Brown, Ben Morgan, General W. H. L. Barnes, J. S. Wethered, Judge John Hunt, and S. T. Gage.

At first it was thought best that the services should be held in the church building, as Mrs. Pixley, the widow of the deceased, was seriously ill, and it was feared that the noise and excitement might affect her. In response to her expressed wish, however, the ceremonies were held at the residence, though she was unable to be present. The coffin was placed in the front parlor, almost entirely covered with flowers, and about it were many floral emblems, the offerings of friends of the deceased. The mourners present were Mrs. W. I. Pixley, widow of a brother of the deceased; Will I. Pixley, Jr., her son; Mrs. Topping, sister of the deceased; Frank P. Topping and Miss Topping, her children; Mr. and Mrs. Captain Morley; Mrs. A. J. Bryant; and Miss Edith Nelson.

The remains were conveyed to Cypress Lawn Cemetery, where they were cremated. The ashes were placed in a copper receptacle which will be placed in the Pixley tomb at Laurel Hill.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.
Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss, of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul! can this be death?
The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

—Alexander Pope.

When Coldness Wraps This Suffering Clay.
When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It can not die, it can not stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?
Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,
All, all in earth or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was at once appears.
Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the farthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track.
And where the future mars or makes,
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
While sun is quenched or system breaks,
Fix'd in its own eternity.
Above or love, hope, hate, or fear,
It lives all passionless and pure;
An age shall fleet like earthly year;
Its years as moments shall endure.
Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly,—
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die.—Lord Byron.

Thanatopsis.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and these
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wildernesses,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone; the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Sour'd to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
—William Cullen Bryant.

RUNNING OUT AN ANGEL.

A Veracious Account of Certain Happenings at Gold Hill.

"Gents," said Major Fulton, ponderously, "I've saw hundreds, mehhe thousand's, of 'em, an' I say th' feller's hogus, an'll hear right smart cbaooe o' watchin'—that's what I think."

"He's dead wroog," assented little Ike Bullett, who always agreed with the major in everything. "O' course, his actin' mysterious hain't really nothin' p'ticlar ag'in 'im. Folks out yere—that is, they hain't nobody, hardly, th't hain't got *somethin'* t' he mys—that is, some o' them ducks is mysterious an' some's ooisy, like," finished Ike, lamely, realizing that he had almost slipped into personalities.

"Tried t' talk to 'im," sighed "Lazy" Wolf, with his customary stretch. "'S I, 'F'r'm th' States, I reckon?' 'Yes,' 's he. 'Xpect t' go intuh minin'?' 's I. 'Possibly,' 's he, an' then 'e gits out of a good, comf't'le cheer an' walks off."

"Hain't nobody but my harkeep gits no talk out of 'im," put in Colonel Hanks, the landlord, "an' 'bout all 'e says t' Billy is 'Nice day,' an' 'Cocktail, please.' But 'e pays 'is hills, an' carries a roll, too; I s'pose *that's* all I ought t' worry 'bout."

"Ob, yes! oh, yes!" snapped little Ike, excitedly, "an' all th' time, him layin', most likely, f'r t' jerk th' props f'r'm under ye! I'm f'r startin' 'im, I am, an' dam quick, too!"

"I wouldn't be *too* hasty, gentlemen," counseled the mild voice of Professor Heodrix, editor of the Gold Hill *Avalanche*. "We may, after all, be entertaining an angel—that is, a 'sucker'—uowares. Let no guilty capitalist escape ere he has been induced to invest."

"He hain't no capitalist," interjected the major, scornfully. "He's too—too quiet. I thioh he'd better have th' run."

"Easy, major, easy," said Hendrix, softly. "Now I would suggest that we select a committee of, say, two, to sound the gentleman and endeavor, hy peaceful means, if possible, to cause him to give an account of himself. If he declines to do so—" The editor concluded with a tolerably graceful wave of his hand, for the subject of the foregoing remarks—a pale, somewhat ordinary-looking young man, in clothes of Eastern cut—had just entered and was passing through the bar-room.

Time was when Gold Hill had been a thriving, husy camp, with metropolitan aspirations. But its boom died, and the glories of Gold Hill were only a memory to the three hundred citizens (who remained behind because they could not afford to leave what little was left them of their former possessions), and to the "suckers" who had dropped their money at the time of the rush. It was still the centre of a fairly good but steadily "petering" mining district, and there yet remained the hope on the part of many citizens that some one might make another big "strike," and the old times come back; in which case they would be "in oo the ground floor." But several years had seen only a steady decline in Gold Hill, and an increase of prosperity on the part of its hated rival, New Kimberley, the inhabitants of which were wont to profess ignorance of the existence of the former metropolis, albeit only twenty miles separated the two camps.

It was in the second year after the death of the Gold Hill boom that the business men of that camp began to realize that retrenchment was necessary. There was always the hope of a "strike," or a chance of uoloading something at a good price on some uosophisticated "tenderfoot"; but, in the meantime, it was necessary to "look after the leaks." The gentlemen who kept the liquor dispensaries had as lively a sense of the necessity for retrenchment as the rest, and they went about economizing in a practical manner.

There was in the camp a prominent but somewhat impecunious citizen, known as Joe Godfrey, and Mr. Godfrey had formerly resided in the "moonshine" districts of North Carolina. This latter fact gave Major Fulton and Colonel Hanks an idea. The bottom-lands near by grew large quantities of cereals, including corn. Putting two and two together—Joe Godfrey and the corn-crop—and—why, it was as easy as anything could be! In a short time, Mr. Godfrey's work made itself felt by the wholesale liquor men, who shook their heads over the decadence of business, not only in Gold Hill, but in several outlying camps, as well. Revenue officers shook their heads, too, and sought to ascertain the cause of this unaccountable state of things. But only one of them had found what he sought, and he mysteriously disappeared, failing even to call for his baggage or to pay his bill at the hotel. And Messrs. Fulton, Hanks, *et al.*, waxed fat and prosperous in the midst of seeming adversity, yet were ever circumspect, as behooves gentlemen who defy the laws of government. There were no informers in Gold Hill. The man who gave the revenue officer who mysteriously disappeared the information that led to the finding of the still, was shot in "self-defense" by a henchman of the whisky ring within a day or two after the officer turned up missing.

Several circumstances had caused suspicion of the man who had been the subject of the afternoon's session in the present instance. He had been in Gold Hill about two weeks, and had hardly spoken to any one in the camp; he had said nothing about his business; he took not even a hammer with him when he walked or rode about the country (presumably prospecting); and he had been seen on several occasions, after nightfall (his light-colored clothes were conspicuous), outside the camp, talking to some one, probably a stranger, who was as yet unidentified, inasmuch as the two had never yet been seen together by daylight or within the limits of the camp.

On the evening after the consultation of the powers in the bar-room of the Merchants' Hotel, Professor Hendrix met the stranger, who claimed the name of Tension, and

tried, in his most suave and diplomatic manner, to draw him out and to learn something of his business; but the young man, while willing enough to discuss matters in general, became as dumb as an oyster when it got to personal questions, and displayed an aptness in turning the conversation worthy of ooe of twice his years. So Hendrix tried another tack.

"Er—Mr. Tension," he began, in his mildest manner, at what he considered an opportune moment, "I greatly fear you think me unduly curious about your—ah—er—your affairs, hut—"

"Yes, I do," interrupted the other, curtly, "you're about the seventeenth man that has tried to sound me." And he hit off the end of his cigar in a manner that hetokened not a little resentment.

Hendrix was a bit disconcerted; hut, not a hit cast down, he resumed:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tension, but—er—the fact is, if I must tell you, that—that there are rumors—that is, there are those who affect to believe you are not what you pretend to be."

"What have I pretended to be?" asked Tension, shortly.

"Nothing—nothing," said the professor, in some haste. "That's just the trouble. They think you ought to—"

"Mr. Hendrix, we are in free America, are we not? Well, theo, I propose to attend to my own affairs; and as for these prying gossips you refer to, I cheerfully consign them to the devil." Whereupon Mr. Tension rose abruptly, went into the hotel, and retired to his room.

As a matter of fact, he was through with most of his business at Gold Hill; but he did not propose—even though he expected, before his departure, to discuss other matters with certain mining men—to give the idle gossips a chance to have any satisfaction out of him.

Heodrix, at a session of the whisky riog in his hack office, reported his failure to extract anything from the close-mouthed "tenderfoot."

"See?" said Major Fulton, "I knowed how 'twould be. They hain't hut ooe thing left t' do, as I c'o see."

Little Ike looked at him interrogatively. "Ye don't mean—" he began, with some apprehension.

"Nothin'!" replied the major, shortly. "Jes' give this 'aogel' th' ruo, that's all."

About two o'clock in the morning, Tension was suddenly awakened by repeated raps at his door.

"Who's there?" he called, sharply.

"Me—Hanks," was the response, in what the coloool intended to be a trembling voice. "Open the door a mioute."

Grumbling at thus having his sleep broken, Tension complied, and a ooe found himself covered by half a dozen revolvers in the hands of masked men. Sensihly he threw up his hands and they entered the room, pushing the apparently unwilling landlord, vehemently protesting against what he called their brutality, before them.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked Tension, angrily. "Do you propose to roh or murder me—or hoth?"

"Shet up!" was the reply, "an' git intuh them c'loes an' pack that there grip, dam quick! Ye won't be hurt ef ye don't make no fuss."

Twenty minutes later the unfortunate suspect found himself some distance out of camp, grip in hand, and with foot-steps accelerated by the parting injunction of his captors: "Ef y'e w'thin teo mile o' yere h' daylight, ye won't need no breakfst."

The New Kimberley *Miner and Ranchman* of a week later contained the following item, and marked copies of the paper were sent to Gold Hill:

"Again have the moss-backed denizens of that antique settlement of Gold (save the mark!) Hill stepped on themselves; one more blunder have they committed, to their everlasting cost."

"Three weeks ago, Mr. G. F. Tension, a gentleman of culture and refinement, who represents an Eastern syndicate with millions of capital, went to Gold (H) Hill with the intention of looking about for investments. First, however, it was his aim, with the assistance of certain documents in his possession, and under the guidance of that veteran prospector Peter the Hermit, to locate some of the old Jesuit workings supposed to exist there. Failing in this, it was his intention to invest in one or two properties which he considers are not being properly worked (as nothing, excepting an occasional sucker, ever is at Gold Hill)."

"Behind the stupidity of Gold Hillites! Because Captain Tension, who is, as we said before, a gentleman of culture, refinement, and education, did not stand upon the hause-traps and declare his business to the open-mouthed multitude, certain persons, ostensibly respectable business men, but who, from the nature of their environment, do not know a gentleman of culture, refinement, education, and good breeding—these swine, because he chose to step lightly while in their sty, took exception to his quiet and gentlemanly way of conducting himself; and at the darkling hour of two o'clock A. M., when all decent people should be in bed, a cut-throat horde came and burst in his door, and, under pain of death, compelled him to leave their filthy camp—which he was, no doubt, glad to do."

"Like the gentleman of culture, refinement, education, good breeding, and unerring judgment that he is, Major Tension came to New Kimberley as fast as his legs would bring him, knowing full well that the people of this city, who know a gentleman when they see one, would treat him with hospitality and consideration, as they do, indeed, every one who behaves himself in anything but Gold Hill's popular handml style."

"The distinguished visitor is at present the guest of Judge Williams and his charming spouse at their palatial home on Citrus Avenue, and has spent the past two or three days looking at some of the judge's partially developed bananas in this vicinity."

The next issue of the *Miner and Ranchman* presented the following:

"Last week the *Miner and Ranchman* published (exclusively) the account of the brutal treatment at Gold Hill of Colonel Tension, the distinguished Eastern gentleman who is sojourning in our midst, and who, by the way, has made some heavy investments in New Kimberley mining property for the syndicate he represents. (Incidentally, the colonel states, without reservation, we may interpolate, that the *Miner and Ranchman* is the best newspaper west of St. Louis and south of Denver.)"

"There is another chapter to the story, and an interesting one. At the last hour before going to press, we received by special courier a message from Deputy Revenue Collector Boggs and Deputy United States Marshals Newton and Dwyer, stating that they have arrested the parties who, for two years past, have operated the illicit whisky still that has so long been baffling the vigilance of the government officials, and will arrive here with their prisoners before this issue of

the *Miner and Ranchman* (which has the news exclusive, as usual, the old, worn-out, musty *Prospector* being, as it ever was, too stupid to know an item of interest when it sees one) is cold from the press."

"And will the venerable, moss-grown *Prospector* believe it? It affords us unmingled satisfaction to record for the hide-bound editor of that spavined sheet that first and foremost among those captured, and more certain of conviction than he ever was of an honest living, is that Fidos Achates of his, that sweet thing known as Hi Hendrix, heretofore editor of that disgraceful rag, the Gold Hill *Avalanche*—Hendrix, the base, low-born creature whom we have exposed time and again in the past four years, and for whom the poor old *Prospector's* editor, on the other hand, has (is it because birds of a feather, etc.?) ever carried an inky cudgel. Will the latter shut up—now?"

"In addition to Hendrix, there are old Dan Hanks, proprietor of the Merchants' Hotel; Jim Fulton and Ike Bullett, of the Gold Hill Exchange; Mart Wolf, of the White Wings Saloon; Joe Godfrey and Pat O'Hearn, the latter two being caught at work in the still."

"It appears that the night before Colonel Tension was assaulted, he accidentally overheard a conversation between two loungers on the hotel porch, in which one of them said something about a 'revenue officer.' On reflection, the colonel decided that he was the person referred to, inasmuch as several parties had tried unsuccessfully to learn his business; and the result was that he put two and two together, and on meeting Colonel Boggs in our office, told him of his theory as to what was back of the assault upon him. Thereupon the officers went to Gold Hill, with the gratifying result above recorded."

"If, as is believed, the arrested men can be convicted of the supposed murder of Deputy-Marshal White something over a year ago, it will go hard with them. At any rate, the people of this county will be pleased to know that they are safe for good, long terms in the pen."

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1895. LESTER KETCHUM.

The march of improvement in that part of Washington formerly known as Georgetown, and older by many years than other parts of the city, has compelled the destruction of the tomb of Benjamin Homans, in the old Presbyterian Cemetery, in connection with whom Dolly Madison's heroic feat in 1814 was performed. Homans was chief clerk of the War Department during the War of 1812, and at the time the British invaded the capital, upon his own responsibility, he sent two wagon loads of documents to the canal-boat of Captain Daniel Collios, and placed two armed soldiers on guard, telling them to allow no one to come on board. A little later a beautiful lady, who proved to be Dolly Madison, drove down to the boat and gave one of the crew a trunk, telling him to take great care of it, and that he should be rewarded. Among the articles in the trunk was the canvas of Peale's portrait of Washington, then hanging in the White House, but now in the Senate wing of the Capitol. Then Homans gave the order to Sherwood to take the boat up the canal and not wait for the captain, who had gone to Washington. The boat, accordingly, was headed for a point near the Homioy House, a well-known establishment in those days, and in the barn there the documents were stored until danger was passed. That night the Capitol was burned, and the documents saved were among the most valuable belonging to the nation.

People who have paid no attention to bicycling matters will be surprised to learn of the records for speed and endurance which have lately been made on the modern wheel. A recent road record is that of Holheim, who, on July 7th, covered 297 miles in twenty-four hours on roads between Lodon and Peterborough. A track record is that which was made in a twenty-four hour bicycle race at Putney, Eogland, on June 22d and 23d. In this trial of endurance and speed, A. C. Fountaine made 474 miles 1296 yards in twenty-four hours. But the greatest achievement in the way of endurance is that which was made some weeks ago by a Freochman named Huret. He covered 515 miles in twenty-four hours upon a track. Leaving the question of endurance and coming down to the question of speed, it will be interesting for those who have compared the speed of bicyclists with the speed of horses to note this table:

	1-4 mile.	1-2 mile.	3-4 mile.	1 mile.
Johnson (bicyclist).....	.21 2-5	.46 4-5	1.11 4-5	1.35 2-5
Salvator (race horse).....	.23 3-4	.47 1-2	1.12 1-2	1.35 1-2
Flying Jib (pacer).....	.29 1-2	.59	1.28 3-4	1.58 1-4
Robert J. (pacer).....	.30 3-4	1.00 3-4	1.30 1-4	2.01 1-2
Alis (trotter).....	.30 1-2	1.01 3-4	1.32 3-4	2.03 3-4

It will be seen from the foregoing record that the hicycle has made faster time than any horse, either running, pacing, or trotting, and the curious fact is that the greater the distance, the greater the advantage in favor of the cyclist.

A curious sight was witnessed in Cincinnati during a fire there the other day. In the building all the upper floors were stored with peanuts, seven thousand bags in all. As the fire ate its way into the peanuts and burned the widows of the building out, the nuts rolled out of the windows in a steady stream. Each nut was blazing, and they had the appearance of a stream of fire-halls rolling out of the windows. The seven thousand bags, which were a total loss, were valued at three dollars a bag. As there were only forty thousand bags of peanuts in Cincinnati, and one hundred and twenty thousand in the entire country, the loss of this stock will affect the market.

The statue to Burns's Highland Mary is to be erected at Dunoon. More than a hundred years ago Burns flirted with Mary Campbell, to whom he was faithless, for he was already married to Jean Armour. However, he wrote beautiful verses about his Highland Mary—hence the statue. It is one of the paradoxes of human nature that this monument celebrates not the woman, who would have remained obscure had she never met Burns, but the poet who amused himself with a flirtation and with writing verses about it.

Oregon people are raising a strong protest against the continuance of the horse-canning industry in that State. They claim that it will injure the reputation of the State and of other canning industries. They do not want people to say or think "dead horse!" when they see the brand "Oregon" on canned meats. The horse canoery has started business, but little is known of its business yet.

A NIGHT IN CAIRO.

The Eastern Inferno, as Pictured in "An Imaginative Man"—The Author of "The Green Carnation" Describes Oriental Dancing at Home.

"An Imaginative Man" is the title of a new novel by R. S. Hichens, who on the title-page acknowledges that he is the author of "The Green Carnation"—an open secret which we revealed to our readers when we printed copious extracts from his first book. Who Mr. Hichens is and what he has achieved are told at some length in our "Literary Notes" in this issue; here we shall concern ourselves only with his new novel.

It is really a literary *tour de force*. Mr. Hichens had shown in his first book that he could hold up to ridicule the follies of his fellow-man with a degree of success that few of his fellow-writers can surpass, and his dialogue is decidedly crisp and clever. In "An Imaginative Man" he has set himself the task of making the impossible seem real, and he has come very close to the mark.

His hero is Henry Denison, a tall, thin man of thirty-eight, whom we first see as he stands watching his wife at her nightly prayers. She is a pretty little woman, very much in love with him, and commits the folly of letting him see her very self as she really is—a folly, inasmuch as his love, to remain alive, must be piqued by curiosity regarding the unknown sides of her nature. They go to Egypt, and there fall in with a Mrs. Aintree and her son, Guy. The lad is dying of consumption and knows it, and his mother, realizing the sense of loneliness that must envelop a young person slipping over the brink into eternity, makes herself his companion rather than his guide. People say she is an unnatural mother, because she is Bohemian in manner and the confidant of her son's escapades; but Denison comprehends her, and a strong sympathy springs up between them. Whereat the young wife is jealous of Mrs. Aintree; but without cause, for the husband's midnight absences take him out into the desert, where he ponders on the riddle of the Sphinx. Here, at last, is a mystery he can not solve, a woman, though she be of stone, whom he can not read, and he grows to love her with a passion that absorbs all his being. The silence, too, that broods over the great stone image becomes a part of her and sacred, and he resents all speech, all sound, growing more and more irritable and moody until it ends in madness.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is that which describes a night excursion which Denison and young Aintree took in Cairo. It is becoming no unusual thing now to winter in Egypt, and, doubtless, many travelers have explored the mysteries of Cairo's "fish-market." But many have not, and to them this startling picture will be new.

The two sight-seers dined at Shephard's, and hiring an arabeyah, the native conveyance, and a guide, known as Hassan Ali, "drove away from all remembrance of Europe into the Arabian Nights, into a strange city of wicked wonders, of fascinating and hateful sights and sounds, of an almost visionary quaintness, a city that was a fairy-land or a nightmare, as the mind chose to take it." The story continues:

The Eastern Inferno is not a vacant place by day, but by night it swarms with happy lost souls, clad in garments of every hue the mind can think of. It is an Inferno of tortuous tiny streets, almost too small to contain a carriage, of small wooden houses that look as insecure as card castles, of strange interiors, of dim, flickering lights and everlasting hubbub. Movement shifts through it as through an ant-hill. Vice permeates it as dust permeates a house long deserted. Children sprout in its gutters as the green grass in the silent highways of an abandoned city, where Time alone keeps watch, and the gliding hours shiver with the winds, through skeleton buildings and weary, crumbling churches. But here are no churches and no priests. Here the deadly sins—one or two of them, at least—stand unabashed upon the house-tops, or move merrily through the streets, claiming attention and regard. In the fish-market of Cairo, the fish are many and queer indeed. Had the disciples cast their net into this sea, they would not have toiled all night and taken nothing.

The arabeyah in which Denison and Aintree were seated turned to the right, and almost instantly silence and respectability were left behind. Moving forward at a walking pace, the horses threaded streets that were merely narrow and filthy alleys, increasingly thronged with people as they proceeded. All the world seemed to be in the highway, and all the world was conversing at the pitch of its voice. Throngs of the lowest natives, barefoot, clad only in fluttering blue robes like loose night-gowns, clustered round the carriage, screaming for *bachsheesh* and thrusting dirty brown hands forward to receive the expected piastre.

Some youths, less noisy, but equally importunate, clung to the hood of the arabeyah and murmured information into Denison's ears, telling him in broken English of sights to be seen in this city of deadly night, of marvelous dances that were a show—as Punch and Judy is a show in English towns—of victims forever bound to the altars of pleasure. And the mouths that whispered smiled sweetly as they told the tales of this Vanity Fair; and the dark, crafty eyes studied the faces of the Englishmen to see when their hearts were stirred, when the mention of some as yet unseen gayety roused them from gazing indifference to a new alertness and desire.

When Denison cast his eyes beyond the human wall that environed the carriage so closely, he caught glimpses of men, not of this quarter, like himself in search of sensations. Two Syrian Jews, with downy ringlets, paused before a ramshackle enema from which wailing sounds of music issued, and consulted gravely together. One of them took some money from his loose pockets, counted it over solemnly, and seemed to besitate. Then a slow smile broke over his face and was reflected in that of his companion. They entered. A little further on a young Greek, very drunk, was fighting with an English soldier in uniform, in the midst of a scuffling mob of Arabs. The Greek was getting the worst of it. His eyes streamed with blood. Two dancing-girls watched the conflict with a smile so fixed that it might have been painted on their faces. Oaths burst from the lips of the soldier as he battered his victim with scarlet fists.

Some Albanians stood aside to let the carriage go by. They were smoking cigarettes, and held their stiff white skirts in with their slim hands. One of them fixed his enormous eyes on Denison, and gravely bent in salutation as they passed. Now a great Bedouin, in a rose-colored robe, pushed his way to the arabeyah by main force, and begged Denison to leave the carriage and accompany him to a house near by, where he promised to show him wonderful sights. The white teeth glittered in the man's black beard. He had a noble beard, like a patriarch, and the gaze of a wild hero.

Omitting a few unimportant details, we continue the narrative of their progress:

And now they reached the dancing quarter, and the night was alive with music. As pictures float before the eyes in a whirling zephyr, lighted interiors glided by in endless succession. These small, windowless houses had no desire to conceal anything that took place

within them, and every passer-by could see the life they held. In one a hanging lamp threw a shaft of radiance over the blue-green shutters, and lit up a group of Turks squatting over a game of backgammon, for which they tossed the dice. They played in a veil of smoke rising from huge hubble-bubbles. The girls ran to the door as the arabeyah went by, and the Turks, remonstrating, dragged them back to resume the dice-throwing.

All the interiors now revealed girls—girls of every color and complexion, in every attitude and dress—fair Circassians, their long, soft hair glittering with sequins, their pale, dream-like eyes downcast.

The whole world seemed pulsing with the heaten tom-toms, and the air was alive with the weird voices of antique instruments as a field of clover in summer time is alive with the hum of bees. A white girl cried to them, as they passed, in a nasal twang. Denison stared at her, and a flush stole into her face. She was an American, entangled in this web spun by Eastern spiders.

Two Moorish girls sprang toward the arabeyah with fantastic gestures. Their sinuous forms were thinly clad in spangled muslin glittering with gold butterflies. Their tiny waists were circled with saffes of pale blue silk that flowed down almost to their little feet. White and red paint plastered their smiling cheeks and lips, and above their impudent eyes the eyebrows were darkened to a coal black and picked out in a curious pattern that came to a point at the nose. They held their arms straight up on each side of their heads, till their gold bracelets gleamed in the light that shot from the houses behind them, and, wagging their hodies, they broke into a monotonous chant, stamping their toes in the gutter, and revolving slowly.

Spinning midges they were, circling fretfully over the oozing marshes of the East—insects that knew only the marshes, saw only the slime from which they rose for a moment, to which they gladly sank again. The crowd swallowed them up. But Guy watched their teetotum movements till the gold butterflies, the blue saffes, the bracelets, the nodding heads were indistinguishable, adrift far off in this sea of humanity.

Presently they came into a square, in the midst of which was a fountain:

A number of English and Egyptian soldiers were here, taking part in an uncouth dance with girls and with one another. The pipes and the tom-toms gave the rhythm, and they hopped and plunged, fell on the ground, rolled, swore, and kicked, involved in a tipsy good fellowship, howed mutually beneath the yoke of melody. Their faces glistered with drink. Their mouths shouted and grinned. Their legs executed the most barbarian antics and the vivid scarlet of the uniforms wandered through a maze of colors and fabrics as a leit-motif wanders through an opera. Some soldiers watched them from the superior heights of donkey-back. Many of these were hoys fresh from England, staring with round, rustic eyes upon a scene which struck them stupid. The donkey-boys explained and encouraged until they swung off their hidzened beasts and one by one plunged into the whirl, at first shyly, but soon with an abandon in which all traces of self-consciousness were swiftly lost. The horses started on again, scattering the crowd. A soldier reeled and fell under their feet, but some big negroes dragged him away, showing their faultless teeth in wide smiles.

But the real destination of these sight-seers was the "Hotel de Londres," of whose tout, or runner, Aintree presently demanded if the dancers were all on hand for that night. The author continues:

Mohammed, a tall, sinister youth, with only one eye, muttered an eager affirmative, and kept along with them, talking perpetually to Denison across Aintree, and describing in fantastic language the glories of the house to which they were bound. It seemed that he was a decoy, who prowled the streets at night to lure sight-seers to this so-called hotel, in which Guy had already more than once been a visitor. He was an unsmiling, filthy creature, and his one eye sparkled with intense greed and cunning. Denison made no response to his remarks, and, indeed, could not gather very much meaning from them, as he spoke with excessive rapidity and a fitfully correct pronunciation, gesticulating solemnly with his large and dirty coffee-colored hands. They drew up at length in a miserably dark and evil-looking alley, in which some pariah dogs were routing and smelling, and their dragoman sprang off the box. The one-eyed Mohammed pushed open the door of a tall, grim house, and invited them to enter.

Once through the door, they were under an archway, and crossing a dark and foul-smelling courtyard they began to mount some rickety stairs. Another door was pushed open at the top of the stairs, and they emerged upon the flat roof of a house, bounded on one side by a higher building, whose door and whose one lighted window gave upon the roof. Here they paused for a moment, while Mohammed pattered on his bare feet to the door and rapped on it with his open palm.

In a moment it was slightly opened, and a big, black face with bulging eyes peeped at them. The door opened wider, and a monstrously fat African negress was fully disclosed in an attitude of pious welcome. Her woolly head was decorated with a bright red turban, from which coins jingled. Her immense bands were smothered with rings, and her bare arms with bracelets. A richly embroidered zouave almost cracked with the effort to contain her mighty bust, and her huge flat nose was pierced to receive a heavy gold ornament. Behind her, from under her armpits, two mischievous-looking brown children peeped with smiling eyes, wicked monkeys whose forms were hidden in the shadows of the room beyond. The negress extended her hand to Denison. Then she swept from the door, driving the children before her. Denison, Guy, the dragoman, and Mohammed followed. The door was swiftly shut upon the moon, and Mohammed turned the key in the lock twice.

The extent of the accommodation afforded by the Hotel de Londres was easily gauged. It seemed to consist entirely of three rooms, opening one into the other. The first, in which the door was set, startled Denison. It was so cheaply French. There was nothing of the East about it. Round the walls ran wide couches covered with yellow rep, on which sat at intervals plump cushions veiled in dingy white antimacassars. A gaudy carpet, on which red roses sprawled and twined conventionally round vases, was spread over the middle of the floor. Looking-glasses in gaudy gilt frames were let into the walls on all four sides of the room, more than doubling its size to the eye. A strong odor of attar of roses hung upon the close air, and a gilt clock ticked noisily under a glass case. On a marble slab beneath one of the mirrors were ranged a number of cards of the hotel, and two or three photographs. The room opening out of this apartment on the right was furnished, that on the left a bare, dark place without furniture, but fitted with a divan at the far end and a prayer-carpet.

The question of terms was a vexed one, but at length it was settled:

At last a bargain was struck. Peace was declared. The negress hurried into the other room. Hassan sank, cross-legged, on one of the couches and lit a cigarette. Mohammed drew from a corner a large tom-tom and a thin yellow pipe, his one eye grave with greed.

Mohammed, squatting beside Hassan, took up the pipe, giving the tom-tom to the grinning dragoman. Applying his mouth to the pipe, Mohammed drew from it a weary shriek, and Hassan began to beat the tom-tom loudly and monotonously.

Guy sat up on the couch, and a Nubian girl glided in, followed by two companions. Her finery was gone, with her trousers, and her costume consisted of a thin, spangled robe, bracelets, rings, and beads. As she stood before them motionless for an instant, she looked like a statue—a statue with wicked eyes full of expression, of allurements. She was not more than sixteen years old, but in those eyes sat the sins of centuries, laughing at their own blackness. They rested on Denison and Guy coolly, steadily, while the girl lifted her arms above her head. A slow smile ran over her face, as a pen runs over paper writing wondrous words. A slight, almost imperceptible trembling pulsed in her slim body, rising gradually from heels to head. Behind her her companions, even younger than herself, imitated her with a sort of feverish sympathy; an instinctive seizing on, and reproduction of, her mood of body and of mind.

The trembling that stole through the bodies of the girls increased

very gradually, until they wavered like thin flames in a draught of wind. As if the draught grew steadily stronger, these human flames swayed in longer movements. An ever deepening excitement possessed them. The arms began to be drawn softly down and thrust up, first descending to a level with the shoulders; then they were brought forward. The hands fell in front of the smiling faces and nearly touched the eyes, which gleamed through a lattice-work of little brown fingers. Softly and rhythmically the feet began to stamp on the roses of the carpet, to stamp at each beat of the tom-tom, on which Hassan spent a glad energy. The gilt clock did not tick with a more perfect regularity than those six feet upon the woven roses.

An abandonment began to be apparent in everybody in the room. It swept over them all. The mirrors reflected it, creating by their thrown-back reflections an apparent crowd of dancers and lookers-on—a multitude of weird white figures, sinuous arms, smiling evil faces, hodies bending forward in attitudes of eager attention. Tom-toms were heaten in these mirrors, pipes were played, and Denison had a fancy that the sound was multiplied many times in volume by the shining sheets of glass. The air was heavy with noise, thick with a veritable tumult. The dancers swayed more widely. Their arms moved faster, but always with the same monotonous regularity. It seemed to Denison that the expressions on their faces became increasingly eager. They began to wriggle their limbs, to revolve, to chatter slowly and with a smooth and gliding step along the carpet from point to point.

But Denison did not notice this. A spell of monotonous music and monotonous motion was upon him, and drew him down into a world dense and luminous as a world under sea, ever moving, ever moaning, yet curiously at rest. As figures whirled through a weary land seeking distant water-springs, these girls wound on and on before him. There was a dust about them that slightly veiled their forms, giving to them a dim and shadowy beauty, a ghostly grace.

The musicians played on, and the dancers sprang and glided. They, too, were under the spell of the monotony they themselves created. They had lost the power of listening and watching, intent only on being heard and watched.

Over the floor the tom-tom circled, jangling harshly, as if it strove to flee with mutterings from the dreary tableau. A key was turned in a lock and the door was opened upon the moon. They seemed to traverse a sheet of shining silver, and the whole world below them was musical in the night.

All of this sounds very improper, but it is about the same thing upon which thousands of American matrons and their daughters calmly gazed at the World's Fair in Chicago.

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"Oregon and Washington people have lately started to boom their State products for Eastern consumption in a large way. They are particularly anxious to sell fruit in the East, because there has been a notable development in the fruit-raising industry in their region of late years. They are making the novel claim that much of California's reputation for fine fruits has been made on Oregon and Washington products. Great quantities of fruit from these States have been sold to California buyers, and, it is alleged, shipped East as California fruit. A recent case offered in proof is the receipt of an order by a Salem, Or., cannery from a California fruit-packing house for five hundred cases of canned cherries, 'to be shipped without labels.' The inference is that the fruit would be labeled as California product and sent East. Under the new policy of booming their own State, the cannery managers declined to fill the order." We would like to know what house here made the order, and what cannery declined it.

A queer trade is followed by half a dozen sidewalk merchants outside the Philadelphia House of Correction. Every person discharged from the institution receives on leaving a new pair of shoes. Traders lie in wait for the discharged prisoners and offer them a pair of old and comfortable shoes and twenty-five or fifty cents for their new pair. In a great majority of cases the trade is made. The House of Correction shoes are well made and strong, and the traders get a good price for them from workmen.

A steamer running on rails is a curious sight to be seen near Copenhagen. Two lakes are separated by a narrow strip of land on which rails are laid, running into the water on either side. The steamer, which is forty-four feet long and carries seventy passengers, is guided to the rails by piles like a ferry-slip. It has wheels on either side which fit the rails, and is driven full speed up one side of the incline and down the other into the water on the other side.

Something entirely new in a bicycle trip is claimed for the journey made by four riders, three men and a woman, near Virginia City, Nev., recently. They started in at the mouth of the Suto Tunnel and rode through the tunnel to the shaft station on the 1750-foot level of the Consolidated California and Virginia Mine, a distance underground of four and one-half miles. The party rode on two tandems.

A Frenchman having an income of four thousand dollars a year pays one thousand dollars of it in direct and indirect taxes to the government, according to a very careful investigation of M. Beaurin-Gressier made for the Société de Statistique. In other words, the French tax-payer must work eighty-six days in the year solely to earn what is due to the treasury.

Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, sits down on the project of waving a signal flag to the supposed inhabitants of Mars by saying that the flag would have to be as large as Ireland and the pole five hundred miles long.

Bicycles are said to have seriously affected the sale of pianos in England. The reason given is that when a girl is asked to choose between the two for a present, she invariably selects the wheel.

Professor Cesar Lombroso, the noted criminologist, says that one of the striking characteristics of criminals is the absence of wisdom teeth.

OPEN-AIR THEATRICALS.

The "Merry Wives" at Saratoga—Rose Coghlan as Mistress Page—De Wolf Hopper as Sir John Falstaff—Yachtsmen at Newport.

There is still a ghastly stage-wait in theatricals, but a slight ripple on the surface of the stagnant pond has been caused by the open-air theatricals at Saratoga. It is the most important open-air performance which has been given since the production of "As You Like It," some four years ago, and in that performance, as in this, Rose Coghlan was the principal female figure. The performance of "As You Like It" took place at Castle Stevens, Stevens Point, Hohoken, and was a very fine performance, given to a very swell assemblage for the benefit of some charity. I no longer remember what charity, but I do remember distinctly that in the middle of the third act the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the Forest of Arden was flooded with water, while Rosalind and Orlando, Touchstone and Audrey, the Banished Duke and the Mock Duke, fled together for protection to the hospitable Stevens mansion; while the beautiful summer girls, with their light gowns and pretty hats, were in a moment transformed into mad, damp, and bedrabbled beauties.

At Saratoga, this year, there was better luck, for the rain did not come while the dramatic performance was on, but it did come the second day and spoiled the children's festival. The first day, however, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was given on the lawn of the Grand Union Hotel. I have said that the chief female performer was Miss Rose Coghlan, who played Mistress Ford. Next to her probably, in point of prominence, was Mrs. John Drew, who played Dame Quickly. Mistress Page was played by Miss Blanche Walsh, a young lady who, I believe, strongly disapproves of San Francisco, having stigmatized it as a "jay town." The remaining feminine rôle was played by Miss Adèle Ritchie, a rather pale and pretty girl, who has just finished playing the rôle of Little Billee, in white knickerbockers and white silk stockings, in the burlesque of "Thrilly" at the Garrick.

Despite the claims of all these various dramatic professionals, there can be no doubt that the feature of the performance was De Wolf Hopper as Sir John Falstaff. De Wolf Hopper has long been a favorite in New York city, but not, it is needless to say, in Shakespearean rôles. Probably his most marked financial success was in "Wang," which ran for two seasons, and in which he was supported by Della Fox. Lately he has been playing "Dr. Syntax" with measurable success. But he frankly confessed to his friends that he felt "as nervous as a cat" over the hare idea of playing Sir John Falstaff, and at the same time was infused with a strong desire to take that rarely played rôle. He made a success of it. His fine physique, his magnificent voice, and his unctuous humor stood him in good stead. Old veterans who have seen Ben de Bar, who was noted as the greatest Falstaff on the American stage, say that De Wolf Hopper, although clever, could not be compared to him. But veterans always say that about men who are dead and gone.

The night before the dramatic show, there was an open-air concert on the roof of the Grand Union Hotel. This was rather a failure. Miss Camille d'Arville sang, but did not sing the songs which were put upon the programme. Altogether the concert was not much of a success. The weather, too, was cold. At both the open-air concert and the open-air dramatic performance everybody was muffled in overcoats and wraps, and considering that it was the *dies canicula*, the first days of August, it was curious to watch people's breath congealing on the nipping air.

It is the coolest summer we have had for many years. Perhaps it is for this reason that the yachting fleets are not so large as usual. People want warm weather for yachting. Only about one hundred and twenty boats started on the New York Yacht Club cruise this year, when two years ago there were two hundred. The weather has been very cool, and there have been a great many rain-storms, and during the cruise of the New York yacht squadron there has been wind enough to satisfy the most greedy yachtsman. The day the yachts sailed from Huntington Harbor to New London, they staggered under their ordinary canvas without their light sails, and a great many parlor yachtsmen deserted the fleet at New London and concluded to go to Newport by land. But the fleet started from New London in an even heavier wind than they had experienced the day before. There is no question about it, when you see a place like New London or Newport filled with girls in immaculate white costumes and men in straw hats and duck trousers, and all of them shivering, it rather detracts from the charm of yachting life.

At Newport the yacht squadron made quite a stay, inasmuch as the races for the Goelet Cup took place off Brenton's Reef Lightship. These races were extended over several days, and although the yacht squadron left and crossed Vineyard Haven Sound to Cottage City, they returned the following day. There was a great deal going on during the week at Newport, and the yachtsmen were entertained on shore, and reciprocated by many entertainments on board. It was considered rather significant that Mr. William K. Vanderbilt gave a dance aboard his yacht *Valiant* on the same night that his wife gave a large dinner-dance ashore. However, it may have been an accident, and can scarcely have been considered defiance. People who are married are not always courteous to one another, but people who have ceased to be married to one another certainly ought to be. Among the other yachts which entertained continually while they were lying at Newport were not only William K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, but John Jacob Astor's yacht *Nourmahal*, Ogden Goelet's yacht *White Lady*, Fred W. Vanderbilt's yacht *Conqueror*, and Robert Goelet's yacht *Hermione*. There were, of course, scores of others, but these were the leaders among the steam-yachts in point of entertaining.

By the way, the fact that Mr. Robert Goelet flew the British ensign at his peak attracted much attention, not only at New London and at Newport, but everywhere that the fleet appeared. It is true that Mr. Goelet's yacht is a British vessel and is chartered by him, but so is the *White Lady*, chartered by Mr. Ogden Goelet, while the *Conqueror* and the *Valiant* were both built in British waters. None of these boats fly English colors. Why, then, should Robert Goelet do so? There is no denying that the English flag is a beautiful ensign and no man need be ashamed of flying it when he has a right to do so; but when an American charts an English yacht, sails her with an American fleet, in American waters, and flies an English flag, it strikes me that it is a gross piece of anglo-maniacal affectation.

NEW YORK, August 9, 1894.

FLANEUR.

THE BEAUTIFUL OTERO.

Scandal-Loving Paris Laughing over a Lawsuit—A Millionaire American "Protector" Sued—Revels in Otero's Flat—Horror of Mme. Grundy.

"There never were such scandalous proceedings," Mme. Grundy can not be emphatic enough in her condemnation of the goings on in No. 27 of the Rue Pierre Charron. "Scandalous" is putting it mildly—the air in the street is redolent of vice—or is it *peau d'Espagne*? Mme. Grundy cackles like an old hen when she walks up the street with her daughters, and hides Lucie hold her parasol well to the left and draws Suzanne's attention to something in exactly an opposite direction; but the girls, sly pussies, generally manage to cast a glance at No. 27 (they know the number, dear little, artless things), and all mamma's efforts are in vain.

Since "la helle Otero" first appeared at the Folies Bergère in her two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, which some said were false, she has occupied public curiosity a good deal. You remember the many battles-royal between Otero and Liane de Pougy—her rival on and off the stage? This reminds me that the story of Liane's grand *coup de théâtre* at Monte Carlo has been wrongly reported by several American papers. This is how it was: To spite her rival, Liane dressed up her maid in jewels rich and rare, while she herself appeared in a plain tailor-made suit, with a single rose at her throat; she did not have herself followed about by a man-servant with the gems on a tray, which would have been silly.

Otero had very little voice, and her dancing was art in its infancy when she first came out; but she is a really beautiful woman, and she came to Paris with the reputation of having had any number of lovers. Such a reputation, strange to say, rather adds to the attraction men feel for women of the Otero type; I suppose they are afraid of trusting to their own taste. "La helle Otero" immediately became the fashion, and with the aid of a first-rate dressmaker, unlimited millinery, and the arts practiced by the singing and dancing master, the hair-dresser, the perfumer, the manicure, and the rest, not only did her beauty become radiant, but she also began to cut a better figure on the stage. So the richest men in Paris vied with each other in spending as much money as possible upon her, and she had only to pick and choose.

It had been whispered that one of the Rothschild harons had been mainly instrumental in bringing her to Paris, but either he tired of his toy or Otero found a better "protector." Whether she hounded the haron or the haron hounded her, I do not pretend to know; but some months ago a rich American undertook the expense of the lady's maintenance—no small matter—and secured for her special use a superb suite of rooms on the first floor of this particular house in the Rue Pierre Charron, which he took in his own name and gorgeously furnished.

When the rich American, Mr. Bulpett, reading over the lease previous to signing it, found that he was enjoined to occupy the suit *bourgeoisement*, he inquired the meaning of this expression.

"It does not mean that I may not receive a lady, does it?"

"Oh, no! it merely signifies that you must not carry on any business there. Occupy it with as many ladies as you choose," added the house-agent with a laugh.

But, all the same, now there is a lawsuit. The fact is, there have been, declares the landlord, such goings-on since Mme. Otero—I beg her pardon, the Countess Otero, for so she styles herself—came to live at No. 27, that the landlord summons Mr. Bulpett to evict his fair enslaver from the premises, or to pay a hundred dollars fine a day so long as she remains his guest. An ungallant landlord, this.

It is rather dreary work generally at the civil court, but every now and then claims are urged and scandals broached that make a pleasant variety, and then you should see how the black-robed barristers swarm in, and even the sleepy old magistrates on the bench wake up, and their old eyes sparkle. In such cases, actresses and *coquettes* are often the defendants. Perhaps it is a bill for *l'ingerie*, the total of which is questioned, and the list of all the dainty underwear makes spicy reading. Or some theatrical star appears in the witness-box, as Sarah Bernhardt did a short time since, to give evidence against a perjured livery-stable keeper. But the case *Bitner versus Bulpett* is infinitely more amusing. Of course it generally goes by the name of "the Otero case," she being the heroine of it.

The head and front of the beautiful Spaniard's offending is that she can not take the air on the balcony or step into her victoria without attracting a crowd about the doors of No. 27. Now the windows are generally wide open, especially in the evening, when her brilliantly lighted rooms are plainly visible to those in the street. There are several small shops opposite, and these have done a thriving trade since Otero took up her abode in the Rue Pierre Charron; people go in to buy things they do not want as an excuse for dallying in front of the beauty's windows

and catching a glimpse of her fair head and her still fairer shoulders.

Then she gives dinners and suppers, has a heavy of friends almost as handsome as herself. A *demi-mondaine* well known by the name of "Sappho" is her hosom friend, and there are others. The sole object in life with all seems to be to make Mr. Bulpett's dollars spin. Neighbors describe the entertainments as "orgies"; certainly lots of champagne are consumed, and sounds of revelry awake the echoes of the street by day and by night.

But this is not all. Creditors—personal creditors—of the Otero come to No. 27, and when they are not paid or put off, they make a row. A pair of them, the other day, happening to come when Mme. Otero was in a merry mood, and waxing insolent, were seized by her friends and somewhat ill-treated. Another time a woman who had furnished the lovely Spaniard with lace and fallals, being denied admittance, was so abusive that the police had to be sent for, and the whole house was in an uproar.

Almost worse than the creditors are the lovers. They come in shoals or send their servants with dainty missives, honbons, and flowers. One more foolish than the rest, having exhausted all his seductions in vain—even to the sending of packets of hank-notes by the post—brought a pistol, got in by feigning the valet, and shot himself in Otero's own drawing-room, which was shabby and ungentelemanly of him.

I must confess that the tide of public opinion is decidedly in favor of Mr. Bulpett and his *inamorata*; whereas the landlord and the tenants, who have urged him to bring this suit, are laughed at for their pains. It appears that the lady who occupies the fourth floor gives parties, too, and fancy-dress parties, and she has the same hair-dresser—an artist who has his own carriage—and one of the many griefs urged against Mme. Otero was that her hair-dresser was admitted up the front staircase; now you would not send an artist who steps out of his own coupé up the back stairs, would you?

Who was it who complained, who carried tales to the landlord? It was the banker on the third floor. Now this banker is a gentleman well on in years, and for an elderly man who likes peace and quietness, the near neighborhood of so disturbing an element as "la belle Otero" might well be displeasing. But it was not this at all—our worthy had an eye for a good-looking woman, and one day he happened to come in at the same time as his beautiful neighbor, and they met in the lobby. Here was an opportunity not to be thrown away. Opening the door of the lift, he, with his best bow, invited her to enter, meaning, of course, to place himself at her side, and heaven knows to what length he might not have gone once he had caged his prey. But she was not going to be caught, and she told him so pretty plainly, and swept upstairs like an offended goddess. Such a slight could not be forgiven, hence all this scandal.

Whichever way matters go—the case is still pending—Mr. Bulpett swears the beautiful Spaniard shall not suffer. He is an American and a millionaire, and should he be condemned to pay a hundred dollars a day for harboring a black-eyed, white-skinned *houiri* from Seville, why, he will pay for it, that is all.

PARISINA.

PARIS, July 26, 1895.

When the Great Seal is "broken" on the commencement of a new reign, it is the perquisite of the chancellor. Greville tells us that Brougham remarked to the king (William the Fourth) that there was some doubt whether Lyndhurst ought not to have half of it, as he was chancellor at his majesty's accession. "'Well,' said the king" ("a queer fellow" Greville calls him, and no wonder), "then I will judge between you, like Solomon. Here" (turning the seal round and round), "do you cry heads or tails." We all laughed, and the chancellor said, "I take the bottom half." Then the king said, "Send for Bridge, my silversmith, and desire him to convert the two halves each into a salver, with my arms on one side and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's the same, and both keep them as presents from me." The mace was stolen from Lord Chancellor Finch's house in Queen Street by Thomas Sadler, who was hanged for the offense, but Finch kept the seal under his pillow. Lord Thurlow omitted this precaution and lost the seal. Some thieves broke into his house in Great Ormond Street and captured it, and it was never heard of again. Such was party spirit in those days that Lord Loughborough actually represented the hurglary as being a manoeuvre to embarrass the government. The disappearance of no other inanimate object in the world would probably occasion the same amount of inconvenience—a reflection which (James Payn suggests) perhaps caused that mirthless monarch James the Second to indulge in a grin when he dropped it into the Thames. He had passed the night, we are told, in burning all the writs, so that no Parliament should be assembled in his absence—a complete clearance before going away, with the view of promoting the public service. When Lord Eldon's house at Encombe was destroyed by fire, he hurried into the garden with the Great Seal and buried it for safety in a flower-bed; "but," says Lord Campbell, "what between his alarm upon Lady Eldon's account and his admiration of the maids in their vestal attire, he could not remember the next morning the spot where the seal had been hid. You never saw anything so ridiculous as seeing the whole family down that walk probing and digging till we found it." Mr. James tells us that Lady Hardwicke (who had with her husband a reputation for great economy) was actually charged with stealing the purse in which the Great Seal was kept, to work a counterpane. As a matter of fact, the purse, highly decorated with the royal arms, is annually renewed, and is the perquisite of the Lord Chancellor. Availing herself of the custom, Lady Hardwicke caused these purses to be used as embroidery for one of their state-rooms at Wimpole. "Twenty of them completed the hangings of the apartment, a characteristic and proud heirloom to commemorate the founder of the family."

LITERARY NOTES.

The Argonaut's "Inaccuracy."

A number of weeks ago when the *Argonaut*, in an article on Robert Louis Stevenson, incidentally mentioned the fact that he was the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a well-meaning California paper, the *Eureka Standard*, took occasion somewhat loftily to rebuke the *Argonaut* for its "inaccuracy," saying that Rider Haggard was the author of that work, closing with the remark that "one would hardly expect a paper of the *Argonaut*'s literary reputation to appear with such an error in its brilliant columns." The *Argonaut* contented itself with reproducing the rebuke without any comment—it carried its own antidote. But the *Standard* doubtless heard from various other newspapers, because it appeared shortly afterward with a most abject apology. Among others, we noted that the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* remarked of the *Standard* man that he was probably the only person in the newspaper business who knew nothing about Robert Louis Stevenson. The *Topeka Capital* advised him "to let the *Argonaut* alone, as it is over-caught oapping in literary matters," while the *Manchester Union* remarked that "some one ought to take the *Eureka* editor out behind the *Standard* building, and hit him with a board." But the most severe and sweeping rebuke has come to hand in a foreign paper. In the *Glasgow News* of June 24, 1895, the following scathing paragraph is printed, which not only includes the unfortunate editor of the *Eureka Standard*, but apparently most of the editors of the United States:

"The American newspapers are made up for the most part of head-lines and humbug. There is only one newspaper in all the States that has literary style, a notion of proportions, and gentlemanly instincts. It is the *Argonaut* of San Francisco. The *Argonaut* some weeks ago published a eulogistic article on Robert Louis Stevenson, and referred, *inter alia*, to his 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' One of the *Argonaut*'s superior American contemporaries thereupon proceeds to put it right by pointing out that Rider Haggard wrote that work, and adds that 'one would hardly expect a paper of the *Argonaut*'s literary reputation to appear with such an error in its brilliant columns.' This is a pretty fair sample of the class of intelligence which the average newspaper of America purveys to its readers."

While we are under obligations to the *Glasgow News* for the very handsome manner in which it speaks of the *Argonaut*, we can scarcely agree with it in thinking that the average of intelligence is so low among American editors. We think that he of the *Eureka Standard* is unusual in his ignorance, and as he has apologized for the rebuke which he administered to the *Argonaut*, we have nothing more to say.

But we have just received another rebuke from a paper of a higher order than the *Eureka Standard*, and from a city which prides itself upon being the hub of the literary universe. The paper to which we refer is the *Globe*. The city is Boston. In the *Argonaut* for July 15, 1895, we reprinted in our column of "Old Favorites," a poem entitled "Via Solitaria," ascribing it to Longfellow. The Boston *Globe* commented thereon in its issue of July 20th as follows:

"The usually well-informed San Francisco *Argonaut* prints the poem, 'Via Solitaria,' and ascribes it to Longfellow. Longfellow did not write it, however."

But Longfellow did write it. The poet died on the twenty-fourth of March, 1882. At the time of his death there were several poems awaiting publication in the editorial-rooms of various periodicals. Among these was "Via Solitaria," which was printed in the *New York Independent* some weeks after his death as "a posthumous poem by Longfellow." It is probable that the Boston *Globe* has been led astray by the fact that "Via Solitaria" is not to be found in the four-volume definitive edition of his works, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in 1882, nor is the poem to be found in the collection entitled "In the Harbor," a small volume of poems published shortly after the poet's death. It is possible that the editor of the *Globe* has looked through these editions, which assume to represent the completed works, and not finding the poem, has taken the *Argonaut* to task for ascribing it to Longfellow. But the *Globe* is wrong. The *Argonaut* is right. The poem was written by Longfellow, and we appeal to the *New York Independent* to corroborate our statement.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Stevenson's *Vallima* letters will be issued in this country in October. Addressed though they were to Sidney Colvio, they were written in the form of a journal, and it was Stevenson's expectation that they would be published.

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements for August include the following books:

"Gustave Flaubert, as Seen in his Works and Correspondence," by John Charles Tarver; "The Story of the Earth," by H. G. Seeley, in the Library of Useful Stories; "The Red Badge of Courage: A Tale of the Civil War," by Stephen Crane; "The Water's Mouth," by Bram Stoker; "Mrs. Musgrave—and Her Husband," by Richard Marsh; "Not Counting the Cost," by "Tasma"; and "Out of Due Season," by Adeline Sergeant.

Charles Roche, the translator of the *Barras* Memoirs, is basily engaged on the third and fourth volumes. It has not been generally remarked that the English edition is more complete than the French, in which there are some im-

portant omissions. *Barras* is a tough subject for an editor; but, whether his preëminent quality be called candor or effrontery, it is best to give him in all his native beauty.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, who has been in a measure resting on her laurels, is now at work upon a new book.

Edward W. Townshead's novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements," is nearly ready for publication. It is mentioned as having "an enthralling plot," and those who delight in the lively tales of "Chimie Fadden" are looking forward with curiosity to his story, which is to test Mr. Townshead's ability to do something more than sketch.

The first installment of Paul Bourget's new novel is to be published next month. The author has gone to Scotland, and will there finish the book.

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* asks if we could not touch up the more popular songs of the obsolete poets so as to make them intelligible to the admirers of "illuminate and volute redundancy." He is led to this query by observation of the fact that Mr. Francis Thompson, the poet, has enriched the English language with words like *acrobic*, *crocean*, *ostends*, *lampado*, *preparate* (for *ready*), *reformate* (for *reformed*), "and many equally desirable latinate vocabules." This "Reformatory Wordsworthian" says:

"Might we not, by following Mr. Thompson's method, add some degree of 'literary gorgeousness' even to the least Thompsonian of our poems? For instance, certain well-known verses would be redeemed from much of their sordid quietude if presented thus:

"By founts of Dove, ways incalculable,
Did habitate
A virgin largely inamable
And illandate."

"A violet by a muscose stone
Semi-occult,
Formose as astræ when hot one,
Ostends its vult."

"She lived incognite, few could know
When she ceased,
But O the difference when, lo,
She's tumulated."

A dispatch from Paris tells us that Paul Verlaine has been elected to the French Society of Dramatic Authors, and adds that the members of the society did not know who he was until they were told, and then they hesitated about admitting him. It is said that Verlaine is better known abroad than at home.

The short stories of Italian life written by Coostance Feimore Woolson in her last years are to be published in a volume to be called "The Front Yard and Other Italian Stories."

André Theuriot and Anatole France, the novelists, were made officers of the Legion of Honor, with Paul Bourget, on the fourteenth of July; Camille Meodès, the poet, Paul Marguerite, and Gustave Guiches, two of the five young story-writers who signed the protest against Zola when "La Terre" appeared, and Fabrice Carré, the dramatist, were made chevaliers.

People who have wondered how Richard Le Gallienne, the decadent poet, pronounces his name will be pleased to know that the *Lodon World* rhymes it with "battallioo."

How much publishers can lose and have lost is shown by some extremely interesting statistics given by George Smith, the head of the great firm of Smith, Elder & Co. Dr. Nichols summarizes them thus in his London letter to the *Bookman*:

"George Smith started the *Cornhill* in 1860, with Thackeray as its first editor. One hundred and ten thousand copies were sold of the first number; and during the first twenty years of its existence £85,000 was the amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Cornhill*. Five thousand pounds were spent in advertising the new periodical. Far more serious was the founding of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. During the second month of its existence the sales of the *Pall Mall* averaged 660 copies per day, while the advertisements reached the magnificent total of £3 4s. 10d. a day. In a year, the daily sales had gone up to an average of 3,400, the advertisements being about £4 5s. a day. The amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Pall Mall* during the sixteen years it was George Smith's property was close on £138,000, irrespective of news and telegrams, etc. It may be doubted whether the *Pall Mall Gazette* ever paid; and a lawsuit brought out the fact that its successor, the *St. James's Gazette*, was carried on at an enormous loss. It would be curious to know what was the precise loss upon the *Pall Mall* and its offshoots from the beginning. The sum would startle even those who are familiar with facts of the kind. George Smith's last great enterprise was the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' The outlay upon it up to the present time is not far short of £100,000."

Much regret is expressed that Mr. Sala has been compelled by *res angusta domi* to sell his library. This is a peculiar hardship to the veteran journalist, who, is famous for his omnivorous reading. It is almost as difficult to picture Mr. Sala without his books as to picture Egypt without the Pyramids. Fortunately, the British Museum remains to him.

Mr. George Gissing's strong novel, "In the Year of Jubilee," is said to promise as great a success here as it has had in England.

Gougod's memoirs are begun in the *Revue de Paris*. M. Gougod, like many another famous man before him, gives his mother the credit of his success in life. She taught music and drawing, that the same accomplishments might be taught her two sons. Gougod writes as charmingly as he sang. He made no pretense of being a singer,

but no one who ever heard him sing will forget the beauty of his songs. The same may be said of his literary style; it is perfectly simple, but it is the style of an artist.

Mr. Spielmann is extremely busy with his forthcoming "History of *Punch*, and its Times." He has secured the assistance of all the known surviving contributors to *Punch* from its first number, and has succeeded in obtaining a vast amount of information from the friends and relatives of such as are dead. The book will be profusely illustrated with sketches, drawings, and portraits, and brought down to 1895.

There is to be, after all, a new and collected edition of the works of Christina Rossetti. Her brother, W. M. Rossetti, is engaged in preparing it.

The fable as a form of literary art possessed a great attraction for Robert Louis Stevenson, and he was accustomed also to try his hand occasionally on the composition of fables in the conventional brief and concentrated form. Says the *Athenaeum*:

"By the winter of 1887-8 he had enough of these by him, together with a few others running to greater length and conceived in a more mystic vein, to form a book, and such a book he promised on the occasion of a visit paid him in New York by the editor of *Longman's Magazine* in the spring of 1888. During his residence in Samoa, although he composed one or two fables, he seems to have given little thought to the proposed volume. It has been handed by the author's representatives to Messrs. Longman for publication in their magazine, and the first installment, containing twenty fables, will appear in the August number, the second in the issue for September."

The new Manual of Arms, prepared by the War Department, adapted to the Krag-Jorgensen magazine rifle (calibre .30) just adopted for use in the United States army, is published by D. Appleton & Co., and will be sent to any address on receipt of price, ten cents. It has been published for the government of the army pending a complete revision of the Infantry Drill Regulations.

Appropos of the fact that the post of poet-laureate being still vacant may account for the sad lack of brotherly love between certain makers of verse in England, the cable tells this story:

"Not long ago, Eric Mackay wrote a poem in honor of Swinburne, but Swinburne did not acknowledge the receipt of the copy of the *World* containing the poem. Then Mackay wrote to Swinburne, saying that, although he meant to include the poem in his new book, he should omit Swinburne's name. This is Swinburne's reply: 'Mr. Swinburne begs to inform Mr. Mackay, whose name is unknown to him, that he did receive the number of the *World* inquired about, and is happy to learn that the lines inscribed to him which appeared in it will not reappear under that inscription.'"

One of the most noteworthy publications of the early autumn will be the history of Constantinople, by Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, of Amherst College. It will appear in two large volumes, and will contain two hundred illustrations. There will be an introduction by General Lew Wallace.

Miss M. G. Clelland, the writer, died recently at her home near Norwood, Nelson County, Va. In 1879 she sent a newspaper two bits of verse, which were published. Her first novel was "Severance," which was subsequently worked over into "Princess." This was followed by "Oblivion," "A Self-Made Man," "Jean Monteith," and "Mme. Silva."

Mr. Martin has his say in *Harper's Weekly* about "The Confessions of a Literary Hack" in this fashion:

"The literary hack who published his account-book in the July *Forum* seems to have had a poor opinion of his trade. Even now, he says, when he has learned it, he can only make about five thousand a year by it, and he has to work hard every day to do that. Gracious! what would the man have! How blind he seems to his own happiness! He has to work, to be sure, but that saves him the trouble of playing, and playing is an expense. Other men, some of them, are driven to poker, or to horse-races, or to stock speculations, for excitement, but the hack needs none of those spices. Every day with him brings its own sufficient gamble. He may sell; he may not; in either case he has his emotions. There is always with him, too, the possibility that some time he may write something really good. Hope springs undying in the back's bosom. His hand is always in the intellectual grab-bag, and how can he help believing that some day he will pull out a real prize; some day, when the wind is right, and he has had the right things for breakfast, and has had his intellectuals or his sympathies stirred by some violent emotion, he may say something that really needs saying, and say it as it ought to be said. That possibility helps very much to keep the hack going, and indeed it is a very poor hack who does not realize it now and then in sufficient measure to refresh his spirit. Don't believe him too implicitly when he says he does not like his business. To get a stated check every Saturday morning from the counting-room would seem burdensome to him. To have a single boss and be under orders would be irksome to him. He may be a demoralized creature, and may recognize the disadvantages of his state, but if he is anything like as successful a hack as the *Forum*'s penitent makes himself out to be, he is apt to like his trade, with all its drawbacks, better than better trades are liked by better-paid men. The real trouble with the hack-writing business, so far as there is any trouble with it, is that the hack is paid for what he does instead of for what he knows and is. The people who have the best jobs are paid for what they know or for what they are."

Punch was born in three tavern parlors, and its beginnings savor of the cheap and facile humor of such resorts. Fleet Street fun in the year 1841 seems to have been a commodity of which the supply was more profuse than the excellence. The jokes of these early numbers are very small beer indeed—such as the announcement that "Mile. Taglionis has left London for Germany, her fatherland, the country of her *pas*."

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LITERARY NOTES.

A French Story by "Gyp."

"Gyp"—who is the Comtesse Sibylle Gabrielle Marie Antoinette de Martel-Jauville in private life—is the most Parisian of Parisian writers. She has been contributing a series of wonderfully clever sketches of Parisian society to the French journals for years past, but the brilliant chatter of her *mondaines* and *copurches* has been too highly spiced and too full of untranslatable Parisian slang to survive decanting into our colder vehicle. Occasionally we have printed some of her short stories in the *Argonaut*, and we may say without taking undue credit to ourselves that they represent her peculiar quality as well as it may be exhibited to those who do not read French. But, as a general thing, "Gyp" has been untranslatable.

But she has lately written a story, "Le Mariage de Chiffon," which would not call the blush of shame to the cheek of the most prudish Young Person, and so there has been a wild rush among American publishers to get the book before the public and reap the profits. No less than four translations of the story have been issued from as many houses in the past month. In all of them the translation has been hurried, one would hope; or perhaps the task of sustaining good English through a whole novel by "Gyp" has been too much for the translators. Certain it is that the four versions are full of Gallicisms. But the story is there, and the spirit of the story, and for these gifts we may be grateful.

"Chiffon's Marriage," as "M. L. J." has rendered it, is the story of a young French girl of the aristocratic class. Her widowed mother has married a second time, and the daughter, the husband, and the brother-in-law are kept in terror of her sharp tongue and her overpowering sense of the responsibilities of her position. Chiffon, as the daughter is called, makes a confidant of her step-father and a chum of his brother, and to them she turns for sympathy when it becomes time for her to marry and various suitors are presented. The step-father can not be too sympathetic lest he seem disloyal to his wife, and the uncle, as Chiffon calls her mother's brother-in-law—well, the whole story is occupied in developing the gradual discovery by these two that they love each other. This theme is very prettily worked out, and in elaborating it "Gyp" presents a vivid and entertaining picture of the life of the country families of France.

"Chiffon's Marriage," translated by "M. L. J.," is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Sketches from the Argonaut.

Many readers of this journal a few years ago will recall with pleasure a number of stories and sketches to which the name of J. C. Tucker was signed, and they will be glad to learn that Dr. Tucker's widow—he died something less than four years ago—has gathered them together and had them printed in a volume entitled "To the Golden Goal and Other Sketches." Dr. Tucker came to San Francisco in the days of the early gold excitement, and, being an adventurous spirit, he saw much that was dramatic and picturesque. An admirable raconteur and possessing a poetic or romantic side to his character, he has turned his recollections into a highly entertaining lot of stories. The list of sketches in the volume is as follows: "To the Golden Goal," "The Days of Gold," "Searching for Gold Lake," "Hunting in Pioneer Days," "A Wild Ride," "With Walker in Nicaragua," "A Surgeon's Experience," "Glimpses of Guatemala," "Legend of Squaw Rock," "A Tragedy of Blue Lakes," "The Yacht Minnie's Mark." A portrait of Dr. Tucker serves as a frontispiece to the volume, which also contains a brief biographical note. Published by William Doney, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

A Flirtatious Foundling.

"The Making of Mary," by Jean Forsyth, the latest story issued in the Unknown Library, has a striking prologue in which it is told how a half-starved little girl of only six years is deserted in an old farm-house in Western Michigan by the people who have stood to her in the relation of parents, leaving her to fight the world with her own resources. These last seem to be equal to the task, however, for when the story proper begins, she has kept her head above water for ten years. At this point she is taken in by the wife of a country editor—he it is who tells the story—and she fastens herself on the family, causing them no end of trouble by her constant flirtations with any and every man or boy who comes in her way. It is an amusing sketch of an unusual and not impossible character, but the conclusion is a distinct capitulation to poetic justice of the most primitive order. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A Commonplace English Story.

"At the Relton Arms," by Evelyn Sharp, is an up-to-date story in so far as the correct English setting of the scenes goes; but the æsthetic maiden and the dilettante who is going to do great things are puppets, and particularly stiff, unnatural puppets at that. Of a blustering and undecided old

gentleman's eleven children, one son is a flighty ne'er-do-well, and another is a *poscur* who pretends to be a musical genius. To them enters a Lady Joan, who lounges through the scenes, a woman with clinging garments and a Burne-Jones jaw. The hot-headed son becomes engaged to her, and the other, who is already married, asks her to elope. She does not elope, however, though she comes very near it, and the episode, having bubbled furiously for a moment, simmers down to the plane of reduced gentility in which it first arose. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00.

Watts's "Don Quixote."

With the third volume of the new edition of Watts's translation of "The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha," begins the second part of Cervantes's immortal work. The text is preceded by an introduction in which the editor notes the events in Spain between 1605 and the publication of this second part, ten years later; by the formal "approbation" of this second part of the work by the secretary of the Archbishop of Toledo, the author's dedication, and the prologue. There are also three appendixes, "The Enchanter Merlin," "Spanish Proverbs," and "Spanish Ballads." Imported by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Sketches of New England Life.

Alice Brown probably had in mind the saying of the prophet, "all flesh is grass," when she called her book of short stories "Meadow Grass." They are sketches of life and character in a little New Hampshire village, and present several very realistic pictures of country types, telling at the same time stories full of real pathos and humor. The first of the tales, "Number Five," is a reminiscence of school life some years ago, and from this they run on, repeating the history of the village as it lives in the mouths of the gossips. The book is handsomely printed and bound. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"An Island Princess: A Story of Six Weeks— and Afterwards," by Theo Gift, has been issued in the Hudson Library published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price 50 cents.

"W. M. Thackeray" is the latest of those bright little essays by Elbert Hubbard, which he is issuing under the general title, "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents.

"The Northern Appalachians," by Bailey Willis, is the latest (August) issue of the National Geographic Monographs prepared under the auspices of the National Geographic Society. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 20 cents.

Dr. Charles Denison, A. M., M. D., of Denver, has written a useful little book in "Exercise and Food for Pulmonary Invalids." He is a widely known specialist in pulmonary disease, and has written several books on this topic. In the present volume, which has been compressed to seventy-one pages, Dr. Denison gives directions for the guidance of sufferers who have not the benefit of medical supervision, describing exercises (with diagrams) and various plans of diet suitable to different invalids. Published by the Chain & Hardy Company, Denver; price, 35 cents.

The Author of "An Imaginative Man."

The following interesting note on the author of "The Green Carnation" and "An Imaginative Man," is furnished the *Critic* by its London correspondent:

"Mr. Robert Hichens is thirty years of age. As a boy he was devoted to music, though he manifested early a distinct gift for writing. At the age of seventeen he had completed a novel, and found a publisher for it. On leaving Clifton, Mr. Hichens had his choice between going to Oxford or the Royal College of Music in London, and chose the latter. During his course there, he studied the organ and the piano. After finishing his time there, he proceeded to David Anderson's School of Journalism, where he worked for about a year, picking up a good many useful 'wrinkles.' He then started life as a lyric-writer, producing some two or three hundred copies of verses for music. His readiness in this respect is proved by a story told of him by Fitz Roy Gardner, editor of *Woman*. When going to press with his Christmas number, Mr. Gardner found himself half a page short of matter, and sent a messenger round to Mr. Hichens, asking if he could let him have some lyrics of a Christmas character to fill the space. The editor looked to get them in the course of a day or two; but in an hour the messenger returned with the copy freshly written, and a note of apology from Mr. Hichens for having kept the boy so long, as he could not at first think of an idea. The verses were both accomplished and graceful. Besides this large output of lyrics, Mr. Hichens soon found other chances in journalism. He contributed 'Toro-overs,' the first-page humorous articles, to the *Globe*, and did desultory work on the *Evening Standard*. He was taken on the staff of two London weeklies. Being much encouraged by H. D. Traill and Sir Douglas Strachey, he next essayed the short story, and published in the *Pall Mall Magazine* a very strong tale called 'The Collaborators.' About this time, however, he somewhat overworked himself, and was ordered to spend the winter of 1893 in Egypt. It was then, in sight of the Pyramids, that he first conceived the idea of 'An Imaginative Man,' which took some little time to mature. For, upon his return, his first departure was the writing of 'The Green Carnation,' which was practically the beginning of his public career. About the time of its appear-

ance, Bernard Shaw resigned his post as musical critic of the *World*, and Mr. Hichens succeeded him. His articles are now appearing from week to week over the initials 'R. S. H.' and are said by the musical to be both just and ingenious. Mr. Hichens has explored Egypt, and has wintered in the West Indies, visiting Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Hayti. His next move will probably be to cross to America in the course of the next few months. For the future he has a good deal of work mapped out for him. He has arranged for stories with the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *New Review*, and is also collaborating with Victor Widdell on a four-act play, which they have been commissioned to finish for Messrs. Lewis Walker and H. H. Morrell, who introduced 'An Ideal Husband' to London play-goers. He has a book of four short stories, including 'The Collaborators,' coming out in the winter, and is already at work upon a third novel dealing with London life, with special reference to its womankind. Besides all this, he contributes eight columns to the London newspapers every week."

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

My Lily.

My love is like the lily,
So beautiful, so fair;
She hears herself so daintily,
With such a queasily air.

But, as I am a poor man,
To love her is a sin.
Alas! the lily toils not,
Neither does she spin.—Puck.

A Possibility.

I only kissed her hand;
Is that why Lisette dislikes me?
I can not understand—
I only kissed her hand,
I deserve a reprimand—
But another notion strikes me,
I only kissed her hand;
Is that why Lisette dislikes me?
—Carolyn Wells in Puck.

The Retrograde Movement.

At 17
I loved frene,
Though she, I knew, was 32;
At 28
I courted Kate,
Who was not more than 24;
At 42
I sighed for Sue,
Who could not boast 18 at most;
At 63
It is Marie,
Just sweet 16, who is my queen!
—Priscilla Leonard in Vogue.

Mary's Little Ring.

Mary had a little ring,
'Twas given by her beau,
And everywhere that Mary went
That ring was sure to go.
She took the ring with her ood day
Off to the sea-shore, where
She might display it to the girls,
Who were all clustered there.
And when the girls all saw that ring
They made a great ado,
Exclaiming with one voice, "Has it
Just got around to you?"
—Tom Masson in Life.

To a Chaperon.

To-morrow night, when three of us
Are sitting at the play,
If I should chance to hold May's hand,
Please look the other way.

Later, as in the carriage, we
Are speeding homeward, say
Dear chaperon, don't see my arm—
Pray look the other way.

But when at last we're in the hall,
My friend, I beg, I pray,
When I begin to say good-night
Don't look—don't even stay!—Vogue.

The New Woman.

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A woman unfettered and free:
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No crimps to encumber her brain;
Unafraid, hifutate, unlaced,
Like a goddess of old she will reign!
She'll wear bloomers, a matter of course;
She will vote, not a question of doubt;
She will ride like a man on a horse;
At the clo' late at eight she'll stay out;
If she chances to love, she'll propose;
To hush will he quite out of date;
She'll discuss politics with her beaux
And out-talk her masculine mate!
She'll be up in the science of things;
She will smoke cigarettes; she will swear,
If the servant a dunning note brings,
Or the steak isn't served up with care.
No longer shall she powder her nose
Or cultivate even a curl.
Nor bother with fashion or clothes,
This Twentieth-Century Girl.

Her voice will be heard in the land;
She'll dabble in matters of state;
In council her word will command,
And her whisper the laws regulate.
She will stand 'neath her banner unfurled,
Inscribed with her principles o'er;
But the question is what in the world
The New Century Baby will do?
—Chambers's Journal.

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Of all Shakespeare's comedies, "Twelfth Night" is the most luminously poetical. With all its rich humor, broad English humor of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," its poetic and romantic side is that which makes the deepest impress. The racy, genial mirth of Sir Toby and Maria and Sir Andrew draws the laughter from the glummiest, gravest lips, but the tender melancholy, the mystery of star-crossed loves, the heart sorrows of the lovely Duke, of Cesario, of Olivia, are the memories one carries away from a performance of the peerless comedy.

The story of these three is the most exquisite, the most delicately impassioned of romances. The air breathes love in the unbounded, vague, and dreamy realms of Illyria. Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Malvolio, and Maria all belong to the England of Shakespeare, the England of Falstaff and the Merry Wives, of the wild Prince and Poyns. But Viola, Olivia, and the Duke come wafted from sunset lands of love, and mystery, and dreams on fairy craft whose

"Freight is the laughter that sad souls have missed, And cargo the kisses that never were kissed."

The iridescent light of romance plays about them, and in its transfiguring radiance they smile forever, secure in the enchantment of their perennial charm.

In the Illyria over which Orsino ruled there is no time nor season, no gray skies nor burning suns. The days pass dreamily in a purpled state where all is hushed, and rich, and splendid. Across the Duke's moody trance the music of smitten strings and blended voices sweeps melodiously "like the sweet sound that steals across a bank of violets." The Duke's despondent days pass to the mingled harmonies of lutes and viols. "If music is the food of love, play on," comes the mandate, and soft strains that soothe with the sweetness of their dying, fall, rise, and throb, and sink away through the high-arched, pillared passages.

Music of sweet string and spoken word is the Duke's portion. Melody is on his tongue; he speaks harmonies. No other lover ever was inspired to such impassioned poetry of speech. The beauty of it touches to the same exaltation of language the page Cesario. The envoy of Orsino has conned a pretty speech with which to melt Olivia's obdurate heart. But he forgets it, and stirred to a sudden rapture of enthusiasm by a fellow-feeling for his master's sorry plight, speaks words that sing themselves in golden cadences:

"Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love;
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!*"

There are few actresses who can say such lines as these without being moved to say them well. There are few actresses with any touch of poetry in their souls who can not but be moved to render simply and gracefully the noble melody of speech the Master wrote for them. In Viola's scene with the Duke, in which she tells him the story of her fictitious sister, the dialogue is like an indescribably beautiful dnet, flowing in a double stream of melody, having those rich, singing qualities only now and then found in the great romance-poems of the world, "The Song of Solomon," for example.

Inspired by some deadly desire to bury things up, they cut away great pieces of this scene at the Columbia Theatre. Lovely words can not be shorn of their loveliness, no matter how great a vandal wields the shears, but it is cruel to rob the Duke of some of the dialogue that falls to him, each sentence as luminously perfect as a pearl. Neither Miss Coghan nor Mr. Barrymore is well-suited in the parts of Viola and the Duke; yet they are both tried and seasoned actors, and they know the value of clear enunciation and good elocution. Miss Coghan has a very beautiful voice, and her delivery of the famous lines beginning "A blank, my lord" was remarkable for feeling and fullness of tone. She was conscious of their beauty, and her rich voice and the admirable simplicity with which she spoke were to be commended and imitated by other actresses. The melancholy beauty of Shakespeare's words would suggest to any intelligent being that they must be accompanied by a demeanor of saddened quietness. But there are actresses who are not intelligent beings, and who mouth, and ogle, and smirk their way through this scene till they reach the end of it with no more dignity than a dancing dog or a trained parrot.

The character of Viola is unsuited to Miss Coghan, both in style and temperament. But the lady,

being a trained and intelligent actress, gives a fairly satisfactory rendering of it, and has the good taste to tone her performance in a low and quiet key. Julia Marlowe is at present the only Viola on the American stage. Temperamentally she is singularly suited to the part, which seems to be one that can not be played unless by an actress who is of the same class and type as was Sebastian's twin sister. Many are called, but few are chosen to play Viola, a character marked by a singular, elusive charm, only to be revealed to those who have a secret bond of sympathy with this delicate being.

Viola was probably as gay, as given to high spirits and witty sayings, as any of her sister heroines, until misfortune marked her for its prey. Over the brilliancy, the captivating radiance of joy and vivacity which Shakespeare gave to so many of his heroines, the sudden visitations of ill-fortune threw a shade. She is like some sparkling figure veiled by a softening, saddening mist of gray. The shipwreck, the loss of her brother, and finally her hopeless love for the Duke, have drawn a twilight shroud of pensive melancholy over a spirit originally softly joyous.

At moments the natural love of fun, the unconquerable sense of humor with which Shakespeare dowered his heroines, sends a gleam of gayety out through the surface sadness that misfortune had created. The sudden discovery that Olivia has fallen in love with her causes her to break out into little, ejaculatory, surprised sentences, full of a covert amusement. We see her looking from the churlish messenger to the ring on the ground, and slowly, with surreptitious smotherings of laughter, realizing that she has inspired a veritable *grande passion*. At first it is too absurd to be quite believable. "Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!" she says, with pious compunction; but her eyes have already begun to sparkle, her lips to curve into an irrepressible smile.

Then she goes over the past scene, and even the sadness always brooding in her heart can not prevent the ludicrousness of the situation from moving her to ripples of covert laughter and broken sentences full of appreciation of the joke. "I am the man!" she says, with a complacent little swagger and a saucy wag of her head. Then she tries to have a touch of compunction; it is really too bad!—"Poor lady, she were better love a dream," she says compassionately. But compassion and compunction have to go to the wall. It is all too funny, too absurd. Viola is only human, she must stop and laugh—laugh in her own soft, demure way over the delightful silliness of it all. There is a touch of the mocking humor of Rosalind about the way she looks down at her page's dress and says, with an air of solemn reprimand: "Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness." It is not a wonder that so many actresses want to act Viola; she is an enchanting creature.

Probably next to Viola, Malvolio is the character that stirs most comment and is most prominent in the comedy. Malvolio is a figure that some people regard as irresistibly funny, and others as not far from the absolutely pathetic. His predicament, which is the cause of most of the humor in the piece, is certainly a melancholy one from his point of view. As many people, do what they will, can not keep their sympathies from going with Shylock in the end of "The Merchant of Venice," so there are others who invariably pity poor Malvolio when he comes out in the last act, covered with straw, pallid, wild-eyed, and weighted with chains.

It was customary, probably a tradition from Shakespeare's day, when wit was coarse and humor broad and often cruel, to act Malvolio as a dull sort of fool, the butt and target of the other retainers' mirth. However, the text would show that Olivia's steward was not by any means a dull or insignificant person. Olivia honored him with much consideration and regard. He made himself feared and disliked by Sir Toby for his severe rule in the house, and actually hated by Maria and the Clown, whom he kept well in their places. It was the severity of his discipline as major-domo, as much as his complacent conceit and superiority of demeanor, which exasperated them to the point of making the plot through which they hoped to humble and abase him.

The Malvolio of Mr. Dixey is molded on these lines. Olivia's steward, as acted by the erstwhile Adonis, is a decided personage, grave, self-satisfied, pompous to a degree, but only ludicrous when conceit and uneasy vanity have been stimulated to crazy folly by the plotting of his enemies. Even then the antic actions of the infatuated steward are marked by a certain bland dignity, a monumental, tolerantly condescending superiority which develops the latent note of pathos associated with all creatures who are victims of their own blind self-deceptions. Mr. Dixey acts the steward with much care and conscientiousness—in fact, he is so careful as to over-polish the character a little. His lack of spontaneity may be due to his unfamiliarity with the style of classic comedy, in which he can not yet feel himself at home. In Olivia's garden he gave a very smooth and clever rendering of the famous scene of Malvolio's complacent reflections when contemplating his future greatness.

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—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

IS BOHEMIA REVOLTING?

Some Club Schisms and a Moral.

According to the daily papers, there is a split in the Bohemian Club. Those voracious journals state that a number of artists, headed by John A. Stanton, have determined to break loose from the Bohemian Club and form a new club to be called the "Bohemian Palette Club." A list of the names is given, in addition to that of Mr. Stanton, and an interview with that gentleman, in which he says that the Bohemian Club has "ceased to be Bohemian," and that it "is infested with commercial men, who look upon the few Bohemians who are left there as simply calculated to amuse them." Further than that, a base commercial spirit actuates the board of directors, and they insist upon the artists paying the bills for their food and whisky. This is truly sad. But few of us in this world can have what we want without paying for it.

We do not think that the Bohemian Palette Club portends much danger to the Bohemian Club. Its name recalls a certain famous although embryonic club, which was an offshoot of the Art Association years ago, and which was also called the Palette Club. It seems that the artists in the Art Association were perennially dissatisfied with the work of the hanging committee, which always consisted of two artists and two plain directors, so the directors in a certain year put up a hanging committee composed entirely of artists. The result was that this committee of artists hung the pictures of all their friends, and either skied or threw out the pictures of all their enemies. The result was a howl from the aggrieved artists, and wild laughter from the public over the amazing number of daubs. Although the exhibition was the work of their own hands, the artists conceived that they were in some way aggrieved by the Art Association, at once seceded from it, and started the Palette Club. Jules Tavernier was the president of the club, and inasmuch as none of the artists composing it had any money at all, it was decided to admit a few commercial persons who had redeeming qualities and who would pay the rent of the club-rooms. These consisted of two rooms on Kearny Street. The commercial persons, being elected and notified of that honor, meekly put up the sum demanded for initiation and dues, and the artists, instead of muddling it away in paying the rent, spent it in wassail. "Base is the slave who pays." The result was that the landlord, after getting the first month's rent, never got any more, and the commercial persons, fearing that they might be called upon to settle, sent in their resignations. But the artists met in the unpaid-for club-rooms, drank what was left of the rent-money, and unanimously voted not to accept the resignations. But the commercial persons kindly but firmly insisted upon resigning, and the landlord unkindly but firmly insisted on having either his rent or possession of his rooms. Not being able to get the first, he got the second, and the Palette Club came to an untimely death at the age of four months.

There is food for thought for members of the Bohemian Palette Club in the history of the defunct Palette Club—now dead for lo these many years.

How the Water Runs Out.

It is hard for people to believe that the swimming pool of the Lurline baths is entirely emptied at half-past ten o'clock every night and refilled at eleven. Nevertheless this is a fact. Every night people gather at the baths about half-past ten for the sole purpose, in many instances, of seeing the water run out.

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Second Week...That Imprudent Young Couple

By Henry Guy Carlton.

Management, Charles Frohman.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

John Drew opens his season at the Baldwin on Monday night with "The Bauble Shop," a play by Henry Arthur Jones. He will also bring out during his engagement a new play which Henry Guy Carleton has written for him, entitled "That Imprudent Young Couple." The company that supports him is headed by Miss Maud Adams, and other members who are known here are Leslie Allen, Arthur Byron, Anna Belmont, and Annie Adams, Maud Adams's mother.

Henry J. W. Dam has written a new play, "The Clergyman's Daughter," to succeed "The Shop Girl" when it is taken off the London stage.

The reproduction of "Twelfth Night" at the Columbia Theatre recalls to old-timers the appearance of Adelaide Neilson in the same drama many years ago. To be precise, it was in the last week of March, 1877, that Neilson appeared for the first time in that play at the old California Theatre, on Bush Street. She had appeared as Juliet, Rosalind, Isabella, and Cymbeline, as well as in other rôles, but when she was announced to appear as Viola and it was known that the goggle-eyed first row would have an opportunity to "size up" her figure in tights, the house was more crowded than usual. She bore out in her figure the promise of her beautiful face. Rarely does one see a more beautiful woman in doublet and hose than was Adelaide Neilson masquerading as a hoy. Sebastian, the double of Viola, was taken by J. N. Long, familiarly known as "Nick" Long, one of the old California Theatre stock company; considering how dissimilar they were, it was remarkable how they made up to resemble one another. They made a pretty pair, and the resemblance between them was much more marked than is that between Miss Rose Coghlan and her double.

Fay Templeton, of America, and Bessie Bonnell, of England, will be the leading features of Rice's "1492" company when it comes to the Baldwin.

Genée's comedy-opera, "The Royal Middy," has caught the fancy of the Tivoli patrons, and will be continued throughout next week. Alice Carle, Alice Neilson, Mahella Baker, John J. Raffael, Hartman, and Broderick are in the cast. The next production will be a revival of Millocker's light opera, "The Black Hussar." Martin Pacbe and John J. Raffael will alternate in the title-rôle, and Miss Laura Millard will reappear as Rosetta.

"The Gay Parisians," a particularly reckless French play, is being arranged for the Frohman production at Hoyt's Theatre; but the parts that have to be left out will have worthy substitutes, for Augustus Thomas is making the adaptation.

Three plays will be given at the Columbia Theatre each night during the coming week. The first is a dramatic episode written for Maurice Barrymore by Augustus Thomas, and entitled "A Man of the World." The second is Charles Reade's one-act comedy, "Nance Oldfield," in which Rose Coghlan has one of her favorite rôles. The last is "A Tragedy Rehearsed," an adaptation of Sheridan's "Critic," in which Dixey made his first appearance in a "legitimate" rôle.

Ethel Barrymore, the daughter of Maurice Barrymore and the late Georgia Drew Barrymore, will make her theatrical debut at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, with her uncle, John Drew, in "The Bauble Shop."

Only two more nights remain of "Harbor Lights" at the Grand Opera House. Gustave Levick's strong melodramatic work and the elaborate production of the piece have been drawing crowds all through the week. On Monday, Herbert Hall Winslow's original comedy-drama, "A Cracker Jack," will be presented.

Peter Dailey has begun his winter season with a new play by John C. McNally, entitled "The Night Clerk."

Thomas Hardy is in almost daily consultation with Mrs. Patrick Campbell over his dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," in which she is to have the title-rôle. The big scene—presumably at the end of the third act—is to be Tess's confession, and this, of course, necessitates a considerable rearrangement of the story.

Among those who have admired Miss Rose Coghlan and her plump figure during the past week as Viola in "Twelfth Night," few will remember her first appearance in San Francisco. It was on the second of June, 1879, and she then assumed the position of leading lady at the Baldwin. The piece in which she made her debut was "London Assurance." She caused quite a sensation by her beauty, and particularly by her beautiful eyes. Her Lady Gay Spenser was followed by Lady Teazle. It is interesting to recall that in the company James O'Neill was the leading man, and Lewis Morrison was also in the cast, while Sir Harcourt Courtney and Sir Peter Teazle were taken by "Old Bradley," as he was affectionately called, long since dead. During the same week in 1879 that Miss Coghlan was playing at the Baldwin, "Pinafore" had just been produced at Dietz Hall for the first time in Oakland. Subsequent to that

it had a long run at what is now the Standard Theatre. Emily Melville was the Josephine; Ben Clark, the Ralph Rackstraw; Frank Unger, the Admiral; King Goodrich, Corcoran; Clay Greene, Deadeye; Will Edwards, the Boatman; while Buttercup and Hebe were played by Mattie and Alice Wheeler. During the same week, Lawrence Barrett was playing "The Duke's Motto" at the California, following it by W. D. Howells's drama, "A New Play." And in that week, on Wednesday, Mrs. Judah had a benefit which brought to that worthy woman the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars.

Charles Frohman, who returned from England and the Continent a few days ago, has occupied columns in the New York press telling about the new plays he has acquired. *L'ogues* enumerates them thus:

One play by Sidney Grundy; one by Victorian Sardou; one by Malcolm Watson; one by Haddon Chambers; one by Henry Arthur Jones; one new German comedy; another by Von Moser; a farce by Alexander Bisson; three other French plays; one by William Lescot; another called "Too Happy by Half"; one by Anthony Hope and Edward Rose; one French comedy; one by Henry Guy Carleton, "The Shop Girl"; Gilbert's opera, "His Excellency"; "The Artist's Model"; "The Sporting Duchess," a play by Bronson Howard; another by Augustus Thomas; another by Franklin Fyles; another (not the one up above) by Carleton; another by W. T. Dazey; another by William Gillette; another by B. C. Stephenson; and the Parisian success, "Hôtel du Libre Echange."

Jessie Bartlett Davis, Eugene Cowles, and George Frothingham are among the older members of the Bostonians who will be with the company when it comes to the Columbia Theatre. Among the new people is a tenor, A. S. Kingsley, who is said to possess a remarkable voice.

An elaborate production of Gounod's "Faust" will shortly be presented at the Tivoli. Mme. Ida Valera has been specially engaged for the rôle of Marguerite, and she will probably remain for a short season of grand opera.

The new farce-comedy which Charles H. Hoyt has written for his wife, Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, is called "A Contented Woman." It is a skit on the New Woman, and the scene is laid in Denver, where the heroine is dragged into politics and elected mayor against her will.

We are to see Madame Sans-Gêne at the Baldwin during the coming winter. Kathryn Kidder will be the very American substitute for Mme. Réjane.

"Twelfth Night" was first played in San Francisco at the old American Theatre in 1855, when Laura Keane took the rôle of Viola, and ten years later it was produced by Charles Wheatleigh at the old Eureka Theatre, which subsequently became the Pacific Stock Exchange. Viola was there taken by Miss Phelps. Every one remembers the recent production of the same piece by Miss Marie Wainwright at the California a few years ago, and it was the universal remark that while the lady, although a ripe beauty, looked well in silken fleshings, never had so hectored a boy trodden upon the stage. When Adelaide Neilson played Viola here in 1877, the members of the old California stock company were as follows: Ellie Wilton, Kate Dennin, Alice Harrison, Lou Johnstone, Grace D. Pierce, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Judah, T. W. Keene, Harry Edwards, W. A. Mestayer, John Wilson, W. M. Leman, C. B. Bishop, Louis Harrison, J. N. Long, B. K. Hodges. Among others who belonged to the company at about the same time were Eleanor Carey, Bella Pateman, Belle Chapman, Frankie McClellan, and Robert Pateman. *Eheu fugaces!* How many of them are dead!

Lottie Collins has returned to London and has repeated the success of her "Ta-ra-ra Boom," with a new song, entitled, "I Went to Paris with Papa." Here is the chorus of it:

"I went to Paris with papa, to see what kind the Frenchmen are.
Such funny ways they've got, which Englishmen have not.
You really should to Paris go; you learn so very much, you know.
I saw a lot in Paris that they never taught at school."

Mrs. L. Neumayer will give a repetition of the fairy operetta, "The Triumph of Love," at the Columbia Theatre next Thursday afternoon. There will be one hundred persons on the stage.

In an article on Mme. Bernhardt, published in a recent number of the *Strand*, the writer says that when she plays "Phèdre" she can not get through the evening without fainting at least once, sometimes oftener, and that he has seen her sit in her dressing-room an hour before she was due on the stage, "absorbed in the contemplation of the tragedy in which she was about to perform," while "the silent tears coursed down her cheeks." Mme. Pasta (comments the *Critic*) was not the victim of "curious introspection." She was much more practical. In "Norma," before she strangled her offspring, she stepped behind a "property" rock and fortified herself with beer; otherwise she could not have gone successfully through her part. But there were no interviewers in those days.

That was a very effective little poem that was printed as an epigraph for George R. Sims's "Lights o' London," and now for his new melo-

drama, "The City of Pleasure"—which is taken from the French, and resembles "The Two Orphans" in depicting the struggles of a young girl against the temptations of the French capital—he has written the following as an indication of its character:

"Laughter and love and the sound of song,
And the dancing feet of the thoughtless throng
That trip to a wild, mad measure;
Siren, stretching your arms of white,
City of all the world's delight,
Paris! The City of Pleasure!"

"Passion and Pride and the blinding tears,
The grief that gnaws and the shame that sears,
And, sweetest of all earth's treasure,
The love that lives and the faith that brings
The halm of peace on its angel wings
To the City of Pain and Pleasure!"

David Henderson's Extravaganza Company is to follow the Bostonians at the Columbia Theatre. The repertoire will probably include "Sinbad" and "Ali-Baba Up to Date."

Sonzogno, the Mæcenas of Italian opera, has written to Paul Potter to get permission for Mascagni to set "Trilby" to music.

Charles Dickson has a new play entitled "Other People's Money," which he will present for the first time at the Columbia Theatre in January. George A. Welles and Aubrey Boucicault will be in the cast.

The theatrical season in New York will open with a rush on or about the last of August. The *Sun* thus summarizes the announcements:

"The City of Pleasure" will have a strong cast at the Empire, and this Sims adaptation of the French 'Gigollette' should be very interesting. The American will begin with Wheeler and Alfriend's melodrama, for which a title has not yet been chosen; Palmer's, with 'Fleur-de-Lis,' a version of a French comic opera, with Della Fox and her company; Abbey's, with Sullivan's 'The Chieftain,' which Francis Wilson has obtained for this country; the Garrick, with a comedy in which the Holland brothers are to appear; the Broadway, with Spencer's 'The Princess Bonnie,' a musical piece not yet heard here; the Lyceum, with Hope's 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' dramatized for Mr. Sothern; Daly's, with 'The Queen's Necklace,' a version of 'Le Collier de la Reine,' with Mrs. Potter and Kyle Bellevue; Hoyt's, with E. O. Towne's 'Other People's Money,' in which Charles Dickson will be the principal; the Star, with a comic play in which Neil Burgess's acting and scenic inventions will figure; the Academy of Music, with 'The Sporting Duchess,' the latest of the big English turf dramas; the Standard, with 'The Capitol,' which is one of Augustus Thomas's unacted pieces; the Bijou, with McNally's 'The Widow Jones,' a farce for May Irwin; and the Casino will at about the same time give 'The Wizard of the Nile,' with Frank Daniels in it. The familiar plays at the openings will be 'The Gilded Fool,' with Mr. Goodwin, at the Fifth Avenue; 'His Wife's Father,' with Mr. Crane, at the Brooklyn Moutauk; 'Roh Roy,' at the Herald Square; 'The Wicklow Postman,' at the Fourteenth Street; 'Trilby,' at the Harlem Opera House; 'Fahio Romani,' at the People's; with 'The Passing Show,' at the Grand Opera House. The Garden will continue 'Trilby.'"

"The District Attorney," a play by Charles Klein and Harrison Grey Fiske, which was a success in New York last winter, will be produced at the Columbia by the present organization two weeks from Monday.

A curious and interesting entertainment is to be afforded at El Campo to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon. Captain John Roach, a noted diver, will give an exhibition of the methods of the modern sub-marine diver, and this will be followed by hurling naval displays.

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to "Some Celebrated Irish Beauties of the Last Century," a book that has just been published, the assertion is made that beauty is by-gone—out mere prettiness, but beauty of the "almond-shaped eyes, loog and laquishing, pouting lips, arched and lovely necks, queeely dignity. There is no lack of pretty faces, but beauty of the highest order is rare; so, too, is the lady of high degree, with her brocaded skirt, her courtly grace, and her graceful air. She belongs to the past, like the 'fioe gentleman.' There can be no question that the women of the last century possessed more of actual beauty than is to be found among the belles of our day." "A hundred years ago the newspapers printed metrical rhapsodies about any lady who happened to be the rage among the fioe gentlemen of St. James's," says another writer. "When Sir Benjamin Backbite's oephew had druck his morioing chocolate, he set about peoioing verses which were read all over the tow before ightfall. To our prosaic times he has to go into the city or a public office, and he does not spend his leisure in rhyming poeies with macaronies. The change of maneoers has made us less susceptible, and even if the loveliest of the sex were to appear in the park, we should not mob them, as the Guoonings used to be mobbed, wheo Maria, Countess of Covootry, persuaded the kio that she needed military protection. No doubt the Guoonings were very beautiful. Almost illiterate, endowed with a strong Irish brogue, and not remarkable for delicate reserve, they had the peerage at their feet. 'Extremely pretty, although not handsome,' wrote Horace Walpole of one of these charmers; 'very well made, with the most amorous eyes in the world, and eyelashes a yard loog.'"

In our days, when, thanks to the divorce laws, there are so many second, and even third, not to say fourth, marriages, it has become necessary to devise something more novel than the humdrum pale gray or mauve gown and tiny princess bonnet adorned with violets which had, so to speak, been hitherto the garb adopted by widows when contracting a new hymeneal bond. The augurs of fashion have therefore decreed (according to *Vogue*) that henceforth *bona fide* widows or divorcees shall wear the following costume, especially when they are young and good-looking, and do not desire to appear dowdy: Long-trained dress of moiré-aotique in that peculiar shade of mauve-pink called "orchydée," trimmed with flounces, volants, or panels of handsome lace, and on the head a Spanish mantilla of white lace, ruffled and coquettishly fastened with a half-garland or diadem of imperceptibly tinted roses. Diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, or emeralds can be worn in as great a profusion as is desirable or possible.

"Why is it," a French artist has just asked me, "that so many Englishwomen in tailor-made suits carry their arms as if they were teapot handles?" writes Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent. "I had often noticed that they did so, but did not think why. May it not be found in the high and tight-laced corsets? What can be so ungraceful as the pinched-in waist and high-set shoulders that go with the teapot-handle arms. But it seems that we shall not long be troubled with the sight of these disfigurements. The long-veiled question of the corset is in a way to be settled once and for all, and in a manner that will meet the approval of painters of the nude. Neither doctors nor rational dress-reformers will earn the credit of the change, thanks being due to the cycle only. Cycle tailors and trainers here are dead set against the corset. 'There's no answering for your safety, madam,' says the latter, 'if you must go on keeping your conventional figure. You need every muscle in your body, and every muscle free. A *ceinture* just deep enough to sustain the waistband of your knicks [knickerbockers—pronounced "koecks"] is all I can allow you. Indeed, the knicks should be so light as hardly to weigh on the hips. The cycling-dress should be so light and elastic that in wearing it one should scarcely feel dressed, were it not for the warmth.'"

A bicycle dinner of twelve, by which a rider was recently welcomed home from a run, is thus described in the *Bazaar*: "The table was a perfect circle, and was covered with a white damask cloth of finest quality. In the centre was placed a round mass of flowers of the club colors, to represent a hub, and in the centre of this was a flat iced cake, perfectly round, representing a racing-track, and on it five toy bicyclers on their wheels. From this centre were laid spokes to the tire, which was represented by a rope of smilax. The spokes were made by laying narrow satin ribbons on the cloth, secured at either end with pins, and over the ribbon was laid a tinsel cord. The object of this was to avoid the use of wire, which would be unmaoageable. Tinsel cord alone would not be sufficiently effective, so it was assisted by the ribbon background. Thus the effect of a wheel was given. To avoid complications with the really useful accessories of the table-setting, the tire of the wheel only reached within fifteen inches of the table edge, thus leaving space for plates and

glasses, and an occasional dish of salted outs, *marrons glacés*, and other dainties. Nickel-plated bicycle laoterns are really pretty things wheo the light shioes from the red-glass sides, and oot the bull's-eye. Five of these were lighted and tuored low, the bull's-eye screened with flowers, and were placed at intervals around the table between the spokes. Name-cards were squares of card-board, with sketches of meo and girls in bicycle costume oo their wheels or beside them. Occasional menu-cards were laid about the table, and these were in the shape of wheels, with the courses fioely lettered between the spokes. It was difficult to arraoe the viaoos to correspond to the ceotral idea, as wheels are not ioteoed for the interior decoration of mao, however much their exterior use may be ao aid to good digestion; so a sort of compromise was made oo a *saddle* of veioos (or muttoo) and small wheels of ice-cream."

The little tiokkioing bells of the haosoms are heard from morioing until ight in Loodoo, and it is oo considered quite the thio (according to a corre-spondeot of the *Bazaar*) for ladies to use them at all hours when driving about alooe. It is bright daylight at eight o'clock in Loodoo, wheo one starts off to a dinner, and the visioos of lovelioess which float by in these vehicles, bareheaded, and with a gauzy scarf thrown over their shoulders, seem a little startling at first. One sooo grows accustomed to them, and as rapidly acquires the habit of returoing home alooe in haosoms, which are always to be had in ceotral portions of Loodon. Even at two or three o'clock in the early morioing there is oo darkness to obscure, only a gloom through which one can recognize the faces of friends at a short distance; so oo rolls aloog safely and coo-teetly, notioing an occasional brilliant display of electric lights, which blazoo a ducal coronet or some symbol of armorial beariogs upon the blackened walls of fioe old palaces, and tell of the great fuotions which are being held within.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number. "And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders, in dismay. "His head!" echoed one of the ministers; "he has no head! What you call a head is only a top-knot that his Maker put there to keep him from raveling out."

An old man in Glasgow told Mr. James T. Fields that he had once carried a law case to Sir Walter Scott for adjustment. "How did he manage it?" asked Mr. Fields. "Oh, beautifully!" returned the old client; "he told me a bonny story about a coo and a calf in Dundee; and then he sent me over the way to a brither lawyer who, he told me, had a larger head for such affairs than himself. But it was a braw story that he told me about the cattle o' Dundee, and it makes me laugh to this day when I think on't!"

The esteem in which the sailor's calling is held in Massachusetts coast towns is indicated by a story that comes from Martha's Vineyard. A teacher was wanted, and a sailor applied for the position. He had to pass an examination by the committee, and trembled at the ordeal, being sadly unlearned in book-lore. The chairman began the examination: "Mr. —, what is the shape of the earth?" "It is round, sir," the candidate answered. "How do you know?" "Because I have sailed around it three times." "That will do, sir!" He received his "certificate" as a teacher without another question being asked.

During the last legislative session at Tallahassee, a bill was introduced providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose, and with great gravity and dignity, said: "Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that bill. I am opposed to it, because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom-sedge, and a little later you hear his voice a-yelping in a high key and the yelps gettin' fainter and fainter, till by and bye you can just hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and see a little, bench-legged, yellin' rascal barkin', his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin' tree, jes' you get a long pole, and meat is your'n for dinner." There was breathless silence during this eloquent appeal on behalf of the "rabbit" dog. When it had been concluded, others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of rabbit dogs they owned. The bill was killed by a large majority.

The following anecdote appears in a recent number of *Leslie's Weekly*: "After he was graduated from Bowdoin College, ex-Speaker Reed thought seriously of becoming a minister; but he studied law instead of divinity, and went to California to hang out his shingle. The story of his admission to the bar there is interesting. 'Tom,' said the judge, 'is the legal-tender act constitutional?' 'It is, sir,' answered the young lawyer, who knew his examiner's bent. 'You shall be admitted,' said the judge, and the ceremony was over. This version spoils an excellent anecdote. The story as it occurred is as follows: When Tom Reed was to be examined for admission to the bar, Judge W. T. Wallace was then on the supreme bench and the candidate appeared before him for examination. It was in the early sixties, and the country was convulsed with varying opinions on the legal-tender act. It is true that Judge Wallace said to the candidate: 'Is the legal-tender act constitutional?' 'It is, sir,' was the reply. 'You are passed, sir,' replied Judge Wallace at once; 'any young man who can decide grave constitutional questions like that off-hand requires no further examination.'

Some time ago two Chilean gentlemen agreed to visit Europe. One of them resolved to proceed overland to Montevideo, where he would join the Straits steamer, while the other preferred to make the journey by sea. In due time the steamer arrived at Montevideo, and the two friends met again. The traveler by sea complained that the Chilean stewards on board professed a profound ignorance of their native tongue. "Only imagine," he said, "that during all the voyage from Valparaiso to Montevideo I have been unable to obtain *pan con mantequilla* (bread and butter) because the stewards either would not or could not understand me." "My dear friend," replied the overland route man, "I will tell you how to overcome that difficulty. There is a considerable number of Spanish words which can be made to do duty as English. It is merely a question of pursuing up the mouth and speaking harshly through the teeth. For instance, in the case of *pan con mantequilla*, the Spanish words to be employed are *sombrero y bota*. Make the trial, and you will be convinced of the efficacy of my method." Next morning the two friends sat down together to

breakfast, and the overland man, nudging his companion, whispered: "Try my method." Immediately afterward one of the Chilean *moscos* who was unable to comprehend the meaning of *pan con mantequilla* approached, and the passenger, screwing up his mouth and speaking through his teeth, exclaimed: "Sombrero y bota." "Some bread and butter?" Yes, sir," came the answer, and the passenger had no difficulty after that in procuring *pan con mantequilla*.—Ex.

In the winter of 1860-1, the majority of the students at the Virginia Military Institute were secessionists, while the people of the town were almost unanimously for the Union. One day, two of the students came back to the institute much worsted in a fight with the villagers, and the whole school resolved on vengeance. Seizing their guns, a large number of the boys started toward the town. On their way they had to pass Professor Jackson's house, and he came out just in time to intercept them. Jackson stepped on a horse-block in front of the house, and just as the foremost of the students came abreast of him, he called out in his most commanding tone: "Halt; front face!" Almost instinctively they obeyed, and after waiting for the stragglers to come up, he said, in his mildest tone: "Well, young gentlemen, where are you going?" One of the men explained in a very excited way that two of the "boys" had been maltreated by the villagers, and they were determined on revenge. "Well," said the professor, "that may all be very well; but whom have you for leader? You can't go on an expedition without a leader." They had not thought of that, they said. "Well, suppose I lead you?" said Professor Jackson. Nothing would suit them better. "All right," said the professor; "but before we start, we must get a little better organization." To that end he marched and counter-marched them, wheeled them up and down the road, and, in short, carried them through all the evolutions necessary for his purpose, which was to cool them off. That being accomplished, he halted them before the horse-block, and, having lectured them, he wound up by advising them to go back to school and be good boys. And this they did, after giving three cheers for Professor Jackson.

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If Spain keeps on shooting she may eventually win a cigar.—*Detroit Tribune*.



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7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	10.50 P.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Romsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite) Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, Bakersfield, and Sacramento.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A. Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....

8.15 A. Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....

* 2.15 P. Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....

4.45 P. Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A. San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....

† 7.30 A. Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....

8.15 A. San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....

† 9.47 A. Palo Alto and Way Stations.....

10.40 A. San José and Way Stations.....

11.45 A. Palo Alto and Way Stations.....

† 2.15 P. "Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....

* 2.30 P. San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....

* 3.30 P. San José and principal Way Stations.....

* 4.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....

5.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....

6.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....

† 11.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. § Wednesdays only. †† Mondays only.

‡ Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895.

Belgic.....August 2, 1895.

Coptic (Via Honolulu) Thursday, September 12

Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 1

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Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, Aug. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For

San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport,

Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Fomona*, Saturday to Monday ex-

ception to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf, 1 Saturdays at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Maratlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 25th of each month.

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SOCIETY.

The Hayne-Howard Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Howard and Mr. Duncan Hayne took place last Saturday in San Mateo. Miss Howard is the daughter of the late George H. Howard, of San Mateo, and has a wide circle of friends in society, though she has not been going out much in the past two or three years, because of bereavements in the family. Mr. Hayne is an attorney-at-law practicing in this city, and is a member of the University and Burlingame Clubs.

The ceremony took place in a consecrated chapel in the home of the groom's brother, Judge Robert Y. Hayne. Only near relatives of the contracting parties were present. They had all assembled in the chapel at twelve o'clock, noon, when a string orchestra, stationed in an adjacent room, struck up the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the Rev. Father Callahan appeared at the altar; the groom, accompanied by his brother, Mr. A. P. Hayne, who served as best man, took up their stations near him to await the coming of the bride. Then the bride, attired in a modish gown of heavy white silk, entered, escorted by her brother, Mr. Harry Howard, whose office it was to give her into the keeping of the groom. The marriage service was read by Father Callahan in a very impressive manner, and, after he had pronounced them man and wife, the orchestra sounded forth the joyous strains of Soederman's "Swedish Wedding March" and, Master Robin Hayne delivering to the bride her bouquet of lilies of the valley, the young couple descended to the drawing-room, where they received the hearty congratulations of those present.

Neighbors and friends staying in San Mateo then began to arrive at the house, and by the time the next train from the city had deposited its load of guests, the spacious rooms were well filled.

At one o'clock the wedding breakfast, to which Judge and Mrs. Hayne had invited a number of their friends, was served, and a couple of hours were devoted to its enjoyment. Afterward the guests strolled about the handsome grounds, returning to town at a late hour in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayne have taken a house in San Mateo, and, after a brief tour of the southern resorts, will reside there for some months to come.

The Castle-Winston Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of the late Dr. J. Winston in Los Angeles, last Wednesday, when his daughter, Miss Virginia Winston, was united in marriage to Colonel Albert E. Castle, of this city, son of the late Frederick L. Castle. A limited number of relatives and intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at one o'clock by Rev. Father McAuliffe in the handsomely decorated parlors. The bride was attractively gowned in white satin, and was given into the keeping of the groom by her brother, Mr. James W. Winston. An elaborate déjeuner was served after the wedding, and then the newly married couple departed for Coronado Beach. They will reside in this city.

The Coming Outing at Del Monte.

There is every evidence at hand to demonstrate that the coming outing to be given at Del Monte under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association will be a decided success. The entries for horses will close to-night, and in a few days it will be definitely known just what stock has been entered. At present advices there will be three polo teams, of four men each, commanded respectively by Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. Malcolm Thomas, and Mr. J. S. Tohin. In addition to this, it is expected that the Riverside and Santa Monica Clubs will send up a mixed team to play on their own individuality, but not as representatives of either club.

The pony and steeplechase races will certainly

prove to be very exciting as some excellent entries will be made and both gentlemen and professional riders will be allowed to participate, the latter, however, with a handicap of ten pounds each. Then there will be the pigeon trap-shooting by members of the Country Club, and the grand hall and the display of fireworks at the lake, which will conclude the festivities of the week. It will be a gala occasion, and all of society will be represented there. The music will be a special feature of the outing, as a military band of fifty pieces will be present and give concerts every afternoon and evening. Each night the grounds will be brilliantly illuminated by means of Japanese lanterns and cords of incandescent electric lights hung from the trees.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Hobart and Mr. Winthrop E. Lester will take place on Tuesday, September 10th.

A cotillion was danced at the Hotel del Monte last Wednesday evening under the leadership of Lieutenant Richard C. Croxton, First Infantry, U. S. A. There was quite a large attendance of both dancers and on-lookers, who enjoyed the attractive figures very much.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Prince George of England is an inveterate cigarette-smoker. He consumes from forty to fifty each day.

The De Reszkés are devoted to cycling, and recently took a trip together from their Polish estate to Mont Dore by wheel.

According to the London *Figaro*, the only woman in England admired by the Shahzada was an American, Mrs. George N. Curzon, formerly Miss Leiter.

Princess Feodora of Saxe-Meiningen, the oldest of Queen Victoria's great-grandchildren, is sixteen, and has just been confirmed. The queen may be a great-great-grandmother yet.

The late O. H. P. Burnham, the Boston bookseller, who conducted his business for years in the basement of the old South Church, left nearly four hundred thousand dollars to various charities.

At the town of Homestead, Penn., the scene of the famous riots at the Carnegie steel-works in July, 1892, Hugh O'Donnell, leader of the strikers, who is blacklisted in every iron and steel-mill in the United States, is publishing a radical working-man's paper.

As the English law officers are no longer permitted to retain their private practice, Sir Edward Clarke, who was solicitor-general in Lord Salisbury's last ministry, has refused to take the office again, though the salary is thirty thousand dollars and fees averaging twelve thousand dollars a year, and it is a sure step toward the lord chancellorship.

M. Georges Patinot, editor and part proprietor of the *Journal des Débats*, died recently in Paris; he married into the newspaper, his wife being Mlle. Bertin, daughter of one of the founders. He had been employed in the administrative service, and, as *chef de cabinet* of Leon Renault, Thiers's prefect of police, arrested Prince Jerome Napoleon in 1872.

The coming man in Turkey is Turchan Pasha, the new foreign minister, who has had a remarkable career and is in high favor with the Sultan and the Grand Vizier. He was educated in France, and his wife is one of Turkey's rare "New Women." At her husband's official receptions, she stands by his side unveiled, dressed in the latest European styles and wearing eye-glasses.

Rabah, who has made himself master of the Sultanate of Bornu, Africa, and much of the surrounding country, is a tall negro, who was a slave of the dealer Zohehr Pasha. He has immense treasures of gold, silver, and ivory. Several men who recently arrived in Tripolis say that he is a genuine robber knight, and has imposed a poll-tax of one dollar on the inhabitants of Bornu.

For several years Walter Winans, of Baltimore, has held the revolver championship of England. At the Risley National Rifle Association meeting for this year, Mr. Winans again won it, Mr. Joynt, the Irish champion, being second, and Lieutenant Chitty, the champion of India, third. Mr. Winans also made the four best scores on record, two of them being the highest possible, and ten first prizes altogether fall to him.

Everybody knows Oliver Herford through his funny verses and drawings. Much of the best of his work has been collected and published recently by the Century Company under the title of "Artful Antics." One of his whimsicalities is the first rule in a book of etiquette for young ladies that Herford contemplates publishing at some distant day: "Débutantes should never wear corsage-bouquets on an empty stomach." Another is: "Some men are born babies, some achieve babies, and some have babies thrust upon them."

President Diaz of Mexico, while on a duck-chase, saw a number of ducks rise on the opposite side of the lake on which he was hunting and begin flying

toward him. He at once took his position in the bow of the boat. The boatman was slowly paddling toward the bank. Just as President Diaz raised his gun to fire, the boat struck bottom, and the president sat down in the mud. Without noticing the interruption, he let go both barrels and brought down two ducks, at the same time remarking: "I wonder if the President of the United States could heat that."

One noteworthy American visitor to London this season has received very little attention. This is Mrs. Custer, widow of General Custer, who was massacred, with all his command, by Sitting Bull's Indians. Mrs. Custer accompanied her husband all through the Civil War, and in a considerable part of his Indian campaigns. Five members of the Custer family perished in his last fight. All were scalped, except the general himself and one of his officers, who had a glass eye. The Indians were afraid to scalp a man who gazed at them after death. Custer they respected for his bravery.

The death of the Dowager-Countess of Mar and Kellie, at the age of eighty-three, revives an interest in one of the most extraordinary Peerage controversies. She was the wife of the twelfth Earl of Kellie, who claimed the ancient Earldom of Mar, which had been revived by Queen Mary in favor of the famous regent. The twelfth Earl of Kellie died before making good his claim, which was, however, pursued by his grandson, who was opposed by Mr. Goodve-Erskine. The controversy was decided by Parliament in this extraordinary manner: That the title was held to have been conferred twice, whereby the present Earl of Kellie became the twelfth and Mr. Goodve-Erskine the twenty-sixth Earl of Mar.

The Italian royal visitor to England, the Duke of Genoa, is both cousin and brother-in-law to the King of Italy, being Prince Tommaso of Savoy, son of the late Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, a younger brother of the late King Victor Emmanuel; while his elder sister, Princess Margherita, married King Umberto in 1868, and is one of the most amiable and beloved of queens. The Duke of Genoa, who is forty-one years of age, was partly educated in England, being first, in early boyhood, placed under the private tuition of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, in whose house he lived for some time, and afterwards entered at Harrow School. He is a vice-admiral of the fleet of the kingdom of Italy, having had regular professional instruction in the Royal Marine College at Genoa, and having, in 1880, commanded the corvette *Vettor Pisani* in a voyage round the world. He is married to a Bavarian princess.

The Loring Club.

The Loring Club announces that the first concert of its nineteenth season will be held on Thursday evening, August 22d, in Odd Fellows' Hall. This is the first concert by the club since they lost their conductor, Mr. David W. Loring, who, a few months ago, left California to reside in Japan. Mr. Loring having served the club as director since its foundation until the close of the eighteenth season.

A few months ago the club elected to the vacant post of conductor Mr. D. P. Hughes, who gives promise of being a worthy successor to Mr. Loring, whose musical enthusiasm and care brought the Loring Club to a very high standard of excellence, it being conceded by competent judges that it has taken for the past several years a front rank among similar organizations in the United States.

The Loring Club is to be congratulated on having associated with it such a competent accompanist and solo pianist as Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, who, in addition to acting as accompanist, will play the solo piano part in two trios, with Mr. Sigmund Beel (violin) and Mr. Louis Heine (violin), namely, Tschaikowsky's theme variations, op. 50, and "Bolero," and "Seguidillas Gitanas," by Fernandez Arbos, a rising composer of the modern school, whose nationality is reflected in this brilliant trio.

Considerable interest is felt in this concert by the club, the tickets being in great demand. It is announced that the club aims in the present season to produce some of the more important compositions for a male voice chorus with orchestra, and it is hoped that the associate membership list will fill up so as to assure this being accomplished.

Mr. William C. Carl, the noted organist, arrived here from New York city last Tuesday. It is possible that he will give a series of recitals in this city.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mr. William H. Crocker, and Mr. Colin Smith left last Saturday to visit Castle Crags, where Mrs. Crocker has been for some time. Mr. Brown returned to the city last Tuesday.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. H. E. Huntington have returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills passed last Saturday and Sunday at San Mateo.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt have returned to Oakland after passing the season at their mountain ranch and villa, Montesalida, near Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Mitchell arrived in London recently, and from there went direct to Carlshad.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman, the Misses May and Alice Hoffman, and Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., are at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, the Misses Alice and Birdie Rutherford, and Mr. Alexander Rutherford have left Castle Crags, and are at the Hotel del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell returned from Del Monte last Monday, after passing a couple of months there.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and the Misses Mamie and Helen Thomas will not return from Europe until the middle of October.

Mr. John W. Mackay has returned from a trip to Alaska, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Senator John P. Jones arrived from Nevada early in the week, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. D. O. Mills and Mr. Ogden Mills have arrived here from New York city on a short visit.

Mr. George Almer Newhall has been at the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckhee went to Castle Crags early in the week for a brief visit.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left on Friday to visit the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Riordan and Miss Mamie Riordan have returned from the country, and are at The Colonial.

Mrs. M. Hyman and the Misses Agnes and Sadie Hyman have returned from a visit to the Yellowstone Park.

Judge and Mrs. Edward A. Belcher returned last Wednesday from a four weeks' outing in the mountains of Humboldt and Trinity Counties.

Mr. Carl Dahlstrom, who has been traveling throughout the United States for the past two years and a half, is permanently located at The Colonial.

Miss Julia Crocker has left Castle Crags, and is now at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs and the Misses Bee and Ethel Hooper will pass the remainder of this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston, of Oakland, are entertaining Mrs. Wilbur Allen, of Arizona.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will leave San Rafael next Wednesday, and go to the Hotel del Monte for a fortnight.

Misses Miriam and Frances Moore are at the Hotel del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing and Mrs. Lee, of San Rafael, have been visiting friends in Santa Cruz during the past week.

Miss Carolan and Miss Genevieve Carolan are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Edith McBean went to the Hotel del Monte last Thursday.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Mr. Athole McBean have returned from Alaska and are at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers are passing the season at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker have returned from Ukiah.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin will leave next Tuesday to visit the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins is passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Albert E. Dibblee and Miss Anita Dibblee are visiting Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will reside in Oakland during the winter.

Mr. James Brett Stokes is passing the summer at Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood are passing several weeks at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis are visiting Santa Monica.

Mrs. J. H. Condit-Smith and the Misses Condit-Smith are passing the month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin and her daughter left Santa Cruz last Monday to visit friends in Oakland.

Mr. J. Plantaganet Bozzles and Mr. Cotati Brown, two young English harristers, together with the Earl of Renwick, are visiting Captain and Mrs. Collier at Villa Kahana, near Clear Lake.

Cablegrams from Paris announce the sudden death there, on August 15th, of William S. McMurtry, Jr., a well-known resident of San Francisco. The cause of death is said to be heart disease. Mr. McMurtry had taken apartments in Paris, intending to make a lengthy stay. Although a young man, being only thirty-four years of age, he had accumulated quite a fortune. He was a member of the Pacific-Union, Bohemian, University, Burlingame, and Country Clubs, and was extremely popular in society. His untimely death will be sincerely regretted by his many friends.

Misses Eva and Blanche Castle went to Los Angeles early in the week to attend their brother's wedding.

Mr. James C. Dunphy returned from Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Miss Anita Gonzalez, of Santa Cruz, left last Thursday for Paris, and will be away until next spring.

Mr. L. M. Gashwiler and the Misses Lottie and Laura Gashwiler have returned from a visit at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Miss Helen Wagner, and Miss Clara Huntington will pass the remainder of this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Henry Heyman has returned from a prolonged visit at Clear Lake, where he was the guest of Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier at their summer home, Villa Kahana.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pasmore are passing a month at Palo Alto.

Rev. W. H. Moreland was at Newport, R. I., last week.

Mrs. B. H. Baird and Miss Marie Baird have returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead are occupying their cottage at Byron Springs. They have as their guest Miss Birdie

Collins, who will leave next month for Honolulu with Mrs. Cornwall to visit her for a couple of months.

Mr. Harry S. Fonda, who is well known in San Francisco, not only as a talented young artist, but as an excellent pianist as well, and who went to Paris about two years ago to study art, has a painting in this year's Salon, entitled "Un Passage," which attracts much attention. The announcement has also just been received that Mr. Fonda has become engaged to a charming young American lady, Miss May E. MacLeod, of Worcester, Mass., who is studying singing in Paris, and is said to be one of the great Marchesi's most promising pupils.

Mrs. K. H. Withrow and the Misses Marie and Eva Withrow have returned from a prolonged tour of Southern California.

Mr. Edward H. Sheldon and Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie returned from Castle Crags last Monday.

Miss Newlands has been at the Tavern of Castle Crags during the past week.

Mrs. James Irvine and her son, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, came up from Los Angeles last Thursday. Mr. Byrne will return on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Joseph B. Crockett was in London last week.

Mr. Clinton Day and family are in Paris.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., arrived in Washington, D. C., last Tuesday.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the *Texas*.

Commander C. H. Stockton, U. S. N., has been detached from special duty at the War College, and will leave on September 3d to command the *Yorktown* on the Asiatic Station. He will relieve Commander W. M. Folger, U. S. N., who has been ordered home and granted three months' leave of absence.

Major Gerald Russell, U. S. A. (retired) has removed from Denver to San Diego.

Major S. W. Groesbeck, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty in this department.

Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Adjutant, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea. Lieutenant Galbraith's continued ill-health is the cause of his departure for the East and Europe.

Lieutenant W. B. Homer, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is away on a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., returned from Del Monte on Friday, and are at The Colonial.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"I'd like a flower in my coat when I go."
She—"I'll put it in now."—Life.

May—"I would be perfectly happy if my fiancé
were down here." Belle—"So would we all, dear."
—Truth.

Miss Willard asks: "Why can't men be beauti-
ful?" It is pretty hard to be beautiful and good,
too.—Norristown Herald.

"Going to take your family abroad, Hicks?"
"Yep." "Where do you expect to be in August?"
"In bankruptcy."—Bazar.

Wife—"What do you think of Bridget's cook-
ing?" Husband—"I think if she tried to boil
water she'd burn it."—Truth.

"Jones, we miss you lots. You haven't been to
the club since your wife died." "Well, don't
worry. I shall marry again."—Life.

Tragedian (to fellow-conspirator)—"Hist! Now
is the time to act!" Voice from the gallery—
"Wal, w'y'n'ell don't you?"—Puck.

She (reproachfully)—"You said you would die
for me." He (stiffly)—"I was referring to my
whiskers, madam."—Detroit Free Press.

Manager—"I want to hire a legitimate actor
right off." Agent—"Oh, don't come to me for
'legits.' Go to the nearest free-lunch counter."
—Truth.

Ada—"I hear that Harry Robinson's father has
started him in business." Ida—"Yes; I under-
stand he couldn't get anybody to pay Harry a
salary."—Puck.

"Say, guide, what does that memorial stone
commemorate?" "I put it there. It is upon that
spot where a tourist once gave me five marks."—
Fliegende Blätter.

A true friend: Miss Withers—"What would you
do if I should refuse you?" He—"I'd see if I
couldn't find some other fellow who would be will-
ing to marry you."—Life.

Painter (to his model)—"Now you can rest a bit
while I paint in the background." Peasant woman
(hashfully)—"Ach, then I suppose I shall have to
turn round."—Feierabend.

He—"And I will promise that I will let you have
your own way in everything." She—"Oh, I don't
require that!" He—"You don't?" She—"I
mean the promise."—Puck.

Friend (being shown through the house)—"Do
you find that the use of a gas-stove increases your
gas-bills much?" Mr. Housekeeper—"Not a bit!
the company doesn't know we have it."—Puck.

Gomez—"I say, was it you who recommended
that cook to my wife?" Perez—"I believe so."
Gomez—"Then I should like you to come and have
dinner with us to-night."—La Gaceta de Malaga.

"Did you enjoy that coaching-trip you went
on?" "Oh, immensely! Before we'd gone half-
way, there were hardly any two who'd speak to
each other, and all of us cut our host dead."
—Puck.

"I hope you will not spend this time for rum,"
said the generous man. "Rum?" rejoined the
grateful recipient; "do you take me for a Yankee
sailor? I am a hawn Kaintuckian, sah."—Indian-
apolis Journal.

Ethel—"So Arthur proposed last night?"
Maude—"Yes." Ethel—"And did you accept
him?" Maude—"I was so awfully excited, I don't
know whether I did or not. If he comes to-night,
I did; if he doesn't, I didn't."—Scribner's.

"So you are having your house redecorated, Mr.
Hawkins?" "Yes; the workmen began last
week." "Are you making radical changes?"
"Yes—very." "What is to be the main feature
of the new house?" "You—if you'll consent."—
Bazar.

Miss Buzbuz—"Do you sell postage-stamps?"
Drug clerk—"Yes'm." Miss Buzbuz—"Well, let
me have five two's, please; and give me nice ones,
won't you? The last ones I bought all stuck to-
gether in my pocket before I'd been carrying them
around a week."—Roxbury Gazette.

Miss Coygirl—"Jack Softleigh told me last night
that I ought to accept him, because he was willing
to prove his love for me." Her friend—"What
did you say?" Miss Coygirl—"I said I couldn't
see it in that light." Her friend—"Then what did
he say?" Miss Coygirl—"Nothing. He just
turned the light out."—Philadelphia Record.

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During the past week a "Silver Convention" has been held in San Francisco, which doubtless will assume to represent the views of the State of California. But it is doubtful whether any such assumption can be borne out by the facts. The delegates to the "Silver Convention" were appointed by the "Pacific Bimetallic Union," but no information has yet been obtained as to how the State of California appointed the "Pacific Bimetallic Union."

A number of weeks ago the Argonaut suggested the calling of a "monetary convention," the members to be chosen from business and professional men rather than from among politicians. The suggested "monetary convention" was to be non-partisan, and its object was to ascertain the feelings of the people of California on the question of the national finances and the national currency. We said at the time

that California was always cited as a free-silver State, yet that the politicians and the daily press seemed to us to assume that the people were in favor of free silver, without any convincing evidence of that fact having yet been presented.

The present silver convention seems to us to be in the same position. It is composed principally of politicians rather than of business men. It is reinforced by delegates from Nevada—a distinctively silver State, a State whose main product has been silver, and a State which has already committed herself to silver by practically expatriating all Democrats and Republicans, driving both parties out of her horders, and declaring that "every candidate for office in Nevada must be for free silver or get out." This may be the Nevada way in politics, but it does not strike us as being the American way.

It by no means follows that California's interests are identical with those of Nevada. California produces no silver at all, while Nevada produces nothing else. Hence we question the wisdom of admitting Nevada delegates to what is ostensibly a Californian convention.

While the convention of the past week has been professedly "non-partisan," it has leaned toward Populism. The Nevada delegates, being already committed to that expiring and feeble fad, and having no political home to go to except that refuge of the politically destitute, strove manfully to drag the Californian delegates down into the pit where they had fallen. But old war-horses like Morris M. Estee, Thomas J. Clunie, and Timothy Guy Phelps hesitated before they took this fatal step. They were wise. In a year or two, while there may be a bimetallic party, there will be no free-silver party. And in less than a year or two there will be absolutely no remnant left of the Populist party.

It is pertinent for us to put to the delegates of the Silver Convention the same question that we put in these columns some months ago. If California is in favor of free silver, why does the "specific contract law" still stand upon her statute-books? By that law, which was passed in 1862, California shut out the national currency, or greenbacks, and placed herself on a gold basis, where she has ever since remained. Under the specific contract system of California (which practically is universal, as all bills, bonds, deeds, mortgages, etc., bear the words "payable in United States gold coin") silver is not legal tender at all. This has been the case for thirty-three years. Several legislatures have met and adjourned in this State since the silver agitation began. Yet there has been no attempt on the part of the silver men to repeal the specific contract law. Why not?

It is our belief that the tone of the free-silver men is moderating. It is certainly evident in the tone of the free-silver press. Had such a body as this convened in San Francisco six months ago, it would have attracted infinitely more attention than it has to-day. Six months ago, the Examiner would have arched its editorial neck and pricked up its editorial ears like a war-horse eager for the thunder of the battle and the shooting. To-day, the Examiner is mild and thoughtful, and speaks in these tepid tones of what it calls "The Silver Love Feast":

"The Silver Convention now in session at Metropolitan Hall is one of the encouraging phenomena of the times. . . . Of course this convention can not speak for California. It is merely a gathering of enthusiastic advocates of a cause. Whatever they say is certain of respectful attention. . . . Popular sentiment on great questions can sometimes be judged from conventions and public meetings. But, after all, there is but one reliable test, and that is a vote of the people. Unfortunately, no such vote can be secured at present."

It is difficult to believe that this pensive and contemplative Examiner of to-day, which looks upon the silver men with mild and thoughtful curiosity, can be the fiery, free-silver Examiner of six months ago.

The silver question will probably solve itself. As times improve, people will cease trying to get rich by legislation. As the Argonaut has so often said, we think one of the best ways to settle the silver question would be to get the people of this country into the habit of using silver. The

people of California do not use silver—they use gold. The people of the Eastern States do not use silver—they use paper. Yet the people of European countries—which nations we are fond of denouncing as "the enemies of silver"—use millions of silver coins where we use one. In England, the smallest current paper money is the five-pound note—about twenty-five dollars of our money; in France, the smallest current paper money is the fifty-franc note—about ten dollars of our money. In both England and France, the smallest current gold-piece is about the equivalent of our five-dollar piece—the sovereign and the twenty-franc piece; there are smaller gold coins, as there are here, but they are little used. The result is that millions of silver coins are used in European countries to do the duty which here is done by the smaller denominations of paper hills.

There are now in circulation in the United States bills below the denomination of twenty dollars amounting to the enormous sum of 839 millions of dollars. If all the paper money below the twenty-dollar bill were retired, the people of the East would doubtless look upon it as a hardship. Yet England has no current paper money below twenty-five dollars, and she manages to do a good deal of business.

There has been much lamentation among the gold men over the fact that there are about 540 millions, in silver dollars and silver bullion, lying idle in the United States Treasury. If the 839 millions in paper money of low denominations, consisting of gold certificates, silver certificates, United States notes, Treasury notes, and national bank-notes, should be retired, we think the people of the United States, like the people of Europe, would find speedy use for the 540 millions of silver now lying "idle in the Treasury."

The school directors of San Francisco are at present engaged in discussing the reduction of teachers' salaries. We have heard nothing as yet from them touching the reduction of any salaries but those of the assistants in the primary and grammar grades. The salaries of teachers in the high schools, of "special" teachers, and what we may call "extra" teachers, are not mentioned at all. The whole reduction seems to be aimed at the assistant teachers—the hard-working women who bear the heat and burden of the day.

The Argonaut certainly can not be suspected of being unfriendly to the public schools. We have shown that in the past. But we are very unfriendly to any movement which, while upholding what we consider the useless extravagance of the upper or high schools of the department, has a tendency to impair the efficiency of the primary and grammar schools.

We think it well to show the public how their money is being expended. There are in the department a number of "special" teachers, of whom we shall presently give a list. The department is growing top-heavy, and a sum is being paid out to "special" teachers and to teachers in high schools which is ridiculously out of proportion to that paid for the maintenance of the entire department.

For example, we find by the last report of the school superintendent that there were in attendance at the grammar and primary schools during the preceding school year 32,939 pupils. We find, in the same school year, that 1,433 pupils attended the high schools; in other words, a trifle over four per cent. attended the high schools. In these high schools—the Boys' (or Lowell) High School, the Girls' High School, and the Polytechnic High School—there were employed forty-nine teachers. It is difficult for us to get the exact amount paid out in salaries; while the principals received salaries of \$3,000, vice-principals salaries of \$1,980, and heads of departments salaries of \$1,860, the salaries of the teachers ranged from \$1,320 to \$1,680, according to experience. Averaging this, however, we find the sum of \$51,240 paid out for salaries in the boys' and girls' high schools annually. In the other high school, the Polytechnic, the sum paid out for salaries is more difficult to estimate, as the instructors range from "teachers of clay

modeling" to "teachers of political science." However, a careful estimate shows that there is expended in salaries in this high school, per annum, the sum of \$23,220. This makes a total of \$74,460 expended for salaries alone in the three high schools of this department, attended by only 1,433 out of over 33,000 pupils.

In addition to all these high schools, there is the San Francisco Normal School. The history of the San Francisco Normal School is peculiar. For some years there was in the Girls' High School a single class known as the "normal class," where girls were supposed to be trained for teachers. The teaching was formerly done by a single assistant. Gradually the normal class evolved into an "annex," and finally into a distinct school, known as the "San Francisco Normal School." Now it has a principal, a vice-principal, a teacher of elementary science, a teacher of drawing, and up to a very recent period a teacher of cookery, which necessitated the fitting up of an expensive kitchen department.

Last year there came to San Francisco a Mr. Yoder, imported from the East by the previous board of education. Mr. Yoder was brought here to be a "teacher of methods," at two thousand four hundred dollars a year. Everything went swimmingly until the first warrant for Mr. Yoder's salary was presented. Auditor Broderick, who is a very stubborn official when he thinks he is right, refused Mr. Yoder's claim for salary on the ground that "there was no authority in law for paying teachers to teach teachers." We think Auditor Broderick's ground was well taken. The result was that the board of education, having failed to place Mr. Yoder as teacher of teachers, made him principal of the Normal School, although it already had a female principal. She was made a vice-principal, in order to make a place for Mr. Yoder as principal, with a salary of two thousand four hundred dollars a year.

Now we would like to ask why San Francisco should have a city normal school. This State already maintains three normal schools—one at San José, one at Los Angeles, and one at Chico. For the maintenance of these schools, the citizens of San Francisco pay their share in the shape of State taxes. Why, then, are they additionally taxed for the maintenance of another normal school? What reason is there for maintaining a normal school in San Francisco? What right have the school directors to spend the money of the tax-payers in the maintenance of a city normal school when there are State normal schools?

To return to the subject of "special teachers." Here is a partial list of the "special" teachers and some of the high-school teachers in the school department of San Francisco:

	Annual Salary.
Principals of high schools.....	\$3,000
Heads of departments in high schools.....	1,860
Teachers of free-hand drawing.....	1,300
Teachers of science.....	960
Teachers of stenography.....	900
Teachers of bookkeeping.....	780
Teachers of penmanship.....	900
Teachers of type-writing.....	780
Teachers of Spanish.....	900
Teachers of clay modeling and wood work.....	780
Teachers of mechanical and architectural drawing and wood work.....	1,680
Teachers of physical culture.....	1,800
Superintending teacher of cookery.....	1,200
Assistant cookery teachers.....	720
Teachers of elementary science.....	1,200
Special teacher of elocution Girls' High School.....	300
Special teacher of drawing Girls' High School.....	1,500
Special lecturer on history with stereopticon views.....	1,200

We have not given the list in detail of the teachers of the high schools. Elsewhere we have given the total number and the total of salaries.

The high-school teachers and "special" teachers never have their salaries cut. It is the assistant teachers who suffer. The assistants have regular hours for duty, which they must set down daily in a printed form, after reporting to the principal. If the assistant is absent for an hour during the day, she forfeits her pay. On the other hand, the "special" teachers report to no one, and have no regular hours. They saunter in when it pleases them. Recently a "special" teacher of physical culture, who appeared from ten to twelve in the forenoon at whatever school was most convenient to him, grew very indignant because a director told him he would have to work afternoons as well. This man receives eighteen hundred dollars per year.

Altogether, the results of our investigation into the cost of turning out high-school pupils in San Francisco are amazing. The latest figures we have to hand show that the graduates from the three high schools of the city for one school year numbered 190. The amount paid out in these three schools for salaries during the school year was \$74,160. The amount paid out for janitors, fuel, stationery, insurance, "incidentals," etc., was about \$15,000. By the simple rule of division it can thus be found that the cost per high-

school graduate was about \$470 per year. This does not include anything for the cost of ground and building, or interest on same, although the "Girls' High School Building Fund" has been a heavy burden for the last few years. We do not know whether the good people of San Francisco are in favor of paying \$470 per head per year to give a "higher education" to 190 young men and women, the sons and daughters of people who are generally entirely able to educate their children themselves. If they are willing to spend their money in this way, we have no more to say.

But we do not believe that the people of San Francisco are in favor of any such expenditure. They believe in giving all children a primary and grammar-school education, which is all that can fairly be expected from the community. But when it comes to the parents of 33,000 children paying a hundred thousand dollars a year to educate 1,400 children in the "higher branches," the thing is going too far. And when it comes to all of the tax-payers in the city paying at the rate of \$470 per head to graduate a lot of young persons in music, German, Spanish, free-hand drawing, stenography, type-writing, clay modeling, and architectural drawing, the over-burdened animal will lie down upon his pack.

The sons' and daughters of ninety-five and seven-tenths per cent. of the people are forced to leave school when they graduate from the grammar-grade—forced to leave to go to work. If their parents are willing to devote the taxes they pay to educating the remaining four and three-tenths per cent. in music, dancing, riding the bicycle, and playing the fiddle, they have a right to do so. But we would advise them to draw the line at "history lessons with magic-lantern views."

If the board of school directors find it necessary to reduce salaries, we should advise them to begin with this ornamental nonsense—at the top.

It has to be admitted that there is an element of truth in the contention of the Democratic free-trader that reliance upon a government tariff has a tendency to weaken the spring of individual exertion in the manufacturer. This, of course, is not a sound argument against the policy of protection to home industry; it should be taken merely as a warning that ought to be heeded. The havoc played with the tariff by the Democracy renders it all the more necessary for the people to be up and doing for their own protection. Whenever a new industry can be planted, the planter thereof should be encouraged and applauded as one who seeks to minimize the consequences of reckless legislation. The Roman Catholic Church is setting an example that deserves all praise. It is endeavoring to domesticate the shrine industry among us, to keep at home the pilgrims who in the past have been wont to take themselves and their good American money to alien shores and foreign shrines. A New York dispatch of the fourteenth instant brings the intelligence, for illustration, that "several hundred pilgrims have set out from this city and Brooklyn, and as many more from Philadelphia, to the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, near Auriesville, N. Y. The shrine," we are further informed by the business-like telegrapher, "was formally opened to pilgrims on July 31st by Father O'Sullivan," who by this time is doubtless reaping the just reward of his enterprise. This idea is capable of wide extension. Broad as the republic is, it could in time be fully supplied with shrines that would keep the faithful and their pennies from exportation. There is no lack of relics. Nearly every Roman Catholic altar has within its recesses a cabinet containing some bone, bit of dried flesh, lock of hair, toe-nail, fragment of wearing apparel, or other souvenir of a saint, each such remnant being potent to work curative miracles, if the church's assurance is to be taken, and who would be so impious as to question that assurance? When we have the relics and the geographical accommodation for shrines, it is to the last degree wasteful to permit good American Catholics to go abroad to Lourdes, Knock, Treves, Rome, and other European miracle emporiums. Of course the very rich, no matter how excellent the domestic article may be, would continue to cross the ocean in search of shrines, even as the same class now prefer to pay a higher price for imported than for home-manufactured products; but the masses could easily be induced to transfer their custom to the shrines of their adopted country rather than to invest their hard-earned nickels in bottled water from sacred European springs, photographs of grottoes that have been blessed by the Pope, vials of earth from the vicinity of consecrated foreign spots, and such-like second-hand trumpery. We urge it upon the Roman Catholic hierarchy of America to stimulate the shrine industry, not only by their authoritative approval but by active initiative. Why not have shrines in every one of the forty-four States of the Union? There is a plethora of unemployed relics in the churches; why not place these relics at favorable points, during the proper

season, where there is a good climate, plenty of fresh milk, butter, and eggs, and good natural scenery, and work up a business? The shrine could readily be made the germ of a summer resort, and relics that are good for tan, and freckles, and poison oak would be a boon to the summer girl.

California, we may remind our friend Archbishop Riordan, is peculiarly adapted to this industry. In our beautiful valleys, both in the southern and central portions of the State, there are numerous places ideally suitable for shrines, and also agreeable in other respects for the spending of the summer vacation. Our relics, we take it for granted, challenge inspection and defy competition, and of our climate nothing remains to be said. It is not presumptuous, therefore, to hope that the Californian shrine might become as famous as the Californian strawberry, and that a large portion of the more pecunious pilgrims who now patronize European shrines could be turned hitherward. No industry offers such large returns on the capital invested. We already have the relics, a shrine can be run up for a trifle, and the services of a priest for the season would not come high.

Moreover, by dotting California with shrines, Archbishop Riordan would remove from his diocese a reproach that has long rested upon it. It has been absolutely barren of miracles. The heretic explains this phenomenon by saying that miracles occur only where they are expected, and that they are not so much a proof of the goodness of God as they are of the credulity of the community which believes in them. This is equivalent to asserting that the Catholics of California are tainted with the skepticism of a rational age and are deplorably weak in the faith which renders New York—the relics of whose churches perform miracles continually—a source of solace, pride, and hope to the Prisoner of the Vatican, and draws from him at intervals those blessed messages of good will to the Western Republic. By setting up shrines and taking out and dusting off his long sequestered relics, Archbishop Riordan would bring us under the smile of His Holiness. His grace may harbor the unjust suspicion that the *Argonaut* is not sincere in its solicitude for the multiplication of American shrines, but that is unworthy of his large mind. It is true that we are not, as an abstract proposition, anxious to increase the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church, but when it comes to a concrete matter of business, abstractions must give way. Since money in large sums is spent annually by great bands of American pilgrims to foreign shrines, we would rather that the money were bestowed on American shrines—rather, to come nearer home, that the Roman Catholic Church of California should have it than that it should go into the sack of the Roman Catholic Church of France, Ireland, Rome, or even of New York. Archbishop Riordan can count confidently on the *Argonaut's* cordial cooperation in this scheme. Whatever will help to keep American money where it is made commends itself to American support.

Whether or not the correspondent of one of the daily papers who signs himself "Henrico" has convicted Judge Ross of inconsistency is not very important. His contention is that, while on the State supreme bench in 1884, Judge Ross concurred in an opinion holding that the law providing for the creation of reclamation districts in this State was not repugnant to the clause of the United States Constitution prohibiting a State from depriving any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Henrico further contends that the reclamation law and the Wright irrigation law are identical so far as these provisions are concerned, and, therefore, in holding the irrigation law to be unconstitutional, Judge Ross is guilty of an inconsistency.

We are not very deeply interested in the question of his inconsistency, and would not consider it of any importance if the charge were proved. Courts have reversed their decisions before now, and will probably continue to do so to the end of time. Even the Supreme Court of the United States has been guilty of such inconsistency without suffering any diminution in the respect accorded it. The judge who is not willing to admit a former error and to reverse his decision when convinced that he was wrong, is a dangerous man to have on the bench, and everybody admits that Judge Ross was honest in deciding the irrigation case.

Of far more importance is the point raised in the statement that "Judge Ross decided that the taxing of Hagan was not a violation of his rights under the Fourteenth Amendment, and the Supreme Court of the United States confirmed the wise decision of Judge Ross." It may be stated in passing that Henrico is wrong in his statement of the facts. The Supreme Court has never sustained the decision of Judge Ross in the reclamation case, for the simple reason that that tribunal had already decided the matter before it came before Judge Ross. On the contrary, the decision in which Judge Ross concurred was based upon the prior decision of the United States Supreme Court, and

the State court refused to go into the question because it had already been decided by the higher authority.

Waiving this point, which is unimportant, what effect will the decision of the United States Supreme Court in *Hagar versus Reclamation District, No. 108*, reported in 111 U. S., 701, have upon the irrigation case? In it the same two points raised in the Fallbrook irrigation case were decided, and if, as claimed, the laws are identical on these points, it is clear that the decision of Judge Ross will be reversed.

The opinion, written by Justice Field, declares that:

"It is not open to doubt that it is in the power of the State to require local improvements to be made which are essential to the health and prosperity of any community within its borders. To this end it may provide for the construction of canals for draining marshy and malarial districts, and of levees to prevent inundations, as well as for the opening of streets in towns and roads in the country." And further, the opinion holds that "the rule that he who reaps the benefit should bear the burden must be applied."

It will be noticed that the opinion limits this power to cases in which the improvements are "essential to health and prosperity," and it was evidently with this limitation in view that Judge Ross said in the irrigation decision:

"It is true that, under certain conditions, the reclamation of very large tracts of land . . . may assume the importance of a public undertaking. . . . Such would be the case if the condition of a tract of land was such as to be detrimental to the public health."

The Supreme Court assumed that the purpose of reclamation was to protect public health or to prevent inundations. The improvement of the land for purposes of agriculture was merely an incidental effect, and not the purpose of the law. But, because of this incident, the owners of the land improved by the reclamation were called upon to pay the expenses. Judge Ross, in the Fallbrook case, holds that irrigation is not essential to the public health, and therefore does not come within the rule laid down by the Supreme Court.

If this conclusion of the judge is correct, the second point—whether the Wright irrigation law deprived those affected of their property without due process of law—is unimportant. If irrigation is not a public use, the legislature has no power to delegate to the districts power to exercise the right of eminent domain or to levy taxes or assessments, and thus the whole system falls to the ground. The first point being decided in favor of the law, however, and against Judge Ross, it will be possible to cure the formal defect in procedure by amending the law. It therefore becomes of some importance to consider whether the provisions of the Wright law fall within the requirements laid down by the Supreme Court. On this point Justice Field is careful to declare that the meaning of the term "due process of law" is to be determined by the gradual process of judicial inclusion and exclusion as the cases presented for judgment may require, and not by any attempt at definition in general terms. Proceeding, he states the rule in the case at bar as follows:

"Whenever, by the laws of a State, a tax, assessment, or other burden is imposed upon property for a public use, whether it be for the benefit of the whole State or of some more limited portion of the community, and those laws provide for a mode of confirming or contesting the charge thus imposed, in the ordinary courts of justice, with such notice to the person of such proceedings in regard to the property as is appropriate to the nature of the case, the judgment in such case can not be said to deprive the owner of his property without due process of law."

It must be a public use, and there must be an opportunity to contest the validity or amount of the charge in an ordinary court of justice. The reclamation law provides that, when an assessment becomes delinquent, suit shall be brought in the superior court to enforce its payment, and, as defendant, the owner of the land may set up any defense and have the matter judicially determined. Under the Wright law, in case of delinquency, a notice to the owner is published, and upon the day appointed the property is sold, if the assessment has not been paid in the meantime. There is no opportunity for the owner to go into court at any stage of the proceedings and set up any defense he may have. It is clear that the two laws are not identical; that they prescribe very different methods of procedure, in fact. The rule laid down in the Hagar case would not apply to the Wright irrigation law, and it is very doubtful that the Supreme Court would so modify that rule as to hold that the latter law does not provide for taking property without due process of law.

There is no man now living who is so old that he can recall a time when woman's dress was not a theme for strenuous conversation and industrious writing. And going back to that still beyond where the buried rest from this and all other live topics, history tells us that the raiment of the fair has ever provoked the eloquence of the human male—particularly of the pious male. Long ago the church encouraged men to flee to the desert and a hermit life in order to escape from woman herself. That having proved a failure, equally surprising and humiliating, the pulpit accepted the lady as

inevitable, but made war on her clothes. Let woman dress as simply as a wood-nymph or Eve before the fall, or tie herself back, or untie herself, or wear a Grecian bend, or go bustleless, or shuffle along in skirts that forbid more than a three-inch step, or surround herself with hoops that would permit the stride of stilts—no matter, the masculine critic is always after her.

And for cause. Zangwill says that men are vain of women's dress, which is a preposterously erroneous explanation of why it is that they take so profound an interest in it, and talk and write so much about it, now as during the long centuries that have passed since Eve gave occasion for the beginning of the interminable debate by taking from the stem to which it belonged the innocent fig-leaf. Men are concerned about women's dress because women are men's wards, and it is obviously the duty of the conscientious guardian to keep an eye on his charge's behavior. From the point of view of the guardian, all other men are the enemies of his ward—his wife, his daughter, his sister. But the ward's point of view is not the point of view of the guardian. Being female, she likes admiration and pursuit. She would not be a woman else. Coquetry is in her blood, though she may not know it, and she dresses with the same intention that moves the fowler to set his snares. Thus we see two hostile principles at work, one against the other. The ward is distracting and the guardian distracted. And, strange to say, what he endeavors to suppress in his own womankind—the drawing power, the charm of sex—he too often delights in, in other women. For the guardian is only a man, poor fellow. Women are good democrats; they aim to please the majority and enjoy the majority's applause. Consequently they will continue to dress in such fashion as will prove pleasing to men in general, not to their special guardians, who are a severely modest lot who blush readily—for others.

The new bicycle has scorched forward laden with the old problem—the problem of how to induce women not to offend the chaste sensibilities of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and other natural sentinels charged with the responsibility of making them dress "properly." The bloomer was a shock at first. It outraged the unused eye of the man who had a guardian's interest in the preservation of the wearer's modesty. But it had reason on its side; the argument of utility, of fitness, and custom is bound to yield in such a contest. The guardian has become reconciled to it, and could be brought in time to accept the legitimate extension of its use, for it is undeniably more convenient than the skirt. But the blooming sex lacks that judgment which makes statesmen—the judgment that keeps an eye on the conventions, the prejudices of the past, while it introduces reform. All men, in viewing all women, have the instinct of the guardian. They want no new customs adopted by respectable women that may be brought home to them for their distress in their own tents. Hence it comes that men, and often not good men, are more modest for women than most women are for themselves. So high is the feminine standard set by the masculine voice that one of the most aogry counts of the indictment brought against men by advanced women is that of intrusive tyranny. Nevertheless, that tyranny is salutary. Women need the restraint of male opinion. That opinion has its root in nature, and it holds that women should be women. This may be hard, but it should be heeded by such of the sex as care to stand well with possible husbands. The notion of the advanced, that what man has done woman has a right to do, is a foolish, a destructive error. The bloomer can be borne. It is not quite a pair of breeches. But why should there go with it mannish collars, mannish vests, mannish hats, mannish cravats, and melancholy essays at mannish manners?

The bloomer is far more prevalent in the liberal West than in the custom-hardened East, but in essence men are the same here as there. Everywhere, except on special occasions, a man likes women who are womanly, even in bloomers. And it should be pointed out to newly bifurcated innovators that the bloomer really is not a *toga virilis*. Ladies who want to be men fail for various reasons, among them being a defective power of observation. Men follow a certain logical line in their wearing of different kinds of attire. A number of so-called "bloomer balls" have lately been given in San Francisco. At these unpleasant soirées, women, dressed in bloomers and knickerbockers and long stockings, danced with young men. That was not gentlemanly. These young persons should know that there are places and times for wearing bloomers, and other places and times at which they should not be worn. Men are wont to dress themselves with reference to what they have to do. When they play base-ball, or foot-ball, or golf, or cricket, or go in swimming, or ride bicycles, they wear garments suited to these various sports; but they do not clothe themselves in swallow-tails while in swimming nor appear in bathing-suits at funerals. Neither do they, when civilized, wear bicycling-suits at balls.

The girl who has not an inward light to tell her that the bloomer, which gives her free use of her legs on a bicycle, is not appropriate on the dancing-floor, is perilously close in her resemblance to the short-skirted fairies who dance for hire at other kinds of balls.

The *Argonaut* commented last week on that strange unreason in the East which holds that Maria Barberi should go free for having cut her lover's throat. But in the West there has developed a still more startling claim of the right of a seduced woman to act as executioner. A number of months ago in Nevada, Mrs. Alice Hartley shot and killed one M. D. Foley on the ground that he had seduced her and was the father of her child. She was tried for the offense, and although it was proved that his conduct toward her had been inexcusable, she was convicted. An attempt was made to secure her pardon on the same grounds as those advanced in the Barberi case. The attempt, however, failed, and she is now serving out her term in the State Prison of Nevada for murder in the second degree. The new development to which we refer is the filing of a petition in the Probate Court, wherein she sets up a claim for one-half of the estate of the late Foley for the child which was the result of their intimacy. This opens up an entirely new vista in criminal procedure. It has always been considered that when a man seduced a woman and she killed him, he paid for his sin with his life, and that wiped out the matter. It is apparent from this Nevada claim that such is not the case, and that, after a woman and a man have committed an offense against the moral law, she may declare the offense a capital one, constitute herself his executioner, execute him, and then take whatever real estate, personal property, hereditaments, and appurtenances he may die possessed of. This is certainly calculated to make a man more moral. But it seems to us rather hard on his legitimate heirs.

A rumor has been printed in the daily papers during the past week, to the effect that School Directors H. L. Dodge and Henry T. Scott were about to resign from the board of education. The rumor has not yet been confirmed by either of these gentlemen. We sincerely trust that it is untrue. If there be any foundation for the rumor, we hope that they will reconsider their determination and remain at their posts of duty. We are aware that both of them are very busy men, and that the position of school director is a hard and thankless one to fill. Yet, none the less, having accepted it (although neither of them desired it), we think they ought to retain their posts until the end of the term to which the people elected them. Being conscientious men, we think they will. Being both exactly the type of men that the best element of our community desires for school director, we sincerely hope they will.

One of the other disagreeable features of death in California is that when millionaires die, whether married or single, unsuspected children arise to claim their rights. This has become so common that it has ceased to surprise. But the latest case is unusual even in California. Alexander P. More, a millionaire, died, a bachelor, and intestate. His heirs were four sisters, a brother, and a niece, who had agreed upon a distribution of the estate. Suddenly the usual illegitimate son appeared. He called himself J. H. Q. Moore, and demanded a million. He compromised for twenty thousand dollars. But when one of the dead man's sisters objected to acknowledging his claim, on the ground that it would besmirch her brother's good name, the young man promptly offered to sign a declaration that he was not the son. Thus he lays claim to a share of the estate because he is the son, and then receives it through admitting that he is not.

At a mass-meeting of sympathizers with the American Railway Union strikers, held to "denounce" General William M. Graham, U. S. A., for placing the inscription "murdered by strikers" over the graves of the United States soldiers assassinated last July near Sacramento, a number of frothy speeches were made and a set of demagogic resolutions passed. These are to be sent to General Graham. The strikers also threaten to appeal to our senators and representatives in Congress to urge the Secretary of War to order the inscription removed. We sincerely hope he will not do so. In the meantime, General Graham has placed a guard of three men at the monument, to prevent the inscription being defaced. It will not be while the guard is there. You could not get a striker within a mile of it while it is guarded by United States soldiers. No, it will not be defaced. And if it is effaced, it will only be through the orders of the Secretary of War.

DESIRABLE
SCHOOL
DIRECTORS.

AN
ACCOMMODATING
HEIR.

THE
PRESIDIO
MONUMENT.

A MIGHTY
WAVE
OF BLOOMERS.

A DISCARDED TOY.

How a Stick-Pin Figured in the Romance of a Second-Lieutenant.

He had been brought up with a good, old-fashioned reverence for women, a belief in young love, and a conviction that the prince and princess always marry and live happily ever after. It was a faith as pleasant to himself as to the women whom it concerned, and it made him a favorite, being blest besides in talent, beauty, and an upright soul. In admiring all of the gentler sex, he yet kept free his heart until he should find "one" who would claim it by right of her superiority to even her superior kind. Yet many had mistaken his devotion, which was purely chivalric, for something deeper, and had condemned him as light of purpose when he had left them beside the roadway which he traveled in his quest for the happy princess.

And at last he found her. All the virtues and accomplishments were hers. She was young and exceeding fair, dainty, sweet, shy and coy, dimpled and demure, and she loved Ferris as a cadet was never loved before. He had not known this witching maiden more than a month when he made offer of his heart and hand—a heart no less loyal for heating beneath an exceedingly snug gray coat ablaze with those brass buttons which are generally taken as the insignia of fickle Cupid, and a hand no less firm for being cased at the moment in regulation white gloves. It was her first romance since leaving school, and Kitty Foster made haste to accept it.

There was never yet a man who bore his honors so meekly as Ferris; he boasted neither in word nor deed, and Kitty, being really afraid and being deeply in love with him, did actually refrain from telling every one in profoundest secrecy that she and the stalwart West Pointer had plighted their troth. Not even her mother was confided in, which caused Kitty many a sleepless five minutes, as she had no love of underhand dealings for their own sake.

There was only a month of blissful existence, and then Kitty had to join her family at Angel Island, putting the whole wide continent and a strip of salt water between Ferris and herself. She had her debut to make in army circles.

She was one of those women, rarest of all the good things of Providence, who weep prettily, so when she laid her dainty head on Ferris's shoulder and wiped the tears from her cheeks with a filmy handkerchief, the poor fellow was well-nigh distraught, what with the sorrow of parting and his love for this wee bit of sobbing womanhood.

Nor did his infatuation lessen as the weeks and months went by. Kitty had warned him that he must write neither too often nor too affectionately, as her mother would see the letters. Ferris followed the first duty of a soldier, but consoled himself by having made for his lady-love a pin, of the sort known as "stick," and destroying the design straightway that there might never be another fashioned just like it again. The attention and the pin itself pleased Kitty mightily; she wore it on the day she left the Point, with many promises to be faithful and never to part from that pin for one day or hour.

With Kitty went all the pleasure of life for Ferris, and he eschewed social pastimes that he might devote himself to work and prove a credit to Miss Foster, his district, and his congressman. So, in due time, he "passed," and passed well; but chose, nevertheless, the infantry branch of the service, merely because Captain Foster was an infantryman. Then he went to his home, and from there wrote a long letter to Kitty, and told her of his success; suggesting that, as he was now an officer of the army, and that the pay of a second lieutenant was assured him, it might be well to announce their engagement, with the consent of her family. He also added that he would run out and see her before joining his company, if she wished.

Two letters remained unanswered. Ferris accused the mail system, and sent a third. He waited long and anxiously for a reply. It came when he was safe in San Antonio, with many miles between himself and Miss Foster. Kitty's letters had never been of a sort to give Ferris any hold upon her; they were non-committal to a degree, but the second lieutenant had ascribed that to her fear of her mother's supervision and disapproval. This one was still more guarded. No reference whatever was made to the point he had pressed, further than to say that he was imprudent. A mighty spirit of rebellion arose in Ferris at this reproach. She should play fast and loose with him no longer. Kitty should acknowledge him or give him up. Three days and three nights he waited, that his anger might be calmed, that he might do nothing rash; then he sat him down and wrote unto his refractory lady-love a letter mingling official formality and irrepressible affection. It partook of the nature of a War Department communication and a Sapphic, and was calculated to bring even an inconsequent little being like Kitty to terms.

Ferris's anxiety in waiting to hear his fate pronounced took the form of a nervousness which drove him to unwonted social activity. He had always done his duty in the matter of calls and the hundred little affairs of etiquette which are peculiar to the service and are as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians; but he had never gone in for the mild dissipation of a garrison near to a town. He was, therefore, reckoned as little addition to the social life, although he was "promising" officially. His captain's wife had taken him under her wing upon his arrival, as all good captain's wives should, and had incorporated him into the family, where he became a prime favorite with a pair of model little boys in knickerbockers and curls. The hands of these children were always clean and their voices well modulated, their hair smooth, and their stockings whole. Ferris believed that this was no way for boys to be, and labored to convince Mrs. Irwin that chapped and dirt-seamed fingers, lusty lungs, short and tousled hair, and ruined clothing are the natural conditions of a boy. Mrs. Irwin was not to be won over, and begged that he would not put such notions into the

sleek little heads. Ferris, however, was an earnest reformer and not to be turned from his purpose, so he began a course of training for the pair that made them, in a week, very creditable examples of his theory.

Mrs. Irwin protested mildly until a day when Ferris took the two over behind the quartermaster's and set them to fighting out a difficulty, which had arisen, with their own good nails and fists, arguing that such settlement is more worthy of the sex than to call names and threaten to tell mamma. Ferris observed with pleasure that there was good material in the boys, and was greatly elated when he led them back, bloody, bruised, and dusty, to the maternal roof. Mrs. Irwin took the affair rather too seriously, and it was only by giving up his plans of education that Ferris succeeded in keeping in the good graces of his captain's wife. It is poor policy to quarrel with the commanding officer's or one's captain's family.

After this discouragement, Ferris drew into his former shell of reserve, and went only at rare intervals to Captain Irwin's quarters. But when he had written the letter which was to bring Kitty to terms, he walked with it to the post-office, and, coming back, he determined to forgive and forget that his efforts had been unappreciated, and to drop in upon Mrs. Irwin for a cup of tea before retreat. He found her alone; and, nothing being so conducive to peace and good-will toward men as a cup of Russian tea at five o'clock, they were soon faster friends than before. The boys were called in, and Ferris noted with grim satisfaction that there were still several unhealed scratches on their clean little faces.

The children having been sent off to play with their tin soldiers, Mrs. Irwin resumed her confidences and told Ferris, with the charming interest in his future of a true captain's wife, that she had practically arranged his life to come. She had a sweet girl friend coming to stay with her at the end of the week. Ferris must devote himself to her and make it pleasant for her. She was a beauty, very rich, and would make him a splendid wife. Ferris smiled his acquiescence, but was not particularly enthusiastic until Mrs. Irwin told him that the girl—"Annie Kingsley is her name"—had just been visiting the Barneses at Angel Island, had gone from there to Monterey, and had determined quite unexpectedly to come down south. Angel Island was Kitty's post; Miss Kingsley might be able to tell him much that he longed yet feared to hear; and Ferris entered into plans for her amusement which charmed Mrs. Irwin.

The girl came, and Ferris, together with every other young man in the post, called upon her the night of her arrival. Beautiful she certainly was, quite unusually stylish, and agreeable, but Ferris went away unsatisfied, for he had had no chance to inquire about what lay nearest to his heart. However, he had engaged her for the next hop the next night, and would satisfy himself then. He thought he would be wise not to force the matter too much, and so did not speak of it on his way to the dance, and, besides, they fell in with others all bound the same way, and the conversation became general.

Miss Kingsley emerged from the dressing-room in all the glory of her youth, beauty, and a New York gown. She leaned upon Ferris's arm and whirled off to the music, the half-barbarous, intoxicating "Santiago." She danced as no girl had ever danced before, so Ferris thought; she became a part of the music and as light as its strains. Kitty had always been just a little heavy.

They stopped only with the waltz itself, and Miss Kingsley leaned, breathless, against the draperies of a garrison flag. She made a lovely picture, and Ferris stood looking at her with keen pleasure; but his eyes were suddenly fixed on a fall of lace, they were riveted, and as he looked his face grew gray. Miss Kingsley was astonished, and followed his gaze to where a gold stick-pin nestled in the meshes of Brussels lace. She looked up again, inquiringly. Ferris answered the unspoken question with a spoken one.

"Might I ask, Miss Kingsley, where you got that pin?"

"Why, certainly. A girl at Angel Island gave it to me; she said a cadet had had it designed for her, but as she didn't care for either it or him any more, and as I admired the little thing, she gave it to me. The girl is Kitty Foster; perhaps you know her or her fiancé, Lieutenant Appleton? The pin is pretty, isn't it? He must have been too clever a cadet to merit such speedy oblivion, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Ferris; "and I was that cadet."

Yet when, a month later, Miss Foster, reading over the "personals" in the *Army and Navy*, saw "the engagement is announced of Miss Annie Kingsley, of New York, to Lieutenant Edwin L. Ferris, —th Infantry, stationed at San Antonio, Tex.," she railed at the inconstancy of man.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1895.

There died recently in Moscow a man who, in the last twenty years, gave five millions of dollars to charity. He was State Councillor Jermakoff, who came from a poor family. His first public act which excited general attention was the purchase of the freedom of all the serfs living in his native village. This cost him one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He came to the rescue of the poor people time and time again when the harvests failed. His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the old burial-place of the Russian Czars.

William H. English, of Indianapolis, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1880, has been for ten years writing the history of that State, and has expended fifty thousand dollars for historical documents and in salaries of assistants. Mr. English, being worth from four to five millions of dollars, can well afford the outlay. He is now seventy-three years old and enjoys good health.

Colonel Olcott, who is now known chiefly as the president of the Theosophical Society, is writing a book of reminiscences. The larger part of it will be a history of the rise of that society.

OLD FAVORITES.

Haunted Houses.

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.
The stranger at my fireside can not see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is, while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.
The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants, and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

The Haunted House.

'Tis hard for human actions to account,
Whether from reason or from impulse only—
But some internal prompting bade me mount
The gloomy stairs and lonely.
Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite and consecrated mold,
The chapel vault, or charnel.
The air was thick, and in the upper gloom
The bat—or something in its shape—was winging;
And on the wall, as cillily as a toad,
The Death's-Head moth was clinging.
Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some Apparition standing.
Yet no portentous Shape the sight amazed;
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;
But from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gazed,
And Faces spectre-palid.
Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.
No other sound or stir of life was there,
Except my steps in solitary clamber
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,
From chamber into chamber.
Deserted rooms of luxury and state,
That old magnificence had richly furnished
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,
And carvings gilt and burnished;
Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,
With scripture history, or classic fable;
But all had faded, save one ragged part,
Where Cain was slaying Abel.
The silent waste of mulder and the moth
Had marred the tissue with a partial ravage;
But undecaying frowned upon the cloth
Each feature stern and savage.
The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller;
But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely out
With vehemence of color!
The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,
Projected from the casement's painted pane,
Where all beside was broken—
The Bloody Hand, significant of crime,
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,
In such a wondrous manner!
The Death-Watch ticked behind the paneled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,
The fancy to embarrass.
Across the door no gossamer festoon
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,
No silky chrysalis or white cocoon
About its nooks and binges.
The spider shunned the interdicted room,
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banished,
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom
The very midge had vanished.
One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,
As if with awful aim direct and certain,
To show the Bloody Hand in burning red
Embroidered on the curtain.
And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted;
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted;
Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh, what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement!
What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like bunted bare that cruel distance?—
Had sought the door, the window, in his flight,
Striving for dear existence?
What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly Shadow flitted.
Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,
But painted on the air so very dimly,
It hardly veiled the tapestry at all,
Or portrait frowning grimly.
O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
"The place is Haunted!"—Thomas Hood.

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

Captain James Chester's "Recollections of Reconstruction"—
Amusing and Pathetic Tales of Life in the South
after the War.

A period of American history which has been but little considered, and yet one which is full of interest for the student of society and, moreover, exceedingly picturesque in its incidents, is that which followed the War of the Rebellion in the South, the period of reconstruction. A foretaste of what might be written from the rich store of material at hand is afforded by the "Recollections of Reconstruction" which Captain James Chester, of the Third Artillery, published in the *United Service* some years ago and which have quite recently been republished. Captain Chester was one of the officers of the American army who were sent to the South in those troublous times when "the war was over; the Southern soldiers had returned to their impoverished homes; the 'niggers' were free—to starve or steal as opportunity offered; the volunteer armies of the Union had been absorbed into society without leaving a ripple on its surface; and the handful of regulars, their legitimate occupation gone, were scattered among the people of the South, as an irritating reminder of their recent defeat."

While the President and Congress were wrangling about the status of the civil authorities in the recently rebellious States, collisions between the civil and military authorities were inevitable. Here is one illustration:

By the code of North Carolina certain crimes and misdemeanors were punishable by flogging. This punishment had been forbidden by military order. At a term of the criminal court held in Raleigh, two negroes were sentenced to be flogged, military orders to the contrary notwithstanding. It was the custom in such cases to expose the culprits in the stocks for one hour before executing the sentence. Such exposure was a kind of advertisement of the coming entertainment, and never failed in collecting a crowd. Attracted by the crowd thus collected, and suspecting what was going on, two officers who happened to be in the vicinity hastened to the spot, and found their suspicions correct. The crowd numbered, perhaps, three hundred, and was a fair sample of whipping-post crowds. There was a sprinkling of women and children in it, but the bulk of it consisted of white men of the lowest class. Many, if not all, of the men were armed with pistols or knives, which they did not care to conceal, and their actions clearly indicated that they were not there accidentally. The sheriff, a big, brawny fellow, weighing over two hundred pounds, had just prepared one of the culprits for punishment, and was divesting himself of his own coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, as a preparation for the proper performance of his duty, when the army officers arrived. Fortunately a mounted orderly was at hand. A company of infantry and a troop of cavalry were ordered to the scene in the name of the general by the two officers already referred to, and a message was sent to the general himself requesting his presence.

By this time the sheriff was drawing the rawhide through his left hand, and gazing lovingly on the dusky hide of the culprit's back. The officers present were not only without arms, but without uniform. Still they were well known to the sheriff, and probably to every man in the crowd. As one of the two stepped forward and commanded the sheriff to proceed no further, calling his attention to the order forbidding such punishment, the sheriff, with well-acted astonishment, inquired: "And who in b-l are you?" The crowd, which seemed to be amused at first, now began to show a savage temper.

Just then the general arrived. No explanations were needed. He saw the nature of the case at once. One of the staff officers tried to tell him there would be a guard there soon, he replied: "I need no guard. My uniform is all the guard I want." He was a plucky old fellow—must have been verging on sixty—and very eccentric. He was small in stature, but strong and wiry. He had once been the champion athlete in the army, and few who knew him would have cared to tackle him even then. He forced his way through the crowd, and mounted the scaffold just as the sheriff was administering the third cut to his victim. The brave old soldier gently set the burly sheriff on one side, and let the darkey down.

Meantime, a bench warrant was being issued for the arrest of the general, and the fact became generally known to the crowd. They were mightily pleased at the idea of "jugging" the Yankee general, as they called it, and the prospect in a measure restored their good humor. It did more. It gained us a minute's more time. The infantry was close at hand, and coming at the double. Their captain needed no instructions. In a twinkling he had his men in line, and the command "load!" given in a clear, ringing voice, was the first intimation the crowd had of their arrival. There was more persuasive eloquence in the music of those steel rammers than in hours of oratory and cords of uniform. When the loading was completed, the captain saluted the general over the heads of the crowd, and reported, in a calm, business-like tone, "Ready for orders, sir." The effect upon the crowd was magical. They disappeared.

Captain Chester quotes a loyal Southern man as giving a very graphic picture of the effect of Sherman's army through a country. It runs as follows:

"I was still at home, and determined to remain, although all my male neighbors had taken to their heels as if an army of barbarians was approaching. I had not long to wait. The bummers made their appearance a good two hours before the advance guard of the army, and the way they cleared up things was a caution. Not a pound of meat or an ounce of meal was left on the premises. The negroes had taken their departure, and all the live-stock had been killed or driven off. When the hurricane was over, there was nothing left on the plantation but my wife, my two daughters, myself, and a barrel of peas. I confess I was a little angry, but I realized in a moment that that would do no good. It was war times, and rough treatment was to be expected. One thing was certain: there was no use in my staying at home simply to help my family to starve; so I told Mrs. S—that she and the girls must do the best they could on the barrel of peas till I returned; that I intended going with the Yankees, at least as far as Raleigh, where I might be able to gather up something to live on for a month or two.

"Well, I started on foot, with neither blanket nor haversack, determined to be cheerful and take such fortune as Fate awarded to me. I joined one of the columns and soon made acquaintances. They may have been a little suspicious of me at first, and I have learned since that I was closely watched for several days, but they did not show it at all, and shared their rations—and sometimes their beds—with me as if I had been a brother. By the time we got to Raleigh I had quite a circle of military acquaintances, and began to think I had some friends. Of course I told them my story, and I suppose they verified it in some way; at any rate, they seemed to believe it. I met General Sherman himself at Raleigh, and he seemed to know my story as well as I did myself. I only stayed three days in Raleigh. At the end of that time I started home with as many animals as I had lost, and meat and breadstuffs enough to last me to the new crop."

A "buffalo" was the curious epithet applied after the war to the Southern man who had remained loyal, and so aroused the enmity and active persecution of the defeated Confederates. He derived his name probably from the fact that he was considered legitimate game at all seasons of the year, and was stalked, trailed with dogs, and hunted on horseback at the pleasure of the hunter. His principal

habitat was in the western part of North Carolina, in the wilds of the Blue Ridge, and along the Tennessee border. It has often been said that mountaineers are always patriotic. To a certain extent this was true of Western North Carolina. While a majority of the inhabitants, perhaps, acquiesced in secession, a very respectable minority opposed it, and a few were intensely loyal. Indeed, many of these hardy mountaineers became voluntary exiles rather than be forced to fight against the flag they loved. Captain Chester recalls a story told by an ex-colonel of Union cavalry who had been stationed in East Tennessee, which is to the point:

His regiment was on duty in East Tennessee, and with a small portion of it he had pushed forward and occupied an advanced post near the North Carolina border. Escaped prisoners and Union refugees were occasionally picked up, often in a truly pitiable condition, but the country was full of bushwhackers and partisan troops ready to run any risk for valuable information. So the colonel was disposed to look with suspicion on every man seeking to enter the Union lines.

Shortly after sunrise one morning a man was reported as approaching the station from the direction of the border, and the colonel went out to take a look at him. Shoeless and hatless, a moving mass of rags, with bleeding feet and hollow, fiery eyes, the man stumbled up to the picket-guard and, throwing himself on the ground, sobbed out, as the tears coursed down his weather-beaten cheeks, "Thank God for this!" The colonel eyed him for a moment. The safety of his command was a prime consideration, and he was determined not to be imposed upon, even if humanity should be outraged; so he spoke sharply to the sobbing man, ordering him to stop his blubbering and tell who he was and what he wanted at once. Like a flash the man was on his feet; the tears were hastily brushed away with the remnants of a sleeve which still clung to his tattered coat; his eye dilated and flashed fire, and his whole frame quivered with suppressed excitement as he replied, "I am a Union man. Give me a hunk of bread and a gun."

Even the colonel was convinced, and the Union army got a recruit that day who had an interest in the war.

Here is the picture of a "buffalo," one Massey, as his enemies painted him:

He was a traitor, a shirk, a coward, a spy, a guide to Yankee prisoners, a thief, and a murderer during the war, and toward its close actually went over to the enemy. But when the war was over, he turned up again, rebuilt his house, and attempted to resume farming. About a year ago he was indicted for some of his crimes, and would have been arrested and tried, but he took to the mountain and has been living there ever since. The sheriff has not been able thus far to arrest him, but in a month or two Jack Frost will drive him down from the mountain, and then the law will attend to him if the people give it a chance. Why haven't we trailed him with dogs? We have tried it, but without success. Massey is more cunning than a fox, and a dog on his trail is soon at fault. Besides, he is a desperate man, swift as a deer, and a dead shot with any kind of fire-arm. He carries a repeating rifle which he brought with him from the Yankee army, and never misses his mark with it. About a month ago he came to Joe B—'s shanty on the outskirts of the town, and sent word to the sheriff that he was there and would submit to arrest, provided the sheriff came alone. Just think of the cheek of the man! An indicted criminal making conditions with the officers of the law! But the sheriff paid no attention to the proviso. He summoned a posse of twelve, divided them into two parties, and approached the front and rear of the house at the same time. Massey was there and would have been caught, only the party in front showed itself too soon, and he slipped out at the back door and made for the woods, passing right through the second party, which was advancing in skirmishing order. Of course they fired at him, and the sheriff thinks he was hit, but he got away, all the same. The sheriff's party were not so fortunate. Two of them were dropped by Massey in the running fight, and although they are not dangerously wounded, they have not been able to be about since. Of course new indictments will be found against him for these last crimes. The old indictments are for sheep and cattle-stealing, robbery, and murder. He was a perfect terror in this region during the war, when all the men were away in the army. He was captain of a gang of bushwhackers, and claimed to belong to the Yankee army, but that was merely pretense, although he and his gang did ultimately go over to the enemy.

And here is what a friend of Massey—a man, by the way, who had served in a North Carolina regiment in the Union army—had to say of him to Captain Chester:

His cousin Massey had a fine farm before the war. But he was a Union man, and incurred the hatred of the Confederates. He took to the woods rather than enter the rebel army, and they burned his house down because his wife would not tell where he was hid. His family had a hard time of it; in fact, they were homeless. This, no doubt, made Massey worse than he otherwise would have been. He collected a party of escaped prisoners, and armed them in some way, and I must say they helped themselves liberally as they marched through. After that, Massey got a captain's commission, and came here to raise a company, and it was while thus employed that most of the acts were done for which he has been indicted. When the war was over, Massey rebuilt his house, but it was burned down again after he took to the woods from the sheriff. He is willing to stand trial on the indictments. But he will not submit to a posse. If he did, he never would reach the jail. Dead men can not testify, and it would be easy to say he was killed when trying to escape.

The first step in the direction of reconstruction under the law was the registration of the voters. The following illustration will give a fair idea of the difficulties encountered and methods pursued by the registrars:

Imagine a registration board in session. Crowds of negroes—men, women, and children—a few mules, and any quantity of cur dogs surround the place. Registration is going on through an open window, inside of which the members of the board are seated. The recorder, at a table provided with writing-materials, is biting the butt end of his pen, and has an impatient look. The other two members are seated near the window, one on each side.

Everything being ready, the first man is called up, and a bullet-headed negro presents himself at the window. Nothing of him is visible to the board but his head. The chairman constitutes himself examiner, and, assuming what he considers a legal air, asks the applicant his name. "George Washington," the darkey replies, in some trepidation, as he plucks nervously at an old felt hat which he holds in his hand, and listens to his own heart-beats, plainly audible in the death-like stillness of the crowd. "And what is your age?" continues the chairman, in a persuasive tone, as he glances at the recorder, who has now put his pen to its legitimate use. "Don't know, boss," says the elector expectant; "spect I's forty." This is manifestly an untruth, for the head has a decidedly youthful appearance. The chairman deems it his duty to cross-examine. "How do you know you are forty? When were you born?" These are stumpers. The applicant becomes confused and exhibits some inclination to bolt, but, being hemmed in by the crowd, finds that impossible. He therefore takes refuge in silence. Nothing will induce him to venture any further opinion as to his age. The chairman becomes embarrassed. Silence reigns for about a minute. Then a rather corpulent negro on the outskirts of the crowd, with her head done up in a yellow bandana, testifies as follows: "I knows dat nigger ebber since he was a pickaninny. He was borned on Mar's Pope's plantation de y'ar der sorrel colt bruk his leg." This important piece of information was considered by the crowd conclusive as to age, but the chairman still seemed unsatisfied. This looked like obstinacy, and murmurs were heard. At last the chairman, driven to desperation, and determined not to have a failure in the first case, turned to the recorder and said: "Put him down forty, Mr. Simons; put him down forty." The recorder's pen having again done its legitimate duty, the recorder reads, in a rather loud voice: "George Washington, aged forty." The first registered voter no sooner left the window than another,

his exact counterpart, took his place. He also claimed George Washington as his name. His age, however, was only twenty-five. This was an improvement, and manifestly nearer the truth than number one. The chairman was pleased.

The board now began to brighten up. The business was fairly started. The chairman was particularly happy, and disposed to be facetious about the two G. W.'s. When the third bullet-headed presented itself at the window, he straightened himself up in his chair, and, looking the applicant straight in the eye, said, in a tone of some severity, "Perhaps you claim to be called George Washington, too?" The darkey promptly answered, "Yes, sah," and the chairman wilted. His brain was fairly in a whirl. Perhaps they were all George Washingtons. At last an old, gray-headed darkey gave the name of Julius Caesar, and the chairman was himself again. The next, however, created more trouble. His name was Hannibal. He had no other name. He never heard his father's name mentioned. His mother's name was Dinah. She had no other name. His old master's name was Johnson. Here a bright idea occurred to the chairman. The darkey's name should be Hannibal Johnson. He was so registered and so informed. Then the list was revised. George Washington number one became G. W. Pope; number two, G. W. Smith; number three, G. W. Calhoun, and so on. The same principle was followed throughout. It was a capital idea, and made the registration lists look respectable, whatever the voters did.

The civil courts were sometimes hard to manage; but Captain Chester was equal to the emergency, as the following anecdote shows:

I presume this was the first taste of military despotism an old judge had experienced, and he did not like it. He was an old and, according to report, an able judge, but an ultra Carolinian. He knew that there was a new commanding officer in the district—a military striping, as he described him officially—and he proposed to teach him a lesson. So, in a few days, the sheriff, accompanied by two armed deputies, waited upon the commanding officer with some kind of a summons, commanding him to be and appear before the district court at Gillsonville on a certain specified date, and show cause why he should not be punished for contempt. The paper was unmistakably a declaration of war, and I dealt with it accordingly. It was returned to the sheriff with a copy of an order closing the district court at Gillsonville until further orders. Another copy of the order was sent to the court by the hands of a sergeant, with sufficient force to compel obedience should the judge be rebellious. The sergeant served the order on the judge with the air, no doubt, of a plenipotentiary. I wish I could have seen that interview. The sergeant said the judge "was too mad to say anything." However, he obeyed the order, closed the court, and hastened to Charleston to lay the case before the general. But the order was sustained, and the district court remained closed until the State was reconstructed.

Having abolished the only court in the district, Captain Chester created four provost courts, defined their jurisdiction, prescribed methods of procedure, appointed judges, empowered them to employ clerks, decreed what salary each should receive, and devised a method of procuring the ways and means—all upon a single sheet of paper. The last clause of the order was a curiosity:

I have never until now had the cheek to recommend it to any Northern community seeking cheap and speedy justice; but it is not copyrighted, and here it is: "Provided that that amount of money be collected in fines during the month." That proviso put the judges on their mettle, and it is a remarkable fact that the fines collected were just sufficient to pay the salaries and expenses, and nothing more. I merely mention it to show what can be done in the way of making the dancers pay the piper. It worked like a charm, and many planters and merchants have since complimented me on it, by saying that chickens never could roost so low in Beaufort District as during the military despotism; and that justice, such as it was, was never so speedy and so cheap.

One of these provost judges was a Connecticut man, of whom an amusing story is told:

There was a plantation in my Connecticut friend's bailiwick employing thirteen negroes. They were to receive no wages till the crop was made and the cotton sold. Meantime, necessities could be procured at the "Tommy-shop"—a grocery kept by the planter—on orders signed by the overseer. When settling-day came, a forged order was found among those received at the "Tommy-shop." The store-keeper filed an information of "fraud and forgery" with the clerk of the provost court. The judge forwarded it to the commanding officer without comment. It was a rather puzzling paper, and, being sadly indefinite as to the party charged, he being described merely as "one of the thirteen," it was returned to the court indorsed "Investigate." Now, the word "investigate" was an unusual indorsement, and may have misled the judge. At any rate, the following is a synopsis of the proceedings had thereon. The whole thirteen negroes were arrested and a day appointed for their trial. The clerk tried hard to prepare the case, but could find no evidence against any of the prisoners, and was compelled reluctantly so to inform the judge on the day set for the trial. This justified the judge in taking the case into his own hands. He waved the clerk aside majestically and commanded that the prisoners be brought in one at a time. Number one entered with a scowl on his face, intended for a look of indignation, and, having been duly sworn by the clerk in accordance with the mandate of the court, was asked by the judge, who held a piece of paper, sadly soiled and somewhat rumpled, between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, "Did you forge that order?" At any rate, he promptly replied "No, sah," and looked around the empty court-room with an expression of exultation on his face, as if he felt that that settled the case so far as he was concerned. The judge seemed to think so, too, and directed number one to stand aside. Number two was called, sworn, and questioned in the same way, and gave the same answer. And so on, until twelve out of the thirteen had been put through the ordeal, all having answered, "No, sah." Then number thirteen was called—not to be questioned, but to be sentenced. The court had "investigated" the case, and discovered the criminal. The evidence was conclusive. The information, made under oath, declared that "one of the thirteen" committed the forgery. Twelve of the thirteen had cleared themselves under oath. The thirteenth was now before the court. Either he committed the forgery or it never was committed at all. But the paper was there to speak for itself. There was a forgery, and this prisoner must be the guilty party. Here the clerk interposed that the prisoner was willing to be questioned under oath. "No doubt he is," said the judge. "No doubt he would swear he didn't do it. What nigger wouldn't? While the investigation was going on, suspected parties were permitted to testify. But the investigation is over. The prisoner now before the court is not a suspected party. He is a guilty party, and the court does therefore sentence him to be confined at hard labor in a military prison for three months." Of course the proceedings were disapproved and the negro set at liberty, but the judge was never convinced of his innocence, and never forgave the commanding officer for "going back on him" as he did.

With these few extracts we must content ourselves. There is much more that is quotable in Captain Chester's recollections, his knowledge of this period is so intimate, and his manner of narration makes his pages such pleasant reading.

The late "Owen Meredith," it appears, lost nearly all his money in unsuccessful speculation, and Lady Lytton's widowhood has been further darkened by the lack of sufficient income. Queen Victoria has lately come to her rescue and has appointed her to an office at court.

Lord Carrington, one of the recently made peers, refused to become an earl until he had a son to inherit the title.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

The Tragic Adventure of a Young French Officer in the Sahara.

The mess of the officers of the Second Chasseurs of Africa is particularly noisy. Their merriment runs high with shouts of joy and clinking glasses as they toast Lieutenant Henri Cursol.

"Now for the adventure!" exclaim the officers in chorus.

"With all my heart," replies the young lieutenant. "You know I left Mascara with orders from our chief to the *caïd* of the Havars about the incursions of the Tuaregs. I had accomplished my mission, and was returning with my platoon, crossing a part of the immense plain of sand. We kept on our way, men and animals, although nearly overcome by the intense heat, with our eyes partly closed to avoid the reflection from the sand—a thousand times harder to endure than the beat of the sun. I was awakened from my torpor by an exclamation that came from behind me: 'El gueubeli!'"

"I turned around. The sergeant-major of my escort, an old African soldier, was pointing toward the horizon with excited gestures. The whole sky seemed to be covered by a thick cloud, resembling an immense column of smoke, touching the earth and reaching far into the heavens. 'El gueubeli' was marching upon us with menacing strides.

"Perhaps we can get ahead of it," I said, ordering them to gallop.

"The sergeant-major shrugged his shoulders. 'If God so wills it,' he said.

"We started off at a furious rate, but the tempest came on at a still greater speed; a violent wind was upon us, sending blinding whirlwinds of dust into our faces at every step of the horses. Our discomfited guides lost their bearings and stopped. Our horses, as well, refused to move further; they came to a standstill and braced themselves against the gusts of wind.

"I was leaning over on my horse, when I felt him tremble under me; then, suddenly, I received a frightful shock; it seemed to me that thousands of pounds of sand fell, all at once, on my head. Stunned, scarcely able to think, I managed to struggle with my horse as he shook his bridle with rage, then raised himself on his hind feet and started off at a furious speed, taking me with him.

"The sand sifted into my eyes, my ears, and my nostrils, blinding and suffocating me. I could scarcely breathe; a burning thirst was consuming me; I felt that I was dying. I said a silent good-bye to all the happiness that I was losing forever; then oblivion came, and I remember no more.

"When I came to myself, I found that I was under a woollen tent, draped with alternate stripes of red and yellow silk, and lying on a rug which covered the entire floor of the tent. I experienced a strange sense of well-being, a state of drowsiness, a delightful feeling of laziness; and I closed my eyes quickly, not caring to understand how a lieutenant of Chasseurs was metamorphosed into an Arab, master of a large tent. All at once, it seemed to me, a brighter light struck my eyelids and, at the same time, a pungent, penetrating perfume filled the tent. I opened my eyes and saw standing at my bedside a young woman, with great fathomless eyes surmounted by two delicately penciled arches. Her black glossy hair fell in curls down her neck, covering her cheeks with their warm shadows. She was dressed like the daughter of a wealthy bouse—with a *haik* that fell to her feet, disclosing a chemise of striped silk supported at the waist by a leather belt studded with silver and held together at the breast with a clasp of the same metal. Two enormous silver and coral rings hung from her ears; her arms were loaded with bracelets and her fingers were covered with heavy rings.

"Acting on the realistic impression of my dream, I greeted the beautiful apparition with a most profound salaam, which was returned with salaams and gracious smiles, the beautiful Saharian displaying a set of transparent teeth behind scarlet lips. I made as if to seize the young woman, but she recoiled frightened, overthrew the lamp, and fled, leaving me somewhat abashed.

"A few moments later, just as the first ray of the new day stretched itself toward my tent, an Arab entered. His tall, slender silhouette stood out distinctly against the light, as with a haughty sweep of his hand he lifted the curtain that hung at the entrance. He advanced toward me, and noticing that I was looking at him with surprise, but with regained consciousness, he began to speak in a jargon composed of had Italian, worse French, a little Spanish, and a good deal of Arabic. He bowed to me and inquired after my health. I returned his greeting, and, calling to my aid the little of Arabic I knew, I asked him how it happened that I was under this tent.

"He informed me that I was in one of his camel-bair houses; that after the tempest—during which he had been nearly buried himself—when he was returning from Ouargla, where he had gone to buy a store of provisions, he noticed lying in the sand an officer, whom his people believed dead, but who, after a careful examination, was found to have fainted and to have been only partly asphyxiated. He had ordered me to be placed on one of his camels, between two sacks of wheat.

"He then told me that he was the Agha of the Cheragas, allies of the Si Sala and all the tribes not submitted to our rule. I thanked him warmly, gave him my name, and asked him if I was his prisoner.

"Why should you be? Your nation is not at war with mine. You are my guest, one whom God has sent me. Fear nothing and get well. Here, drink this.' And this tall, handsome Arab handed me a cup of delicious coffee that renewed my strength and raised my spirits. He said that as soon as I should be able to stand the few hours' ride required to reach Mascara, he would see that I had necessary escort. He gave orders to two tall negroes to aid me with my toilet; and those two giant valets pro-

ceeded to dress me in a fine garment of white wool, in which I must have looked like a priest of the Middle Ages.

"El Tahar ben Moussa showed me his village of tents and all of his riches: from his working camels to his racing camels, whiter than snow and swifter than the wind; his horses; his provision tents filled with wheat, barley, oats, hashed meat mixed with cracked wheat, which the Arabs make into balls, and pots filled with dates that look like preserves: in fact, all that constitutes the fortune of an Arab, master of a large tent. He seemed much pleased by my admiration for his thorough-breeds and my compliments on the beauty of his son, a hoy of ten years. But he took particular pains not to go near a certain tent, kept hermetically closed, hut from which we could hear laughter and ejaculations.

"I was well enough acquainted with Arabian customs to know that I must not inquire about the women, nor speak of my fair apparition; I was, however, quite hopeful of seeing her again, for I counted on feminine curiosity.

"At the dawn of the next day, El Tahar came to excuse himself for leaving me alone a part of the day, as some expedition called him five or six leagues to the south. My aches and pains not having entirely subsided, and my great weakness still preventing me from accompanying the Agha, I could only witness his departure, followed by all of his horsemen; but with more joy than sorrow, I must own.

"The houri was continually in my mind, and I wished to see her. I prowled about the neighborhood of the mysterious tent—I made an effort at least, for twice one of those giant valets, with menacing gestures, invited me to direct my promenade in another direction. Was I seen from the tent? Was my disappointment noticed? Annoyed and feverish, I lay down to take a nap, as is the custom in the village, when the beautiful Arab girl entered.

"She brought me a pitcher filled with a refreshing liquid that calmed my fever and quieted my nerves. We could scarcely understand each other, as I knew so little Arabic, but there are looks and gestures more eloquent than words.

"Our conversation was scarcely commenced: she had told me her name and that she was the third wife of the Agha, when a great stamping of horses' feet was heard, and the barking of dogs filled us with terror. El Tahar had returned! How could she leave my tent without being seen? The wife of the Agha in the tent of a man, a Christian, and with her face unveiled! She wrung her hands in despair. The cursed curtain, which served as a door, moved, lifted—she had just time to throw herself behind a wooden box, thinking herself concealed; but, alas! one of her little hare feet protruded from behind the box.

"The Agha entered, sat down, inquired about my health, spoke of the hunt. I seemed to be listening to his recital, but I could understand nothing. I replied at hazard; I was suffering torments; I could see nothing but the little white foot, although I did not look at it.

"While speaking, El Tahar turned slightly. He could see it! I sat breathless. It seemed to me that the black eyes of the Agha—the only features of his face that I could see, for he had kept the black veil over his face, as do all the Tuaregs when away from home—glittered a moment as they fixed themselves upon the white spot; but I was mistaken, as he continued his recital quietly.

"As he arose to go, he said, somewhat solemnly: 'You are a guest whom God has sent me—I do not forget it.'

"I stood at the entrance of my tent as he moved away with slow and measured gait. The girl was obliged to wait until night before she could leave without being seen.

"An hour after this scene there was a great commotion in the village; a troop of cavalry had arrived. It was you, comrades, in search of my body, the sergeant-major and my men having carried to you the news of my certain death. You remember my reluctance to leave my tent and the manifest embarrassment in seeing you enter."

"Oh, yes! You didn't seem to be very bappy over the effort we had made in searching you out, and the Agha himself was obliged to place you in the saddle after the feast he offered us."

Lieutenant Cursol's orderly entered the room just then. "Lieutenant," he commenced.

"What do you wish?" asked Henri.

"There is a man outside who insists upon speaking to you, sir. A Tuareg. He wears his veil."

"A Tuareg! Tell him to come in."

"He will not dismount from his camel."

"Then let him go to the devil."

"He says he comes from yonder." And the soldier pointed in a direction over his shoulder to signify that it was some quite distant, uncertain place.

"Will you excuse me, gentlemen?"

"A message from his houri!" and the young officers rushed to the windows.

Before the steps was a camel, and sitting straight in his high seat was a Sabarian, wrapped in a long hennous, a black veil fastened under his eyes, and waiting motionless.

"I come from the Ouled Yakoud, and I bring to you a present from the Agha."

"A present for me?"

"Yes, here it is," and the Tuareg unfastened from his saddle a bag made from camel's hair.

He opened it and took out a black, hairy ball. He shook it, and from this bead of hair appeared a bloodless face, with cold, blue lips and eyes from whose orbs the light of life had forever fled. It was a woman's head.

The Saharian flourished this head and threw it at the feet of the young man, who stood there as pale as Death himself.

"The Agha El Tahar ben Moussa sends this to you. Keep it." And, with a hoarse cry, the Tuareg started off at a wild gallop.

A month later, Lieutenant Henri Cursol was found one evening, within a few feet of one of the busiest streets of Mascara, lying dead with a dagger between his shoulders. —Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jacques Fernay by Mary Ives Cowlam.

ANOTHER AMERICAN BARONESS.

Jennie Chamberlain's Husband is now Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland

—The Political Somersault that Won for him a Baronetcy.

The fact that the one-time American beauty, Miss Jennie Chamberlain, has become a baroness, has been accomplished at the cost of her husband's loss of political caste among his former companions of the Conservative party. As Captain Naylor-Leyland, Conservative member of the House of Commons for Colchester, he occupied a high place among the swells. A man of large means, clever, a ready speaker whose voice was frequently heard on the Tory side in the debates, fine-looking, agreeable in society, and last but not least, the husband of one of the prettiest and most accomplished and charming of the American girls who, during the last twenty years, have graced the best of English society, his name was suggestive of all that is desirable and requisite in a male and married member of the smart set. But now—well, it is difficult to explain just what I mean.

In the first place, Captain Naylor-Leyland has done nothing that the highest minded, most honorable gentleman of any country could not do with impunity. He has merely changed his political opinions and become a Liberal—a Radical, his former colleagues call it. This is his only offense, but in the eyes of his set it is a serious one. He was elected to Parliament as a Tory, by Tory votes. At the time, he held the orthodox Tory views as to the House of Lords. But latterly he came to the conclusion that he could no longer aid in the support of that august body as hereditary legislators. So he at once applied for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which is the only way a member of the English House of Commons can resign, and, the office being awarded him, his seat became vacant and a new member for Colchester was thereupon elected to fill his place.

I can not help thinking that his course must have been rather annoying to his wife. It is not that there is anything detrimental in being a Liberal. Some of the greatest peers are Liberals, as are members of some of the oldest English families—the Leveson-Gowers, for example. But they always have been Liberals; and their political faith has come to them as a sort of family heritage, or heir-loom, as it were, and is therefore, in the estimation of a true Tory, a perfectly proper thing, for that reason alone, if for no other. Indeed, I believe that the bluest-blooded Tories have more respect and regard for the old Liberals, of a long family line, than for the new and shoddy Conservatives who only become so in order to be thought gentry. But what a Tory can not stand is for a Conservative to become a Liberal before the face and eyes of the world. The Naylor-Leylands have, I believe, always been Conservatives. That is, as long as the Naylor-Leylands have been prominent enough to have any one care what they were. Therefore, to have the head and front of the family go over to the enemy is more than the Conservatives can brook without showing some resentment. "Rattling" is the word used when a member of an old family holdly changes over to the other side. For example, the present Earl of Kimberley "rattled" when he was a young man. He and his sons are strong Liberals, but all the rest of the Wodehouse family are the rankest Tories, the bluest, most pig-headed sort in England. But I am afraid the Naylor-Leylands are just a trifle too new to claim the application of the ancient term to the captain's political alteration.

However, his flop-over was a bombshell in the Tory camp when it came, and if he forfeited any prestige among his former Conservative companions, Lord Rosebery, as one of his last acts before giving up office, gave him a pleasant salute for his wounds in a brand-new baronetcy. The *Daily Telegraph* holdly asserted at the time that the honor was in recognition of his desertion of his old friends. But they may laugh that win, and Captain Naylor-Leyland, albeit now but a harmless member of the minority, is a veritable "Sir" and his beautiful and accomplished American wife a veritable "Lady." I daresay she is not sorry now that her good man was so desperately opposed to the House of Lords, in which so many of her best friends are. It would have been funny, though, had Lord Rosebery made the captain a peer—about the sort of poetic-justice joke that the humorous ear would have thoroughly enjoyed with Sir William Harcourt and others.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 2, 1895.

At the door of the Oakland Hall of Records there stand on either side two iron lions. These lions are most lamb-like. They have stood there peaceably for many years without hitting any one, but they have suddenly given offense to the Populist county officials. County Clerk Jordan, County Treasurer Sanford, and County Superintendent Garlick have discovered that they are "British lions," and therefore they must go. We had heard that Britain ruled the waves, but never knew that she ruled the entire animal kingdom as well. But it seems she does—in the minds of Populist officials. We would suggest to these gentlemen a much better plan than "bouncing" these alleged British lions. Let the present tails be removed; let other and movable tails be affixed; let these tails work on a powerful toggle-joint; let the Populist officials each day take turns in twisting these toggle-jointed tails; thus shall the indignation of the American nation be appeased and the Populist vote in Oakland be largely swollen.

At the present time, the Bank of France has in its coffers not only the largest stock of gold and silver in the world, but also an amount that has never been paralleled in the history of finance. The figures are colossal, and stated, as they are, in francs, they are beyond the grasp of the average mind. The total is \$660,000,000, of which \$410,000,000 is in gold.

"DEFENDER" AND "VALKYRIE."

The Arrival of the British Boat—What the Yachtsmen Think of Her—English and American Yachting Clubs—Differences of "Social Standing."

Lord Dunraven's yacht, *Valkyrie III.*, arrived in port last night, and again the town is talking yacht. Since the close of the New York Yacht Club cruise and the row between *Vigilant* and *Defender*, yachting talk has somewhat died away, but it has been revived by the arrival of Dunraven's beautiful boat, which all Englishmen hope will take back the *America's* Cup, and which all Americans hope will not.

As I said, yachting talk has died away since the close of the New York Yacht Club cruise. The cruise closed with a racing week at Newport, which it was believed would be something on the line of the famous "Cowes Week" in England. But it was a gigantic, a colossal failure. The cause is not far to seek. There is a keen yachting spirit at Cowes, and there is no yachting spirit at all at Newport.

When the big fleet anchored in Newport Harbor, it was not the question of racing that interested everybody, it was the question of entertainments, of dinners, and of hops aboard the yachts. The gentlemen who travel upon the big screw steamers which make up the New York Yacht Club fleet were continually being entertained and entertaining, and the Four Hundred *en villégiature* at Newport were continually entertaining and being entertained. The question of the races was a purely secondary one. The relations between Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt and her ex-busband, William K. Vanderbilt, interested most of the Newport "yachtsmen" vastly more than the speed of *Defender* and *Vigilant*. On the night that the yachts gave their grand illumination—a very beautiful sight, by the way—the dwellers in the cottages hesitated for a long time as to whether they had better go out and see it or not, thinking that possibly they might be mistaken for the ordinary, common townspeople of Newport, who had swarmed out in cat-boats, ferry-boats, row-boats, and every other kind of boat, while those who had no boats contented themselves with looking at it from the piers. At last society concluded that it might not be bad form to go. But a society which is so conscious of its position that it is always thinking of what is and what is not "had form," is certainly a very uneasy society.

Compare this melancholy Newport fête with "Cowes Week." There the men are sportsmen. There the women are aboard yachts because they like to be—not because it is "good form." There you will see ladies like Miss Cox, Miss Julia St. Arabin, Mrs. Shenley, and others, sailing their own or their brother's or husband's boats. Many of the twenty-raters are sailed by ladies. There you will see shooting by you eight-oared gigs steered by ladies, you will see two-oared gigs rowed by ladies, and if you are about Cowes early enough in the morning, you will see plenty of ladies engaged in marketing, and going down to the landings of West Cowes followed by seamen hearing baskets of all sorts of good things for the inner man, to be taken on board of their husband's or brother's boats. Fancy any of our Newport ladies going ashore to look after the marketing of a yacht. At the bare idea they would almost faint away. I do not think that there is a single yachtswoman in the New York Yacht Club fleet who knows where the markets of Newport are. And, although hundreds of them have been to New London scores of times, and they all know where the Casino is, I will wager that there is not one of them that knows of that excellent little fish-market that lies half-way between the Pequot House and New London, on the right-hand bank of the Thames.

I do not mean to say that the English yachtsmen do not own steam-yachts as well. Many of them have large steam-yachts built on the Clyde, and they use them for going from place to place, regardless of the wind, as one can not do with a sailing-yacht. But they also use them for towing their sailing-yachts, and after the engineer and sailing-master have brought to anchor a big steam-yacht in the waters of the Solent, you will see the owner himself—a genuine sailor-man—going over the starboard gangway, pulling alongside of his forty-rater and getting her under way himself. There is the true spirit of yachting, and that is why the "Cowes Week" is successful and why the "Newport Week" was not.

Another thing—the Royal Yacht Squadron is the oldest yacht club in England, but not the largest. There are only two hundred and twenty members, but their qualifications are very carefully canvassed. There are no non-yacht-owners. The ownership of a yacht of at least thirty tons burden is a pre-requisite. But this is by no means an assurance of membership, as many men have found to their cost. For even the Prince of Wales, who is commodore of this most exclusive club, had two of his friends black-balled two years ago, and remarked in consequence that it ought to be called the "Royal Blackballing Squadron." In the American yacht clubs, on the contrary, the ownership of a yacht seems to constitute about the principal claim to admission. But when a man gets in, his fellow-members do not hesitate to send him to Coventry socially, and to sneer at the way in which he made his money. For example, in the New York Yacht Club, there is one large steam-yacht which is known among the other members as the "shoe yacht," because the owner made his money in selling shoes, while another one, whose owner's father accumulated a fortune in selling ready-made clothing, is generally known as the "hand-me-down."

In Cowes, however, there is no such feeling existing among yachtsmen. There is very little disparity of social standing, because, as I have said, the Royal Yacht Squadron is exclusive, and all of its members are not only enthusiastic yachtsmen, but are of similar social standing as well. Therefore at Cowes during the "Week" the scene is very different from that at Newport. The members of the New York Yacht Club seem to be rather afraid of one another's social standing, and indulge in very little visiting from boat

to boat, while at Cowes, on the contrary, there is a continual shooting to and fro of gigs, steam-launches, and pinnaces, laden down with high-horn British beauties, with the red cheeks and somewhat ripe charms which contrast so strongly with the paler faces of our American girls.

It is needless to state that there has been much excitement at Cowes and in the Royal Yacht Squadron castle over the coming race between *Defender* and *Valkyrie III.* There is no doubt also that the Englishmen seem to be in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind over their boat. It is evident that the designer of *Valkyrie III.* has built her with an eye to the lighter winds which prevail in American waters; but it is feared by yachting men in England that he has gone too far in that direction. Ratsey, the famous sailmaker, thinks that *Valkyrie III.* will heat both *Vigilant* and *Defender* in a light wind, but in a breeze he thinks there will be little to choose between them. Tom Jay, the skipper of the *Ailsa*, thinks that *Valkyrie III.* has no chances with *Defender*, and John Cranfield, a brother of the *Valkyrie* sailing-master, thinks that *Valkyrie* can heat *Vigilant* by twenty minutes on a fifty-mile course, "from which," he says, "may be gauged her chances with *Defender*." He also thinks that *Valkyrie III.* is at her best in light weather. Captain Carter, of the Prince of Wales's sailing-yacht *Britannia*, says: "I consider in light winds *Valkyrie* is very fast, but I can not say whether she is faster than *Defender*."

On this side of the water, the opinion of yachting men is, as I have before written, that while *Defender* is a smart boat, she does not yet seem to have heated *Vigilant* sufficiently to inspire overweening confidence in yachting circles. Further than that, the way in which she has heated *Vigilant* has not pleased fair-minded yachtsmen, and they do not hesitate to say that they think a good deal of it has been due to jockeying and to unfair practice. There is scarcely any difference of opinion regarding the incident at the close of the New York cruise, when Mr. Willard, the manager of the *Vigilant*, protested against the conduct of *Defender's* skipper. It must be remembered that this is not the only time that *Defender* broke the rule of the road, a very simple one, reading in the New York Yacht Club book that "a yacht free shall keep clear of one close-hauled." No man who knows a yacht from a garbage-harge, and who saw the incident off Newport, can entertain any doubt whatever about the rights of the matter.

The general opinion seems to be that the syndicate owning *Defender*, Messrs. Morgan, Iselin, and W. K. Vanderbilt, have looked upon *Vigilant* purely as a trial boat, a sort of pacer for *Defender*, a running mate to speed the trotter. The owner of *Vigilant*, Mr. George Gould, entertained no such idea. He had raced his boat in a sportsman-like manner before, he had asked to join the syndicate which built *Defender*, he had been somewhat churlishly refused, and he had then expended forty thousand dollars in tuning up his boat to enter her for the race for the cup-defender. Therefore, at least, courteous treatment was due him. It is not too much to say that the manager of *Defender* presumed upon the fact that on her reposed the American people's hopes of retaining the cup, and thereby violated the rule regarding the right of way, knowing that *Vigilant* would keep off rather than run the risk of ruining the cup-defender. But this does not excuse Mr. Iselin, who has been in charge of *Defender* from the first, for his way of acting toward *Vigilant*.

Another thing which affects yachting men, who are rather superstitious, is the number of accidents which have befallen *Defender*. I was one of those who went to witness the launching at Bristol, and we sailed up the Sound through a nasty easterly rain-storm, with head-winds all the way, and arrived only to see *Defender* stick upon the ways. When she was pulled off the cradle, and after being rigged was towed out for her trial trip, she stuck fast again. During the second day of the New York Yacht Club cruise, when she was racing the *Vigilant* from Huntington Harbor to New London on July 30th, her steering-gear got out of order. I remember seeing *Defender* come up into the wind and fly signals for a tug, and saw the *Hermione* go to her assistance. When she was racing over the Block Island course, she broke her gaff. And the last accident was when she grounded off Goat Island in Newport Harbor. Altogether, there have been so many accidents to *Defender* that it is not to be wondered at that yachting men are beginning to think that she has a hoodoo on her. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, August 19, 1895.

All facilities for going to America from any port of Europe during the next eight weeks (wrote the *Sun's* London correspondent a fortnight ago), except in the steerage, are exhausted. The steamship people of all lines are at their wits' end, trying to accommodate the hordes of home-going tourists. The difficulties of the East-going traffic during June and July are much exaggerated by the general desire of thousands of Americans to secure passage home during the latter half of August and the month of September. Hundreds of applicants are being turned away from the American line office. The distress of the stranded travelers, who neglected to secure quarters long in advance, is very great in many instances. Not only is every berth in the first and second cabins engaged, but the companies have made long waiting lists of applicants for passage on most of their boats. It has become a serious matter for many who have been compelled to change their plans on account of various emergencies, and in many cases they are beseeching the embassy and consuls and American newspaper correspondents to use their influence to secure passage for them. The result in some cases will be that persons, who would be glad to pay first-class fare, will land in New York next month among the emigrants in the steerage.

A correspondent, who is now taking a cycle tour through France, reports that the French and English wheels are heavier and more clumsy than the American vehicles. A first-class American wheel is not to be had in Europe.

THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE.

What Hope, Long Delayed, is about to Briog—The Supervising Architect of the Treasury—The Indispensable Mr. Aiken.

There is a prospect that the present generation may survive to see a new post-office building in San Francisco, but it is only a prospect. Apparently no pioneer need fear that the cracked and hattered pile on Washington Street, endeared to him by the associations of his youth, will be abandoned while he remains above ground. We should probably have had a modern post-office ere this had it not been for the daily newspapers of the city, which see a job behind every proposal that they do not originate, and a thief half-hidden by every hush, challenging their jealous animosity. The press had nearly convinced the public—such is the power of iteration—that the site purchased by the government was a floating island, or a cover for wonders surpassing those of the park museum. However, two United States engineers, Colonel Benayard and Colonel Mendel, have examined the ground, and report that it is perfectly solid and well adapted for the foundation of a massive building. The mortification which this discovery must inflict upon the San Francisco dailies can not be thought of without respectful sympathy, for they, in their scientific researches, employed their own geologists, and found beneath the fair and deceitful surface of the site, hogs, fens, marshes, swimming-ponds, quicksands, subterranean rivers, paleozoic tin cans, and other detrimental works of nature and man. On the other hand, the government's officers, who were in search of facts and not sensations, although they hored assiduously, encountered nothing but soil, and, being apparently without fear of the enterprising San Francisco press, so reported. Doubtless they are, in the newspapers' view, vile mercenaries, but that is neither here nor there. The disclosure of the truth has put a stop to the quarreling about the foundation, and if the government were as expeditious in doing things as people who have but a few years to live would like, it would proceed to give us a post-office straightway.

There is, however, a lion in the path, the Supervising Architect of the Treasury, Mr. Aiken, with whom, seemingly, the matter rests. Mr. Aiken has been interviewed, and it is made manifest that he is as lofty and supercilious as bureaucrats usually are. Mr. Aiken condescends to say that he "will get around to the San Francisco post-office when he gets ready." He mentions also that "there are one hundred and twenty-five new public buildings to be looked after and four hundred and eighty to be 'patched up.'" It is very much to be regretted that Mr. Aiken has so much work to do. It is also to be regretted that there is only one Mr. Aiken, and that that Mr. Aiken is indispensable. The presumptuous radical is inspired to raise his voice and inquire if there are in this country no other architects besides Mr. Aiken whose services the government could command. As such an innovation would necessarily reduce the importance of Mr. Aiken, the suggestion, of course, can hardly be entertained at Washington, where reverence for the doing of things as they always have been done is superior to considerations of public need and the advance of the art of architecture.

It is well for a bureaucracy that human nature is selfish, and short-sighted in its selfishness, else there would be no Aikens. San Francisco wants a new post-office very much; the present building is a reproach to the Federal Government and a shame to this town; but the *Argonaut* is willing to put up indefinitely with the double disgrace if it can be utilized for the elimination of Aiken and the procurement of a style of government architecture that would not advertise to the visiting foreigner that America is, in matters of taste, yet in the rudimentary stage. Not one of the cities which are to have new buildings is in greater want of them than is San Francisco, and if all these places had sufficient sense and patriotism to cry out against an Aiken structure, even at the risk of getting none, a movement would be started which would rid us of the hide-bound, red-tape-and-sealing-wax architects of the Treasury, whose creations in stone suggest mausoleums and prove utter artistic incompetency. There is no sound reason why the government should not avail itself of the talents of the best architects of the United States. Contrary custom is the sole bar to its doing what any individual of wealth and judgment would do under like conditions. There are thousands of men who have had at least equal opportunities with Mr. Aiken for acquiring knowledge of their profession, and no one save himself will be likely to claim that Mr. Aiken surpasses them all in genius as well as power. San Francisco would like to have a new post-office now, but intelligent San Franciscans would rather have a post-office good to look at, ten years hence, than a post-office now, not good to look at. The architecture of our public buildings everywhere should express the knowledge and thought of the best talent offering. Free competition would give us in most instances piles as much superior to the New York post-office, say, as the New York post-office is superior to the brick and plaster atrocity which has served San Francisco since the early gold days. Many advantages would accrue from free competition, not the least satisfactory of which ought to be counted the relief it would give the overworked Mr. Aiken from a good many of his burdens.

On the twelfth of August, 1895, in San Francisco, the glut in the fruit market resulted in thousands of cantaloupes and hundreds of baskets of peaches being thrown into the bay. Such quantities of fruit-boats were coming down the river that the dealers were unable to handle the crop. The curious spectacle was presented of hundreds of boys and women hearing away as much fruit as they could carry, free of charge. This is one of the peculiarities of demand and supply. While cantaloupes were being thrown away in San Francisco harbor, they were selling on the same day in Parisian restaurants for five francs, or one dollar apiece.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Writer's Sense of Honor.

The announcement in the Associated Press dispatches that Mark Twain has reached Vancouver on his westward journey, and is about to sail thence for Australia, is accompanied by a statement from Mark Twain explaining to the public his position. He states very frankly that he has made a failure in the publishing business, and has accumulated large liabilities which he is unable to pay; that the statements made that he has been conveying property to his wife are false and cruel; that, on the other hand, she is a creditor of his publishing house to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars, and is not a preferred creditor either; that he is paying off his other creditors first, and paying her last of all; that he is practically without any means, and late in life is beginning this lecturing tour for the purpose of paying off his creditors; that he intends to keep at it until he has paid them all off. There is something pathetic in this grizzled humorist, who has passed the half-century mark, setting out anew like a young man to make another fortune to pay his old debts. From a commercial standpoint it is indeed "a new way to pay old debts." Were Mark Twain a merchant he would doubtless go through insolvency, but he is not trained to the habitudes of commercial morality, and thinks that if he owes anything he ought to pay his debt. It recalls a similar episode in the life of Sir Walter Scott, when that great writer found himself beggared in his old age, and wrote eight and day in order to wipe off his indebtedness. Is the sentiment of pecuniary honor among literary men higher than it is among commercial men? If so, why?

A Literary Mao's Lawsuit.

The entrance of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway into London is playing havoc in St. John's Wood. Among the many peaceful people to be disturbed is Jerome K. Jerome, who has sued the company for damages. The *Critic's* correspondent writes:

"For compensation Mr. Jerome claimed twelve hundred pounds, and to that purpose appeared to face the company. Mr. Jerome spoke with feeling and grace concerning the advantages of his home, the seclusion of which, he said, alone enabled him to produce his literary works with a fitting finish. He paid ninety pounds a year for rent, but the house was worth one hundred and fifty pounds. He felt he was entitled to substantial damages. After Mr. Jerome left the box, the fun began. Literary experts were called to prove the necessity of absolute privacy for the perfection of their art. Hall Caine, hristling, no doubt, with statistics, Israel Zangwill, regarding the whole occasion as a stupendous 'bean-feast,' Fraafer Moore, Sydney Grundy, and W. S. Gilbert all supported Mr. Jerome's contention with a show of eloquence. Unfortunately, the jury was composed of men deaf to the claim of letters, and in the event awarded Mr. Jerome no more than five hundred pounds damages."

It is amusing to read Mr. Jerome's account of Mr. Jerome's lawsuit to Mr. Jerome's paper, *To-day*. Mr. Jerome, designating the case as one wherein "a railway company had turned a well-known author out of his house," says:

"The first literary witness called was W. S. Gilbert—a tall, well-preserved mao of about sixty, with gray hair parted on one side, a healthy color on his cheeks, blue eyes, nose rather thick at the base, grayish mustache, turn-down collar, green tie looped together in a gold ring, three-button black coat, a watch-chain with hanging gold coin, light trousers and gloves, and a white hat. He looked far more like a retired army officer than an author. Next came Hall Caine, with flowing dark brown hair, large, soft brown eyes, pointed reddish beard, turn-down collar and white tie, black frock-coat, and peculiarly tall, black silk hat, strongly resembling Sir Henry Irving's characteristic head-gear. Sidney Grundy looked too large for the witness-box. He is a tall, heavily built man of middle-age, with massive features and impressive manner. He found quiet absolutely essential for the production of imaginative work. 'Jo' Hatton, the well-known journalist and author, was also called. He is small and slight, with shrewd, kindly face, and walks as if suffering from the effects of ill-health. His brown beaver hat contrasts oddly with his flowing frock-coat, and gives him a somewhat Quakerly air. Fraafer Moore, another witness, is short, rather inclined to be stout, and has a handsome, merry face, brimming over with good humor. Mr. Zangwill had burnt yellow in the country and had his hair cut. Counsel for the railway company was casting about for a definition of journalism in a pompous, Buzfuzzian kind of way. 'Like advocacy, an inferior class of fiction,' prompted Mr. Zangwill, in an audible whisper. The oratorical style of the counsel for the railway company was not remarkable either for foolish or construction. 'This house is said to be occupied for the production of the literary productions which Mr. Blank produces' being one gem. One point which struck me in the evidence of the literary witnesses was the stress which they all laid upon the absolute necessity for quiet when doing imaginative work. Another was the increasing difficulty of getting a house with grounds at a reasonable rent within two or three miles of Charing Cross."

Womeo as Arhitters of the Novelist's Fate.

An American writer of note has remarked that the fate of a writer nowadays, especially if the writer be a story-teller, lies in the hands of women. He says:

"It is women who do the most reading, and, therefore, most of the deciding as to whether an author may stand or fall. If the women of the land like a story, that story, from the popular point of view, is a success, and it does not matter what the whole herd of critics have to say against it. But if the narrative does not happen to appeal to the penchants and prejudices of femininity, then it is, also from the popular point of view, a failure. Many a really good writer has been irretrievably lost to present fame in this way, simply because he has not pleased the vast majority of the reading public—women. The theory is especially interesting as accounting for the success of 'fashionable fiction,' stories of the 'smart set,' and their sayings and doings, whose characters talk, eat,

walk, and dress according to the strictest social standards. Women, as a rule, like this sort of thing, not only in life, but in literature. Men, as a rule, do not. It is undoubtedly snobbish, but it is none the less true that, to average feminine appreciations, 'society' is meat and drink. And if they can not get it in their living, as many of them can not, they like it in their reading. They love a literary as well as a social exclusiveness. 'Esther Waters' is not nearly such aristocratic company as 'Van Bibber,' and it is far more elegant to be upon intimate terms with Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Cruger's set than with Badalia Herodsfoot."

Poaching on Poultoey's Preserves.

We notice with pain in a recent New York periodical an article signed by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum upon His Majesty William II., Emperor of Germany. It is true that the article is short and merely designed to be explanatory of an illustration drawn by Mr. Zogbaum, but, none the less, there is a comity which should prevail among writers and artists. Mr. Zogbaum must know perfectly well that he has transgressed the rules of that inter-artistic comity. He may draw pictures of the German emperor, but he has no right to write about him. That right is reserved for Mr. Poultoey Bigelow, who was a school-fellow of William, as some of our readers may possibly have read several hundred times. Mr. Zogbaum ought to respect Mr. Bigelow's rights. He has the sole right and title to the German emperor. Mr. Bigelow has, so to speak, copyrighted the Kaiser.

"Harper's" for September.

The contents of *Harper's Magazine* for September may be summarized as follows:

Richard Harding Davis describes his recent overland journey in Honduras in "Three Gringos in Central America." Owen Wister, in "The Evolution of the Cow-Puncher," traces the genealogy of the American Cowboy back to the Saxon Crusades and the Cavalier. In "Notes on Indian Art," Edwin Lord Weeks shows that the artistic spirit is still vigorous among the Hindoos. Mark Twain relates some curious experiences in an article called "Mental Telegraphy Again." The third paper in Poultoey Bigelow's "German Struggle for Liberty" series describes the demoralization of Prussia through the cowardice and treason of the nobles, the revival of patriotism among the people, and the famous conference at Erfurt, at which Napoleon alternately dazzled and insulted the Czar and the German princes. In "The Story of a Song," David Graham Adee gives the history of "Malbrouk s'eo va-t'en guerre," the song that Trilby sang at her Paris début. "A Fifteenth-Century Revival," by Rev. Dr. J. H. Hobart, is an estimate of the awakening of Florence under the influence of Savonarola. In "Arabia, Islam, and the Eastern Question," Dr. William H. Thompson discusses the anomalous position of the Turk in Europe. Besides generous installments of the "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" and Mr. Hardy's "Hearts forgerent," the number includes two short stories: "Jamie," a study of Scottish character, by Ian Maclaren, and "Petey Burke and his Pupil," a tale of East Side life in New York, by Julian Ralph.

Intermittent Continental Papers.

Apropos of its statement that Miss Helen Zimmern is in the habit of suspending her Florentine weekly during the summer months and then resuming its publication in the autumn, a correspondent writes to the *Critic*:

"There are a dozen or more Anglo-American newspapers on the Continent and in North Africa—three or four being dailies, one or two semi-weeklies, and the rest weeklies—which follow this course. Some of them are printed in both French and English. Such are the well-known *Levant Herald*, which has been appearing at Constantinople since 1856, and the *Egyptian Gazette*, which Mr. Andrew Victor Philip has been issuing at Alexandria for the past fifteen years. The latter is the quasi-official organ of British rule in Egypt. Of course, *Galignani's Messenger* at Paris is the oldest of all these dailies, and the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* the youngest. Among the weeklies may be mentioned the *Belgian News* of Brussels, the *English and American Register* of Berlin, Dr. Thomas W. Evans's *American Register* of Paris (which was founded by the late Dr. Ryaoo, so long Paris correspondent of the *Herald*), the *Times of Morocco* (an influential defender of English interests at Tangier), and the *Geneva Telegraph*, which becomes a semi-weekly during the summer months. The *Roman Herald*, the *Algerian Advertiser*, and a few other papers, all weeklies, appear only during the season. Miss Zimmern's *Gazette* belongs to this latest category. So she is not the only editor over here who can lay down her quill during the dog-days."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

William M. Rossetti corrects the report that he is engaged in the preparation of a new and collected edition of the works of his sister Christina, though he admits that he may undertake that task at some future time. What he is now preparing is a volume of Miss Rossetti's poems, hitherto unpublished. A Christina Rossetti "Birthday Book" is also soon to be issued. It is compiled by Miss Olivia Rossetti, a daughter of William M. Rossetti.

A new library edition of the works of Lord Byron is in preparation by William Ernest Henley.

Andrew Lang is about to revise and edit a new edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and promises to give a sketch of Scott's biography, containing new and interesting information concerning his character and literary work.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a new child story, called "Two Little Pilgrims Progress; A Story of the City Beautiful," which, the *Book-Buyer* says, will be published early in the autumn. It is a story nearly as long as "Fauntleroy." The two little pilgrims are brother and sister.

Henry Russell, the venerable musician and father of Clark Russell, the novelist, is about to publish a volume of reminiscences. His recollections go back nearly to the beginning of the century; he

sung before George the Fourth and has known most of the distinguished writers and musicians of his time, and his memories, therefore, ought to be entertaining.

Mr. Steveson's "Fables" are coming out in *Longmans'*, and are found to be clever, but not amazing. One of the shortest is called "The Penitent," and runs thus:

A man met a lad weeping. "What do you weep for?" he asked.

"I am weeping for my sins," said the lad.

"You must have little to do," said the man.

The next day they met again. Once more the lad was weeping. "Why do you weep now?" asked the man.

"I am weeping because I have nothing to eat," said the lad.

"I thought it would come to that," said the man.

W. H. Mallock has been at it again. Years ago he wrote a very clever little bulesque, "The New Republic," in which well-known people were happily travestied. In "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century" the same photography was conspicuous. And now, in "The Heart of Life," the portraits are more audacious than ever. More than one well-known figure in society is represented in circumstances at which the reader may stand aghast. Mr. Mallock has availed himself freely of matter collected from the newspapers.

Frederick Locker-Lampson's executors contemplate a complete edition of his verses, including almost all that he wrote. Apropos of this, the New York *Tribune* says:

"This is good news, for, as happens in the case of few writers, the public has hitherto been the loser from the author's hypercritical judgment. Mr. Locker-Lampson had exquisite taste, but so slight was his own faith in it that he would amend his lines to conform to the suggestions of almost any friend foolish enough to criticise them. This trait is manifest in 'London Lyrics,' which were constantly remodeled, so every one of some dozen editions differs in some of its readings from all the rest. The same self-depreciation led him to withhold from publication a great many of what those who have seen them say are among his most delightful poems."

The *Athenaeum* records the death of Richard Herne Shepherd, an eccentric man of letters, very familiar to London booksellers of ten years ago. "To all collectors of first editions, the name of Richard Herne Shepherd," says a writer in the *Athenaeum*, "is a household word. He may be said to have invented that class of bibliography. He was, perhaps, the last man who regarded a business letter as a literary composition, and his briefest note was turned out as if it were a contribution to the *Athenaeum*."

"John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) has been elected president of the Society of Women Journalists of London. This is since her divorce.

William Heinemann, the London publisher, was born in England, but commenced at an early age to lead a cosmopolitan sort of existence. He went abroad and picked up three languages. Theo he went to Trübner's and learned his trade. When Trübner joined partnership with Kegan Paul, he started publishing on his own account, on January 1, 1889. On February 1st he published his first book—Hall Caine's "The Boodmao." It ran through many editions, and was a worthy forerunner of "The Manxman." Since then among his successes have been "The Heavenly Twins," "The Scapegoat," "Ideala," "The Green Carnation," "Children of the Ghetto," "The Naulahka," "Wreckage," and "The Master."

A new volume of criticism in an English writer, to be called "The Greater Victorian Poets," will include under that title only Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold.

Inasmuch as the English journalist, George Augustus Sala, recently testified in court that his time was worth to him twenty-five dollars an hour, and that he had more demands upon it than he could possibly meet, it is somewhat astonishing (says the New York *Tribune*) to find him selling his library by auction and accepting from the crown a pension of ten dollars a week from a fund which is usually restricted to providing pensions for poverty-stricken widows and orphans of literary life.

"Morning Mists" is the title of a forthcoming story by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger—"Julien Gordon."

When S. R. Crockett was a boy on a farm in Little Duchrae, in Scotland, he spoke the Scotch dialect that Burns has immortalized—even the exact words of the poet, according to Mr. Crockett's statement. He has been an author for nine years, and now, at thirty-four, famous on two continents, he is in physical appearance a veritable giant, broad-shouldered, and six feet four inches in height. It is cheerful to hear Mr. Crockett's asseveration, made to an interviewer, that the Scotch are not thrifty as a race, but, on the contrary, very extravagant. One is reminded of the Scot's complaint against London as an expensive place: that he had not been there more than twenty-four hours when "bang went saxe-pence."

Professor Lippmann, for his method of photographing colors, has received the prize of twelve thousand francs awarded every six years by the Paris Société d'Encouragement for the discovery most useful to French industry.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Books of Verse.

"Distaff and Spindle" is the title of a sequence of sixty-nine sonnets by Mary Ashley Townsend. "Thy spindle and thy distaff ready make, and God will send the flax" is the axiom on which the initial sonnet is based, the poet interpreting it to read: "God only sends to him who, toiling bravely, seeks the flax." The others teach a like self-helpful philosophy, describe the beauties and grandeur of nature, or have love for their theme. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"A Bank of Violets" contains some forty short poems by Fanny H. Rannels Poole. They are divided under three headings: "Partly Fancy," in which are "June," "Beauty," "The Heart of a Rose," "The Boholinks," "Dream-Wings," "Bernard de Ventadour," and similar verses; "Among Friends," in which the best are in praise of Stevenson, Keats, De Amicis, Anne Reeve Aldrich, and others; and "Faith," which are religious and didactic. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Curing Disease through the Eye.

"The Eye in its Relation to Health," by Chalmers Prentice, M. D., is a work intended for physicians rather than for laymen, but even for the latter it affords sufficiently curious reading. The author's thesis is that disease is a result of "abnormal innervation"—excessive or insufficient supply of nerve-impulse—or, in other words, that all alterations of function are primarily central in the nervous system; that the visual centres are the most sensitive and most constantly taxed, because the most continuous and positive feeling is produced by the impact of an imponderable agent; and that many diseases are curable by restoring to their normal condition eyes which are in some degree and in some respects abnormal. Dr. Prentice cites a large number of cases in which diabetes mellitus, ovaritis, incipient locomotor ataxia, consumption, and other grave diseases have been cured by treatment of the patients' eyes. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A Local Tragedy in Fictian.

Encouraged by the success of "Initial Experiences," a book of short stories of military life written by several army officers, the publishers have now put forth a second volume of the kind. It is entitled "Captain Dreams," from the initial story by Captain Charles King, who edits the series, and the other stories are "The Ebb-Tide," by Lieutenant A. H. Sydenham; "White Lilies," by Alice King Hamilton; "A Strange Wound," by Lieutenant W. H. Hamilton; "The Story of Alcatraz," by Mr. Sydenham; "The Other Fellow," by R. Monckton-Dene; and "Buttons," by Captain J. G. Leefe. "The Story of Alcatraz," by the way, created something of a scandal in local military circles when it first appeared, for it was based on a tragic incident that occurred some years ago at Alcatraz. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Money in Matrimony.

"Too Late Repented," by Mrs. Forrester, is a highly imaginative tale. The man who marries a wealthy woman is not likely to repent of his bargain, that is, not to the extent of running away from her. But that is what happens in Mrs. Forrester's tale. He sends an explanatory note to a friend and it falls into his wealthy wife's hands, whereupon that opulent lady takes passage on the same steamer that is to hear her husband to "furrin parts." But he misses the steamer and she is started on a long voyage, with no end of handsome young men to sympathize with their fair fellow-voyager; and the husband, learning of his wife's whereabouts, and following after in the next ship, is lost at sea, whereupon the wealthy widow dries her eyes and consoles herself with one of the sympathetic young men. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A Book for Sportsmen.

"Game Birds at Home" is the title of a useful little book by Theodore S. Van Dyke. The author has been an enthusiastic sportsman for forty years, and has written on the subject for half as many years, one of his best known books being "Rifle, Rod, and Gun in California." He possesses in a high degree the love of nature that gives their charm to books of this kind. His chapters are "Bob White," "The Woodcock," "The Ruffed Grouse," "The Pinnated Grouse," "The Sharp-Tailed Grouse," "Days among the Ducks," "Days on the Illinois," "The Wild Goose," "The American Cranes," "Days among the Plover," "The Quails of California," "Wilson's Snipe," "Salt-Water Birds," and "The Wild Turkey." Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

Sugar-Coated Science for Children.

"Old Farm Fairies: A Summer Campaign in Brownland against King Cobweaver's Pixies," is a story for young people by Henry C. McCook. It was written eighteen years ago, the author explains, in order to differentiate his brownies and

pixies from those of Palmer Cox, but its publication was deferred until the author had completed his scientific work on "American Spiders." The present book aims to put in the form of attractive fiction for children the results of the author's observations of the habits of our spider fauna, and it succeeds in being both entertaining and instructive. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

A Very Mysterious Novel.

"Forward House," by William Scoville Case, is a tale of many mysteries, not the least poignant of which is what it is all about. One is not told in what country the scene is laid, and can form no satisfactory idea of what century the action takes place in. The language in some passages is so stilted that the personages seem to belong to the eighteenth century, and again they descend to such modern slang as "he wants the earth." The story, too, is very obscure; it concerns Colonel Forward, of Forward House, who has a very wicked son, and a mysterious hottle, and a dynamite explosion figure in the tale. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Sordid Tale.

"The Worm that Ceased to Turn," by Gorham Silva, is the life-story of an ignorant farmer who had accumulated a small fortune and in his later years married a girl from the county poor-house. She makes ducks and drakes of his money, and hears him a large family that is only less vicious than herself, finally bringing him to a poverty from which the poor-house is the only refuge, when a kind old woman who has loved him all along gives him a place at her own fireside. The tale is an unpleasant presentment of squalor and black ignorance and vice, but the old man's character is really noble. Published by the J. S. Ogilvie Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

New Publications.

"A Magnificent Young Man," a new novel of English military life by "John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Arthur Stannard), has been published in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

The fourth volume of H. E. Watts's new edition of "Don Quixote" continues to the end the history of "the ingenious gentleman," giving in appendixes the don's chronology and his itinerary, and concluding with an index to the four volumes. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Sons of Belial," by William Westall, is a story of life in Yorkshire, its hero being the son of a molder who started a tavern—whence he was called a "son of Belial" by a temperance preacher, and his sons after him inherited the nickname—and became a wealthy manufacturer. The lad has intelligence and industry and, despite his ex-convict uncle, becomes a great man. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"Patriotic Citizenship" is the title of a new book compiled for use in schools by Thomas J. Morgan, LL. D., a member of the National Council of Education. It consists of a series of questions—grouped under "Patriotism," "The Flag," "The Colonists," "The Revolution," "The Nation," "The War for the Union," etc.—to which answers are given in quotations from the works of eminent writers, in both prose and poetry. The Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence are reproduced in full. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Rest for Literary Workers.

A hard-worked literary man in Boston, writing to Maurice Thompson, said that "he needed a change and rest, and that there was no rest worth thinking of this side of the Atlantic, and that he was too poor to go abroad." Maurice Thompson replies to him in the *Independent*, and gives him some advice which may be profitable for others beside himself to follow. He says:

"Drop the silly notion that to rest and accumulate brain-tissue you must go abroad. Let go another fool's comfort, to-wit: serene faith in the efficacy of artificial cosmopolitanism. True cosmopolitan vision is all very well; but a Cook's tour, or two or three Cook's tours, abroad can not possibly give that vision. Paul Bourget's book on America is the best proof to be had of how childishly ignorant one may be of a large part of the world and yet pass for a cosmopolite. Indeed, there is no such man or woman in life as the word cosmopolite is meant to stand for in literature. If you scratch the crust of self-importance off a cosmopolite, you will find a very ordinary human being, as a rule, who does not know the names of half the important cities in his own country, and could not, to save his life, tell Bordeaux from California claret with his eyes shut and a fiddle going. And the most rigid, statuesque, incorrigible, and altogether debilitated cosmopolite is the one who calls himself an artist, and a genius, and the like, but can not find any inspiration in his own country; nay, worst of all, actually deems it a practical demonstration of his cosmopolitan achievements to decry his own people, breeding, and country, and at the same time lick the feet of some other people and herald some other country of whose civilization he has but the annual tourist's knowledge. Any man who is as broad as his country, is broad enough to bear a tremendous superstructure of science, art, letters, humanities. No globe-trotter was ever a Shakespeare, a Raphael, a Chaucer, a Burns, a Hugo, a Napoleon, a Newton, an Edison."

RECENT VERSE.

Lavender Leaves.

The waving corn was green and gold,
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel,
Kept up a drowsy drone—
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender,
One Summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish-green,
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue—
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That Summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,
And fell in many a shred;
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,
And some to shroud the dead.
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In Summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady-lily tall
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One Summer long ago.

—Minna Irving in the *New England Magazine*.

The Meadow Lark.

Word was given; the hughle blew;
"Boots and saddles!" it signaled shrill.
Up and mount! and each horseman flew
'Stride his steed with a right good-will.
Hoofs were pawing and necks were arched;
Forth from the camp the troopers marched.

In the plains they rode where dread
Lurked with doom in the pampas-grass;
Many a serpent raised its head,
Rattling "Death" from the tangled mass.
Many an Indian skulked unseen,
Spying upon their cruel-keen.

Not for these would the brave ranks swerve;
Straight in the line of march they rode.
He who's soldier must needs preserve
Heart that harbors no craven bode.
Into the oratories pressed the hand,
General Custer in command.

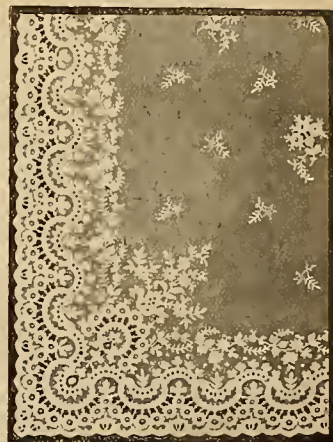
Noon's sun down from the zenith heat,
Scorching the earth with ruthless rays;
Over the ground the quivering heat
Rose and danced in a blinding maze.
Never a hook or tree was there
Serving to cool the fevered air.

Every sound to heartward went;
Click of hoof or the ring of steel,
Sudden clank of accoutrement,
Never a soldier failed to feel;
While one step from the beaten course
Roused to alertness man and horse.
Gallant Custer rode on ahead,
Guide and chief of a brave command!
Arrow-straight his good charger sped,
Never swerving to either hand,
Till—a touch! and the faithful steed
Veered aside in his headlong lead.

There, deep-hid in the prairie-grass,
Lay the nest of a meadow-lark.
Birdlings wee, in a fluffy mass,
Hid 'neath berrying so warm and dark.
Right in the line of march they stood;
Little mother and tiny brood.

That was all; but e'en rough hearts beed
Gentle acts, and these softer beat
For their General's simple deed,
Done for Love in its dim retreat.
That was all; but in Custer's wake
Rode meek men—for a mother's sake.
—Julie M. Lippman in the *Independent*.

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Short Stories by { THOMAS A. JANVIER
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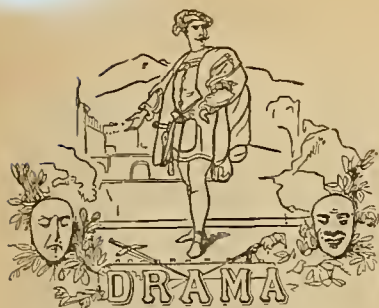
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of Arc, Hearts Insurgent, etc., etc.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

THREE GRINGOS
IN
CENTRAL AMERICA
(ILLUSTRATED)
BY
RICHARD
HARDING
DAVIS

SEPTEMBER
NUMBER

(NOW READY)



The ways of the world, its mean ideals, its petty compromises, its Philistine respect for appearances and indifference to actions, are rank in the nostrils of Henry Arthur Jones. Here is a playwright who has convictions, and has them hard. The elder Dumas had no convictions, Dumas fils and Pinero pretend to have them, Bronson Howard has them, but is ashamed of them, Henry Arthur Jones not only has them and is not ashamed of them, but comes down with them on the heads of the crowd like a pile-driver on a paving-stone.

The theatre is to him a place for the inculcating of moral lessons, the unveiling of shams, the tearing down of whitened sepulchres. He hates the world's attitude of a cowardly compromise, and Dr. Johnson would approve of him as a good hater. The doctrine the noble army who dwell in Philistia learned from Zedig, that "nothing is so respectable as ancient abuses," is a doctrine that he can not bear without throwing down his gage and challenging society to a tilt. But his chafed and defiant spirit liberates its spleen in stinging sarcasms, in a malevolently mocking humor. He, too, has a laughing devil in his snarl, and the more it laughs the deeper bites its ferocious mirth.

In "The Bauble Shop" his *farouche* and bitter wit still hears on the old ancestral rights and the old primeval wrongs. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light; but Mr. Jones has but a heggarly respect for their wisdom and what they make thereby. He is not in this play as tempestuously up to date as he was in "Rebellious Susan." The right of a man of the world, a lord, and a cabinet minister at that, to "sport with Amaryllys in the shade" when Amaryllys is poor, friendless, and obscure, is a much older subject than the right of a high-spirited married lady to avenge her wrongs after the manner of Lady Susan Harabin.

But the treatment of the story is as vigorous, as brilliantly satirical as usual. The dwellers in that world which Henry Arthur Jones holds in such low esteem are depicted in their habits as they live. There are no false sympathies, no mawkish sentimentalities. The men and women are sketched boldly and freely. They talk naturally, if often wittily and sometimes brutally. Their point of view is as selfish and callous as nature itself. Yet there are still real feelings, fine impulses, hidden under their case-hardened exteriors. The men have still vulnerable spots left in consciences not yet entirely indurated. The women are not all brands for the burning, though the tempter speak with the tongue of men and angels. At the bottom of Henry Arthur Jones's scorn of society there is a deep belief in the inherent good of human nature, and in this lies his strangely invigorating power. In his lesser way, he has added his note to the trumpet voice which called its message across the century: "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world."

His hero, Lord Clivehrooke, is the sort of man that the old dramatist would have made a tremendous villain. He is, as he now stands, one of Mr. Jones's most successful studies, a man of that sort described somewhere by Balzac as "ambitious, with no fixed conscience, who seeks to pick his way along the edge of wickedness and save appearances while he gains his ends." The flippant cynicism of his views in the first act, expressed with a frankness which only Mr. Jones dares even in this century-end of diminished verbal reserve; the cold, sardonic wariness of his suspicious disbelief in Jessie Keher, with into nothing before the impassioned quickening of heart and conscience in the hour of storm and stress. Lord Clivehrooke, despite the fact that he has to contend against the disadvantages of being a member of the British aristocracy, reaches the end of the play, if not as a hero, at least as a man the gallery can afford to applaud without loss of self-respect.

Mr. Jones, however, has injured his play by placing the strong scene in the second act. The hero and heroine are here carried up to a summit of emotion where they are left stranded like the ark upon Mount Ararat. When it is half over, the play has reached its emotional climax, and from this sinks down toward serenity and peace to the dead calm of a happy betrothal. The apex of intensity has been achieved; even Lord Clivehrooke's defeat in the House seems a tame matter after the fiery furnace be passed through in the scene before. Mr. Drew, who is absolutely excellent up to the end of the second act, is evidently affected by the subsequent drop in the ten-

sion of the play. In the third act, he has the air of being somewhat out of heart, and at the end of the scene makes a distinctly stagey exit through two lines of consolatory constituents, crying, as he waves them aside, "Make way, gentlemen," like a duke going to execution in an Elizabethan tragedy.

In the second act, however, he shows an impassioned power that, in the serene routine of high-bred calm in which the dress-suit actor moves, he had not an opportunity of revealing before. The scene with Jessie Keher was marked by a still intensity of expression, a quiescent alertness. But the furious outburst to Stotch, the fierce humbling of an aristocrat's arrogance before a scorned and hated adversary, was finely carried out, never passing from a restrained though choking excitement into ranting. It was the rage of a gentleman who, even in the hending of his proud neck, had yet power to madden his adversary with the inherent, ineradicable superiority of the man of race and blood.

In this same act Miss Maud Adams has her best, in fact, her only scene. This slim young girl, thin as a lath, fragile, low-voiced, with a small face lit by narrow, thickly lashed eyes, glides through the piece like a gentle, melancholy spirit. She has evaded the temptation of dressing herself in the gorgeous habiliments which always grace the heggarly poverty of the stage heroine. She is really a shabby little figure, in limp, sad-colored gowns that are all skimpy in the sleeves and clinging about the skirts, with never a godet at all. She makes Jessie Keher the refined and sensitive girl that the cabinet minister, straying down a by-way from the great thoroughfare of politics and fashion, might have found a pretty and delicate blossom to pluck and wear in his coat for an hour.

The equilibrium in such a character as Jessie Keher's must be perfect, or else there will be artistic chaos. She is a woman in years, who, living lonely and secluded in the heart of the great modern Babylon, is as ignorant of the outside world as the bird in its cage by the window. Yet to invest such a character with the childish ignorance of the *ingénue* would be destruction to its charm of a transparent delicacy and trust. Jessie Keher might easily have grown up to be the woman she was in the seclusion of the silent warehouse, alone with her premature cares and the gaudy company of toys, while the world outside swept by her dark and silent home, unheeded and unknown. Miss Adams gives a charming rendering of the character. Among her many other accomplishments she has that one universally acknowledged to be of the greatest value, and for which Colonel Bradley highly commended Mrs. Willard and her mother—she can cry without making her nose red. This is an acquirement valued far above rubies.

In the triple bill at the Columbia, "The Critic" is the only novelty. People have before seen and admired the beautiful Captain Bradley in "A Man of the World," and "Nance Oldfield" was given here two years ago by Irving and Terry. But "The Critic" is something absolutely and entirely new. Anybody who has read his Sheridan knows the surprised, the ecstatic, hysterical laughter which marked his first perusal of that extraordinary piece of work. Second considerations were made serious by the reflection as to whether the farce would act as well as it read. The first act, with its disconnected gayety, drifted about in such a singularly unmoored isolation that it was almost impossible to imagine it soherly preceding the tragedy rehearsed, which Mr. Puff expected to make his fame by.

The version of "The Critic" that Mr. Dixey plays is a good deal "edited." The original tragedy and much of the original dialogue are there, but any amount of "business," of jokes, of gags, of smart sayings have been interpolated. Some of the interpolations are amusing, others poor. The "Trilby" bit is absurd and quite meaningless. It must have been suggested by Tilburina's costume, which, being flowing and white and having crossed ribbons over the chest, reminded somebody of Trilby, so Mr. Dixey thought a Svengali nose and wig, and Tilburina sang a verse of "Ben Bolt"; all of which was expensive and dull.

The first part of "The Critic" is so much better than the last that in this new edition it was left somewhat unmodified, and it was toward the end that the revisers turned their wits. Here Mr. Dixey gets up, and, with the confidant, "stark mad in white linen," executed a *pas de deux*, that took them leaping and gyrating over the stage. Mr. Stockwell, as Don Wiskerandos, also threw in anything in the way of dialogue and nonsense that happened to occur to him. He made the serious blunder of portraying Don Wiskerandos in a spirit of conscious burlesque, not seeming to realize that all the humor of the part consists in the absolute seriousness of the would-be tragedian. Wiskerandos, made a self-conscious buffoon, loses his humor, especially when Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Leicester are as solemnly in earnest as they were in the performance on Tuesday evening.

—ELEGANT PARASOL AND UMBRELLA FORCE-LAIN handles, just received, at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Strayed.

Mary had a little lamb,
It followed her each day,
Till Mary put the bloomers on,
And then it ran away.

—Louisiana Times.

The Bicycle Face.

"Ah, me, what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron";
I started on my flying wheel,
The flush of exercise to feel,
When, discontented with its load,
It scattered me along the road,
And though I lit on every place,
The most of it was on my face.

—New York Sun.

On Her Wheel.

And eke she rideth the flying wheel,
Her hearty to enhance;
But never, never, never,
In pants.—Detroit Free Press.

A Preference.

I took a header off my wheel
And then was forced to say,
"Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of to-day."—Life.

Bloomers in Billville.

The women down at Billville have got the bloomer craze;
They're ridin' round on bicycles an' blockin' all the ways;
They say it makes 'em healthy, an' they're goin' for it strong,
An' the men are hakin' biscuits an' cussin' all day long!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Bostonians are considering an offer of the American rights in Millöcker's new opera, and may produce it this fall. They open their season in Minneapolis next month, and will come thence direct to the Columbia Theatre.

Oscar Wilde's play, "A Woman of No Importance," is to follow "Masks and Faces" at the Columbia Theatre. It will be preceded by a curtain-raiser, "The Major's Appointment."

—THE TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS FOR ladies, at the Lurline Baths, continue to be extremely popular. Large parties of ladies go regularly on these mornings to enjoy the exclusive swim afforded them. They being centrally located, and having the tank refilled each day with the pure ocean salt water, make them decidedly the favored baths of San Francisco. The emptying of the tank every night at 10:30 o'clock is free to public gaze.

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Pennsylvania

STAGE GOSSIP.

The delightful little dramatic sketch called "A Man of the World," in which Maurice Barrymore appears to such advantage at the Columbia this week, is by Augustus Thomas. It was written for Barrymore, and fits him like a glove. In fact, many people who do not like Barrymore's mannerisms say that they never before realized what a clever actor he was until they saw him in this part. Barrymore is an intimate friend of Augustus Thomas, and it was probably a study of Barrymore's peculiarities which led Thomas to write the sketch. Augustus Thomas, who has written "Alabama," "In Missouri," and a number of other plays, has a very large circle of friends among actors, artists, and literary men. Although a young man, he has been very successful with the plays he has written, and has a most charming country place near New Rochelle, about half an hour from New York city, where he spends the summer months in company with his wife, his baby, and his library. He keeps open house, and as there is a large literary and artistic circle residing in and around New Rochelle, there are many very charming gatherings at the Thomas home. Mr. Thomas has already done so well with the plays that he has produced, and has done it in so few years, being far on the hither side of middle age, that it is difficult to say to what success he may not attain. He is personally a most charming man, and is very popular among those who know him, and his conversation smacks of the pleasant wit which so enlivens his plays.

"The Coast Guard," an American melodrama which has not yet been seen on the Pacific Slope, will be given an elaborate production at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. One of the scenes will represent a river of running water, with a real dredger at work in it. This (Saturday) and tomorrow evenings will see the last performances of Herbert Hall Winslow's comedy-melodrama, "A Cracker Jack."

Our New York correspondent, in writing of the recent open-air performance of "The Merry Wives" at Saratoga, spoke of De Wolf Hopper's success as Falstaff, and now word comes from the East that he is thinking of adding "The Merry Wives" to his repertoire.

John Drew's play for the coming week at the Baldwin is a new comedy by Henry Guy Carleton. It is entitled "That Imprudent Young Couple," and deals with the complications in which a young man and woman are entangled by marrying while each is still in the bonds of a summer engagement to another person. Besides Mr. Drew and Miss Adams, the cast consist of Anna Belmont, Annie Adams, Virginia Buchanan, Ethel Barrymore, Harry Harwood, Leslie Allen, Louis Baker, Arthur Byron, Herbert Ayling, and Frank E. Lamb.

The coming production of "As You Like It" at Sutro Heights, for the benefit of the Channing Auxiliary, will not "be the first open-air production of 'As You Like It' in California," as one of the daily papers has stated. The first such performance was given on July 29, 1882, at the Redwood Grove on Russian River, where the Bohemian Club held their first midsummer jinks after the destruction of the Guerneville forest. The play was not produced in its entirety—only the forest scenes were given. Orlando was played by Joe Grismer, and Rosalind was cut out. "Old Bradley" took the part of the Banished Duke, and when he woke up in the morning found that some humorist had placed a small pig in bed with him. Orlando dressed his part with a pair of high "castellated" boots, and when he was about to retire, overcome with fatigue and things, he found it impossible to remove them, so Orlando went to bed with his boots on. These latter two incidents were probably the "first time in California."

There has been some discussion as to the "morality" of the song in the first act of "The Bauhse Shop" at the Baldwin. The song may or may not be bad. But there can be no question about the singing.

The martial strains of Millöcker's celebrated opera, "The Black Hussar," will resound throughout the Tivoli Opera House next week. The stirring music of this work has been heretofore sung at this house with the greatest success. Martin Pache and John J. Raffael will alternate in the rôle of the Army Chaplain, Helbert; Ferris Hartman will play his favorite rôle of Hackenback, the magistrate of Trautenfeld; W. H. West will show his capabilities as a comedian as Piffkow, Hackenback's factotum; George H. Broderick will sing the rôle of Walderman, the Black Hussar's companion, and Marcel Perron, the French officer, Thorillere. Laura Millard will reappear as Minna, Hackenback's daughter, and Alice Carle will play her sister Rossetta. One of Mahella Baker's successes in the East has been the rôle of Hackenback's housekeeper, Barbara, a part she will play in this production. The run of "The Black Hussar" is limited to one week, after which "Faust" will be sung, with a cast including Minnie Ida Valerga and William Walshe, *primo tenore* from the leading Australian theatres, who will then make his American debut. A series of grand-opera productions,

interwoven with comic-opera successes, will fill out the season up to Christmas-time.

"Masks and Faces," the excellent comedy which Tom Taylor and Charles Reade made from the latter's novel, "Peg Woffington," is to be given at the Columbia Theatre next week. It was first produced at the Haymarket in London in 1854, with Mrs. Sterling in the leading rôle, and shortly thereafter it was seen at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, with Miss Davenport and Miss West alternating as Peg Woffington. It has always been a favorite play with comedy actresses, and they have all tried their hands at it. One of the most successful productions was that when Rose Coghlan revived it in New York last year, and it is said that the Columbia cast will quite equal the one that presented the play then.

Pauline Hall is to follow John Drew at the Baldwin Theatre. She will have a repertoire of light operas, including "Dorcas," an operatic comedy by the Messrs. Paulton, the authors of "Erminie."

In the representation of "Nance Oldfield" at the Columbia Theatre this week, Miss Maud Winters, while conversing with Mr. William Beach in the play, remarked—presumably in Charles Reade's lines—"There are many young men who pour out their professions of love freely, but I guess he don't have the courage." It would be interesting to look up the lines, and see whether Charles Reade used either the American "I guess" or the recent colloquialism "he don't." It is really extraordinary to what a vogue the latter has obtained. People who ordinarily are careful about their speech say continually "he don't," "she don't," etc., using the plural form of the verb with the singular nominative. It is creeping into the magazines; it has long possessed the daily newspapers, and now, apparently, it is on the stage. But would not Charles Reade turn over in his grave at having such language attributed to him!

Wilton Lackaye, who has for some years had a particularly comfortable berth in New York, being so much in demand to create rôles in new plays that he has scorned to submit to the discomforts of "the road," has made such a success of Svengali in Mr. Potter's "Trilhy" that manager Palmer has made him a very advantageous offer to continue with the company on its tour, and there is a very good prospect of his being in the cast when "Trilhy" comes to the Baldwin.

"The District Attorney" is in active preparation at the Columbia. Which reminds one that it would be a good thing if Stockwell would give a revival of that other legal luminary, "The Magistrate." His present company would afford an admirable cast.

Stephen W. Leach—or "Uncle Steve," as he was affectionately known to his intimates—died in the Fabiola Hospital, Oakland, Cal., on August 21st, in the eightieth year of his age. He has been known as an actor and musician for many years. He made his first appearance on the stage in Philadelphia over fifty years ago. He came to San Francisco with Mme. Anna Bishop's opera troupe in 1854, and remained here ever since. He played at the old Metropolitan Theatre, at Maguire's Opera House, at the Adelphi Theatre on Dupont Street, and at the old American Theatre on Sansome Street—all torn down years ago. He was a member of the old California Theatre stock company, which was organized in 1869. Many will recall his frequent appearances on the old California stage with John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Henry Edwards, Barton Hill, Walter Leman, Sedley Smith, May Howard, Emelie Melville, Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Saunders, and many others of the old-time actors and actresses. He used to have a sort of general supervision of the stage music, of which there was a good deal in the old days at the California. This, of course, in no way intruded upon the functions of the orchestra leader, and old "Uncle Stephen" would often drill his chorus in Sir Matthew Locke's music in "Macheth," let us say, behind the footlights, while Charley Schultz was reveling in "Silver on Her Heels" or luxuriating in his favorite "Fireman's March" before the footlights. In fact, "Uncle Stephen" generally played First Witch in "Macheth," in order to direct the music unobserved with his witch's staff. He had much to do with the arrangement of other music for the old California—notably the choruses in "As You Like It" and "Macheth"—and added greatly to the dramatic effect by lyric aids. He was an exceptionally fine musician. He had for many years been a member of the Bohemian Club, of which he was one of the founders, and toward the end of his days the club gave him the sinecure position of "librarian" at a modest salary.

Miss Margaret Craven has been specially engaged to play the part of Mrs. Vane in the production of "Masks and Faces" to be given at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. This will, in all probability, be her last appearance in the city prior to her trip to Paris.

Calvé probably thinks she has annihilated Emma Eames. The latter, as the wife of W. W. Story's son, was received as a social equal in the best

houses in New York and Boston, and the passionate impersonator of Carmen, who was kept like a Peri singing at the gates, was consumed with envy. But Calvé has been reëngaged for next winter's opera season in New York and Miss Eames has not. And now Mme. Calvé is enjoying a social triumph in England. After the recent performance of "Carmen" at Windsor Castle, the queen conversed for a long time with the artist, and complimented her on her impersonation of the title-rôle. Her majesty afterward invited Mme. Calvé to stay three days at Osborne after the close of the opera season. Calvé has, moreover, given sittings to the Countess Gleichen, who is executing a bust in marble of her in her costume as Carmen. When finished it will be placed in the St. George's Gallery at Windsor Castle by order of the queen. During her season in New York, by the way, she will appear in two operas which are new in this country.

The press-agent for "The Night Clerk," Peter F. Dailey's new farce-comedy, is boasting of Jennie Yeamans's patriotism. Her part in "The Night Clerk" calls for elaborate gowns, and we are informed that Miss Yeamans, on her recent return from Europe, "made the New York customs authorities gasp" by declaring that she brought no dutiable goods. Her gowns are all to be made "by American hands and brains."

Louis James, Corinne in "Hendrik Hudson," Tom Keene in a "legitimate" repertoire, and Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Contented Woman," in which his pretty wife, Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, appears as the female mayor of Denver, are among the attractions soon to be seen at the California Theatre.

A London journal says that nowhere has Florence St. John been more appreciated than in the land of the Stars and Stripes, and it affirms that "there still hover about the ceiling of her London sitting-room the two beautiful doves which hung over the floral tribute presented to her by the two composers of 'The Lady of the Locket' after her first appearance as Francesca in the San Francisco company." What was "The Lady of the Locket," who were its two composers, and why did they give her the white-winged birds of peace?

On the first night of the present hill at the Columbia Theatre, the company were not all letter-perfect. For example, when Miss Coghlan and Mr. Stockwell were on the stage together in "Nance Oldfield," the lady rebukes him for his language and manners, whereupon the country attorney replies: "Well, those are the kind of manners we have down in London." He should, of course, have said "down in Coventry." But Miss Coghlan was equal to the occasion. Although the transmogrified speech had failed to give her her cue, and nearly ruined her reply, she twisted it thus: "If those are the kind of manners you have, people in London will send you to Coventry." This recalls the celebrated and antiquated theatrical jest of the actor who wished to hark Macready in the great catch line in "Richard III." Therefore when he entered and addressed Richard, he changed his lines thus: "My lord! my lord! They have taken the Duke of Buckingham and cut off his head!" To which Macready, nowise discomfited, at once replied: "Say you so? It is well. Had they not done so, I would have said: 'Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!'"

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American visitors in England this summer have
received a warmer welcome from Englishmen than
ever before, according to a recent cablegram. En-
tertaining Americans has become what might be
described, perhaps, as a popular fad. Several
New Yorkers tell of astonishing instances of John
Bull's hospitality, urged upon them as strangers as
the result of an hour's acquaintance made on a
railway train or in some other public place. This
new spirit of cordiality is finding unusual expres-
sion also in the principal journals. Both the *Daily
Telegraph* and the *Standard* print remarkable lead-
ing articles on the subject, in which the warmest
sentiments are expressed in the language of ap-
parently genuine sincerity. The *Standard* remarks,
with an apology: "America is rather wonderful
than interesting, more attractive to the statistician
than to the tourist. The land is rather of vast in-
dustrial enterprises than of romance, charm, and
poetic enchantment." Then it says of Americans:
"London society loves good spirits, mirth, wit,
originality, and active mindedness, and our visitors
from the States possess all these invaluable qual-
ities, and display them prodigally. The men are
witty and well informed. The women are fair to
see, admirably dressed, and overflowing with con-
versation. Perhaps we ought to add, for London
society is somewhat venal, that they bring with
them also a certain amount of dollars, and they are
not made less welcome because they spend their
money right democratically, turn their staircases
into conservatories, emulate Lucullus in their sup-
pers, have the best floor, and the best music, and
the best people; in a word, the best of everything.
In fact, they are in this respect uncommonly like
Englishmen and Englishwomen, only one better."

Lady Brassey is the pioneer of a new social
departure, which may or may not be adopted on
this side of the ocean. Says the *Sketch*: "Her re-
ception in Park Lane last week, for which 'no in-
vitations' were sent beyond two notices in the 'day's
arrangement' column of our accepted daily social
organ, was largely attended. Lady Brassey had
the satisfaction of hearing that many would gladly
follow her initiative. To the woman of many ac-
quaintances, a perpetual necessity exists for dis-
patching hundreds of cards for every function to
which she bids them. Therefore this beautiful
simplicity of a line in the *Morning Post*, giving
notice that on such an evening Mrs. So-and-So will
be 'at home,' will necessarily appeal to those who
invite and accept. Numbers of Lady Brassey's
friends, on their way to Buckingham Palace, looked
in between 'ten and twelve' on Monday, and an
admirable innovation has thus been practically put
to the vote and passed with acclamation by those
who issue the terms of a social usance."

Here is a list of what a French lady adviser con-
siders essential for the sea-side. To begin with,
the trunk itself must be *très coquette*, and in the
bottom you must place six pairs of boots, each in
their own little cretonne bag. There must be
laced boots with low heels for walking, laced
shoes, yellow shoes with three buttons, white
shoes (*le grand chic*), another fanciful pair of
shoes, and bathing-sandals. The next layer in the
trunk must consist of a little music, some books,
two bathing peignoirs, and two bathing costumes—
in a word, the arts and luxuries of this world,
pleasantly jumbled. Next we have a red capuchin
cape for cool rambles on the beach, dressing-
gowns, a *robe de chambre*, and bit of embroidery
which madame has been working at for only two
years, and by means of which she means to astute
her industry on the beach of an afternoon. Un-
derlinen and night-gowns—luxuries first, neces-
saries afterwards—follow, and you are advised to
pack all your skirts flat in one box, and have
special boxes and trays to lay out your elaborate
bodices and their sleeves in. Three piqué dresses
—one blue, one pure white, and one of white
flowered piqué; one tailor-made gown, blouses at
a very liberal discretion, a batiste dress trimmed
with Valenciennes, one dainty silk with an 1830
décolleté fichu, and a dainty silk evening wrap—on
the whole, a very moderate allowance for a Parisi-
enne to make.

Housekeeping requires of a woman the same
qualities that are necessary to make a good states-
man—cool judgment, equable temper, and a grasp
of details, however small. The average woman
(the *Pall Mall Gazette* contends), to develop these
qualities, needs to have the companionship of man,
to live with him in the marital relation, and to be
responsible to him for his daily needs and com-
forts; left to herself, free from the discipline of
male domination and needing only to provide for
her own wants, she will shirk the cares of house-
keeping and maintain herself upon the most meagre
diet, mainly one of toast and tea. As re-
gards the professional housekeeper, who is held to
a strict accountability, and is called upon to provide
annually one thousand and ninety-five appetizing
meals for a family and satisfying ones for the
domestics, to make the servants do their best work,
and to prevent jars and bickerings among them,
she requires an amount of tact, character, and
kindliness never found in the second-rate woman

that the housekeeper is supposed to be. She must
be cheerful, prompt, and calm in emergencies, good
tempered, and patient. The household over which
she has supervision must be so organized that dur-
ing her temporary absence or illness the whole
thing will go on by itself, for a time at least. That
the possession of such qualities is rare in any
woman, the *Gazette* holds to be true from the fact
that the owners of large town and country-houses
in England are constantly on the lookout for this
ideal housekeeper. Such a woman will easily com-
mand an annual salary of one thousand dollars, if
not more. She is treated with great respect, she
has her own apartments, in which her meals are
served, her hours of labor or duty are reasonably
brief, and she is not expected to hold other than
official relations with the domestics. The demand
in England, and the same is probably true of this
country, for this type of professional housekeeper
far exceeds the supply. This is so pronounced
that in England daughters of clergymen and other
women of the same social position, who were
formerly trained to become governesses, are now
fitting themselves to secure employment as house-
keepers.

White is the color of the hour (writes *Vogue's*
Paris correspondent), and some ultra-chic bicycle
costumes for men and women are made of snowy
piqué or drill, and are worn with white stockings,
white gloves, white ties, and white glazed hats, this
tout ensemble producing an exceedingly pretty
effect. Princesse Laetitia has just ordered six of
these pretty suits. They are of white sail-cloth,
strapped on the seams and stitched with white silk.
The skirts are mere kilts, reaching above the knee,
where they are met by tall gaiters of untanned
white leather, fastened all along the leg by silver
clasps. A man's shirt under a smart little jacket of
the same material as the kilt, and a white glazed
sailor-hat, the wide gros-grain ribbon of which is
secured by a large silver buckle, complete her
accoutrement. Of course I need not say that under
the kilt are worn white doeskin knicker-
bockers, fitting tightly, but I may add that the
shoes are of white glazed leather, matching the hat.

There are indications that the American woman
is gradually growing taller and larger. A few years
ago the average skirt length taken in the fashion-
able dressmaking establishments was forty-two
inches, and forty-two inches was the length used
for all the model gowns sent over here from Paris.
The model length has now increased to forty-five
inches, and the increase in other measurements is
in proportion. The middle-aged American woman
shows an inclination to grow broader across the
hips and shoulders, and stouter and thicker through
the arms; but the college graduate, the university
woman, and the débutante grow more gracefully
vigorous every year. The typical college graduate
is from two to four inches longer from the waist
down than formerly. Her waist is getting longer,
her chest fuller, and her limbs narrower. The
middle-aged women grow corpulent and clumsy
through indolence and indulgent habits of life,
while the ever-increasing tendency toward athletic
sports and outdoor exercises is improving the
younger of the sex. The statuesque, Juno type
may yet express the American woman.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Master of Trinity, London, was asked by a lady whether a certain florid divine had not "a great deal of taste." The reply was: "Yes, indeed, madam—and all of it bad."

Steinitz, the chess-player, sometimes becomes so absorbed in considering a problem that he will stand still in the most crowded thoroughfare. It is related of him that on one occasion he caused such an obstruction that a policeman told him to move on. "Excuse me," replied the champion absently, "but it is your move."

When General Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, two young men were introduced. He said to one: "Are you married?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Happy man!" remarked the general. He then put the same question to the other, who replied: "I am a bachelor." "Lucky dog!" remarked the general.

Poole, the tailor, was a most accommodating gentleman, and was often invited to the houses of "the great." When staying with a certain nobleman, he was asked one morning by his host what he thought of the party who had assembled at table the night before. "Why, very pleasant indeed, your grace; but perhaps a little mixed." "Hang it all, Poole!" responded the jovial peer, "I couldn't have all tailors!"

A mild bit of repartee is reported in the *Youth's Companion* as having occurred between the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever, when Mr. Saxe remarked: "I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling; "it is only strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

Judge Andrews, of Georgia, once when a candidate for governor of his State, was explaining to the crowd of people that had assembled to hear him how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him; he was not seeking the office. "In fact," he exclaimed, "the office of governor has been following me for the last ten years." At this point a tall countryman at the rear of the audience rose. "But here's yer consolation, judge!" he shouted; "you're gainin' on it all the time! It'll never catch you!" This cheering prophecy proved to be correct.

When Professor Aytoun was wooing Miss Wilson, the daughter of "Christopher North," editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, he obtained the lady's coosent conditionally on that of her father being gained. This Aytoun was too shy to ask, and he prevailed upon the young lady to ask for it herself. "We must deal tenderly with his feelings," said hearty old Christopher; "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it on your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning her round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."

A humorous scene was enacted in the superior court-room at Jackson, Ga., recently (according to the *Atlanta Constitution*). A negro had been charged with burglarizing a store. Colonel Watkins defended him, and was about to open the case with a well-prepared oration of his innocence, when the negro quietly informed the colonel that he desired to plead guilty. Judge Beck accordingly read the law in the case, and sentenced the negro for ten years. Dismounted at this long sentence, the negro rolled his eyes round and beckoned Colonel Watkins to come forward, and when the lawyer reached his side, the negro gently whispered: "Say, Mr. Wadkins, kain't yer 'peal fer a new trial?"

The editor of the Public Men of To-Day Series, when a little boy at Uppingham, was detected at a Greek Testament lesson with a Bible on his knee, from which, of course, he was cribbing. His class master stalked up to him. "What have you there, my boy?" The boy, seeing that no escape was possible, brazened it out with: "A book, sir, of which no one need be ashamed." He, too, is credited with the famous reply to the dean of Trinity College, Oxford. He was being hauled up by the dean for some audacious breach of college rules, and made a perfectly glib and satisfactory excuse. "No, no, sir," said the dean; "that won't do this time. You told me the exact opposite last term." "I know I did," said the culprit; "but that was a lie."

Dr. Jephsoo, of Leamington, one day was called on by a very grand dame, the Marchioness of —. Having listened to a description of her malady, the oracle pronounced judgment: "An egg and a cup of tea for breakfast, then walk for two hours; a slice of cold beef and half a glass of madeira for luncheon, then walk again for two

hours; fish (except salmon) and a cutlet or wing of fowl for dinner, with a single glass of madeira or claret; to bed at ten, and rise at six, etc. No carriage exercise, please." "But, doctor," she exclaimed at last, thinking he was mistaken in his visitor, "pray, do you know who I am? Do you know—ahem!—my position?" "Perfectly, madam," was the reply; "I am prescribing for an old woman with a deranged stomach."

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," was a man of singular bashfulness. His courtship lasted seven years. Six and a half years had passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no further than he had been in the first six days. A step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he, one day, as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now six years and mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might take one, my bonnie lass?" "Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper w' it." "Surely, Janet; we'll ask a blessing." The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed: "Heigh, lass, but it is gude! We'll return thanks!" Six months later the pious couple were made one flesh.

Labouchère, during his early days at Cambridge as an under-graduate, was one evening caught by the proctors walking about the streets with a young woman, and they at once demanded his name and college. He gave them, but protested there was nothing wrong—the lady was his sister. "Oh! come now," said one of the proctors, "this woman is one of the most notorious characters in Cambridge." "Well, sir," said young Labouchère, with his inimitable drawl, "do you consider it gentlemanly on your part to taunt me with that?" The proctors were not satisfied, and he was haled before the vice chancellor, who happened to be a Scotsman. After a severe lecture had been read him (in dialect) on his outrageous conduct, Labouchère coolly looked round and asked whether any one would be so kind as to translate what had been said into English, as he did not understand Chinese.

On one occasion (writes the Hon. A. L. Tolle-mache in "Some Recollections of Jowett") he said to me: "A friend of mine of great practical ability told me that he has laid down for himself three rules of conduct: Never retract. Never explain. Get it done and let them howl." Jowett repeated these paradoxical maxims with a characteristic laugh, which seemed at any rate not to mark disapproval. Once when I came back from a holiday and told Jowett I had been reading Hegel, he said: "It's a good thing to have read Hegel, but now that you've read him, I advise you to forget him again." But the quaintest thing that he said was to a pupil who had been reading him an essay with a strong metaphysical flavor: "It is remarkable what a fascination metaphysics seem to possess for the human mind. It is like falling in love. But you get over it after a time." He wished to keep up the House of Lords, and even wished the bishops to retain their seats in it. "It keeps them out of mischief," he said, with a laugh. One or two examples may be subjoined of the sort of advice which Jowett sometimes gave, and which obtained for him the credit or discredit of worldly wisdom. I once received from him the following counsel: "Never listen to a man when he abuses his relatives. He will make up with them, and then he will hate you for knowing that he abused them." Jowett is reported to have said in a sermon: "The choice of a profession is like the choice of a wife. It does not so much matter which you choose, so long as you stick to it."

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PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	10:50 P.
7:00 A.	Beocia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Colusa, and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:15 A.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4:15 P.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7:45 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José and Livermore.....	8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 8:45 P.
1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	7:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Salem, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11:00 A.
11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	8:00 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	8:35 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:00 P.
2:15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	11:20 A.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:05 P.
5:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
* 11:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7:45 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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SOCIETY.

Gayety at Del Monte.

Del Monte is gradually filling up, and at the present time accommodations for guests are difficult to obtain. This condition of affairs will exist until the end of the present month. Although many driving-parties are given daily in four-hands, tandems, and carts, the vehicles have a serious opponent in the bicycle, which is rapidly coming into the ascendant. Bicycle parties to Cypress Point and the old Carmel Mission are very popular, and the number of men and women riding is very great. Much attention is also given to surf-bathing, which is a daily pastime with many, and the number of ladies who bravely breast the curling breakers is remarkable.

The United States troops, encamped near Del Monte for some weeks, have been an attraction, their drills, skirmishes, and manoeuvres on the field affording pleasure to many onlookers. Before his departure for this city, a picnic was given by Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., to a number of his friends. Moss Beach was the picturesque spot at which the affair took place. Almost all of the infantry, cavalry, and artillery officers were present, and, of course, the fair sex was well represented. The day was passed in a delightful manner.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill entertained many of her friends last Saturday by giving a lawn-party, the first affair of the kind of the season. During the hours of the reception, the First Infantry Band played selections, and light refreshments were served.

On Saturday evening the hall-room of the hotel was the scene of a most enjoyable cotillion, which was given in honor of the army officers. Several pretty figures were introduced under the leadership of Miss Hobart and Mr. Edward M. Greenway. The cotillion was followed by general dancing until midnight.

Six of the matrons who are visiting Del Monte combined forces in giving a picnic last Sunday to the army officers. There was a procession of coaches, headed by the First Infantry Band, from the hotel to Moss Beach, where the day was passed in a pleasant manner. There were about one hundred and thirty people present. A hot luncheon was served at the beach and music was enjoyed all day.

The Meeting at Del Monte.

Del Monte will be the scene of much festivity during the coming week, when the Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association will hold its first annual meeting, preparations for which having been in progress for several months. Now everything is in readiness for the event, and it will be one unprecedented on the coast of its kind. The hegira of members and guests from this city will commence to-day, and continue until Monday evening, as every one is expected to be at the hotel then to witness the sports that commence on Tuesday. The list of events is as follows.

Tuesday and Wednesday, two o'clock—Polo matches at Del Monte Park. Wednesday evening, nine o'clock—Concert by band and illumination of Del Monte. Thursday afternoon, two o'clock—Races at Del Monte Park under the auspices of the "Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association." Thursday evening, nine o'clock—Concert and illumination of Del Monte. Friday morning, nine o'clock—Shoot by members of the Country Club for championship cup and five gold medals. Lunch at hotel. Shooting to continue after lunch. Friday evening, nine o'clock—Concert and illumination of Del Monte. Saturday afternoon, two o'clock—Races at Del Monte Park. Saturday evening, eight-thirty o'clock—Concert. Ten o'clock—Ball and supper. Sunday morning, ten-thirty o'clock—Sacred concert. Sunday evening, eight-thirty o'clock—Fireworks and illumination at Del Monte Lake. Guests of hotel are requested to occupy seats near the lake. Concert.

The concerts, which will be rendered by fifty members of the Country Club Band under the direction of Mr. C. H. Cassasa, are to be made very attractive, as the programmes have been arranged by an especially competent committee, and the great variety in the selections will appeal to the tastes of all lovers of music. Quite a number of the selections are new to this coast.

Much interest is being manifested in the result of the polo matches. Mr. Joseph S. Tobin will captain one team, having pink colors, comprising Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. H. Henshaw, and Mr. Peter D. Martin. This team will contest against Mr. Walter Hohart's team, whose colors will be red with a Maltese cross, comprising Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. W. P. A. Brewer, and Mr. Walter McCreary. The winning team will play a bye for the championship with Mr. Malcolm Thomas's team, whose colors will be light blue. His team includes Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. Harry R. Simpkins, and Mr. E. D. Beylard.

The entries for the pony and steeplechase races will be as follows:

FIRST DAY.—First race, one-quarter mile—Del Monte stable's Brandy, Del Monte stable's Conejo, R. Bettner's Lady Green Sleeves, J. S. Tobin's Buckskin, J. S. Tobin's Aladdin, W. H. Howard's Chequith, C. A. Baldwin's Walla Walla, Mr. Neave's Maud, and Del Monte stable's Choice.

Second race, six furlongs—Del Monte stable's Sally M., Rickshaw stable's Pasha, Mr. McCarty's Bernado, C. A. Baldwin's Frondeur, Mr. Sack's Red Bird, Mr. Van Ness's Silver, Peter Wehler's Hello, and W. O'E. Macdonough's Veragua.

Third race, five furlongs—Mr. Bettner's Lady Green Sleeves, Mr. Dimond's Gaiety Girl, W. H. Dudley's Geraldine, Mr. Whittier's Finesse, Mr. Burmeister's Geronimo, Del Monte stable's Gold Coin, Del Monte stable's Dr. Tevis, and Rudolph Spreckels's Molihini.

Fourth race, one mile—Del Monte stable's Romulus, Mr. Hohart's Tigress, Mr. Thomas's Pasha, Mr. Thomas's Lady Leinster (filly), P. J. Donahue's Raindrop, and Mr. Taylor's Red Will.

Fifth race, steeplechase—Mr. Jackson's Mestor, Mr. Hohart's Ali Baha, Mr. Hohart's Tornado, Mr. Simpkins's The Lark, Mr. McCarty's Guadalupe, Mr. Van Ness's J. O. C., Mr. Macdonough's Barcalaine, and W. R. Whittier's April.

SECOND DAY.—First race, one-half mile—Del Monte stable's Brandy, Del Monte stable's Conejo, Mr. Bettner's Lady Green Sleeves, Mr. Wainwright's Audrey, and Mr. Beylard's Peacock.

Second race, one mile and one-sixteenth—Del Monte stable's Romulus, Del Monte stable's Tigress, Rickshaw stable's Pasha, Mr. McCarty's Bernado, P. J. Donahue's Raindrop, and Peter Wehler's Hello.

Third race, Del Monte cup, one mile—C. A. Baldwin's Fusillade, Mr. Dimond's Gaiety Girl, Del Monte stable's Dr. Tevis, Escape, and Gold Coin, J. H. Dudley's Geraldine, Mr. Whittier's Finesse, Mr. Burmeister's Geronimo, and Rickshaw stable's Molihini.

Fourth race, two miles—A. Jackson's Mestor, Del Monte stable's Ali Baha and Tornado, Mr. Simpkins's The Lark, Mr. McCarty's Guadalupe, Mr. Van Ness's J. O. C., Mr. Macdonough's Barcalaine, and W. R. Whittier's April.

Fifth race, mile on flat—Mr. J. James's Anita and Del Monte stable's Comanche.

Sixth race, one and a half miles—Mr. Whittier's Finesse, Mr. Dimond's Gaiety Girl, Mr. Ferguson's John Day Zin, Mr. Simpkins's Li Hung Chang, Del Monte stable's Dr. Tevis, Mr. Burmeister's Geronimo, Mr. Neave's Maud.

Every evening the grounds will be beautifully illuminated with incandescent electric lights and colored Japanese lanterns pendant beneath the trees. The display of fireworks on Sunday evening will be very elaborate, but quite different from that of the Country Club last year.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Kathryn Jarboe, daughter of the late John R. Jarboe, to Mr. Jerome Case Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Burns have issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Ermentine Poole, and Mr. Louis H. Long, which will take place at their residence, 1506 Washington Street, at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, September 4th.

The Horse Show Association of the Pacific Coast will hold its second annual exhibition at the Mechanics' Pavilion from December 3d to the 7th inclusive. Prizes to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars will be awarded.

The San Francisco daily papers ought not to head their society columns in such an extraordinary way as this: "Cupid's Work This Summer—Additional Matrimonial Engagements Recently Announced in Society Circles—Another Couple To Wed In The Four Hundred," and all that sort of thing. When a "society girl" picks up a paper with such a heading, her heart leaps into her mouth, and she says to herself: "What! another man got away?" But when she goes on, and reads the notice, and finds that Miss Rachael Guggenheim has just been engaged to Mr. Solomon Isaacs, or that Miss Kitty Smith, the daughter of John Smith, the well-known street-sweeping contractor, has just plighted her troth to J. Jones, the well-known bone-boiler of the Potrero, her faith in the dailies as Jenkins receives a serious shock.

How long the bloomer girl will remain true to her bloomers if she has to forsake her lover will be a new feature. The recent breaking of an engagement between a well-known couple was due to so modern a cause. The *fiancé* (says the Boston Journal) meeting her on a wheel, clad in bloomers, demanded that she change them for skirts; the *fiancée* refused. Bloomers were worn, but the solitaire was handed back. Woman's ability to judge of dress better than a man is well argued; when it comes, however, to losing a good, honest lover, then she had better waive all questions of "rights" and submit in the good, old-fashioned way.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club gave its first concert of the nineteenth season last Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. D. P. Hughes. The club was assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Miss Beatrice Priest, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the presentation of the following programme:

"Discovery," Grieg; "Turkish Cup-Bearer Song," Mendelssohn; "I Love Thee," Isenmann; trio, theme and variation, op. 50, Tschalkowsky; "The Almighty," Schubert-Liszt; "The Long Day Closes," Sullivan; "Song of the Viking," Chadwick; trio, (a) "Bolero," (b) "Seguidillas Gitanas," Arhos; "Always More," Seifert; "To the Genius of Music," cantata for soprano solo, quartet, and chorus of male voices, Mohr.

It is said that when artists are seeking for models, the palm for beauty and symmetry of figure is given to the girls of Spain, while the daughters of rural Ireland are a good second. The pretty faces and graceful throats are found among English maidens. A model for a perfect arm would be sought for among Grecian ladies, while a lady of the Turkish harem would be regarded as the possessor of a daintily commendable hand. Italians are usually good in figure, and some of the most beautiful models, perfectly proportioned, are derived from the women of sunny Italy. Frenchwomen, as a rule, are not in request, being too thin and vivacious for the purpose; while the face and limbs of the German *frau* are too commonplace for artistic work.

The students of the Columbia School of Dramatic Art are rehearsing a new play by a local author.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.

[New York Recorder.]

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are:

Pommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings.
Moët, 75 shillings.
Perrier, 72 shillings.

Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings.
While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the har or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are at the Hotel del Monte for a fortnight.

The Misses Morrison, Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, and Mr. H. E. Morrison will leave San José to-day to visit the Hotel del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wilson and the Misses Wilson are visiting New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker and Mrs. A. Page Brown returned from Castle Crags last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, accompanied by Miss Clark and Miss Jennie Blair, left last Tuesday to visit Del Monte for a fortnight.

Mrs. Pelham W. Ames and the Misses Alice and Bessie Ames left Tuesday for the East, en route to Europe, where they will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have returned from their visit to Santa Monica.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin left last Friday for a week's outing at Del Monte.

Mr. F. A. Greenwood left for the East on Friday, and will be away about two months.

Mrs. Hitchcock and Mrs. L. H. Coit were in Chicago last Wednesday, en route home from their European tour.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Emeline, Alice, and Ethel Hager left last Saturday to visit Redondo Beach.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, the Misses Carroll, Mrs. Butler, and Miss Emma Butler have returned from their trips to Alaska and the Yellowstone Park.

Colonel and Mrs. Albert E. Castle, *né* Winston, have returned from their wedding tour, and are residing temporarily at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Theresie Morgan have returned from Castle Crags. They will go to the Hotel del Monte in September.

Mrs. John P. Jones and Miss Jones are at their villa at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Philip Cadac has been visiting friends in Santa Cruz during the past week.

Rev. William H. Moreland, of St. Luke's Church, has returned from the East.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne returned to Los Angeles last Sunday after a brief visit here.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin are at the Hotel del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Allison C. Bonnell is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Hon. C. T. Ryland and family, accompanied by Miss Essie Morrison, of San José, are at Lake Tahoe. Later on they will go to the Summit Soda Springs, to join Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ryland.

Mr. Francis J. Carolan visited San José for several days during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson have returned from the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel have returned from a prolonged visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Misses Juliet and Hannah Williams have returned to San Rafael after passing six weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are visiting at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tnhls left last Tuesday to pass a fortnight at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin, Miss Agnes McLaughlin, and Mrs. G. W. Braden returned to Golden Gate Villa at Santa Cruz last Thursday after a brief visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, *né* Howard, will leave on Monday to visit Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. Percy P. Moore, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Misses Miriam and Frances Moore, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook will leave to-day to pass a week at Del Monte.

Misses Eva and Blanche Castle have returned from Los Angeles, and are again at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Ida E. Neal, with her son, Master George H. Neal, and her niece, Miss Ida Knackdeschel, has returned from Southern California, and are residing at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. J. B. Casserly has returned from the East, and is now at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have returned from Alaska and are at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon will leave to-day to pass a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, and Miss Daisy Van Ness will leave to-day to visit Del Monte for a week.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins and Miss Mand Mullins have returned from Honolulu.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel del Monte are: Mrs. A. J. Kinsey, Mr. Griffith J. Kinsey, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury, Mr. J. J. Brice, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Herrin, Miss C. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Miss Mamie Kohl, Mrs. A. A. Park, Mrs. James Carolan, Miss Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. C. F. Kohl, Miss Hill, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. H. N. Stetson, Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, Mr. L. E. Van Winkle, Mr. Eugene Lent, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Mr. Walter McCreary, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. G. L. Lansing, Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mrs. B. Paxton, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, and Mr. E. S. Benedict.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Johnson V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., have returned from a visit to the Yellowstone Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Dallas Bache, U. S. A., are here from Omaha on a visit to their son at his ranch near San José. Miss Bache has been passing the entire summer there.

Captain Elbridge R. Hills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Peyton C. Marsh, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., are at Fort Canby, Wash., conducting the battery competitions.

Lieutenant Gordon Voorhies, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., reported for duty last Tuesday at the West Point Military Academy.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at St. John's College, Fordham, New York city.

Lieutenant Delancey Sierrett, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is passing his leave of absence at Bishy, N. Y.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S.

A., and his family are passing the season at Charlottesville, Va.

Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., left last Tuesday for his new station at San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is with his family at their summer home, Magnolia, Mass.

Lieutenant W. F. Hancock, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is passing this month at Fort Monroe, Va.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Countess of Dudley is the only countess in England who can claim the distinction of having been a *bona-fide* shop-girl before she assumed the title.

Speaker Crisp's father and mother were actors, and his older brothers as well. One of the Speaker's earliest recollections is seeing his father play Armand Duval to his mother's Camille.

Lord Rosebery has numerous interests on this side of the Atlantic, among others a cotton-mill in the South. It is said that some of his ventures have not been very successful, and that he intends to come over shortly and investigate his affairs himself.

Ex-Senator Conger, of Michigan, who fifteen years ago was one of the leaders of the Republican party, is now a poor man, living in Washington. Two years ago Mrs. Conger died, leaving the aged ex-senator an annuity of one hundred dollars a month. Mr. Conger is now seventy-four years old. One of the greatest speeches which he ever delivered was that at the Chicago convention in 1880.

Queen Emma of Holland speaks French, English, and Dutch with as much apparent facility as German, her native tongue. It is related of her that upon one occasion a foreign diplomatist, who wished to gratify her, addressed her in German, but she replied in French: "You forget that I am no longer German, but Dutch." She was a young girl and her husband was sixty-two when she became his second wife.

Cecil Rhodes, the most interesting man in the Cape House of Assembly, is as "restless on his seat as a spring doll." Rarely does he retain the same attitude for two minutes in succession. When he speaks he comes to the point at once, but he is somewhat difficult to follow, nevertheless. The statement that he thinks aloud is a very apt description of his style of address. The ending of his speech is usually as abrupt as his introduction.

One of the most enthusiastic of women horticulturists is Miss Alice Rothschild, whose collection of roses alone is said to be worth fifty thousand dollars. The Archduke of Austria owns flowers to the value of two hundred thousand dollars, and Sir Trevor Lawrence's collection is worth two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Joseph Chamberlain has one of the finest collections of orchids in England, the value of which is probably close to one hundred thousand dollars; but this is easily surpassed by that of Baron Schroeder, of Egham, whose orchids are worth five times that sum.

John McCullough, the Kansas boy who has been admitted to West Point, is a poor farmer's son, born in an out-of-the-way place, with no schooling whatever, simply educated by study at odd hours. He passed best among a large number of other applicants in a competitive examination for entry into the Military Academy, driving three hundred miles across the prairie and camping at night to reach the place of examination. The Secretary of War, impressed by the earnestness of this young man, held a special final examination, so as to admit him while he was still twenty-one, as the law requires.

Abbé Tolstoy, the son of the famous Russian novelist, went to Rome a short time ago, and soon became one of the sights of the city. His photograph was in all the shop-windows, and people stopped in the streets to look at the blonde-bearded bearer of the great foreign name. He had visited the Italian capital to announce his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, believing that he was called to aid in bringing about the union of the Greek and Catholic churches. But he was excommunicated by the Russian Synod, and then the Vatican, from political reasons, ordered him to leave Rome. Tolstoy, however, returned to the capital secretly, and the Vatican, in order to try his sincerity, had him placed in a monastery. A few days ago, however, the abbé apparently grew tired of his new surroundings, and escaped to Russia.

The late M. Stambuloff could talk excellently in French, Russian, Turkish, and Roumanian. All of these were entirely self-taught; and though his French might occasionally be faulty in grammar, his fluency and force of expression in that tongue were remarkable. He was a good antiquary and numismatist, and his collection of coins was of the finest. He was fond of whist, draughts, and chess, and was a keen sportsman. Stambuloff was described as a short, thick-set man, with a deep chest, broad shoulders, and brilliant black eyes. His strength was very great, though swimming was the only form of exercise in which he indulged. In this he was an adept. Great personal bravery accompanied his physical strength, though he always kept a loaded rifle in his study for the sake of pre-

caution. The only schooling he received was in a theological seminary, from which he ran away after three years' study.

Sir Henry Irving was the only one of the nineteen knights recently dubbed at Windsor whom the queen personally congratulated. "Sir Henry," she said, "this gives me very great pleasure." The congratulations lavished on him culminated in a remarkable scene at the Lyceum Theatre, when an address, written by A. W. Pinero, was presented to him. It was signed by four thousand members of the dramatic profession, headed by John Doel, the oldest living actor, and comprising the names of Lady Martin, Mrs. Keeley, and Lady Gregnry (Mrs. Sterling). The address, beautifully bound by Zaehnsdorf, was inclosed in a gold and crystal casket, in the construction of which one hundred nunes of gold were used, designed by Forbes Robertson to suggest a temple of Thespis.

The Mercantile Library has apparently reached another one of the many climaxes in its career. It is unable to pay the interest on its mortgage, and unless something is done very speedily, the bank will foreclose upon the property. We advised the Mercantile Library Association some time ago to turn over its property to the San Francisco Free Public Library. It does not seem to us that any better use could be made of it, nor do we share the belief expressed by old members who look upon it as "the ruin of the library." We do not think that any move which tends to bring a large collection of books under the eyes of thousands of people involves the "ruin" of a library. Already in New York two great libraries, the Astor and the Lenox, which were not free public libraries, have consolidated with the Tilden Library, and the three will make one of the great free public libraries of the world. If institutions like these, infinitely richer, older, and possessing thousands of volumes where the Mercantile Library of San Francisco possesses hundreds, can afford to consolidate with a free public library, we do not see why the Mercantile Library of this city can not do so. However, the project was laughed to scorn by the Mercantile Library Association, which has been brought to a standstill again by the fact that it can not pay its interest. The bank can not be laughed to scorn. Now the directors suggest turning the library over to the State University. They wish, however, to burden the gift with conditions, such as that the public be admitted to the privileges of the library for fifty cents a month. We do not think the regents of the University will accept the gift with any such conditions.

— MISS BELLE MILLER, RECENTLY A STUDENT with Professor Leschetizky, of Vienna, will receive piano pupils at her residence, 1208 Leavenworth Street. At home, daily, from 5 to 6 P. M.

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"How did all the people in this town happen to be afflicted with St. Vitus's dance?" "They're not. That's the bicycle dodge."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Physician—"And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue." Patient—"It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer."—*Boston Transcript.*

Daughter—"Papa went away in very good spirits this morning." Mother—"Good gracious! That reminds me that I forgot to ask him for some money!"—*El Noticiero Universal.*

Must have enjoyed himself: "Jones, I see, is back from his vacation." "How long was he gone?" "He doesn't know; says he can recall only five days clearly."—*Chicago Record.*

Philanthropist—"Why don't you take a bath?" Tramp—"I do, sir, every time I get a chance." Philanthropist (not so stupid as he looked)—"I mean an external bath."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bighead—"So you say that squint-eyed fellow is the most successful detective on the force?" Pertly—"Yes. You see he never rouses suspicion by looking at the man he is watching."—*Truth.*

Doctor—"The bicycle gives people the best exercise in the world." Patient—"But I can't afford to ride a bicycle." Doctor—"Oh, you don't need to ride one; just dodge them."—*New York Herald.*

Bleivins—"It seems to me there are no girls in society now as pretty as those we had twenty years ago." Oldboy—"You must be mistaken. Why, we have a lot of the very same girls."—*Truth.*

"There!" said Mr. Johones, after a labored explanation of why he had stayed out so late; "I hope that is satisfactory." "It is more than satisfactory," Mrs. Johones told him; "it is simply beautiful."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Ah, professor, what a charming collection of stuffed birds you have here! Where did you get them from?" "Oh, that is quite simple. I have been collecting them for years from the worn-out hats of my daughters."—*Zur Erheiterung.*

"It's hard to tell just what the public wants," said the theatre-manager, with a sigh. "It hasn't struck me that way," replied the treasurer; "it seems painfully easy to me. In nine cases out of ten it wants its money back."—*Washington Star.*

Father—"You may as well give up thinking about that young man Dashing. He does not love you." Daughter—"How do you know, papa?" Father—"I met him at the club last night, and he refused to lend me ten dollars."—*Truth.*

"Did yo' heah 'bout Jim Jackson meetin' de ghost uv de murdered man las' night down by de swamp?" "No. Wot did Jim do?" "He dusted de ghost off an' den braced him fo' a quatah. Jim's got a big nerve sence he's bin a Pullman porter."—*Judge.*

"Do you know," he was saying, "that I never can keep my head under water when I go swimming. I've tried and tried." "Perhaps you don't try long enough," she said, in an absent-minded way, and he is still wondering what she meant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Here we are, Maria," he exclaimed, gleefully; "you wanted to see those sea-shore costumes you've read so much about, and here we are at the beach with the bathers all around us." "I see the bathers," she replied, severely, "but where are the costumes?"—*Chicago Post.*

Just like finding it: Lambly—"I have a notion to take a little flyer in sugar. What do you think of it?" Puttson Calls (the broker, impressively)—"My boy, never speculate unless you can afford to lose." Lambly—"Well, I can afford to lose." Puttson Calls (eagerly)—"My boy, now is the time to invest."—*Puck.*

Sunday-school teacher—"Tell me something about the lesson, Johnnie." Johnnie—"Well, the Lord asked Cain where was his brother Abel, and Cain said: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" Sunday-school teacher—"That is right, Johnnie; but what do you suppose Cain meant when he said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'" Johnnie—"Well, I don't know, unless he was just sassing the Lord."—*Puck.*

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We have hitherto refrained from commenting on the newspaper talk touching Mr. Cleveland's alleged ambition to be nominated for a third term. We have considered it to be merely idle newspaper rumor, designed to fill yawning pages for gaping readers during the summer silly season. But the rumor does not die. On the contrary, it gathers increasing strength. At first it was looked upon merely as a jest. But now it is being seriously discussed by serious journals.

The latest and most significant instance of this phase of the matter is an article in the Springfield *Republican*, entitled "The Third Term Superstition." It is very ably written. It appears in a Mugwump journal which still retains much of the old influence wielded by Samuel Bowles. The article is devoted to preparing the public mind for the nomination of Grover Cleveland to fill the Presidential office for a third time.

Another journal, which is generally looked upon as being "inspired," is the Washington *Star*. It is not considered to be an "organ," but it is credited with securing much in-

side information. In a recent number, the *Star* said: "It is viewed as among the probabilities that the Democratic party in convention will renominate President Cleveland, if the convention is satisfied that it is his desire. What the people will do with that nomination, should it be made, is so remote in point of time as to make any discussion of it now premature."

As to the question of the origin of the rumor, the Atlanta *Constitution*, which is certainly a good Democratic paper, says: "Without exception, the third-term talk has developed within the sacred official precincts at Washington. It was never heard of until the office-holders were given to understand that it was part of their duty to whisper the glad tidings on the sidewalks and in the hotel bar-rooms."

We are inclined to think that this is true. The statement that "enemies" of President Cleveland had circulated the rumor seems to us to be absurd, for the reason that it accomplished nothing. If he did desire the renomination, it was to his advantage; if he did not desire the renomination, it was again to his advantage, as it afforded him the opportunity to deny the rumor with appropriate indignation.

There are many who believe that this is the correct explanation; that the President told the grand viziers to tell the official effendim to tell the bureau cadis to tell the common political hashi-hazoucks that Cleveland wanted to run again; that Cleveland then anxiously waited to see how the news was received by the people; that he is still waiting, endeavoring to blind himself to the fact that it is being received by the people with the most lively dissatisfaction; that he had determined, if it was well received, to place his name before the next Democratic convention; that this accounts for his recent active fight in Kentucky; that it accounts for his prodding up the Federal Brigade all along the line to show some activity in defending the administration's financial policy; that if he found the third-term scheme received with disapproval by the public, he would then have the nomination offered to him in a "round-robin" by a circle of adoring henchmen; that he would allow about two days to pass, during which a breathless country would hang in suspense, awaiting his words; that he would then publish one of his famous letters, declining the honor on patriotic grounds; that he would then pass into history as "the only man who had ever refused a third nomination as President of the United States."

This is a most striking and dramatic programme. It ought to close with a pleasing display of pyrotechnics, roar of cannon, and red fire. It should be embalmed in verse by some political poet, some Bureaucrat Marc Antony, who should tell how thrice upon the Lupercal Grover was offered the Presidential crown, which he did once refuse.

But it may not be. None of these striking and dramatic things may take place. For athwart Mr. Cleveland's dramatic, pleasing, and pyrotechnic picture there falls a black and gloomy shadow. It is the shadow of David Bennett Hill.

Senator Hill has determined to force the Presidential band. At the coming Democratic State Convention, he will have a resolution introduced, formally declaring against a third term. This will completely spoil Mr. Cleveland's contemplated dramatic effect.

But it is barely possible that he is in earnest in his desire for renomination. He may not know of his intense unpopularity. He may not believe that, outside of the bread-and-butter Federal brigade, he is the most actively hated man in the Democratic party. Such are the curious influences which surround a President, such the curious lenses presented to the eyes of the chief of state, that he rarely sees things as they are. He sees through the eyes of his subordinates. And they keep unpleasant things from his eyes, unpleasant sounds from his ears.

We make the following suggestion, and commend it either to the New York *World* or the San Francisco *Examiner*. It would be a good newspaper scheme to interview the thousands of Federal employees throughout the land, and get their opinions as to the desirability of a third

term and of renominating Cleveland. We fancy that many ancient Bourbons who bitterly denounced Grant for attempted "Caesarism" would modify their views now. It would be interesting to know what Naval Officer John P. Irish, Collector of the Port John H. Wise, Internal Revenue Collector O. M. Welburn, United States Marshal Barry Baldwin, Mint Superintendent John Daggett, Port Surveyor William D. English, and Postmaster Frank McCoppin think of nominating Grover Cleveland for a third term.

The annual struggle is now going on at Sacramento between the State Board of Equalization and the assessors of the various counties. In order to prevent the State board from raising their assessments, the county assessors are painting sombre pictures of desolation and of woe.

Is it possible that all the material interests of California are steadily going to destruction; that improvements are going to rack and ruin, while no new buildings are being erected to take the place of those that have succumbed to the attacks of time and weather; that the money of the State has taken to itself wings and that solvent debts are becoming an unknown quantity; that the farms of the State have ceased to produce crops and the mines have ceased to yield their golden harvest; that commerce has been carried on year after year without adding one jot or tittle to the wealth of the community? It would appear so from the tales of the county assessors.

Each year this scene is reenacted at Sacramento. The assessors recite their stories of the desperate condition of business in their own particular counties, and, for the sake of saving their constituents a few dollars in taxes, depress the value of those constituents' property by many thousands of dollars. The equalization board confront them with figures from their own newspapers, their own circulars, their own mortgages, and the assessors are unable to refute these figures.

This year the attack was led by Alameda County, which Assessor Dalton tried to relieve of its just share in maintaining the burdens of the State government. When confronted with figures by the State board, showing the injustice both of his assessment and his claim, the confused Dalton averred that "the figures were furnished by his enemies"; but he did not deny their accuracy. He was followed by a swarm of assessors from Fresno, Colusa, Butte, and other counties, and as we write San Francisco is contending against its assessment being raised in order to counteract the effect of the reduced assessments in other counties.

If the figures of the assessors are to be accepted as expressing anything like the actual facts, the condition of affairs in this State is alarming. Yet the newspapers daily draw rosy pictures of the progress and prosperity of the community; manufacturers' and producers' associations continually sing the praises of California's natural resources; carnivals and expositions are periodically held to attract investors from abroad and give them an opportunity to see how superior are the opportunities for making money; the fruit-grower and the wine-maker perennially send out glowing accounts of their products, and call upon all to witness the great productiveness of the soil and the great superiority of the products. Yet once a year this grand chorus of praise is hushed in order that the voice of the assessor may be heard pleading poverty and distress.

Which of these two pictures is the true one? Is the assessor, with his annual cry of decreased values and threatened destruction, the true prophet, while all these others are designing schemers who would lead the world astray and, with dulcet tones, lure the unwary to their ruin? A glance at the actual facts will give the answer. The steady advance of the mining industry in this State has frequently been pointed out in these columns. The production of gold has steadily increased during the last five years in spite of the fact that the mines are partially shut down. New capital is constantly being invested and new wealth created by the de-

velopment of new mines. The cereal crop, although a lighter one than usual this year, is one of the factors in controlling the world's prices. Fruits of all kinds have been raised, and new markets are continually being opened. It is but a few years since Californian fruits have been regularly sold in the Eastern markets; it will be but a few years before they are regularly sold in London and in Paris. The wines of the State are becoming known, and the crop has a correspondingly increasing value.

California produces everything that can be produced in any other part of the Union, and some things that can not be produced elsewhere. She produces a vast cereal crop. She raises all the deciduous fruits. Her only competitor in the United States for citrus fruits is Florida, and even that competition is at present relaxed. She has no competitor in raisins and wines. She raises beets for conversion into sugar. She receives yearly, from her wheat crop, about \$18,000,000; from her barley, rye, and oats, about \$8,000,000; from her hay crop, about \$22,000,000 (*vide* statistics United States Department of Agriculture); from her green fruits, \$4,500,000; from her dried fruits, \$2,500,000; from her canned fruits, \$3,000,000; from her citrus fruits, \$2,500,000; from her raisins, \$1,000,000; from her wine and brandy, \$7,000,000; and from her gold mines, \$13,000,000. Here is a total of \$81,000,000, and no account has been taken of her minor minerals, her manufactures, and her commerce.

The commonwealth of Massachusetts, checker-boarded with stone walls built from the stones picked up in her fields before cultivation was possible, has succeeded in becoming one of the wealthiest and most influential States in the Union. Reaching out beyond her borders, her capital has developed and fostered every branch of industry. She has built miles of railroad throughout the continent—the Union Pacific, the Atchison, and the Mexican Central are largely due to Massachusetts capital. Yet all of this has come from a little sterile State smaller than some of the counties of California. Massachusetts has an area of 8,315 square miles; she maintains a population of 2,238,943. California has a population of 1,208,130; can she not maintain them with an area of 158,360 square miles? Can it be possible that a State so many times larger than Massachusetts, with a fertile soil producing nearly everything that grows in the ground, with a temperate climate, with a coast-line of eight hundred miles, and with vast mineral wealth in addition to her fruitful soil, is going to decay, while Massachusetts has carved her prosperity out of a rock-bound, ice-bound, and snow-bound sterile soil?

We do not think it can be possible. If it is possible, the trouble is not with the State, but with the men in it. But we do not believe the stories told by the county assessors of California can be true.

We have frequently mentioned in these columns the bitter war which has long been waged between the towns of Treves and Argenteuil over their respective "Holy Coats." Both of these places claim to possess the garment worn by the Saviour of mankind at the time when he was about to be crucified—the same one, probably, which was cut up and divided among the Roman soldiery. Each town maintains that its "Holy Coat" is the only true and veritable garment, and that the other is a fraud. Each town yearly gathers in large quantities of the shekels of the faithful, who annually repair to the churches wherein the sacred relics are preserved, for the purpose of curing themselves of all sorts of maladies. Active as is the quest of the priests of Treves and Argenteuil for the money of the pilgrims, their crusade against their rival is still more active.

But there comes a time once in seven years when they bury the hatchet, cease attacking one another, and join forces against a common enemy. This common enemy is the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle.

At Aix-la-Chapelle the relics are not only more numerous than those at either Treves or Argenteuil, but they are infinitely more powerful. At Aix-la-Chapelle, the priests not only possess a garment once worn by the Saviour, but one belonging to his mother as well. But let us make a list of these wonderful relics.

The "greater relics," so called—there are a number of minor ones, but we shall not weary our readers with these—are thus set down in a reverent Continental journal, from which we take the particulars:

First—The white gown—or "shift," as the German word used might be delicately translated—which was worn by the Virgin at the time when her son, the Saviour, was born to her. It is five and a half feet long.

Second—The swaddling clothes, of brown wool, in which the infant Jesus was wrapped. According to tradition, they were fashioned from a pair of old gaiters or leggings belonging to Saint Joseph, his mother's husband.

Third—The fine linen shroud, spotted with blood, in

which were enveloped the remains of St. John the Baptist, after his head was cut off.

Fourth—The linen which was wrapped around the body of the Saviour during the crucifixion.

There are a number of other relics in the great cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, but in view of the size, the sanctity, and the healing power of those we have mentioned, they are not worth enumerating.

Once in seven years, during the month of July, the priests of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle exhibit these wonderful relics to the adoring gaze of the faithful. From all over Germany—nay, from all over Continental Europe—bands of pilgrims pour into the city of Aix-la-Chapelle. It goes without saying that the well ones are much edified, the sick ones are cured, and all leave large quantities of coin of various realms in the pious hands of the priests of the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is at this time that the priests of Treves and of Argenteuil, forgetting their quarrel over their "Holy Coats," join forces, and attack the authenticity of the holy relics of Aix-la-Chapelle.

But they have not succeeded. Whether it be that the faithful are grateful to the Cathedral Chapter of Aix-la-Chapelle for tapping them only once in seven years instead of once a twelvemonth—whether it be that the greater number of relics makes them more efficacious—or whether they are in reality more effectual in dermatology, which is the branch of medicine most needed in relic practice—the fact remains that the jealous fury of the priests of Treves and Argenteuil has not prevailed against the relics of Aix-la-Chapelle. For centuries the people have been coming there in enormous numbers, and a few weeks ago, when the relics were exercising their healing powers, the crowds were as great as they were during the Dark Ages—or in 1440, say, when, as history tells us, a roof broke down, killing scores of pilgrims.

In 1895, the roofs were crowded with pilgrims—just as they were in 1440, and probably with very much the same kind of people. The boast of the Roman Church is that she is *semper eadem*—"always the same"—and judging from the intellectual calibre of the Roman Catholics who go to Treves, to Argenteuil, and to Aix-la-Chapelle, very probably she boasts aright.

This year, as the respectful Continental journals describe and illustrate it by instantaneous photographs, the scene was "most impressive." Every morning, at ten o'clock, a herald, in mediæval garb, appeared upon a stone gallery far up amid the flying buttresses of the ancient Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle. Sounding a fanfare upon his herald's trumpet, he made proclamation as follows: "Hear ye! Hear ye! The faithful will now be permitted to gaze upon the smock of the Holy Virgin. Contemplate it respectfully for the sake of God and the glory of Mary, in order that she may intercede for you with her divine son," etc.

Then entered the clergy close upon his heels. There, high up in air, with grotesque stone gargoyles grinning at them, not unlike those on the towers of Notre Dame, the priests assembled. From the stone gallery, a crimson velvet tapestry was hung, and on this as a background there were suspended, one after another, the shift of the Virgin Mary, the linen which wrapped the Crucified One, the shroud of St. John the Baptist, and the swaddling clothes of Christ. And as the lesser priests held these "holy relics" in place, over them there stood the bishop, with mitre and crozier, and blessed the rabble of pilgrims, crowding the roofs and the streets far below. And around them, far up on the flying buttresses, the great stone gargoyles grinned, while below, in the infernal regions, doubtless the devil laughed.

When the "exposition of relics" is finished, there sweeps into the cathedral a vast crowd—leprous, ulcerated, lame, halt, and blind. To them the priests pretend to minister, and to the priests they give their offerings. As it was in the Dark Ages, so it is now.

For the events we are describing took place in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the empire of Germany, in the month of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.

Verily, the boast of the Roman Church is true—she is *semper eadem*—"always the same."

Mr. Irving M. Scott, of the Union Iron Works, which has built some of the finest ships of the American navy, sailed recently for Japan. The Chinese indemnity is to be spent in part for the construction of twenty cruisers, four iron-clads, and a number of torpedo-boats. It is Mr. Scott's errand to endeavor to bring some of this work, and resulting treasure, to San Francisco. One of the local journals in its news columns gives the information that all of the great foreign ship-builders have already sent agents to Japan in quest of contracts. "As to excellence," says the local journal, "Mr. Scott is not afraid to have his cruisers measured against the world, but there is considerable difference in cost between

DEMAGOGUES
ASSAIL THE
JAPANESE.

English and American vessels, with the benefit to the purchaser on the English side." But Mr. Scott hopes to overcome this sordid consideration, for "as a set-off to the saving in price there would be a considerable loss in American friendship and good will. Japan is looking for ships, but she is also looking for allies." It is added that "if America comes out well in the international competition, and if friendship counts for more than dollars, Mr. Scott is not afraid that the Union Iron Works will be left out."

Every one in California who cares at all for the interests of the State will wish Mr. Scott good fortune in his mission, but as friendship between Japan and America cuts so large a figure in it, let us trust that the officials of the empire are not readers of California's newspapers. Insult is not the food on which friendship thrives. For some time past there has been a rather determined effort, engineered by political demagogues and the daily press, to rouse against the Japanese here a movement of the "anti-coolie" kind. Those engaged in this squalid business profess, of course, to be animated by a pure love and disinterested anxiety for the workingman, whose most effective enemies they are. That a people so intelligent, industrious, adaptable, polite, and otherwise so highly civilized, should have been made the object of this low and affronting crusade brings a flush to the face of every Californian who understands what comity means, or who does not make his living by truckling to the prejudices, hatreds, and folly of the gutter. The Japanese, when they come among us, adopt our dress, learn our language, fall in with our customs, participate in the celebration of our national holiday, and in all ways show their cordiality, as well as their fitness to be a part of a civilized community; yet they are assailed as if they were so many intruding and noxious barbarians. Not a single daily newspaper in San Francisco has rebuked this outrage, and most of them have been implicated in it. Mr. Scott will be able to say with entire truth, if asked by any Japanese gentleman for an explanation, that in this matter the newspapers do not reflect public sentiment, and that the "movement" is as offensive to every Californian of intelligence as it can possibly be to the Japanese—indeed, it is necessarily more so, since the shame is ours.

As for the workingmen, Mr. Scott's mission should be eloquent enough in its significance to penetrate to their intelligence. If the appeal for courtesy to strangers avails nothing, the consideration of self-interest ought to weigh. Japan is a progressive empire, and California is her nearest neighbor on this side of the Pacific. Instead of interfering with Japanese hop-pickers and murmuring threats of mob violence against men who are eager to work for their living and to accommodate themselves to the American life around them, the workingmen should have sufficient sense to give the cold shoulder to the demagogues and bestir themselves to do their part toward getting for this State a share of the work and trade which Japan has to offer. Had the Federated Trades of San Francisco the capacity to see an inch beyond their noses, they would disclaim sympathy with that vote-hunting friend of the toiler, Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald, who has been down at Los Angeles to induce Senator White to father a Japanese exclusion bill. The senator evidently does not greatly fancy the job, and he says it will be extremely difficult to rouse a feeling in Congress against the Japanese, because they are thought well of throughout the country. He also gives reasons why no such dangers are to be apprehended from Japanese as from Chinese immigration, one of them being the comparative smallness of Japan's population. He might have told the high-minded commissioner, also, that Japan will need all her own people for colonization, for her increasing manufactories, and the army and navy. But Senator White, being a politician, is afraid of the workingmen, afraid to tell the unpleasant Fitzgerald what he thinks of him and his demagogic devices, and so encourages stupid workingmen in their equally discreditable and self-hurtful course.

If we had a press and a breed of politicians not mastered by the lowest stratum of the people, California just now would be interested in the opportunities which Japan's new place among the nations opens to us. Such of our merchants as can look afeld comprehend the commercial possibilities. Surely it would be better for California, speaking in a commercial sense merely, to cultivate friendly relations with the Japanese, to construct Japan's warships, send her goods, and generally build up trade, than it is to give countenance to demagogues who go on all-fours barking at their Japanese betters. A dispatch from London says that the son of Japan's premier is on his way thither on naval business, and it is believed there that he will make some ship-building contracts in the United States. This is not unlikely, but it would be rather surprising were any of these contracts made with Californians. Our press has disgraced the State, for outside of California's borders there is no anti-Japanese clatter in the Union, and it is probable that Japan's officials understand the situation. That, if

true, will be bad for Mr. Scott's mission, but it will serve California right—especially California's workmen, to whom the building of one or two warships would mean more in wages than the picking of all the hops that can be grown in our fields for half a century.

If the bars are to go up against the Japanese, let them go up against all immigrants, for the Japanese are in many respects a people considerably superior to most of the men who come from other lands and by joining trades-unions get themselves classified as "American workmen."

Charles Dudley Warner is of the opinion that a revolt is gathering head against the modern newspaper, and he sets forth his reasons for this belief in *Harper's Monthly*. He thinks the public is pining for the old-style journal that used to give only public news, or news of private persons in their public capacity. "The kind of news now offered," he says, "has become a burden; its infinite unimportant details tire the reader." That depends upon the reader. Mr. Warner mistakes his own for the general desires, a not uncommon error. If the country were populated exclusively, or even largely, by persons of brains, education, and taste, the "great daily" would be as intolerable to the many as it is to the few—in fact, it would not be possible for it to exist. One may have scant respect for a man who consents to make money by publishing the sort of newspaper that sets on edge the mental teeth of people of good morals and civilized discrimination; but it is not to be denied that that sort of newspaper is published because there is an appallingly extensive demand for it. This is a social circumstance of magnitude.

As newspapers have increased in size and cost of publication, as they have grown to be the swollen and repulsive things which describe themselves as "great dailies," they have more and more completely become in cities what the gossip is to the village. The supreme development of this type of journal is at its best accurately personified by the loquacious, brainless, curious, irresponsible, and slightly malicious female leaning over the fence of her back-yard pouring into the willing ear of her neighbor the tittle-tattle of the hamlet. The difference between this female and the "great daily" is surface and not essential; she has only the village for her field, the "great daily" has the whole world; she neglects her work to gather and pass on news; the "great daily" makes her recreation its business, and spends vast sums in the prosecution of it.

Mr. Warner is under the impression that the public is sighing for the return of the editor, who has receded into the background while the reporter has advanced and taken his place. This is a fond fancy; the public prefers the reporter, the professional gossip. The few newspapers in which the editor is still dominant, where besides expressing opinions on matters of moment he winnows the news before it is printed, are of relatively small circulation. This is not strange, for these exceptional journals are not printed to gratify the masses. And the masses, if not delicate in their appetite, are abundantly supplied with a rough common sense which will not tolerate much obtrusion of the editors of their favorite newspapers. They know the gossip is genuine—that is to say, that it is gossip, whether true or not, and it interests them—but they have an entirely clear comprehension of the editor. They know that he is a humbug, that he must be. They understand perfectly that the "great daily" is published for the one purpose of making money, and that when it pretends to any other purpose it is fraudulent. They do not need to be told, these assiduous consumers of newspapers, that a "great daily," in order to be a "great daily"—which means a daily with a monster circulation and a millionaire's income—must, on the one hand, serve the interests of the opulent, who have advertisements and subsidies to give, and, on the other hand, the mob, which possesses prejudices, and passions, and nickels, and votes. The masses do not want instruction from their newspapers, or at least instruction that would hurt their vanity or put them to the trouble of using or changing their minds. What they desire, and pay for, and get, is gossip by the hogshead from the reporter and cautious flattery from the editor. They are not deceived by his assumption of the large language of independence. It pleases them to feel that their power is sufficient to compel him to be their servant, who, in return for their nickels, will be as obsequious in his attentions as a Pullman porter is to their hetters.

Under present conditions, material, intellectual, and social, it can not be expected that the ordinary daily newspaper will alter in character. Only in very large cities is it possible for journals to be printed that are not slaves to the proletariat. Amid a great population, the relatively few of cultivated minds and civilized tastes form a positive number that is sufficient to support a newspaper or two that gentlemen and ladies can read with satisfaction. But in a city of

San Francisco's size, for example, a newspaper, in order to be highly profitable, must be suited to the palate of the majority; it must cater, like a cheap theatre, to its public. Presently, when electricity, say, has made the locomotive as slow by comparison as the locomotive has made the stage-coach, we shall have many decent and rational dailies. Or the same desideratum will be attained by the increase of population.

Of course it can not be expected that the "great daily" will ever be abated while the mass of men and women remain what they are, villagers in knowledge, children in mind, and not nice in their adult hungers. Mr. Warner, in his wish for a press that shall not be a scandal-monger and an offense, stands with several million other Americans, but these millions have the misfortune to be scattered throughout the country; the other kind are everywhere, and everywhere concentrated in bulk. That being so, the enterprising publisher who wants to make money first and think about his salvation afterwards, puts on skirts, leans on the fence of popular taste, and gossips across it, to Mr. Warner's disgust, but to his own great pecuniary gain. While the ordinary daily newspaper is a crime in itself, let us not forget the graver fact that it is also an indictment of the sense and morality of the American masses.

The standing argument in favor of the jury system is that it brings the common sense of the ordinary man to bear in the administration of justice, and so checks the tendency of the bench to become too artificial and technical in its reasoning toward conclusions which affect the lives, liberty, and property of actual men and women. It is urged that this infusion of every-day judgment keeps the law and its execution in harmony with the mental and moral plane of the community, which is necessary in a republic, where the government is not something above and outside of the people. But this argument is one-sided. If a plea in the interest of common sense has saved the jury system, ultimately the jury system will be abolished by common sense. Trial by jury, like every other institution and custom, had its origin in a human need. It served the Saxons well as a fender against the rapacity and scornful tyranny of the Normans, but it is becoming less and less suited to modern wants as society grows more and more complex. It is not wonderful that common sense should be awakening to the grotesqueness of the paradox that, as civilization advances, the difficulty of punishing offenders increases instead of lessens. No fact is more obvious to the intelligent than that among the agencies which conduce to turn the law, which is meant to be a bulwark for innocence, into a shield for rogues, the jury system takes a foremost place.

Witness, in point, the Durrant case, now on trial in one of San Francisco's courts. The purpose of that trial is to ascertain whether or not the accused man murdered a fellow-creature. As a preliminary to bringing up the question at issue, a whole month has been spent in trying to get a jury. Over three thousand citizens have been found unavailable. The ideal jurymen are one who knows nothing of the matter at bar. Time was when, there being no newspapers and means of travel were slow, it was quite possible for an intelligent man, living at a little distance from the scene of a great crime, to bear nothing of it. Now in order that a man should be in that state of ignorance he must be either blind, unable to read, or so dull as not to understand what his neighbors are talking about. Yet the law requires substantially the same qualifications in the juror to-day that it did when material conditions isolated him and prevented him from gaining knowledge of events. The law is right, too. Endeavors have been made to bring it into unison with the facts of modern life, but they have necessarily failed. Fancy yourself accused of a crime which you have not committed, and you will instantly comprehend the justice of being tried by a jury that has not been prepossessed against you by reading newspapers which are persuaded of your guilt. Yet to get a jury free from knowledge of a notorious case, the lower levels of intelligence must be raked for stupidity, ignorance, and incompetence. It is not fair that men in peril who are innocent should be tried by dolts and illiterates; nor, on the other hand, is it fair to society that the jury-hox should be filled by this material, on which the attorneys of the guilty can play at will. If it has come about that the brains and conscience of the community are, on the average, excluded from the jury-hox, the foundation reason for it is that we are continuing the use of an instrumentality which is as antiquated, as unsuited to modern necessities, as a wooden Saxon plow would be for the cultivation of a great Western wheat farm.

Moreover, it should be apparent that even men of good intelligence, earnest in their desire to do their duty, but untrained to the work of estimating the value of evidence and balancing probabilities, are not the most competent judges

of law and facts. Further than that, their unaccustomed surroundings greatly reduce their capacity to exercise their intelligence. A medical writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* dwells upon this drawback to the jury system. The conditions, hygienic and mental, are equally adverse. The jurors, drawn from the outside world and their engrossing personal affairs, are placed in an environment which renders healthy brain action impossible. "Even judges, trained to examine and reason from facts along legal lines," says Dr. Crothers, "display weakness and confusion of mind at the close of a long trial on many occasions." He illustrates his argument against jury trial by citing a murder case that came within his own observation:

"Nine of the jury were active muscle-workers in the open air, and three were actively engaged indoors. The trial lasted eleven days. On the fourth day, five of the jury had dull headache, attacks of indigestion, and pain and nausea. One had chills. Eight suffered from insomnia and constipation after the fifth night. Four had coughs and colds. Several experienced extreme drowsiness in the court-room. After the verdict and the discharge of the jury, four of them were confined to bed for several days. Here were twelve men, suffering from functional disturbances due to bad air, changed surroundings, and auto-intoxications, called to decide the issues of life and death."

Fancy your life depending on the thinking capacity of such a jury! And such a jury is by no means exceptional, except in the excellence of its material.

There is nothing sacred about the legal institutions which we have inherited from England. We habitually replace the common law with statute law to meet our special needs; and one of the special and most pressing needs of America is the abandonment of the jury system, both in criminal and civil practice, and the elevation of the character and ability of the bench by a great increase of compensation, a lengthening of the term of service where the judgeships are elective, and the surrender to such trained jurists of the work now so bunglingly done by men secured by chance and at random to perform functions for which they have no more acquired aptitude than for wielding the surgeon's scalpel or the physician's prescription tablets.

The unpleasant gang of persons who held what they called a "mass-meeting" recently, and addressed certain demands to Colonel William M. Graham, U. S. A., have run up against the wrong man. To the insolent "resolutions" forwarded to him, he has made the following reply:

HEAD-QUARTERS FIFTH U. S. ARTILLERY, PRESIDIO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 23, 1895.

M. J. FERGUSON, CHAIRMAN, 670 TWENTIETH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the twenty-first instant, transmitting to me a copy of resolutions reported adopted at a meeting held at Metropolitan Hall on Saturday, the seventeenth instant. These resolutions demand of me the immediate removal of the inscription, "Murdered by Strikers," placed on a monument erected last winter at the National Cemetery, at this post, to soldiers who had belonged to my regiment who lost their lives in the execution of their duty.

I am a competent judge of how these soldiers met their deaths, and the words, "Murdered by Strikers," exactly and justly express my judgment on that point.

For this reason I respectfully decline to comply with the treasonable demands of men who have publicly put themselves outside of the law and of the respect of honest, law-abiding citizens by adopting resolutions of sympathy with public enemies and condoning the crime of murder.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,

WILLIAM M. GRAHAM,

Colonel Fifth Artillery, Brevet Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

In the concluding paragraph, Colonel Graham has very forcibly and fairly stated the attitude of the demagogues who got up the recent "mass meeting." He says that their demands are "treasonable," that they have put themselves "outside of the law," and closes by refusing their request. With its usual cowardice, the San Francisco daily press has done all that it could do by innuendo and bead-line to discredit Colonel Graham's attitude, but with equal cowardice has refrained from comment upon the language. It is most gratifying to read such brave and manly words. There is not, in our opinion, a public officer in California, occupying a political position, State or Federal, who would dare to express in print his honest convictions as Colonel Graham has done, through fear of the greasy mob. Fortunately for us, the officers of the United States army are not politicians, their offices are not political ones, and they are not afraid of mobs.

The recent lynching in the northern part of California was a cowardly crime. The four men murdered by the mob may themselves have been murderers, but if so, they should have been left to the law. What is worse than all is the fact that one of the four was a youth whose guilt was more than doubtful, and that another was a man who, crazed by discovering that his wife had led his young daughter astray, and finding them in the midst of a debauch, slew them as their guilty companions fled. If there were murders before, there are more murders now. The people of Yreka have left a black stain upon their county and upon their State.

A PROSPECTOR'S FATE.

How He Found Love and Left it in a Mountain Home.

"Hermelita! Hermelita!" The liquid syllables seemed flung from above, and came rolling musically down the rocky ravine and, bounding back from the opposite wall, mingled with the joyous hrawl of the torrent sharing the pass with the road-bed. "Hermelita!" Both man and horse started at the sound of a woman's voice in these barren solitudes.

Since morning Cyril Wainwright had been picking his way through cañons and over ridges toward the brother peaks, San Bernardino and San Geronimo, whose hoary forms seemed from the valley below to stand shoulder to shoulder. It was two days since he had left the quaint Spanish City of the Angels, equipped for a prospecting tour in the ranges piled up at the eastern end of the valley. It was twelve hours since, with horse and pack *burro*, he had trotted out of the tiny settlement of Lugonia and struck out for the base of the mountains. After his first plunge into the foothills, he had not passed a sign of habitation, and now he had even lost sight of the glittering snow-crowns he had chosen for his beacon; the defile he was traversing gave glimpses of nothing save sky, and rock, and streamlet.

Wainwright was accustomed to solitude. Had he not spent eight lonely months in the wilds of Montana, and lately crossed the deserts of Southern California quite by himself? His bronzed face bore witness to former exposure, and his outfit bore the stamp of experience; but who would blame him for a joyful start at a woman's voice when he thought himself the only human being? He pressed forward, still scanning the higher surroundings, expecting that another glance would reveal the habitation of some hill-loving mortal who had taken his abode in these fastnesses; and thus he passed heedlessly a trail to the left that led sharply to the creek, but came a moment later to a steep descent bearing traces of being a ford, albeit one not to the taste of the ordinary traveler.

Passing on to the brink to measure the incline and pick out the obstructions to be avoided in crossing the turbulent, rock-ribbed stream, Wainwright came upon a scene for a painter. On the less precipitous bank opposite stood a veritable elfin maid, tiny and dark, with lustrous eyes and midnight hair; in her slender arms she held a dripping *olla* that seemed to the young man far too much for her childish strength; and startled by his approach, she stood eying him timidly and yet with half-parted lips as if about to speak.

The girl looked on as if fascinated, while his sure-footed nag stepped carefully down the steep and into the swift, swirling water. The horse moved gingerly but unhesitatingly forward; and the man looked back to see how the pack *burro* he was leading took the torrent. The little creature clambered and slid to the water's edge, then balked suddenly, nearly jerking the prospector from his careless seat. Just at that moment Sultan's foot must have struck a rolling stone, for the good beast stumbled, recovered, and stumbled again, pitching his rider, not yet firm again in his saddle, into the seething flood. Wainwright's last conscious moment as he plunged downward was filled with: "*Madre de Dios, the señor will drown!*" shrieked in the Spanish tongue; his next with a hazy vision of a boy and girl standing over himself in soaking garments; but a sharp pain darted across his eyes, and, with a groan, he fainted again.

When he did finally come to himself, he was lying in a comfortable bed near a tiny window, through which he caught a glimpse of snowy summits; the rafters crossing over his head were bare but smoothly finished, and there was an air of simple, old-world refinement about the neat room that puzzled him greatly as soon as his scattered wits concentrated enough for him to remember where he must be. A gentle stream of talk flowed from the adjoining chamber, and, after listening dreamily to the soft foreign words for many minutes, he was attacked by a sudden curiosity to know who were his rescuers.

The groan he uttered was only partly feigned as he turned his face toward the door, and for the first time it struck him that he was severely hurt; but the sound brought Señora Ramona Ramagua to his threshold on the instant. She gave a little cry of pleasure at the light of consciousness in his eyes; and Cyril forgot his pain as he called, eagerly: "Pardon me, señora, but will you be so kind as to tell me to whom I am indebted for hospitality and how I got here?" The matron shook her head, answering him in Spanish: "We speak not the tongue of the Gringos," and the young man put his question again in her own language, adding many expressions of gratitude to his benefactors. The good woman's features, which had set at the sound of the unknown words, softened somewhat. "The horse fell in the *zanja*, the señor remembers. It was Hermelita, my daughter, and my son Carlos who saved the señor from the water and carried him hither. The boy caught also the señor's mount and the foolish *burro*; they are in the cave barn below." "But you have not told me your name that I may thank you!" he exclaimed, impatiently, and his hostess smiled with indulgent kindness, answering: "The señor may call me Señora Ramona; but now he must rest and eat. It will be many days before he can go on up the mountains."

The Señora Ramagua spoke only too truly. The broken leg and the severe bruises resulting from Wainwright's fall and his being hurled by the angry water against the rocks in the course, took long to heal. It was a wound on the head that had caused him to lie two days in the cottage bedroom, unaware of his surroundings, and even after his limb became strong enough to bear his weight, he still suffered from sudden throbbings and faintness which were its after-effects. That would wear away in time, the señora told him, nor would she hear of letting him resume his journey

until relieved of all danger of falling from his horse in a dizzy fit. Meantime the young man made rapid progress in the friendship of the family: before he could leave his bed, the group would gather in his room in the evening, and the señora or Cyril would tell tales, or Carlos would play his guitar and Hermelita would sing—Hermelita, whom Cyril had taken for a child, and whom he found to be a young woman, a Spaniard of the Spaniards—and so, indeed, was her mother. Later on, when he could limp slowly to the door with the aid of a stout stick, they made the veranda their sitting-room, and the long, moonlit evenings slipped away swiftly and happily as in an enchanted realm.

Cyril used often to ponder on the oddity of the isolation in which these people lived. Señora Ramona Ramagua was a lady, with the culture of the daughters of old Spain; Hermelita was a daughter worthy of such a mother. She might have seemed ignorant to him among his friends in distant New England, but her poise and manner were perfect, and her utter simplicity struck him at times as wonderfully witching.

Why had the dead Spaniard made a home for such women among the rocky fastnesses? What manner of man had he been who, knowing the luxuries of life, had hidden here where only the supplies of the hunter and fisherman were at hand, and where new faces scarcely appeared twice in a twelvemonth?

Hermelita had told him once that, since she could remember, a single trip to Lugonia had been her only journey; and he soon learned that the señora, at least, was often exceedingly lonely, and that, in spite of the care he had caused them, his advent had been a godsend to both mother and daughter, giving them a long-craved-for glimpse of the outer world. Only Carlos puzzled the young American with his wild moods and lowering looks. At times he seemed willing, nay, anxious, to make friends with the stranger whom chance had quartered in his house; but, again, his evening music would wander into clashing chords, and the boy would dash down his instrument and, flinging fierce glances, including Wainwright in the hammock and Hermelita on the steps below him, would rush away into the darkness and be seen no more till the morrow. On these occasions his dark face bore a savage stamp that astonished the guest of the house, and at the same time haunted him as the look of one now forgotten. When the youth was seized with one of his ugly fits, Hermelita and the señora would redouble their pleasantry, striving to smooth over the temporary interruption of their family companionship. When his demonstrations and dark looks had been too evidently aimed at Wainwright, the señora, after his disappearance, exclaimed in a constrained tone: "The señor must forgive my wayward boy. He is not always master of himself."

Her apparent discomfort made Cyril hastily disclaim any resentment, attributing the lad's sour glances to some slight bodily ailment; but the señora did not avail herself of his polite effort to assist her in passing off a painful matter. The soul of hospitality herself, like all the best of her countrymen, she seemed to feel that an explanation of Carlos's behavior was due her guest. "My boy is the heir of misfortune, señor," she said, gravely. "Perhaps my friend does not know, also, that the child is only my foster-son. His father was the friend of my husband; but he carries in his veins the blood of an Indian mother, a woman of the missions. When *los Americanos* came first to California, the Señor Gonzalez confided his son to my care and joined our defenders. He fell, and my husband, the Señor Ramagua, came home wounded, we thought to die. *Ay de mí!* Señor Wainwright, that was a bitter time. He had been happier had he been as his friend. Did not the Gringos confiscate our lands?—all the broad pastures, and the wheat land, and the grove of olives by the *zanja*, where stood the house of his birth. Then came we to these *montañas*; my husband could not bear to leave California, his home; he was proud; he would not go to his relatives and mine, grantees of Mexico, with empty hands; so he sold the flocks and the herds in Los Angeles, he brought men and built this house, he led hither his wife, myself, and the little Carlos, and my Hermelita, then a baby. *Pobrecita!* it has been a strange garden for thee, tender flower," and the mother's glance strayed to the child-woman beside her.

"Dear señora, why do you stay here?" cried her other listener. "You say truly it is a strange place for gentle ladies. Your daughter is grown; some day you will wish her to marry. Whom will she meet in these wilds? Pardon me if I distress you; but you are young no longer. If, as you say, Carlos is not her brother, in what a position you leave her should harm come to yourself!"

The girl's long lashes swept suddenly over the bright eyes turned upon him and her head drooped. But the white-haired señora, glancing thoughtfully from her patient to her child, murmured slowly: "It is true; but this is our home. The Los Angeles of to-day would not be the Los Angeles of my girlhood. They are gone—my friends of the old times—to Mexico, to Spain, to the grave. And Carlos—he never could bear to live where are *los Gringos*."

She stopped and looked again wistfully into the young man's face, then with a sigh went on: "The Señor Ramagua, my husband, hated sorely *los Americanos*; until he died he taught Carlos to hate them. Therefore, forgive him, señor, if he can not get used to your presence."

"You have small cause to think well of my countrymen, Señora Ramona," Cyril Wainwright said, humbly. "It does honor to the goodness of your heart that you took me in so freely."

"*Madre de Dios!* The good saints would forsake us, had we turned from assisting one sorely wounded; but had all *Americanos* been like Señor Wainwright, there had been no need for this mountain asylum," exclaimed the warm-hearted woman. "But, Hermelita *mia*, el señor has never told us how he came to take the old ford, passing the new one of Carlos."

Then Cyril gayly explained his absorption on that fatal

evening, caused by the fairy voice floating above him; and his elder listener cried, laughing: "Truly, it is I who should nurse you, since I am the cause of misfortune. It was no fay you heard, Señor *Americano*, but a mother calling her child, who seemed bewitched by the *zanja* and brought no water for cooking."

The conversation of that evening cleared up for Wainwright much of the mystery surrounding his charming hostess; and the knowledge of Carlos's antecedents added a feeling of distrust to his incipient dislike of the boy. In time he came to understand, moreover, that Carlos's soul burned with jealousy against the handsome American.

As his broken bones knit firmly and the trouble in his head annoyed him less, the young prospector grew restless, and, little by little, began to take short excursions on the slopes and down to the *zanja*. At first the señora sent Carlos with him, but as his step became firmer, in view of the youth's disagreeable manner, she tacitly consented to Hermelita's taking the office of guide and companion to the invalid. Both the young man and the girl found this arrangement to their liking, and, in the short jaunts his strength permitted, Cyril found means to set chattering the soft voice generally so silent during the evenings on the piazza.

These were halcyon days for the little Spanish maid. Was not the tall *Americano* fine-looking as an Apollo? And he looked on her so softly, and told her, in her own sweet tongue, of the wonders and glories of his far-off city home! Was it any wonder that she loved him? But it was a long time before the child realized what made the sun shine so brightly and her heart sing over her baking the *tortillas*. It was a jealous word from her foster-brother that finally opened Hermelita's eyes and showed Cyril the precipice over which he was walking. He was really well at last, and was beginning to call himself a lazy good-for-nothing for quartering himself any longer on these hospitable women, but it was so easy to let the halcyon days drift by, it was so pleasant to lie in the hammock in the moonlight and listen to Hermelita's Spanish lullabies. From one day to another he put off the moment of parting. He and the girl were sitting side by side, one morning, on a great rock, letting the spray from the bubbling torrent fly over them. He had taken the slim, childish fingers into his; and she sat, with drooping head and half-shrinking form, while he tried to find words to tell her at length of his determination to go on to his work.

Carlos, with his gun over his shoulder, came singing up the gulch, swinging a couple of dead birds in his hand. He did not see the twain opposite until he stood ready to leap across. Then he stopped, fairly trembling with rage, his face a study of passion.

"*Caramba!* It is true then, he loves her!" Cyril heard from between the half-breed's clenched teeth, and the lad turned and bounded back among the rocks like a madman.

And Hermelita—she also heard! Snatching her hand from her companion, she sprang to her feet, the hot blood mantling her face; her eyes met his and fell; the next moment she was flying up the steep path to take refuge from her own thoughts before the little shrine in her bedroom. "*Madonna mia*, does he love me?" she cried, stretching out her arms, "For I love him! *Sí, Madre Santissima*, I love him!"

What of Wainwright? Back and forth, back and forth, he limped on the narrow strip of level by the stream-bed, cursing himself for a villain and a fool. He had seen through it all in a flash: Carlos's jealousy, the mother's wistfulness, tiny Hermelita's unconscious happiness, and the light of awakening in her face as she fled from him. And he—he had been so blind, he had worked this mischief so innocently. He paused, and placed side by side before his mind's eye a black-haired, elfin figure and a blue-eyed golden head, shaking his own head, and slowly he murmured: "No, it is Marie I love."

Ten minutes later he stood in the piazza, wringing the hand of Señora Ramagua. "God bless you, and forgive me!" he said, huskily. "He knows my last thought would have been to wrong you or yours. Bid Hermelita *adios* for me. She is a child; she will forget."

The mother made goodspeed, with tears running down her furrowed cheeks. The prospector saddled his horse and, leading the little gray *burro*, pushed steadily up the cañon.

In the evening Hermelita leaned against the great rock by the *zanja*, with her head buried in her arms. Carlos, her foster-brother, came behind her, laying a light hand on her shoulder. The girl shuddered and shook him off, and the half-breed's look changed from gloomy tenderness to angry scorn. "Do you love him?" he cried, harshly. "You will see him no more; his love lies over the mountains!" then more softly: "Forget him! I too love, Hermelita *mia!*—I love you!"

"And you hate him!" flashed back the maiden; "I can never love you, brother Carlos!"

He frowned at her, and turned and walked away.

In the dim dawn Cyril Wainwright rose from his camp-bed and stretched his stiffened limbs, long used to more luxurious quarters. Somewhat relieved from the heavy thoughts of yesterday, he whistled soberly, arranging his chattels and cooking his camp breakfast. The little gray *burro* raised its head from cropping the short grass and brayed uneasily, and Sultan pricked up his ears, looking at his master. Cyril thought he saw a skulking figure in the *chaparral*, and stood up for a better examination. There was a sharp click—a sudden report. The prospector flung up his hands and fell forward, his face in the fire.

It was, again evening when Carlos Gonzalez walked heavily into the kitchen of his home.

"You are late, my son, and you have been long gone," said the white-haired Señora Ramona, her kind eyes scanning his mask-like features.

"I have hunted long and am weary—and I bring home no game. Have you *frijoles* in plenty, *madre mia?*"

GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1895.

A TEACHER'S COMPLAINT.

We earn our mooney honestly. We were years preparing for our work, and we are fully entitled to all we get. LOTT A.
SAN FRANCISCO, August 22, 1895.

CALIPH ROOSEVELT.

His Voyage Incognito around the Thirsty City Sunday—The Result of His Researches—People Flee the City—Coney Island Crowded.

Caliph Haroun Al Raschid Roosevelt, accompanied by his trusty vizier, Police-Sergeant Patrick Tierney, spent yesterday traveling incognito around the thirsty city. It is the first time that the Caliph has made such a tour since the famous night when he found numerous roundsmen and patrolmen loafing while on watch, and paralyzed those police officers by ordering them to report. That was the occasion when the Caliph encountered one mighty Milesian roundsman conversing with his girl, and when the Caliph told the conversational officer that he had better quit talking and attend to business, the roundsman drew his club wrathfully, and, turning to the lady, said, waving it threateningly over the Caliph's head, "Shall I fan him, Mame?" But the cop didn't fan the Caliph, and the next day the Caliph "broke" the cop.

Since then, terror has prevailed throughout the department. But Caliph Roosevelt has not been taking his walks abroad at night. Yesterday, as I said, he made a tour of the city. He and his trusty Tierney went around in a closed carriage. Caliph Roosevelt went incognito, in a gray suit, negligée shirt, and a straw hat. The trusty Tierney was disguised in civilian clothes, with creased trousers. Together they made the rounds. They began on the east side of town and gradually floated down. It was not until they reached the Bowery that news of their arrival was disseminated about the city, and by that time Caliph Roosevelt's carriage was attended by almost as large a crowd of the *hoi polloi* as if it had been a circus.

He found little, however, to reward him for his quest. Such has been the terror inspired by the Caliph, that New York has emphatically become a dry city on Sunday. Only three saloons were found open, six hundred and eighty-four were closed, and forty-one were doubtful—that is, the side door was open and the bar-keepers were found lounging inside conversing with friends, but protesting stoutly that they were not selling liquor. In one, the saloon of the famous Steve Brody, the bridge-jumper, there was a crowd pouring in all day. Steve Brody had a wash-boiler full of lemonade and a stone crock full of buttermilk which he was engaged in giving away. These comparatively innocuous beverages are scarcely to the taste of the Bowery, but inasmuch as the day was hot and there was nothing else to be had, they drank thankfully. Brody's lemonade and buttermilk disappeared rapidly, and by nightfall the wash-boiler and the crock had been emptied many times. In other saloons, there were "soft drinks"—lemonade and such beverages—given away, but these places were all carefully watched by the officers, as there was a marked propensity for whisky to get into lemonade, and for money to be passed across the bar.

There has been much talk in the newspapers about the probable effects of Roosevelt's enforcement of the Sunday excise law. It is the general consensus of opinion—that is, newspaper opinion—that it will be a serious blow to the Republican party. But this is doubtful. The law is not a Republican law. It was passed by Tammany, as a means of black-mailing saloon-keepers who refused to yield up tribute. It is a Democratic law, was introduced at the instigation of Tammany, was passed by a Democratic legislature, and was signed by a Democratic governor, David B. Hill. Senator Hill is now trying to make political capital by abusing Roosevelt for enforcing the law, but he places himself in a very questionable position. When a man is the leader of a party in a State, when his party passes an excise law, and when he himself signs it as governor, he certainly stultifies himself when, to embarrass a political opponent, he fights against the enforcement of the very law which he himself passed.

The opponents of enforcing the law are having a rather hard time. Nobody denies that the law exists; all that they say is that it is "a hardship to enforce it." But who is to decide on the relative severity or mildness of the laws? Commissioner Roosevelt himself frankly says that he does not believe in such a severe Sunday law, but as it is the law, he is going to enforce it. And he is certainly doing so. There is a good deal of humor in the American people, and in this great city there are many thousands who are smiling sardonically over the plight of Tammany caused by enforcing a Tammany law. For Tammany's revenues come largely from the blackmailing of liquor saloons.

One of the results of the Sunday closing law has been to drive vast crowds of people out of the city. It has been a cool summer, but, none the less, the number of people who go to such places as Coney Island has been enormous. The various fake shows there every Sunday are jammed with people. The favorite show now seems to be what is called the "Couchee-Couchée Dance." This is simply a Bowery substitute for the *danse du ventre*, which was familiar to visitors at the Chicago Fair. There are any number of ladies dancing under such cognomens as La Belle Suleika, La Belle Leila, La Belle Fatima—most of whom, by the way, bear in private such names as Mulcahy or Smith. When they are off the stage and are chaffed by the populace, they reply in the purest Bowery, and they can give Chimmie Fadden points in slang. These dancers are frequently "pulled" by the police when their dancing is too vivid, and when they are brought up in the police courts, they always implore the judge for mercy in the vernacular.

Of late there have been so many arrests of these ladies that the fakers have stopped giving the dance. So, after the Coney Island "theatres" are filled with spectators who have been drummed and whistled inside, and after they have waited there half an hour or so, a Bowery boy, with a Turkish fez, comes to the front and announces that they have just received word that there can be no dance; that the police have threatened arrest.

"De cops has said dat de couchée-couchée show don't go—dat if de ladies dances, dey'll all get pulled, so dere won't be no dance. See?"

Thereupon the Bowery boy with the fez further announces that instead they will give "The Eastern wedding." So La Belle Fatima is married to another Bowery boy with a fez, and the crowd, shouting curses and yelling "fake," file sadly out.

NEW YORK, August 19, 1895.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOATS.

By a Sarcastic Briton.

Air: "Yankee Doodle."

Uncle Sam has got a boat,
They call her the Defender.
And every time she gets aloft
They take her home and mend her.
Sometimes it's her hollow gaff,
And sometimes it's her rigging;
She tossed about as free as chaff
Whene'er the sea goes jiggling.

When explanation time comes round
Their tongues are tipped with honey.
It goes with some, but more are found
Who think it very funny.
We've heard enough to fill a book
About her speed—on paper—
But when she tries it off the Hook
It's quite another caper.

Of course, the nerves of British tars
Are shaken by this thunder;
They know that nothing wearing spars
Can beat the Bristol wonder.
Dunraven sends a clumsy crock,
With every kind of failing;
She hasn't got a spar or block
Can stand a "blow" in sailing.

It surely was a great surprise
To find that she got over.
If Cranfield saw her with our eyes
He'd stay at home in clover.
But Britons are as thick as glue;
They never know they're beaten,
Since hints on winning Waterloo
Were given free at Eton.

Valkyrie can not stand the pinch;
John Bull won't bet a penny;
Dunraven hasn't got a cinch—
See views of Arthur Glennie.
But still there are some cranks who say
When times are fairly reckoned
And all is over down the bay
She'll be no worse than second.

—New York Sun.

The New York Hospital in West Fifteenth Street, established by royal grant of George the Third in 1771, has a corps of fifty young ladies. There is, in the opinion of *Leslie's Weekly*, no field of employment which offers greater opportunities to women than that of the trained nurse. After having undergone a two years' tuition and training at the hospital (in the various wards), to which she has obtained admission only by a competitive examination as to morality, high-school education, attractive manners, and pleasing exterior, only fifteen out of seventy-five applicants from all parts of the continent are permitted to enter upon their novitiate. The labor of these two years is severe both mentally and physically, and covers twelve out of twenty-four hours daily the year round. After her two years' course she is obliged to leave the hospital, having received wages advancing in amount according to her period of service, and her diploma as well. It is then that she is ready to become nurse to private patients on recommendation of the hospital authorities, or the many physicians with whom she has come in contact. Her income then ranges from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars a year, while her profession leads her across great seas to many lands, and her life onward is one of reasonable luxury and content. These young ladies, varying in age from twenty to thirty-five, are noticeable for their speech and grammatical purity of language. They are modest, unobtrusive, but genial in manner. Differing from other employments, they have a humane and even a tender interest in their daily work. The fate of the patient who stands an equal chance between life or death is, in the vast majority of cases, in the hands of the trained nurse.

A gentleman from Birmingham tells (in the *Atlanta Constitution*) of a very effective way in which the anti-bloomer enthusiasts of that city checked and forever killed the growth of the craze in that up-to-date city. So far, it seems, none but young girls have appeared publicly in bloomers, but it became whispered around that some of the young women were having them constructed. Thereupon the anti-bloomerites secured the services of an enormous negress, whom they dressed in a grotesque bloomer costume, consisting of a red waist, blue trousers, with a broad white stripe down the sides, and bright yellow hose. This ridiculous figure has been made to parade the streets on a bicycle for several days past, perspiring at every pore. She has served, it is said, to forever kill the bloomer craze in the Magic City.

Holland disfranchises a citizen if he is absent from the country ten years and during that time does not formally notify the proper authority that he wishes to continue to be regarded as a citizen. Great Britain does not so easily give up her claim to the loyalty of her subjects. A man may count upon her protection on the ground that his grandfather was by birth and allegiance an Englishman, even though he and his father were both born and have always lived on foreign soil, but without being naturalized.

Ducks' eggs are shipped pretty ripe from Swatow, in China, to Bangkok and Singapore. They are put in shallow baskets in layers two or three deep, wrapped up in soft paper, and the climate is so hot that they are all hatched before they reach their destination.

THE BRODERICK-TERRY DUEL.

An Account taken from James O'Meara's Book entitled "Broderick and Gwin"—The Detailed Narrative of a Contemporaneous Witness.

Some weeks ago the *Illustrated American*, which is now publishing a series of sketches on famous duels, printed one from the pen of Henry Austin on the Broderick-Terry duel. It resulted in a letter from Mr. Lucius E. Chittenden to the editor, in which the writer questioned the accuracy of some of the statements made in Mr. Austin's article. More or less comment in the Eastern press has resulted.

It has occurred to us that it would be well to print the account of the famous duel as it is set forth in James O'Meara's book entitled "Broderick and Gwin: A Brief History of Early Politics in California." Mr. O'Meara was a contemporaneous witness, a newspaper editor, and a trained observer. After describing the bitter campaign between Broderick and Gwin, he says:

It had been very naturally expected, all through the envenomed campaign, that at its close there would be a hostile meeting between Senator Broderick and Senator Gwin. Each had demonstrated his determination to submit to the code. Mr. Broderick had been on the "field of honor" and received the fire of Judge Caleb B. Smith, and his life was saved by his watch in his trousers fob-pocket, upon which the ball from Judge Smith's pistol struck and glanced. He had likewise encouraged the duel between John Nugent, editor of the *San Francisco Herald*, and John Cotter, a member of the board of supervisors at the time of the excitement over the purchase of the Jenny Lind Theatre for a city hall, a scheme in which Mr. Broderick had taken a leading part, and had prevailed upon Mr. Cotter to champion the sale in the board; and that between Colonel B. Frank Washington and C. A. Washburn, editor of the *Alta California*, who had been inspired by Mr. Broderick to publish severe and galling personal strictures upon Colonel Washington, some of them from the more caustic pen of George Wilkes. He had also advised in the duel between his zealous devotee, Cris. Dowdigan, and Colonel James Hawkins, a vehement opponent of Broderick.

Dr. Gwin had fought a duel with Judge McCorkle many years before, and only the preceding year, in Washington, he had had trouble with Senator Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, over a matter in which the Massachusetts senator had preferred Mr. Broderick to Dr. Gwin, as authority for remarks in the Senate, in an offensive tirade affecting California and her people, in which, to the interruption of Senator Gwin, that he was practicing "demagogism," he retorted that he "would sooner be charged with demagogism than with stealing"—a thrust intended to indorse the utterances of Senator Broderick in relation to Senator Gwin's connection with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and also with the sale to the government of Lime Point, or what Mr. Broderick characterized as the "Lime Point swindle." Gwin sprung to his feet, and denounced Wilson as "a liar, a coward, and a slanderous traducer of character" at the instant; and, after the Senate adjourned that day, threatened to horsewhip him. By the subsequent interposition of Senator Seward, Jefferson Davis, and others, the threatened castigation, or a hostile encounter, was prevented.

The speech which led up to the feeling between Broderick and Terry was made by the latter in the Lecompton Democratic Convention. He said:

"Who have we opposed to us? A party based on no principle, except the abusing of one section of the country and the aggrandizement of another; a party which has no existence in fifteen States of the Confederacy; a party whose principles can never prevail among freemen who love justice and are willing to do justice. What other? A miserable remnant of a faction sailing under false colors, trying to obtain votes under false pretenses. They have no distinction they are entitled to; they are the followers of one man, the personal chattels of a single individual, whom they are ashamed of. They belong, heart and soul, body and breeches, to David C. Broderick. They are yet ashamed to acknowledge their master, and are calling themselves, forsooth, Douglas Democrats, when it is known—well known to them, as to us—that the gallant senator from Illinois, whose voice has always been heard in the advocacy of Democratic principles, who now is not disunited from the Democratic party, has no affiliation with them, no feeling in common with them. Perhaps, Mr. President and gentlemen, I am mistaken in denying their right to claim Douglas as their leader. Perhaps they do sail under the flag of Douglas, but it is the banner of the black Douglass, whose name is Frederick, not Stephen."

The remarks of Judge Terry, when reported to Broderick, caused him much irritation and led to the following incident:

A few days afterward, June 26th, while at breakfast at the International Hotel, in San Francisco, at which sat A. A. Selover and wife, and Mrs. Colonel James and Mr. D. W. Perley opposite to Broderick and the Selovers, in the course of conversation Mr. Broderick remarked to Perley: "I see your friend Terry has been abusing me at Sacramento. The damned, miserable wretch, after being kicked out of the convention, went down there and made a speech abusing me. I have defended him at times when all others deserted him. I paid and supported three newspapers to defend him during the Vigilance Committee days, and this is all the gratitude I get from the damned, miserable wretch for the favors I have conferred on him. I have hitherto spoken of him as an honest man—as the only honest man on the bench of a miserable, corrupt supreme court—but now I find I was mistaken. I take it all back. He is just as bad as the others."

Perley asked, "Mr. Broderick, who is it you speak of as a 'wretch'?" Mr. Broderick replied, "Terry." Said Perley, "I will inform the judge of the language you have used concerning him." Broderick retorted, "Do so; I wish you to do so. I am responsible for it." At this, Perley remarked, "You would not dare to use this language to him, and you shall not use it to me concerning him. I shall hold you personally responsible for the language of insult and menace you have used."

Colonel Selover, when interrogated as to the language used by Broderick, stated that he had not used the profane expletive "damned," as Perley had reported, but in other respects the statement of Perley was generally if not entirely accurate. D. W. Perley was a lawyer of Stockton in early days, but at the time of the occurrence made his home in San Francisco. He was a smart, active, able, and not very scrupulous attorney. When Judge Terry first became acquainted with him, Perley was a member of the Stockton bar, and in 1850 he had acted as the friend of Perley in the only duel that he (Terry) had ever taken part in or witnessed. Perley hastened to look up a friend to carry a message to Senator Broderick, which office was accepted by Samuel H. Brooks.

The letter was taken to Broderick, and he replied at some length, the following being the most important paragraphs:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1859.

D. W. PERLEY, ESQ.—Sir:—Your own sense of propriety should have taught you that the positions we relatively occupy are so different as to forbid my acceptance of your challenge. It is but a few days since you made oath that you were a subject of Great Britain. The giving or accepting of a challenge could not therefore affect your political rights, as you are not a citizen of the United States.

If I were compelled to accept a challenge, it could only be with a gentleman holding a position equally elevated and responsible; and there are no circumstances which could induce me even to this during the pendency of the present canvass. . . .

Yours, etc., D. C. BRODERICK.

The election occurred Wednesday, September 7, 1859.

The Democrats carried the State. Broderick and the Republicans were badly defeated. The administration was strongest. From the nature of the campaign, the public had been led to expect a hostile meeting between Senators Gwin and Broderick.

But an unexpected turn was suddenly given to this general expectation. Chief Justice Terry had felt himself offended at the language which Senator Broderick had used in the conversation with Perley at the International Hotel breakfast-table in June. The day after the election he left his residence in Sacramento, and from Oakland, Thursday, September 8th, Judge Terry addressed to Mr. Broderick a letter, which was the first of the correspondence leading to the duel, and which is here given in full:

OAKLAND, September 8, 1895.

HON. D. C. BRODERICK—Sir: Some two months since, at the public table of the International Hotel, in San Francisco, you saw fit to indulge in certain remarks concerning me which were offensive in their nature. Before I had heard of the circumstance, your note of twentieth of June, addressed to Mr. Perley, in which you declared that you would not respond to any call of a personal character during the political canvass just concluded, had been published.

I have, therefore, not been permitted to take any notice of those remarks until the expiration of the limit fixed by yourself. I now take the earliest opportunity to require of you a retraction of those remarks. This note will be handed to you by my friend, Calhoun Benham, Esq., who is acquainted with its contents, and will receive your reply.

D. S. TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 8, 1895.

HON. D. S. TERRY—Sir: Your note of September 8th reached me through the hands of Mr. Calhoun Benham. The remarks used by me in the conversation referred to may be a subject of future misrepresentation, and, for obvious reasons, I have to desire you to state what were the remarks that you designate in your note as offensive, and of which you require of me a retraction.

I remain, etc., D. C. BRODERICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 9, 1895.

HON. D. C. BRODERICK—Sir: In reply to your note of this date, I have to say that the offensive remarks to which I alluded in my communication yesterday are as follows: "I have heretofore considered and spoken of him (myself) as the only honest man on the supreme court bench; but I now take it all back"—thus, by implication, reflecting on my personal and official integrity. This is the substance of your remarks, as reported to me; the precise terms, however, in which such an implication was conveyed are not important to the question. You yourself can best remember the terms in which you spoke of me, on the occasion referred to. What I require, is the retraction of any words which were used calculated to reflect on my character as an officer or a gentleman.

I remain your obedient servant, D. S. TERRY.

FRIDAY EVENING, 9th September.

HON. D. S. TERRY—Sir: Yours of this date has been received. The remarks made by me were occasioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me, made in the convention at Sacramento, reported in the *Union* of June 25th. Upon the topic alluded to in your note of this date, my language, so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows: "During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in (his) defense. I have also stated heretofore that I considered him (Judge Terry) the only honest man on the supreme bench; but I take it all back." You are the best judge as to whether the language affords good ground for offense.

I remain, etc., D. C. BRODERICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 9, 1895.

HON. D. C. BRODERICK—Sir: Some months ago, you used language concerning me offensive in its nature. I waited the lapse of a period of time fixed by yourself before I asked reparation therefor at your hands. You replied, asking specifications of the language used which I regarded as offensive. In another letter I gave you the specifications and reiterated my demand for retraction. To this last letter you reply, acknowledging the use of the offensive language imputed to you, and not making the retraction required. This course on your part leaves me no other alternative but to demand the satisfaction usual among gentlemen, which I accordingly do. Mr. Benham will make the necessary arrangements.

Your obedient servant, D. S. TERRY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 10, 1895.

HON. D. S. TERRY—Sir: Your note of the above date has been received at one o'clock A. M., September 10th. In response to the same, I will refer you to my friend, Hon. J. C. McKibben, who will make the necessary arrangement demanded in your letter.

I remain, etc., D. C. BRODERICK.

There was nothing now left but to prepare for the meeting and to proceed with it. Colonel Thomas Hays, formerly of New York city, and one of Broderick's earliest supporters in San Francisco, was invited to assist, with Calhoun Benham on behalf of Terry; and ex-Sheriff David Colton, of Siskiyou, was similarly chosen on behalf of Broderick. The four met for the purpose, and, after due deliberation, Broderick being the challenged party, and therefore entitled to choose the style of weapons and fix the terms of combat, the following was presented by his seconds:

First. Principals to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon each; also by a person to load the weapons. This article not to exclude the drivers of the vehicles. If other parties obtrude, the time and place may be changed at the instance of either party.

Second. Place of meeting, on the farm adjoining the Lake House ranch, occupied by William Higgins.

Third. Weapons, dueling-pistols.

Fourth. Distance, ten paces; parties facing each other; pistols to be held with the muzzles vertically downward.

Fifth. Word to be given as follows, to-wit: The inquiry shall first be made, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Upon each party replying "Ready," the word "Fire" shall be given, to be followed by the words "One, two." Neither party to raise his pistol before the word "Fire," nor to discharge it after the word "Two." The intervals between the words "Fire, one, two," to be exemplified by the party winning the word, as near as may be.

Sixth. The weapons to be loaded on the ground in the presence of a second of each party.

Seventh. Choice of position and the giving of the word to be determined by chance—throwing up a coin, as usual.

Eighth. Choice of weapons to be determined by chance, as in article seventh.

Ninth. Choice of the respective weapons of parties to be determined on the ground, by throwing up a coin, as usual; that is to say, each party bringing their pistols, and the pair to be used to be determined by chance, as in article seventh.

Time, Monday, 12th September, 1895, at 5½ o'clock A. M.

"The seconds of Judge Terry protested against the place selected for the meeting," says Mr. O'Meara, "and also against the unprecedented brevity of the firing-time, as proposed by the seconds of Mr. Broderick," on which correspondence ensued, in this form and with this result:

On the part of Judge Terry, it is protested against the word being stopped short of the word "three," as unusual and unwarrantable; also against the place of meeting being either in San Francisco or San Mateo County.

Mr. Broderick's seconds answer the protest in regard to the parties being restrained by the word "two," that it is neither unusual nor unwarrantable and has the feature of humanity; also, that no possible advantage can accrue to their principal by fixing the place at a remote and isolated spot where they will not be intruded upon. . . .

Concerning this protest, Mr. O'Meara says:

The arrangement to fire, stopping at the word "two," was without precedent in modern dueling. The uniform rule had been to give the word, "Fire—one—two—three," and to discharge the weapons at any time between the words "one" and "three"; and this had been the invariable custom in California, in all affairs of the kind, according to the code. The seconds of Mr. Broderick were aware of his consummate marksmanship in pistol-practice, and he was accustomed to fire with uncommon readiness at a moment's glance at the target. Hence they so arranged for the word and mode of firing, and persisted in that arrangement. It was a material advantage, all other things being equal.

As to the question of the pistols used and the various preliminaries, Mr. O'Meara in his hook goes on to say:

In preparing for the affair, Judge Terry had procured, at Stockton, the dueling-pistols owned by Joe Beard, ex-clerk of the supreme court, then in possession of Dr. Dan Aylette. They had been purchased many years before in Paris. They had been used several times in affairs of honor, and were so exactly alike in every respect that no difference had ever been discovered in their shooting qualities. They had hair-triggers, evenly and equally adjusted. When Judge Terry received them from Dr. Aylette, he tried them with two shots. He made what are termed "line-shots," but hit each time below the target. He tried them no more, and neither saw them, nor practiced with any other pistols, until the weapon selected for his use by his seconds was placed in his hands, on the morning of the duel, when Broderick was also handed the weapon he was to use.

The time appointed for the duel and all the preliminaries were agreed upon during Saturday, September 8th. The duel was fixed for Monday morning, the 12th. Notwithstanding that arrangements had been made to bring off the meeting, a number of the friends of Mr. Broderick, together with some of Judge Terry's friends, undertook still to effect peaceable settlement of the difficulty. Among these gentlemen, Edmund Randolph, A. P. Crittenden, and John A. Monroe bore leading part. John Nugent, the noted *Herald* editor, likewise exerted his influence. David Mahoney endeavored to prevent the meeting. But all efforts proved unavailing.

Dr. Dan Aylette was engaged to attend Judge Terry upon the field as surgeon, and be invited Dr. William Hammond to accompany him. Dr. Hammond had never, up to that time, seen either of the principals. Dr. Loehr, editor of the German anti-Lecompton paper in San Francisco, was engaged as surgeon for Mr. Broderick.

The day and night before the meeting on Monday morning, Judge Terry was lodged at the residence of Colonel Thomas Hays. Mr. Broderick was amply cared for at the house of a devoted friend [Leonidas Haskell] near the place of meeting. [Mr. Haskell's house was at Black Point.]

Mr. O'Meara then tells of the first meeting, the arrest of the principals, and their dismissal by Judge Coon. Resuming, he says:

Dr. Aylette, satisfied that the affair was stopped for the present, returned that afternoon, by the Stockton boat, to his home. That night, however, it was arranged that the meeting should take place the next morning at the same place and hour. Dr. Hammond was then engaged to attend on the field as surgeon for Judge Terry. At the appointed hour the parties again reached the ground. The spectators numbered about eighty, having made their way thither in all manner of vehicles, on horseback, and afoot. By the tossing up of a half-dollar, the seconds of Terry won for him the choice of weapons [using the Beard pistols], and Broderick's seconds won the choice of ground, and the giving of the word. By mutual agreement, "Natchez," the noted gunsmith of the city, was employed as armorer. The two principals first took station on the field at random, each with his friends about him. They showed equal nerve, but Judge Terry was apparently more composed. He closely eyed his antagonist.

A singular difference of conduct was noted in the surgeons. Dr. Hammond had come upon the field, addressed and shaken hands with Judge Terry, and then thrown himself upon the ground, with his overcoat underneath him. There was nothing visible about him to indicate his profession, in the way of instruments. Dr. Loehr, on the contrary, had brought with him a large sack, containing surgical instruments and a lot of bandaging stuff, and from the mouth of this sack protruded a long saw. He sought occasion to converse with Mr. Broderick, while the latter walked to and fro awaiting the call of his seconds, and all the time he carried, or partly dragged, this horrid-looking sack, with its rattle of instruments, its ugly, protruding saw, and its plethora of linen rags for bandages. It demonstrated the remarkable self-possession of Mr. Broderick, that he paced the ground with his surgeon during their conversation with such splendid equanimity of manner.

Concerning Broderick's skill with the pistol, the *Morning Call* of that very morning had published this report, and it was shown to Terry:

"A DEAD SHOT.—It is generally understood that Judge Terry is a first-rate shot; but it is doubtful whether he is as unerring with the pistol as Senator Broderick. This gentleman, recently, in practicing in a gallery, fired two hundred shots at the usual distance, and plumped the mark every time. As he is also a man of firmer nerve than his opponent, we may look this morning for unpleasant news from the field."

This was manifestly the general opinion and expectation of Mr. Broderick's friends and admirers, for they had knowledge of his skill in shooting, and they all knew his indomitable pluck. Mr. O'Meara goes on:

At length the seconds invited the principals to their allotted stations. As Broderick's seconds had won the choice of ground, he was placed with his back to the sun, Terry facing it. The pistols were carefully examined by the seconds, then loaded—Broderick's by the armorer and Terry's by his friend, Sam H. Brooks—and handed to the principals. Terry took his, held it behind him for a moment, and then rested it on his left arm in front. Broderick critically examined his pistol, and took pains deliberately to adjust it to his grip. The two had cast off their overcoats and were quite similarly dressed, in full black suits, with frock-coats buttoned across the breast, and without shirt-collars. Calhoun Benham examined Broderick's person to see that he wore nothing to stop or glance a bullet; Colonel McKibben similarly examined Judge Terry. Broderick had just before handed his watch and the money in his pockets to McKibben, and Terry had likewise passed the contents of his pockets to Benham. The word, as it was given, was exemplified by Colton, and repeated by Benham. The seconds then took their appropriate places. Terry stood erect and firm, but in easy attitude, with his body accurately sideways to his antagonist, his pistol-arm hanging naturally, close to his person, with apparent readiness for full play to every muscle, his pistol in exact vertical position, and his legs precisely in line. His look was directed full toward Broderick, and his facial expression was of imperturbable composure.

Broderick's face, pallid from the exhaustion of the fatiguing and terrific campaign, showed the prodigious force of his will. There was not the tremor of a fibre from crown to sole. But his rigor of body was so severe that he had not easy command of motion or essential play of action of trunk or limb. It was observed by the seconds of Terry that Broderick held his pistol, not vertically, as the articles required, but pointed outward in obtuse angle, and to this defect Calhoun Benham called the attention of Colonel McKibben, who immediately went to Broderick's side to rectify the matter. His rigor of frame was so intense that, in the effort to adjust his pistol to the required position, he was obliged to use his left hand to bring his right arm into proper form; and in the effort he also so swerved his whole body that his right leg was pressed out of place, downward and forward, out of line with the left leg, and his chest was thrown out and quartering toward his antagonist, so as to present a larger surface for the chance of a shot aimed at him. He held his pistol in vise-like grip, and his wrist, instead of being in condition for ease of motion, was as an iron bolt, to move only with and as rigidly as the arm. He seemed the impersonation of that order of courage which faces death without terror.

At nearly seven o'clock that Tuesday morning, David Colton, the

second of Broderick, put the question, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Instantly the response came from Terry, "Ready," in firm, natural tone of voice and without play of feature or movement of muscle. Broderick did not respond at once, but again occupied a few moments in adjusting his pistol. This done, evidently to his satisfaction, he spoke the word "Ready," accompanied by a gesture and a nod, as of assent, to Colton. Then came the word, "Fire—one—two."

The pause between the words was as that between the striking of the hours of "a cathedral clock," as a critical observer described it. The ball from Broderick's pistol entered the ground just nine feet from where he stood, in a true line with his antagonist. Terry fired before "two" had been uttered. A slight shower of dust upon the right lapel of Broderick's coat gave token where the ball had struck. In a moment Broderick's right arm was raised nearly in a line from his shoulder and extended at full length; the left arm simultaneously moved in similar manner. In his right hand he still gripped his pistol. A visible shuddering of the body was instantly perceptible, then a violent contraction of the right arm, a relaxation of the fingers of the right hand, from which the pistol dropped to the ground. A heavy convulsion shook his quivering form, he turned toward the left, his head dropped, his body sunk, his left knee first gave away, then the right, and in a moment he was half-prostrate on the sod, his left arm supporting him from falling prone. His seconds rushed to his aid. His surgeon was with him in a flash, but it was soon manifest that he had been somewhat confused by the scene. Terry stood with folded arms in his appointed place. His seconds went to him at once, and he remarked to Benham that his ball had "hit too far out" to be mortal. Satisfied, however, that another shot would not be required by Broderick's seconds, Terry then left the ground.

From his place on the sward, Dr. Hammond saw the perturbation of Dr. Loehr, and at once suggested to Benham the propriety of the proffer of his own services to Broderick. At that instant, as Benham was advancing to make the proffer, Colonel McKibben came forward to request Dr. Hammond's assistance, and stated that it was also the desire of Dr. Loehr. Dr. Hammond immediately went to Broderick's side, and assisted in the examination. Broderick conversed with him about the nature of the wound, in a calm manner and without apparent dread of consequences. As Dr. Loehr had omitted to bring restoratives or bandages suitable for the purpose, Dr. Hammond furnished Broderick with his flask of brandy, and put about him the chest-bandage necessary in a wound of the kind.

Broderick was soon conveyed to the house of his friend, Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point. Terry rode into San Francisco, took a boat, held ready for him by Michael Hays, brother of Colonel Thomas Hays, and was taken directly to Oakland, where he was met by John Freaner, who informed him that the report in town was that Broderick had been killed. Terry assured him that it was not the fact; that his ball had struck him "too far out," as he had first expressed it on the field. He also said to Mr. Freaner, that, had a moment's further deliberation been allowed him in the firing, he should have shot so as to inflict no injury whatever; but the information he had received of Broderick's amazing skill in shooting, supported by the paragraph statement in the *Call* that morning and the apparent determination of Mr. Broderick himself on the field, impelled him, in consideration for his own life, to shoot so as to prevent the risk of a second shot from his antagonist. From Oakland he proceeded homeward, and subsequently surrendered himself to the authorities to answer for the deed; thence to pass acquitted, but to suffer for it through many years.

Senator Broderick received his wound Tuesday morning, September 10th, at about seven o'clock. It was not considered mortal at the time. During Wednesday and Thursday there were hopes of his recovery. These were dissipated Thursday night, and at nine-twenty o'clock the morning of Friday, the sixteenth of the same month, he died. On the afternoon of the following day, the coroner held inquest upon the body. Drs. Holman and Bertody were appointed to the duty of the autopsy. The ball had pierced the lungs.

Concerning the disputed question of the hair-triggers, Mr. O'Meara says:

It had been reported that there was a perceptible difference in the hair-triggers of the pistols, and that the one left for Broderick to use was much more delicate to the touch than the pistol used by Terry; and this was made a subject of special inquiry. Lagoarde—"Natchez"—the armorer, stated it to be fact in his examination. Colonel McKibben, who had so critically examined the pistols on the field, and even tried the one used by Broderick, testified positively that there was no appreciable difference in the two. It was the disposition of "Natchez" to find fault with any other pistols than his own.

After the inquest, there was published, in connection with it, this, which appeared in the *San Francisco News*, Mr. Broderick's campaign organ:

"We are requested by Mr. McKibben and General Colton (the seconds of Mr. Broderick) to state that Mr. Lagoarde, the gunsmith, did not tell them, when on the ground, as he testified at the inquest, that there was any difference between the pistols used by Mr. Broderick and Judge Terry; and that so far as their own careful examination of the weapons was concerned, there was no perceptible difference in the tightness of the triggers."

As we have said, the narrative taken from James O'Meara's hook is detailed and apparently without prejudice, although it is not probable that an account of any duel ever was written, or ever will be, into which partisan feeling does not enter.

The hope of the navy is the apprentice system, which was established many years ago. Says an Eastern exchange:

"An average of four hundred and fifty boys are enlisted each year. The term of service is four years, and sixteen years is the average at which they are accepted. To each an excellent education, which will compare favorably with that of the grammar schools in the large cities, is given, in addition to a thorough knowledge of gunnery, a wide familiarity with torpedo works, and electrical engineering. The results of the physical training, together with the habits of cleanliness and discipline acquired at the school, are shown in the high average of health and strength which is observable among them. Efforts are made to add to the technical training a fondness for a naval life and a respect for the service. Its history, its incidents of peril and dash, and its life on foreign stations are taught by lectures. Of these, twenty-two are delivered each year, illustrated by five hundred and seventy-four stereoscopic slides. They represent nearly three years of work by Chaplain Hallway, and have been painted at the Newport Station, where the school is established, under his supervision. It is a curious anomaly, however, that the excellent mental and practical training which those youngsters enjoy results to the disadvantage of the government, inasmuch as four-fifths of the boys withdraw from the service upon graduation, and before the department has had an opportunity of utilizing them in the work for which they have been trained. The reason of this is obvious. They are strictly disciplined at school, and, boy-like, they chafe sorely under its restraints. The knowledge of seamanship, and particularly of electricity, which they acquire, enables them to find ready employment as quartermasters, engineers, mates, and captains in the merchant service, or in the employ of the several electrical telegraph and telephone companies as electricians at a much better compensation than is offered to them by the government. Every reasonable inducement, however, is given them to remain in the service, and those who do remain are advanced as rapidly as circumstances will permit. The department feels, however, that those who resign are still in a measure attached to it as a result of the education it has given them. Their loyalty to the navy was demonstrated a few years ago, when war between the United States and Chile was imminent, as a result of the *Baltimore* incident at Valparaiso. At that time the department received hundreds of letters from boys who had been graduated from the apprentice school and who are now employed in civil life, tendering their services to the government in any capacity in which it might desire to employ them."

LITERARY NOTES.

A Curious Letter from Whittier.

There lives to-day in Amesbury, Mass., a gentleman, Mr. J. T. Clarkson, who possesses the original copy of a manuscript signed "Merrimac," but written, without doubt, as the handwriting shows, by Whittier himself, and referring in a most interesting way to the annoyance the poet felt at the calls of interviewers. It was in 1881 that Mr. Whittier sent the communication to the *Weekly News* of Amesbury, and to one of the gentlemen connected with the paper at that time he spoke about the dislike he felt at having people pounce down upon him on the most flimsy pretexts. Many of them, he said, made themselves so ridiculous as to amuse him. He told of one who, professing great reverence and admiration for the poet, as well as familiarity with his writings, persisted in addressing him as Mr. Whittaker, and who, reciting one of Longfellow's poems, thanked Mr. Whittier for having written it. It was on the occasion of some such ruthless intrusion on his privacy that he gave vent to the following communication, the authorship of which is now for the first time revealed in the *Critic*:

"INTERVIEWING.

"A century ago Pope complained in bitter verse of curious intruders upon his privacy. In view of them he exclaimed, 'Tie up the knocker! say I'm sick or dead!' What he would have said of the modern interviewer may well be imagined. It is undoubtedly true that all in whom the public are for some reason or other interested have to pay the penalty of notoriety. Literary men are especially victimized in this respect. Longfellow is beset with visitors and burdened by letter-writers. Our townsman, Mr. Whittier, has his full share of this annoyance. Interviewers find him out, and impudent descriptions of his incomings and outgoings, and facts, and often fancies and misrepresentations, of his private life, habits, and opinions, are paraded before the public as if an author's fireside had no sanctity. To a sensitive man, who has never courted notoriety, and who has scrupulously avoided all occasions calculated to attract attention to himself, such gratuitous advertising must be extremely annoying. It is, of course, impossible for him to take public notice of these things, but how he regards them may be understood by some lines of his addressed to a friend congratulating him on printing a volume of poems for private circulation only. We quote from memory:

"Our social peace is more than fame,
Life withers in the public look,
Why mount the pillory of a hook,
And barter comfort for a name?

"Who in a house of glass would dwell
With curious eyes at every pane?
To ring him in and out again,
Who wants the public crier's bale?

"Who for Fame's angel in his way
Would play the part of Balaam's part,
Bear on his back the wizard Art,
And in his service speak or pray?"

"Some of these unwelcome reports of interviews, we have noticed, give a very mixed and incorrect idea of Mr. W.'s whereabouts. We have seen him reported at sea-side places and summer resorts which he never has visited, and even at two widely different places at the same time. Some confusion in respect to residence may have arisen from the fact that while he retains his old homestead in this town, where he is a citizen and voter, he has spent a large portion of his time for the last few years at the beautiful home of esteemed relatives in Danvers. It is said Tennyson has shifted his quarters from Danvers to escape the impertinences of interviewing curiosity, and it is possible that Mr. W.'s change of base may have a similar significance. MERRIMAC."

"The Lark."

The *Lark* for September breaks a little from the mystery and *insouciance* with which it has heretofore been published. Even this first personal note is purposely obscured to those who can not appreciate the old French and obsolete typography in which it is printed. It quotes a few of the more uncomplimentary remarks of its reviewers, and says:

"The *Lark* is a modest creature and does not care to trouble itself with personalities, for, being an early bird, it is quite busy with the morning worm. It is, however, not so unobtrusive as not to hear the notes of praise that rise from those in the cages below. The *Lark* is not ungrateful, and thanks the *Critic* for information regarding its circulation; the *Boston Journal*, that finds it a little 'wild and woolly' (*un peu sauvage*); the *Chap Book*, that calls its charm 'intimate'; the *New York Times*, that sees in it a menace to Chicago modernity; and the *New York Tribune*, gentle savant in 'Larkeology,' that names it 'The Goose,' no doubt because of its golden eggs. The *Lark* is also a little embarrassed at accepting the money that its liberal friends send for annual subscriptions, the price of which the ridiculous regulations of the post-office alone compel it to publish. If the winter should come, and that happens at times even in California, The *Lark* will migrate to the south, and it does not promise to return the subscriptions of those who have insisted on paying in advance."

Gossip about Nordau.

Max Nordau has always refused to allow himself to be "nailed to a specialty." He told Mr. R. H. Sherard, the other day, the reason why he wrote "Degeneration" was that he was sick of always hearing himself spoken of as the author of "The Conventional Lies of Our Civilization." Now that he is being spoken of universally as the author of "Degeneration," he is writing a novel—his third—and will not write the philosophical work which he has in his head until he has disassociated himself from the specialty of philosophical writing. Mr. Sherard says that Dr. Nordau "lives a very quiet, simple life with his mother and sister, whom he has entirely supported since he was sixteen years old. He takes pleasure in nothing but work, and neither drinks, smokes, nor goes out into society. He speaks English, French, Italian, German, and

Hungarian with equal fluency, and can converse in Russian, Spanish, and the Scandinavian languages. He is, moreover, an urbane and most amiable man." His hours for literary work are from eight-thirty P. M. till midnight.

The September "Century."

The table of contents of the *Century* for September is as follows:

"Portrait of Talleyrand," frontispiece; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William M. Sloane; "Hunting Customs of the Omahas," by Alice C. Fletcher; "The National Military Park," by H. V. Boynton; "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire," by Anna L. Bicknell; "Aquatic Gardening," by J. H. Connelly; "All My Sad Captains," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "Casa Braccio"—XI., by F. Marion Crawford; "Recollections of Henry Clay," by Madeleine McDowell; "A Morning Vision" (American Artist Series), painted by Henry Oliver Walker; "Flemish Old Masters," David Teniers, the Younger, by Timothy Cole; "The Princess Sonia" (conclusion), by Julia Magruder; "On the Writing of History," by Woodrow Wilson; verses by W. W. Campbell, Maurice Thompson, J. J. Roche, and others; and the departments.

Literary Workers at the Reform Club.

An interesting glimpse of several well-known literary workers is afforded in this paragraph from E. V. Smalley's letter from New York to the *Chicago Times-Herald*:

"The dog days are not a good time to see much of club life in New York. Newspaper and magazine workers are still in town, however, because they have to be, and one occasionally meets interesting people. I dined at the Reform Club one day with the editor of the *Forum*. This club is a semi-political and semi-social institution. It occupies a fine old ivy-decked mansion on Fifth Avenue, just above the Brunswick Hotel. It was organized about ten years ago as a high-toned, Democratic institution to forward two ideas in politics, free trade and civil service reform. Its president is Charles S. Fairchild, who used to be Secretary of the Treasury, and among its members are such men as Carl Schurz, E. L. Godkin, of the *Nation*, and Henry L. Nelson, editor of *Harpers Weekly*. The club has a big library and some good pictures. It serves an excellent *table d'hôte* dinner for seventy-five cents. A big bust of Cleveland in the reading-room indicates misplaced hero worship. Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, took me one day to luncheon at the Aldine Club. The members of this club are editors, writers, publishers, employing printers, and all sorts of people connected with the publishing trades in both business and literary capacities. Here you can talk shop with newspaper men, bookmen, and magazine men. At the next table sat S. S. McClure, the publisher of *McClure's Magazine* and the inventor of the successful system of syndicating current literature, and with him was the advertising manager of the *Century*. McClure is a little, sharp-featured, keen-eyed man horn of Scotch-Irish parentage in the North of Ireland, and reared in an Illinois village. Dr. Shaw's *Review of Reviews* is still on the high wave of prosperity. It is the only magazine in this country which has no rival in its special field. Dr. Shaw invented it, and he covers the field so thoroughly that no envious publisher has dared to invade it. Dr. Shaw is a tall, slender man on the youthful side of forty, with a scholarly look and a large fund of bright, intellectual conversation. His success has grown out of the fact that he is a rare combination of a good editor and a good business-man. He was born in Butler County, O., is a cousin of Murat Halstead, was educated in some country college in Iowa, and received a practical newspaper training on the *Minneapolis Tribune*. He is probably the most industrious of the magazine editors in New York. He keeps his hand on all branches of the business, and besides does a great deal of original work in the *Review*.

An Eccentric Poet.

There is a curious picture of Omar Khayyam Fitzgerald in the recently published reminiscences of his friend, F. H. Groome. Mr. Groome says:

"The poet was always perfectly careless as to dress. I can see him now, walking down into Woodbridge, with an old Inverness cape, double-breasted flowered satin waistcoat, slippers on feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat. Yet one always recognized in him the idealist. Never was there a more perfect gentleman. . . . They were eccentric, certainly, the Fitzgeralds, Fitzgerald himself remarked of the family: 'We are all mad, but with this difference, I know that I am.' Mr. Groome says that a former rector of Woodbridge once called on Fitzgerald to express his regret that he never saw him at church. 'Sir,' said 'Omar,' 'you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years of life without thinking much of these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit.' 'Certain it is,' says his friend, 'that Fitzgerald's was a most reverent mind, and I know that the text on his grave was of his own choosing: 'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.'"

Death of Baron Tauchnitz.

Baron Tauchnitz, the publisher, died in Leipzig on August 14th. The *Sun* says of him:

"Christian Bernard Tauchnitz was born at Schleinitz, near Naumburg, in 1816, of an old family of booksellers and printers. Karl Tauchnitz, half a century before, had made himself famous for his cheap editions of the classics. In 1837 Bernard Tauchnitz founded an independent establishment, and in 1841 began the publication of a series of works by English authors, which made him as celebrated as his editions of the classics and Hebrew and Greek Bibles. At that time there was no international copyright, yet he resolved to obtain the sanction of the authors to the republication of their works, and to pay them for permission to include them in his series. In order to mark his appreciation of the endeavors of Tauchnitz to familiarize Germany with the masterpieces of all literatures, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, uncle of the present duke, raised him to the rank of baron. In 1872 Tauchnitz was appointed British Consul-General for the Kingdom of Saxony, and in 1876 for the other Saxon principalities. In 1877 he was called to the House of Peers of Saxony by the king. He lived on his estate near Leipzig, and was known throughout Germany as the bookseller baron."

Le Gallienne on America.

Richard Le Gallienne, who recently returned to England after a short visit to America, is writing a story, "a traveling, picturesque sort of thing," to

be called "The Quest of the Golden Girl." An English paper says of him:

"Mr. Le Gallienne, since his visit to the States, has become more interested in American literature. The Americans strike him, indeed, as being more generally interested in literature than we, more alive to the new thing, and more anxious not to miss the good thing. But, then, many of his ideas about America have changed. A lot of the Englishman's views about the Americans and their country are purely mythical and probably inspired by international jealousy. Mr. Le Gallienne had always heard such tales about the ugliness of New York that he was naturally surprised to find, in Fifth Avenue, an infinitely finer street than any we have got in England. There are buildings in it that only need to be two hundred years old, and in a country with a reputation for architecture, to rank among the wonders of the world. Then he thinks the Americans are a much more hospitable people than we. They are at much more pains to make a stranger at home; and if they say less, being busy people, they mean more."

Anecdotes of Tupper.

In his latest "Talk Over Autographs," in the August *Atlantic*, Mr. Birkbeck Hill tells the following anecdote of the self-sufficient Martin F. Tupper:

"A slight but amusing instance of his vanity was told me by a friend of mine, who was taking part in the election of the representatives to Parliament of the University of Oxford. Tupper, who had come up to vote with an air of importance, had given in his name. The official, not catching it, asked him to repeat it. With great dignity, but yet with a certain plaintive tone, as if such a question should not have had to be put to so famous a man, he deliberately said: 'Martin Farquhar Tupper, the poet.'"

Mr. Hill says, also, that in his under-graduate days he once heard Swinburne tell Tupper that he had seen a book advertised with the title, "The Poet, the Proverbialist, and the Philosopher; or, Selections from the Writings of Solomon, Shakespeare, and Martin F. Tupper." "Of such a selection and such a title," says Mr. Hill, "Tupper would have been quite capable."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Some weeks ago, we stated, in reply to the *Boston Globe*, which had accused us of wrongfully crediting "Via Solitaria" to Longfellow, that we had so credited it on the authority of the *New York Independent*, a most careful journal. The superintending editor of the *Independent*, Mr. William Hayes Ward, now writes to us that his journal had made a mistake in attributing the poem to Longfellow. We present our excuses to the *Boston Globe*, with this explanation of the *Independent*, upon which, however, the error rests, rather than upon us.

The *Century* Company will issue this autumn "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire," by Miss Anna L. Bicknell, an Englishwoman who was governess to the future Duchesse de Tascher de la Pagerie and lived at the Tuileries many years, knowing the empress intimately. The first installment of her reminiscences appears in the September *Century*.

The ten names offered for popular ballot to decide who should award the *Herald's* prize for fiction were as follows: Mayo W. Hazeltine ("M. W. H."), Edgar Fawcett, George Parsons Lathrop, Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, George Haven Putnam, Joseph M. Stoddard, Titus Munson Coan, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, Dr. George H. Hepworth, and William S. Walsh. Fifty thousand ballots were received, the three leaders being Amelia E. Barr, Mayo W. Hazeltine, and George Parsons Lathrop.

The *Badminton Magazine* is the name of a new monthly devoted to sports and pastimes, published by Longmans, Green & Co. Among the contents of the first (August) number are papers on golf, tarpon-fishing in Florida, the Alpine "Distress Signal" scheme, "Hard Wickets," and "Old Sporting Prints."

Rudyard Kipling's new "Jungle Book," the second hearing that suggestive title, will be issued a couple of months hence. Some of the stories will not be previously published in magazines. Ballads will accompany them, as in the former volume.

Sir Walter Besant has a new novel ready for serial publication, called "The Master Craftsman."

New maps, and pictures, and various annotations, by Colonel Frederick Grant, will be added to the new edition of the "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant," which the *Century* Company has in hand.

A Biography of Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent London physician, has been written by Canon Malcolm MacColl and W. H. Allechin. Mr. Gladstone contributes to the work an introduction.

Wendell Phillips Garrison, a son of the great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, is the editor of the *Nation*, and during the whole of the thirty years of the life of that paper has kept up his active connection with it. The *Nation* was long ago absorbed by the *Evening Post*, and made to take the place of the old weekly edition of the *Post*, but its individuality is carefully kept up by Mr. Garrison. He takes such matter as he wants from the *Post*, cuts and carves and changes it to suit the peculiarly critical and intelligent readers of the *Nation*, and adds a good deal of original matter in the way of book reviews and correspondence which does not go into the *Post* at all.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Amusing Old Maids' Club.

I. Zangwill is almost as great a man, with some people in England, as Barrie, or Crockett, or, at least, Jerome K. Jerome. He is a Jew, and the English consider him as witty as Heine. He writes a department of *causerie* for Mr. Astor's *Pall Mall Magazine*, and much of it is printed simultaneously on this side of the water in the *Critic*. Probably "The Children of the Ghetto" is the best known of his books, though "The Master," which has recently been issued in book-form, after serial publication by a syndicate, has been much before the public of late. Mr. Zangwill's vogue on this side of the Atlantic has grown in consequence, and his old books are being republished.

A new edition of his "Old Maids' Club" has just been issued, and it will doubtless have many appreciative readers. It is not a novel, but a series of short stories, strung together on the plea that they are the experiences of young women who aspire to membership in the club for old maids formed by a charming young lady, not as a refuge for the time-worn and unclaimed, but as a protest against mankind and his use of the term "old maid." Each candidate must submit a recital of her experience, having refused an eligible offer of marriage being a necessary qualification for membership, and it is these tales which make up the bulk of the book.

One of the candidates is an actress who falls in love with a mysterious creature who haunts her theatre, and is known, because of his immaculate and expansive shirt-bosoms, as "The Man with the Ironed Mask": he proves to be the son of her theatrical "mother"—when he refers to the old lady as "our common mother," the actress interrupts him with "Speak for yourself"—and she refuses him, though to marry the Man with the Ironed Mask would be a great *réclame*. Another candidate was in love with two men—the appearance of one and the voice of the other—and she set them a series of tasks to win her hand, such as a race to put a girdle about the world, and a competition as to which should become the more celebrated—the man with the voice composes coarser songs and makes them famous and the other writes a testimonial for some patent nostrum and, being a captain in the Guards, his letter is "boomed" by the firm's advertising man. Another candidate is confined to celibacy by fear of the possible tyrant of the kitchen—she epitomizes the Girton girl who marries and becomes a slave to servants thus: "First she talks Shelley, then Charley, and then Mary Ann"—but, meeting a man of the same mind, they marry and settle down to a comfortable life as servants themselves. Still another—a strange tale for a Jew to tell—is of a Brazilian who is mistaken for a co-religionist by a Jewish family, who need one more to make up the orthodox number at a funeral; under these false colors—for he is a strict Romanist—be wins the love of a Jewish maiden, who, however, spurns the impostor when he is unmasked by his blunders. The book is well conceived and cleverly executed. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

On Books and Reading.

"The Choice of Books," by Charles F. Richardson, is the title of a volume of essays on literary topics. The scope of the book is indicated by the table of contents, where occur such chapter-headings as "The Motive of Reading," "The Reading Habit," "What Books to Read," "The Best Time to Read," "How Much to Read," "Remembering What One Reads," "The Use of Note-Books," "The Cultivation of Taste," "Poetry," "The Art of Skipping," "The Use of Translations," "How to Read Periodicals," "Reading Aloud and Reading Clubs," "What Books to Own," "The Use of Public Libraries," and "The True Service of Reading." The matter of the essays is made up in no small part of quotations from the famous writers of all climes and ages, an index of authors cited being printed in the front of the book, in addition to the usual index at the end. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Every Woman is at Heart a Rake."

There has always—that is, so long as women's clubs have existed—been a suspicion that candidates to such institutions run a most unpleasant risk of being blackballed for reasons which are entirely personal and private to the members of the committee, and this suspicion is confirmed by a perusal of Florence Marryatt's new novel. It is entitled "At Heart a Rake," and its subject readily may be imagined when it is stated that the tale concerns the New Woman in English society and bas for its epigraph Pope's famous couplet:

"Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake."

Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Funny Stories by Ed. Mott.

The success of "Chimmie Fadden" has drawn attention to the New York *Sun* as a mine of clever sketches from which readable books may be made, and the second product of this idea is "The Old

Settler, the Squire, and Little Peleg," by Ed. Mott, a volume of humorous backwoods tales which have been reprinted from the *Sun*. The old settler is one of those repositories of local lore such as every community boasts, the squire is a nagging individual who serves to bring out the strong points of the narratives, and Little Peleg is the veteran's grandson and the immediate cause of the narrations, which run the full gamut of impossible happenings in a backwoods community. They are told in a dialect which includes many strange expressions, and in their conception an exceptionally untrammelled imagination has run riot. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Only a Commoner," by Nat Gould, an English racing story, has been issued in the Lafayette Library published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Great Debate," being the one between the Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of New York, and William H. Harvey (the man who wrote "Coin's Financial School"), has been published in paper covers by the Debate Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

The fourth part of "The Royal Natural History," which is edited by Richard Lydekker, contains chapters on bats and on insectivores and begins the subject of carnivores with accounts of the lion and tiger. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Merrie England," by Robert Blatchford, the socialistic book that has had as great success in England as "Coin's Financial School" has in America, has been revised and adapted to American readers by Alexander Harvey and is published by the Humboldt Publishing Company, New York; price, 10 cents.

That Owen Wister had written other things before he made the life of the modern cowboy his especial field is recalled by the fact that a second edition has just been issued of "The Dragon of Wantley: His Tale." It is a mediæval fairy story, and is full of delight for their elders as well as for children. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"Lively Plays for Live People" is the title of a book containing ten plays by Thomas Stewart Denison, who claims to have sold of his earlier plays three hundred and twenty thousand copies. The plays are: "Topp's Twins," comedy; "Patsy O'Wang," farce; "Rejected," farce; "The New Woman," comedy; "Only Cold Tea," temperance sketch; "A First-Class Hotel," farce; "Madame Princeton's Temple of Beauty," farce; "A Dude in a Cyclone," farce; "It's All in the Pay Streak," comedy; and "The Cobbler," a monologue. Published by the author, at Chicago.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

"Together Against the Stream."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG."

In a sea of pines, deep-voiced like Homer,

Where Wind, the roamer,

His trumpets blew,

A gray house stood by a river lonely,

Where lilies only

In armies grew.

And two slim boys, with brown hair blowing

In south winds, flowing

As through a dream,

In a boat as frail as a curled gray feather,

Pulled hard together

Against the stream.

The slave's voice moaned through the fields of cotton

A hope forgotten

Soul's distress,

While music of mockers, from green thrones pouring,

Thrilled the adoring

Wilderness.

And the handman's moan and the bird-songs ever

Rolled, like the river,

Across their dream,

As two strong youths, in the glad June weather,

Pulled hard together

Against the stream.

And once, in their dreaming, the land asunder

Was riven with thunder

And hattle's jar;

And hanners, where rivers of blood were gushing,

Waved in the rushing

Winds of war.

Ah, few were the stars (and lost their glory,

And strange the story,

And dim the dream!)

On that young flag that, in war's wild weather,

They hore together

Against the stream.

The voice of Alice was low and tender,

And pools of splendor

Were Ida's eyes,

And dearer than freedom they found, and better,

The old sweet fetter

Of paradise.

And passionate hearts, fashioned only for roaming,

In love's soft gloaming

Were lured to dream;

And bound to the boat with a golden tether,

They pulled together

Against the stream.

The two in a boat, in a wide stream yonder

(Older and fonder

And stronger now),

Laugh at the winds and the great waves roaring,

Mightily naring,

With lifted prow!

They cry to the ships in the tempest rocking,

Merrily mocking

The eagle's scream,

And up through the breast of the stormy weather,

Pull hard together

Against the stream.

The boat is old, but its sides are oaken,

And still unbroken

The faithful oars;

The storms are dead, and the great waves combing,

Are softly foaming

On distant shores.

The low sun flames, and the west is ruddy,

And dark and bloody

The waters seem.

As two men pull in the autumn weather,

Slowly together

Against the stream.

Come closer, Maurice; come nearer, brother,

For hard years smother

A lonely heart;

And hands far reaching may lose their power,

And some sad hour

May fall apart.

Come nearer, nearer, ere night be falling,

And death be calling

Across our dream,

And we go roaming, we know not whither,

No more together

Against the stream.

—Will H. Thompson in *September Century*.

Sonnets for the Times.

Too cheap we rate the boon of sire to son,

Our birth-right freedom. Covetous of gold,

To sit in high state councils we have sold,

To frame our laws; and plutocrats have won

By dint of crafty coin to loll upon

Our judgment benches. Countrymen, behold!

This is the land men died to rear of old;

We are their heirs who fought at Marathon.

Lo, now, the freedom ye so light esteem

With patriot blood, and blight of prison-bars,

And rack and wheel and scourge, six thousand years

Have bought. This is that Liberty, the dream

Of captives and the prophecy of seers,

Won from her home among the wizard stars.

Upon the stubborn path the nations tread,

With weary feet ascending the steep slope

Above whose summit gleams Man's deathless hope,

We long were foremost—the ascent we led,

And must we lose that garland from our head?

With our own power powerless to cope,

Shall we at beels of states we chided mope,

Lacking the ardent air on which we fed?

A few there yet must be whose cheeks would flame

To see thee laggard, clanking chains of gold

'Mid little realms, Columbia—that great name,

Hailed oft with mighty shouting in the van—

Reckoned with dotard empires, phantoms old,

The lost lights, the delusive hopes of Man.

—William Prescott Foster in *September Century*.

The Wild Geese.

The wild geese, flying in the night, behold

Our sunken towns lie underneath a sea

Which buoys them on its billows. Liberty

They have, but such as those frail harques of old

That crossed unsounded mains to search our world.

To them the night unspeakable is free;

They have the moon and stars for company,

To them no foe but the remorseless cold,

And froth of polar currents darting past,

That have been nigh the world's-end lair of storms.

Enormous hillows float their fragile forms.

Yes, those frail beings, tossing on the vast

Of wild revolving winds, feel no dismay!

'Tis we who dread the thunder, and not they.

—James Herbert Morse in *September Scribner's*.

The Trilgy.

By sudden love surprised (a life-time since),

Hid in a summer dark of starlit flowers,

Our first kiss leapt to life, a tremulous flame.

Anon, abashed before the omnipotence

Of the immortal guest—as yet scarce ours—

Eyes questioned doubtful eyes whether he came

To make eternal dwelling in our heart,

Or, having taught us heaven, to depart.

But Love spake, and quoth he,

"Lo, I abide with ye

Always, except ye turn and banish me."

By strife disheartened (half a life-time since),

The fretful consequence of wayward wrongs

Done each to each, or fancied to be done,

There fell a day, we scarce knew how or whence,

When (that sweet reverence which to love belongs

No longer rendered), Love himself seemed gone,

And we, lovers no longer, needs must part.

But lo! some holier oracle of the heart

Spake suddenly: "Forgive!"

Wrongs die: hy love ye live:

Kiss, be no more faithless, but believe."

A life-time past; aye, but a life-time won!

Not lightly may love's depth and height he spanned.

Sweet was young love's first kiss amongst the flowers;

Yet sweeter, purer, after frost begun,

The kiss that melted summer back, and banned

The demon, pride; but ah! these latest hours

Prophecy joys of love transfigured far

Above what all incarnate were or are.

Time fades:—Belov'd, thy lips!

Oh, balm, in earth's eclipse,

The immortal kiss of love's apocalypse!

—Julian Hawthorne in *September Harper's*.

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THE SEPTEMBER
CENTURY

CONTAINS

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"ALL MY SAD CAPTAINS,"

By Sarah Orne Jewett.

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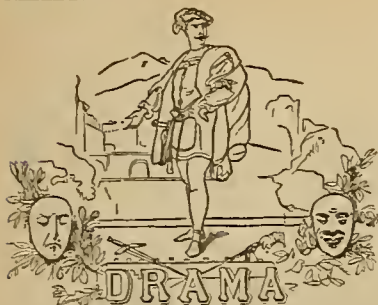
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This is about all there is to the story of Henry Guy Carleton's new comedy. The chinks are filled up with types that have been in the drama, changing with the ebb and flow of time, since the Middle Ages. There are one or two young men hanging about, who find mates in the one or two young ladies who deck the scene with their good looks and their good clothes. There are a few old people sprinkled over it all who have impossible stories connected with them, and who have the key of the dénouement safe in their waistcoat-pocket to produce five minutes before the drop falls.

It may be a praiseworthy desire to produce American plays which induces John Drew to waste himself and his fine company on this sort of spongy comedy. But patriotism can go too far, and though no one clamors more for the American drama than the American critic, still if the American dramatist can not do any better than this, let us go back, with our heads hanging, to France and Germany and England. It would be better far to produce some standard French comedies, some of Augier's, or such exquisite works of art as "Mlle. de Belle Isle" or "Mariage Sous Louis XIV.," than to go on wasting time and talent in trying to make the public think they like a flimsy thing like "That Imprudent Young Couple." Better take the bull by the horns at once and act "Too Much Johnson" and "The New Boy."

That Mr. Drew, with a company which contains such clever people as Miss Adams, Mr. Harwood, and Arthur Byron, should produce a piece like Henry Guy Carleton's latest, is a melancholy evidence of the dearth of good plays. After we saw his company successfully handling so ambitious and pretentious a comedy as "The Bauble Shop," it is irritating to see them expending themselves on a piece so far beneath their abilities. Mr. Drew and Miss Adams, who last week thrilled us with their brilliant acting of a scene vibrating with impassioned emotion, have now to coquette and persiflage through page after page of dialogue obviously introduced to pad out the play into the requisite length.

Not only this, but they are supposed to be a newly married couple, and the dialogue in which they indulge is made up exclusively of those tender inanities in which the conversation of the newly wed is said to be rich. All the world may love a lover—Emerson said so, and he was a man who knew more than most people—but all the world certainly does not love a pair of lovers, or, though it may love them in a large, impersonal way, it does not love to sit and hear them interchanging the sort of sweet nothings peculiar to the conversation of a love-sick couple. Clever acting, an elegance of finish and style, a powerful sense of humor in both, made it possible for Mr. Drew and Miss Adams to carry off the first two acts with a sort of brilliant flourish. But in the third, the material Mr. Carleton had collected gave out. It was all used up, and to eke out the scene into the proper proportions the bride and groom had yards of dialogue that dragged like the leaden-footed Hours the poets are so fond of writing about. It was positively heart-rending to see these two talented people laboring away at a scene that a scissors editor, with the biggest pair of shears in the office, ought to have been turned loose upon.

Mr. Carleton would make a first-class playwright if he would collaborate with some one who knew a great deal more than he does. If, like Dumas, he could find a few impecunious geniuses, and keep them out of sight in a back room somewhere, to help him write his plays, we would never be tired of sounding his praises as The Great American Dramatist. What he seems to lack most obviously is a capacity for plot. His dialogue, when it is not stretched out too thin, is good, and in "The Butterflies," is exceedingly sparkling and witty. But the stories that he selects—the *Ladies' Home Journal* wouldn't use them! They have a realistic air, mainly owing to the ease and talent of the actors and the fact that they are always talking about Lenox, and Tuxedo, and Newport, and other places where the American millionaire is supposed to attain his largest growth.

But under this deceptive exterior of every-day naturalness the most extraordinary plots lurk. It is nothing for the hero and heroine to fall in love with each other at one glance. Then, when the one glance has done its deadly work, parents step in and put a stop to subsequent glances, in one play because the hero, in saving the heroine's life while bathing at Narragansett pier, happened to pull her out of the waves by her foot. Mercenary mothers are evidently regarded by Mr. Carleton as one of the most prominent features in American civilization. They are always cropping up. In "That Imprudent Young Couple" the mercenary mother has been married to the bad-tempered uncle twenty years before, been divorced from him, and after a silence of twenty years they find out that, while he thought she left him because he was poor, she had really done so because she thought he went to a masquerade ball. The one comedy Mr. Carleton has written in which he has kept to nature and not stepped over into burlesque and farce is "The Gilded Fool" that Nat Goodwin plays. If Mr. Drew is going to produce any more of Carleton's plays, he ought to stipulate that he gives up his silliness and tendency to burlesque and keeps down to truth and art, as he for once tried to do in "The Gilded Fool."

Peg Woffington is one of those figures upon which the dust of the centuries can not gather. Her glory shines undimmed through the mists of many years. The light of her eyes, the radiance of her smile, still gleam across the faded vistas of succeeding cycles, as bravely as they did when Ernest Vane watched her from his seat in the stalls and thought her the fairest of women. Many of the great names of the drama, stars that shone beside her, have died off the lips of men. The shrewish Kitty Clive and "Bracegirdle the Brown"—the dark beauty that all London toasted and Congreve loved—are names that reverberate but faintly where once they were on every tongue. But Peg and her charm live on. The joy of living that radiated from her comes to us to-day with a touch of its warming charm, a glint of color and sun. An echo of her laugh, a rustle of her petticoats, a clink of the sword she wore so gallantly upon her hip, touch lightly on the ear when one calls up to mind those fine days of wit and of beau, the days when all the world went to the play to see the works of Congreve and Wycherley, and laugh at the wit of poor George Farquhar, who had died in a garret; when the court had a fancy to patronize the pamphleteers of Grub Street, and Lady Frail and Lady Fair could not endure existence without their poetizers to make rhymes upon their beauty.

It has been said of Peg Woffington that, though she passed her youth selling greens on the streets of Dublin and oranges in the play-houses, she was the finest great lady on the stage. She was as magnificent as a princess when she acted Mrs. Millament, that spoiled and splendid beauty, coquette and *grande dame* combined. But when she played Sir Harry Wildair, all the world declared there never was so dashing, so irresistible, so swaggering a cavalier. The ladies who patronized the play-house, and cultivated a taste for intrigue between the exacting occupations of china collecting and playing at ombre, said if men were like Sir Harry Wildair, the Sir John Brutes of the fashionable world would be a very sorry dance. The wild and merry Irish girl, dowered with the wit and brilliancy that is the birthright of her race, distinguished with the beauty that lifted the two Gunnings into the peerage, and bowed a royal prince at the feet of Dora Jordan, was the great comedy actress of her day and, perhaps, of all time.

In his book and play Charles Reade took an episode in her life and treated it with the feeling and charm that characterized so much of his work, and then, again, was lacking in so much more. The illustrious author of "The Cloister and the Hearth" prided himself upon nothing so much as upon his understanding of the subtleties of the feminine character. He loved to expatiate on those delightful inconsistencies, those perfectly unintelligible caprices, that maddening irresponsibility which so many intelligent men ascribe to the mysterious female of their species. He has certainly given to fiction one of its greatest heroines, and painted a portrait of Peg Woffington more vivid and living than that of any of the artists who sought to immortalize the laughing beauty of the Irish play-actress.

This part has been one of Miss Coghlan's favorites. Old English comedy, with its racy humor, its warmth of sun and color, its genial glow of a rich vitality, is particularly suited to her style. She is an Englishwoman, with the sincerity, freshness, and wholesome humor of her race. We have seen her Peg Woffington here before, and admired its gaiety and its brilliant, laughing charm. Peg had her faults, no one can deny that, but she was such a spontaneous, sunny creature, so bubbling over with high spirits, and kindness, and reckless generosity, that one always is inclined to be "to her faults a little blind, and to her virtues very kind."

The rest of the cast was a little shifted round, because of the non-appearance of Mr. Dixey, who was to have taken Triplet, but did not materialize. Mr. Beach, who is an admirable romantic actor

and knows how to recite poetic lines without looking as if he wanted to apologize for them, is not just suited to the humorous agonies of the unhappy playwright. Miss Craven, who is one of the many clever Californian girls who have lately stormed the stage, was cast for Mabel Vane, the gentle, trusting country wife, whose rustic adoration Ernest Vane, her husband, did not find as charming as the gay distractions of the metropolis, especially when enlivened by the presence of Mistress Woffington. Miss Craven played the part with a gentle, old-world charm, and looked very dainty in the sort of costume which we imagine Lady Teazle to have worn in the days of her demure girlhood.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Another Trilby.

I can not sing the old songs,
My voice is out of tune;
I've got to see Svengali,
And see him very soon.—*Truth.*

A Public Blessing.

A folding bed that closes up,
Should its incumbent snore—
It's strange that our inventors
Haven't thought of it before!
—*Washington Star.*

'Twas Ever Thus.

At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Would tremble at his power.
And in his dreams the foeman fell
Before his blade's fell stroke,
And everything had come his way—
And then the baby woke.
—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Modern Maid.

"I am a-weary, mother dear,
Enfeebled and o'erworn;
I can not wield a broom, I fear,
Nor pull and husk the corn.

"'T would jeopardize my health to make
The beds or can the fruit,
Or help you dust, or sew, or hake,
Ere I my strength recruit";

Thus spake the maiden, gave a cough,
To strengthen her appeal,
Then donned her bloomers and rode off
Ten miles upon her wheel.
—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Puzzling.

Whenever I look in memory's glass—
What pictures there may be,
And view the doings of bygone days,
This one thing puzzles me:
Why the things and scenes I would most recall
Have vanished clear away;
While the times I have made a fool of myself
Are as fresh as yesterday?—*Life.*

The Man and the Maid.

"Where are you going, young Man?" cried the Maid.
"I'm going a cycling, Miss!" he said.
"May I come with you, young Man?" asked the maid.
"Why, ye-es, if you feel like it, Miss!" he said.
"But—why do I find you like Man arrayed?"
"Oh, knickers are comfy, young Man!" she said.
"But the boys will chevery you, Miss, I'm afraid!"
"What does that matter, young Man?" she said.
"Are you a Scorcher, young Man?" asked the Maid.
"Nothing so vulgar, fair Miss!" he said.
"Then I don't think much of you!" mocked the Maid.
"Neither does 'Arry, sweet Miss!" he said.
"What is your ideal, young Man?" said the Maid.
"A womanly Woman, fair Miss!" he said.
"Then I can't marry you, Sir!" cried the Maid.
"Thank heaven for that, manly Miss!" he said.
—*Punch.*

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Masks and Faces."

The fine play "Masks and Faces," by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, which has been running at the Columbia Theatre during the past week, is generally supposed to be a dramatization from a novel written by Charles Reade called "Peg Woffington." As a matter of fact, the novel was written from the play, and the incidents and the misunderstandings connected with the collaboration are sufficiently interesting to bear rehearsal here. Charles Reade began by bringing to Tom Taylor the plan for the play. They brought it out together, yet, years afterwards, when it was reviewed, Charles Reade wrote: "Not one single line of Tom Taylor's survives. Every line is mine." This was probably much exaggerated, and it is well to look at both sides of the question. This is Reade's story:

"This is the history of 'Masks and Faces.' I wrote a certain scene in which Triplet figured, and another scene containing Peg Woffington and Colley Cibber. I showed these to Taylor as scenes. He liked these two characters, and we agreed to write a comedy. I began. I wrote the greater part of act one, and sketched situations of the second act, namely, the company assembling in Mr. Vane's house, Mrs. Vane's sudden appearance, Mrs. Vane's kindness to Triplet. It was a mere sketch. I wrote the scene in Triplet's house, the picture scene, almost as it stands now, and I wrote a little of a third act. Taylor added to my first act, filled up the chinks, got Vane into a better position, and made the first act an act. It lay idle six months, and he then went to work and treated the rest in the same way, so that at this period he was author of two-thirds of the play. Then he stopped again. I took the hull by the horns, flung act one into the fire, and wrote a new act. I took his cold stage creation, Sir Charles Pomander, and put alcohol into him; as in the plays of the great French dramatists, I made the plot work by a constant close battle between a man and a woman. I then took in hand act two, and cut and slashed Taylor. Then I came to act three, where I found my own picture scene needed little alteration. Then, with the help of a speech or two of Mahel, as soft as honey, I softened Woffington, so that she cried in the picture frame, and Mahel found her out. Taylor did not like my *dénouement*. He altered it and read it to Webster (the actor and manager who was to take the principal rôle). I then consented to let the play be brought out altered to please Webster."

The foregoing is the gist of Charles Reade's version, as set down in his diary. Now let us hear Tom Taylor's side of the story. It is from the pen of Arnold Taylor, a brother of the famous dramatist. He says:

"In 1851, Charles Reade had the idea of a play founded on Peg Woffington, and Tom Taylor said that when Charles Reade came to him on the subject, he had but one character and a bit of one scene, together with some crude ideas of how the play was to be worked into shape. During the day, Charles Reade wrote long passages, which were ruthlessly cut to pieces or rejected at night by Tom Taylor when they sat down together to complete their work. Morning after morning, at breakfast, Charles Reade used, half in sorrow, half in fun, to say to my mother: 'There, Mrs. Taylor, my gentleman has been at his old game. He has cut out every line of that dialogue and all those sentiments you so much admired when I read them to you yesterday afternoon.' I have manuscripts of Tom Taylor in which there is a great deal omitted from the play as acted, but which was subsequently introduced by Charles Reade into his one-volume novel of 'Peg Woffington.' Finally, very much to Charles Reade's vexation, the play was cut by my brother, and worked by him into the shape in which it was finally acted. I have abundant proofs of this in letters by Charles Reade written to my brother. Charles Reade even objected to certain characters and the names they bear. These letters contain repeated evidence that Charles Reade then fully recognized the difference between himself, an unknown author, and a successful dramatist like my brother. But Tom Taylor always said that the scene in the garret between Peg Woffington and Triplet and his family was the best in the whole play, and was entirely Charles Reade's."

"After the play had made a success, Charles Reade, without saying anything to Tom Taylor, wrote and published the novel, 'Peg Woffington.' This naturally set people to asking whether the play or the novel was written first. If the novel was written first, that deprived Tom Taylor of any credit for originality. My brother remonstrated with Charles Reade, and the latter then prefixed to the novel a dedication as follows: 'To Tom Taylor, My Friend and Coadjutor in the Comedy of 'Masks and Faces,' to Whom the Reader owes much of the best Matter of this Play.' The dispute left a soreness on both sides for some years. To sum up, the idea of making Peg Woffington the heroine of a play was exclusively Charles Reade's. The shaping of the play into the form into which it was finally presented was Tom Taylor's."

It is like most such disputes. Here were two brilliant men each sharing in the success of the play, but one unwilling to yield his just share to the other. We think that Tom Taylor cuts the better figure in the dispute. Reade's remark, written years after, that "not one single line of Tom Taylor's survives," was not only untrue but unfair, as is shown by the letters of Tom Taylor to his brother, Arnold Taylor. Further than that, at the time the play was written, Tom Taylor was a successful dramatist, while Charles Reade was still a struggling novelist and had produced but one drama, "Gold," which was not a success. Yet Tom Taylor was the author of many successful plays, such as "Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Ticket of Leave Man," and others, and had already won fame and fortune through his pen. It is, therefore, probable that in his skill was due much of the success of "Masks and Faces."

"The Rynal Middy."

During the last fortnight this opera has been running to full houses at the Tivoli. It has always been a favorite in San Francisco since its first production, about fifteen years ago. Some readers may recall that production. It was during a very successful light opera season at the old

Bush Street Theatre, under the management of Charles E. Lucke. Emelie Melville took the part of Fanchette, the Rynal Middy, and Max Freeman made the greatest hit of his day here as Dom Januario. Mungu was first played by Willie Simms, and afterward by Tom Casselli—clever Casselli, who was reported to have eloped with a lady, when it was generally believed that the lady eloped with him. He died years ago. Helen Dineon played the Queen in "The Royal Middy."

It was during this same season that Helen Dineon made quite a hit in "Prince Methusalem," in the title-rôle. Her voice was then a fine one, and she made quite a pretty figure in dublet and hose. Miss Gracie Plaisted appeared as Pulcinella in "Prince Methusalem" at that time. In "Boccaccio," Emelie Melville played Fiametta, and Sylvia Gerrish was one of the Florentine students in parti-colored hose. The fame of Miss Gerrish's voluptuous curves was then confined to San Francisco and Oakland—it has since become national.

A War Drama at Morosco's.

"The Coast Guard" is filling the Grand Opera House nightly and could easily run for another week. But Manager Morosco believes in giving the patrons of his house an abundance of variety, and so "The Coast Guard" will remain on the stage only two nights more. On Monday it will be replaced by a new bill, "Across the Potomac." This is a stirring war piece by those veteran melodramatists, Augustus Pitou and Colonel Alfriend, and it is to be given a most elaborate production; new scenery has been prepared by Sydney Chidley, who has succeeded to the post of scenic artist for the theatre, and one hundred supernumeraries have been hired to augment the regular stock company.

"A Woman of No Importance."

Oscar Wilde's society play, "A Woman of No Importance," is to be given its first production here at the Columbia Theatre next week. Ruse Coghlan produced the play in New York some two years ago, and she and Maurice Barrymore will be seen in the rôles they then created. The "woman of no importance" is Mrs. Arbuthnot, who had been betrayed and deserted by Lord Illingworth, and the play begins when their child, a young man of twenty-one, is offered the post of private secretary by Lord Illingworth, both father and son being unaware of their relationship. The fact that the young fellow is in love with an American heiress, whom the father insults, creates a series of complications which compel the mother to a confession in a highly dramatic scene. As a curtain-raiser before "A Woman of No Importance," Henry Dixey will be seen in an amusing little comedy, "The Major's Appointment."

Amateurs in a New Light Opera.

The Bush Street Theatre is to re-open its doors on Monday night, when "Captain Cook," a romantic historical opera for which Sands W. Freeman has written the libretto and Noah Brandt the music, will be given its first production. The scene of the story is laid in the Sandwich Islands, and the management will make the most of the opportunities for elaborate and pretty scenes which that affords. The composer will himself lead the orchestra, and the leading rôles will be in the hands of Mrs. Eva Tenny, Mrs. J. W. Madden, J. F. Fleming, Charles Parent, Frank Confin, W. J. Hines, and other amateurs of local repute.

"Chimmie Fadden" on the Stage.

It is interesting to learn that Chimmie Fadden is about to make his appearance on the stage. He will be personated by Charles Hopper, for whom a play is being prepared from the book. E. W. Townsend, the author, is working in collaboration on the play with Augustus Thomas, the well-known and successful playwright. The play will be produced in New York about the end of the year. There is little doubt about its success. "Chimmie Fadden" will have had an enormous amount of free advertising by the time the play is produced, and the character is one that is bound to be popular. It is many years since the late Frank Chanfrau successfully played a similar rôle in a play which was a kind of a fire-engine idyl, and Frank Mayo was also successful in a kindred character in "The Streets of New York." Other times, other manners, but "Chimmie" is the lineal descendant of "Mase," and will doubtless repeat his popularity.

Drew in "The Masked Ball."

The third and last week but one of John Drew's season at the Baldwin Theatre commences on Monday evening next, when will be presented "The Masked Ball," in which Mr. Drew appeared last season. The piece is from the pen of Bisson and Carré, and was the play in which Mr. Drew made his initial appearance as a star after leaving Augustin Daly's company. In it he was immediately and enthusiastically accepted, and his young leading lady, Maud Adams, leaped into artistic prominence. It will be given with the original cast. "The Masked Ball" will be given on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. Commencing with Thursday evening, Henry Guy Carleton's comedy, "The Butterflies," will be given, and will be repeated on Friday

and Saturday evenings. For the fourth and last week of his engagement, the star will present "Christopher Jr.," and other plays.

The Alleged "Hard Times."

One hears a good deal of talk about "hard times in San Francisco," but the fact is certainly not apparent at the theatres. John Drew and his company have been drawing full houses at the Baldwin for the past fortnight. At the Columbia, if you want to get good reserved seats, you have to go several days in advance; the Coghlan-Barrymore-Dixey-Stockwell combination is drawing crowded houses. The Tivoli is doing so well that it ran "The Rynal Middy" for twice as long as first announced. At Morosco's, they have full houses every night, but then they have full houses at Morosco's all the time. Then there are the minor places of amusement, which also seem to be full. If "hard times" prevail in this city, the people do not show it in their amusement-seeking. They have plenty of money to spend for shows, if the shows are good.

A Revival of "Faust."

"Faust" will be presented at the Tivoli Opera House next week in the most pretentious and careful manner yet attempted at this theatre. Mlle. Ida Valera will make her first appearance this season as Marguerite, alternating with Laura Millard. William Walshe, a tenor from Australia, will make his debut in America in the title-rôle, alternating with Martin Pache. Alice Carle will sing the contralto rôle of Siebel; Mabella Baker, Martha; John J. Raffael, Valentine; George H. Broderick, Mephisto; and W. H. West, Wagner; and the enlarged chorus and augmented orchestra, under the direction of Adolph Bauer, together with new scenery by Oscar Fest, properties, and stage mechanism, will tend to make this a notable production.

Miss Ruse Coghlan and the star cast at the Columbia Theatre are being strongly urged by the patrons of that house and the theatre-going people to give a revival of Sardou's "Diplomacy." As Countess Zicka, Miss Coghlan scored the emphatic hit of her life in New York city last season.

Willie Ednuin is in London, producing a farcical comedy entitled "Qwing-Hi." His daughter, May Ednuin, is in his company, but her mother, the fair Alice Atherton, is in retirement for a time.

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Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott spent last winter in Rome. She says that there were so many Americans in Rome (not less than three thousand) that it was called the American winter. She adds that a Roman winter is a charming experience, but she warns American girls to think long and solemnly before arranging for a life-time of them as the wife of an Italian. An Italian woman, Mrs. Elliott says, outside of her home and social life, does not count. To an Italian girl it seems perfectly natural to lose her identity by marriage, but an American girl, Mrs. Elliott thinks, would not like it. Of her cousin Marion Crawford's pictures of Roman life in the *Saracinesca* stories, Mrs. Elliott speaks approvingly, but says that "being a man, he would hardly notice the subtle distinctions between the position of women there and here." Perhaps so, but it seems impossible that any American could read Crawford's *Saracinesca* stories without being impressed with the striking family discipline that the Roman fathers and husbands maintain, and contrasting it with the domestic conditions that prevail at home. One could wish (suggests E. S. Martin in *Harper's Weekly*) that competent persons with large opportunities for observation and comparison would write some truthful and serious books about the international marriage. There is only one form of it which is common enough to be of importance—that in which the well-endowed American girl marries the foreigner. This sort of 'international marriage' has been going on by wholesale now for a quarter of a century—long enough for it to be studied in various stages of development, and for its results to be fairly estimated. There are thousands of Americans who would like to know whether it pays. American girls keep on marrying Britishers, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians by dozens and scores, and abandon their dear native land, and go to live in other countries. There is much curiosity in this country about these marriages. Are a fair proportion of them satisfactory to the wives? Do our girls marry these foreigners because they do not know any better, or are they endowed with a more perspicacious quality of discernment than their sisters who marry at home? It is the business of the contemporary story-tellers to let their light shine upon this problem.

"Since my arrival here," writes a correspondent of *Vogue* from Ischl, "I have wished more than once that American, English, and even French women could watch for just a little while our Viennese sportswomen at work. In spite of the undeniable beauty of Uncle Sam's daughters, in spite of the gracefully athletic deportment of their English sisters, and last, but not least, in spite of the unrivaled *chic* and "dash" of Parisiennes, none of them know the secret of being thorough-paced sportswomen, and of joining in the favorite pastimes of their husbands and brothers without becoming either masculine or a little too, too emancipated from those laws of sweet femininity which will ever remain woman's greatest charm. Our great ladies over here during the summer months fly away to the mountains, where they climb to the loftiest summits, and from whence they descend the most dangerous ice-slopes with the swiftness and security of practiced mountaineers; they follow the chamois on narrow ledges of rock which would give any other *mondaines* the shivers to look at from below; they are as sure-footed as goats; they row like Oxford graduates; they shoot, they swim, and ride—oh, how they do ride!—and they smoke cigarettes by the hundreds, but they do all this without losing one iota of their grace and of their winsomeness. No bloomers for them! No costumes or attitudes which make one hesitate as to the sex of the being before one's astonished eyes. A pair of perfectly fitting knickerbockers worn under a short tweed skirt, a waistcoat of chamois leather half concealed by a gray cloth, many-pocketed, green-passpoiled jacket, and a Tyrolean hat adorned with a chamois beard; tall gaiters of untanned leather and stout boots, and they are ready for the mountain."

Here is a brilliant picture from the *Bazar* of a Sunday at Narragansett Pier: "Never, unless perhaps at Nice or Monte Carlo, had we seen such a Sunday. There were not the same people, of course, none of those big, idle, red-faced men, with wrinkles of flesh over their collars behind—men you see every day of your life on the Promenade des Anglais and about the tables of the Casino. And none of the women were the same. You recognized no worn-out celebrities; no once famous Mignons of the opera, now old women in dowdy clothes; no duchesses of ancient line bent on worldly pleasures of their own. They were all Americans, with but an exception or two—genial, kindly, well-dressed, and well-bred Americans. And yet, if you looked for a moment without thinking, you might have supposed yourself at Nice or Monte Carlo. The band was playing. Throngs of gayly dressed people, all light laughter and smiles, were moving up and down through the bathing pavilion, which is to be when finished the finest of its kind in the world. The sea was filled with bathers, the pool with swimmers. The smaller shops were open. Flowers, and fruits, and

bonbons were for sale. Everybody was happy, everybody gay. The old inhabitants of Narragansett had held aloof, going home to their own piazzas when the sermon was over. They have traditions to guard. But the summer visitor, after church on a Sunday, goes to the pavilion and his bath, and then to his table at the Casino. And after his midday repast at home he goes to the Country Club. The Country Club is a new institution opened not long ago—a quaint little old farmhouse set down among pine-trees, with tables all about the lawn for tea, and steaming brass kettles for the tables. The pony races are held there, and golf is played, tennis, and croquet. The bicycle takes you there easily; indeed, the bicycle takes you everywhere. It has metamorphosed all the life of the Pier. In every direction you meet it, carrying young and old, rich and poor, village and summer visitor. Nobody strolls now under big umbrellas, nor sits secluded on the "rocks," once the trysting-place of all lovers. Everybody is off wheeling through the country or along the beach. Sherry has a hundred bicycles for hire. Last year there was but one to be had in the place, and that was lent, borrowed, and hired all day."

It is under dispute in our contemporaries whether the bicycle is the life of dress reformer or whether it is due to the exertions of dress-reformers in time past that the bicycle is available as a vehicle for women. One enthusiastic reformer proclaims that if the dress-reformers had not, year in and year out, in the face of censure and ridicule, insisted upon woman's right to the untrammelled use of her legs, bicycling for women would not have been thought of, or if it had, a machine would have been devised with a side-saddle as being the only one that it was proper for women to ride. There is a fair field for difference of opinion in this discussion. *Life* inclines to the opinion that women prefer their conventional dress, unless for some special reason they find it inconvenient. When bicycles became the fashion, and long skirts were found to be a hindrance to that sport, skirts were shortened or disappeared altogether according to the bicyclist's taste. The dress-reformers never made any great progress because women did not like reformed clothes, and could find no good reason for assuming them. In so far as the bicycle has afforded a reason, and no farther, women's dress has been "reformed."

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"Look at Mrs. Lauter over there. What excuse has she for making up as she does?" "Her natural complexion."—*Vogue*.

You don't know how good a lamp you have got, unless you use the right chimney on it. Consult the "Index to Chimneys"—free.

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Pearl-glass and pearl-top chimneys last as a teacup lasts.

ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS for Fall, '95, and Spring, '96, PLANTING

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Crocuses, Ranunculus, Iris, Amaryllis, Gloriosa, Peonies, Delphinium, Gladioli, Dahlias, Etc., Etc., in thousands of varieties, new and old. The flowers which, if planted indoors in the Fall, cheer the homes in the gloomy Winter months; which, if planted outdoors in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

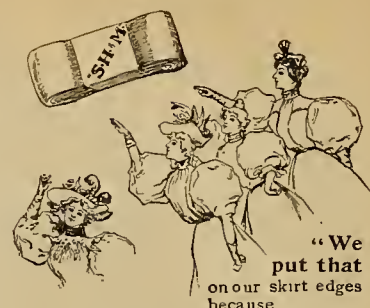
The largest catalogue of the above, and all new and rare bulbs, is published by the famous growers, ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN (near Haarlem), HOLLAND. (Established 1832.) All intending purchasers are respectfully invited to apply to undersigned American Agent, or to Messrs. Roozen direct, for the above catalogue, which we take pleasure in sending to such free. Prices greatly reduced.

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are the choicest pickings of these two countries. The tender tips of the tea shrub are the most expensive and delicately flavored. MESSRS. TETLEY'S Packets contain only the tender tips above referred to, and no lady's tea-table is complete without these teas. For sale by all leading dealers or by M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, No. 506 Battery Street, San Francisco, at the astonishingly low prices of 75 cents No. 1 and 60 cents No. 2, in one-half and one-pound packets. Pure Ceylon, 90 cents per pound, in five or ten-pound boxes. The economy of these Teas is undeniably established.



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MESSRS. TETLEY'S Packets contain only the tender tips above referred to, and no lady's tea-table is complete without these teas. For sale by all leading dealers or by M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, No. 506 Battery Street, San Francisco, at the astonishingly low prices of 75 cents No. 1 and 60 cents No. 2, in one-half and one-pound packets. Pure Ceylon, 90 cents per pound, in five or ten-pound boxes. The economy of these Teas is undeniably established.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Dr. Edward Beecher, on one occasion, was dining with friends and inadvertently swallowed a mouthful of exceedingly hot coffee. Immediately he deposited it upon his plate, and, turning around, remarked: "A fool would have swallowed it."

One day at the table of George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, the royal host said: "Why, Colman, you are older than I am." "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your royal highness."

Once upon a time Lord Melbourne visited the kitchen of the Reform Club (Soyer seems to have held a regular levee there in the afternoon), and remarked to the great chef that his hand-maidens were remarkably good-looking. Soyer bowed with deep respect, and answered with gravity: "Yes, my lord; you see, we do not want plain cooks here."

A Boston man traveling through the South was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner, the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes, and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter, "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement. "Spoons, sah! What you want with the spoons? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn."

One of the new members of Congress was, two dozen years ago, a county judge in the State from which he hails (says the Washington Star). On one occasion in his court, a lawyer was pleading a case and was making a speech which stirred the jury to its profoundest depths. In the course of his peroration, he said: "And, gentlemen of the jury, as I stand at this bar to-day, in behalf of a prisoner whose health is such that at any moment he may be called before a greater Judge than the judge of this court, I—" The judge on the bench rapped sharply on the desk, and the lawyer stopped suddenly and looked at him questioningly. "The gentleman," said the court with dignity, "will please confine himself to the case before the jury, and not permit himself to indulge in invidious comparisons."

The natural explanation of the disgraceful scene in the House of Commons, which resulted in the suspension of an Irish member, is that Dr. Tanner was drunk (according to the United Press correspondent, who continues:) Not long before the incident in the House itself, Dr. Tanner met Sir Ashmead Bartlett in the lobby. The intellectual attainments of Sir Ashmead are not held in the highest esteem by his fellow-members in Parliament. Dr. Tanner's intoxication by this time was in a solemn and impressive stage. He drew the baronet soberly away from the others, got him in a corner, and, with great solemnity, imparted to him the information: "You're a bloody fool." "Go away, go away," responded the indignant M. P.; "you're drunk." Dr. Tanner, who is a big man, while Sir Ashmead Bartlett is of medium size, refused to budge until he had replied, still with solemnity: "I know I am, but I shall be sober in the morning, while you will still be a bloody fool."

Natives of and visitors to Long Island had something to talk about on a recent Sunday. It was rapidly approaching the hour of dusk, when (says the Eastern Argus) one young man called out to some companions on the piazza: "Say, get onto his nubs on the bike. He'll get a header coming down that hill like that." On came the rider, and descending the hill there was a distinctly feminine shriek as a body shot over the handle-bars of the bike. The boys naturally ran to the scene of the wreck. "What's the matter, young feller?" asked one of them, soothingly. "Feller, nothing," the rider replied. She remained sitting on the grass, for it was a "she." There was great excitement, and a crowd gathered. There were tears in the fair bloomerite's eyes as she flashed a message with them toward the group of three ladies who had gathered at the scene of the mishap. The ladies apparently understood, for they felt in their bodices for something that looked like pins. The masculine spectators politely walked away, while the ladies surrounded the young rider, who had not arisen from the grass. And in a few moments a somewhat disarranged pair of bloomers were seen disappearing over the hill.

Of all the expedients devised by debtors, whether by Micawber or Murgur, few have been more simple and effectual than that of a Mrs. Martin in San Francisco recently. She had ordered a ton of coal delivered at her residence. The coal-dealers had not yet received their pay for previous tons, so they instructed their driver to take the coal to her house, go to the door, present the previous bill, and refuse to deliver the coal until the bill was paid. He did so. The lady looked a little surprised, but an

ominous glitter came into her eye when she heard his ultimatum. But she repressed her feelings, and suavely invited the coal man to "step into the parlor while she went to get the money." The coal-heaver was rather grimy, and did not seem exactly to fit the furniture, but he accepted her invitation, stepped into the parlor, and Mrs. Martin disappeared. Many minutes passed. The coal-heaver became impatient, but the lady did not return. Finally he heard the crash of coal. He looked out of the window. To his horror, he saw his coal being unloaded by another man. He tried the door, but it was locked, and the grimy coal-heaver grimly sat down and waited. After the coal was unloaded, the lady appeared and let him out. There was a triumphant twinkle in Mrs. Martin's eye as she told him to "call again with the bill."

F. M. Hutchins, one of Puck's illustrators, attended the last Abingdon Square concert—a series given by a philanthropist for the poor in New York (says the Sun)—in search of the picturesque. Mr. Hutchins wears glasses. He is also a connoisseur in the latest slang, and it served him a good turn. About a thousand small boys were closely packed around the band-stand, and the artist wanted to work his way through them that he might speak to the band-master. He politely explained his object to a boy who stood in front of him. The boy turned and, after looking at the artist for a moment, sang out to his companions: "S-a-a-y, here's a smooth guy wid blinkers, an' he says would I p-le-a-se permit him to pass. Would I? Well, I wouldn't do a t'ing to bim." Mr. Hutchins wears no beard, and some of the other boys began to make personal remarks about his appearance. They talked in slang, and the artist knew the way to win them. Leaning over to the first boy, he said, in a husky voice: "Say, Petey, I'll tell you how it is. I'm up against it, and that's straight. I don't want to get me blinkers busted. Give a fellow a chance. See?" "Cert," replied the boy; "open up there an' let me f'ren' t'rough. He's all right." And Mr. Hutchins did get through without trouble.

Splitting Shackles Asunder,
By merely flexing the muscles of his arms, is an easy task for Sandow, that superlatively strong man. You will never be able to do this, but you may acquire that degree of vigor, which proceeds from complete digestion and sound repose, if you will enter on a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persist in it. The Bitters will invariably afford relief to the malarious, rheumatic, and neuralgic, and avert serious kidney trouble.

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after a long run on the wheel is most refreshing. The blend is delightful.
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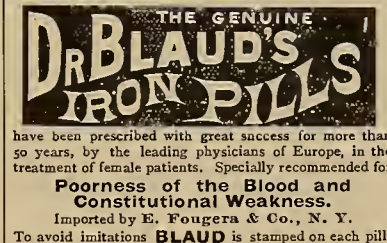
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Poorness of the Blood and Constitutional Weakness.
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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.:
FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
Peru.....Tuesday, September 3, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, September 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, October 12, at 3 P. M.
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ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 4:15 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	1:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12:00 A.
† 11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6:45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
† 7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8:35 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and Principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
† 9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
† 2:15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Almaden, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11:20 A.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:47 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
* 11:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7:45 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. †† Mondays only.
‡ Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. August 3, 8, 18, September 2, 17.
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WHITE STAR LINE.

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H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Banks-Hanlon Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, 1627 Jackson Street, at noon last Wednesday, when their second daughter, Miss Emelie C. Hanlon, was united in marriage to Mr. Arthur E. Banks, both of whom are well known here and have many friends. The groom, who is the manager of the large ranches of Mrs. Ann Pratt in Colusa and Butte Counties, is the son of Mr. Thomas C. Banks, who was one of San Francisco's first bankers.

The residence was decorated in excellent taste with vast numbers of fragrant sweet peas. The principal feature was a chime of floral wedding-bells in the spacious parlor. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father Prendergast, assisted by Rev. Father Ryan. The bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, and Mr. Douglas Erskine acted as best man. She appeared in a elegant robe of white faille Française, made with a long court train. Her sister, Miss Josephine Hanlon, and Miss Blanche Loughran were the bridesmaids. They wore becoming gowns, respectively, of pink and blue moiré antique, handsomely trimmed. After the ceremony and congratulations, an elaborate breakfast was served under Ludwig's direction, and the afternoon was most pleasantly passed. The newly married couple will pass their honeymoon in the southern part of the State, after which they will reside in Chico. The wedding-presents were numerous and elegant.

The Del Monte Outing.

The Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association has, so far, covered itself with glory, so successful has been its first annual meeting at Del Monte. From last Monday up to the present writing the hotel has been filled with guests who have enjoyed themselves immensely in witnessing the racing and shooting, all of which has been intensely interesting. Practically all of society is there at the hotel, and the display of modish gowns at night and the outing-suits in the daytime is a revelation in styles and color. At night the hotel and grounds are bright with electric light illumination, and music fills the air. But little has been thought of hut horses. For once the stables are in the ascendant, and horse-flesh and races form the chief topic of conversation. There are several coaches and other fine traps at the grounds, and driving-parties form an agreeable pastime at intervals. Bicycling, swimming, and tennis are also indulged in by many, but the principal attractions have been the polo games, the racing, and the shooting contest on Thursday.

Monday witnessed the first polo game, which was won by the pinks with a score of 3 to 2½ points. The victorious team was captained by Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, whose players were Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, and Mr. H. H. Hinshaw. Mr. Walter S. Hohart was the captain of the defeated team, and his assistants were Mr. Walter McCreary, Mr. Perry Eyre, and Mr. Malcolm Thomas. On Wednesday the pinks scored another victory, this time playing against the blues under the leadership of Mr. Malcolm Thomas, who was assisted by Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. Harry Simpkins, and Mr. E. D. Beylard. The score was 4 to 0.

The racing and steeplechase ponies were tried out on the track on Tuesday, and found to be in good condition. The principal excitement of the day was a quarter-mile race for one hundred and fifty dollars between Lady Greensleeves, owned by Mr. R. L. Bettner, of Riverside, and Comanche, owned by Mr. Walter S. Hohart. It was a spirited

race for twenty-four and one-half seconds, when the Riverside pony came in ahead. Quite a number of people went out in boats to inspect the cruiser *Monterey* and Mr. W. O'B. Macdonough's yacht *Jessie*, which are lying in the harbor. The Country Club band of fifty pieces gave a concert at the hotel in the evening.

The races on Thursday were a feature that every one had looked forward to with pleasure, and they proved to be very interesting. The first race was a quarter of a mile dash for polo ponies. The starters were Mr. Walter S. Hohart's Brandy, with the owner up; Mr. Joseph S. Tobin's Buckskin, with Mr. Malcolm Thomas up; Mr. Joseph S. Tobin's Aladdin, with Mr. Harry Dimond up; Mr. C. A. Baldwin's Walla Walla, with the owner up; Mr. C. A. Baldwin's Hobson's Choice, with Mr. Garnett up. Mr. Hohart's Brandy won easily in 0:26½.

The second race was a spurt of six furlongs, and the starters were Mr. Walter S. Hohart's Sallie M., with Mr. W. R. Whittier up; Mr. D. McCarty's Bernardo, with Mr. W. S. Hohart up; Mr. C. A. Baldwin's Frondeur, with Mr. Harry Simpkins up; Mr. Peter Webber's Hello, with Mr. Charles Webber up. This was won by Mr. Hohart's Sallie M.

The third race was five furlongs, and the starters were Mr. R. L. Bettner's Lady Greensleeves, with the owner up; Mr. Rudolph Spreckels's Molihini, with Mr. P. D. Martin up; the Del Monte stables's Dr. Tevis, with Mr. W. R. Whittier up; Mr. M. J. Burmeister's Geronimo, with the owner up; Mr. W. H. Dudley's Geraldine, with Captain Hicks-Beach up; Del Monte stables's Gold Coin, with Mr. W. S. Hohart up. The race was won by the latter; time, 1:46. Molihini and Dr. Tevis were withdrawn, owing to becoming unruly.

The fourth race was a mile dash, and the starters were Mr. W. S. Hohart's Romulus, with the owner up; Mr. Hohart's Tigress, with Mr. W. R. Whittier up; Mr. P. J. Donahue's Raindrop, with Mr. R. L. Bettner up. The race was won by Romulus. Time, 1:46.

The final race was a steeplechase for two miles. The starters were Mr. Hohart's Ali Baba, with Mr. Mora up; Mr. Hohart's Tornado, with Mr. Eagan up; Mr. Macdonough's Barcalaine, with Mr. Amrose up; Mr. Harry Simpkins's The Lark, with the owner up; Mr. Andrew Jackson's Mestor, with Mr. Hennessey up. The latter was the victor.

The events for Friday, which comprised the Country Club shoot at live pigeons and a concert in the evening, were too late to notice in this issue. This afternoon there will be racing at the track, and a hall at the hotel will be the feature of the night. Sunday will bring the outing to an end, with sacred concerts in the morning and evening and a display of fireworks at the lake at night. The affair has been such a notable success so far that its ending must be equally enjoyable.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Walter Scott Hohart has issued invitations for a reception which will follow the wedding of his sister, Miss Alice Hohart, and Mr. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, at his home on Van Ness Avenue at one o'clock on Tuesday, September 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian August Weihe have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Florence Augusta Weihe, and Mr. Bertody Wilder Stone, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Thursday evening, September 12th, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church. There will be no reception after the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Ermentine Poole and Mr. Louis H. Long will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Burns, 1506 Washington Street.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie B. McLaine, daughter of the late Laughlin McLaine, of this city, to Mr. Beauford Armistead Mason, a journalist of Pittsburg, Pa. The wedding will take place next winter.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adèle Dannenbaum and Mr. David M. Fletcher. They will receive their friends on the afternoons of September 1st and 3d at 1634 Octavia Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 320 Page Street, and entertained ten of their friends most hospitably.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant gave a dinner last Monday evening at the Pacific-Union Club in honor of Mr. D. O. Mills and Mr. Ogden Mills.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late William S. McMurtry, who died in Paris on August 11th, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The testator bequeathed to his half-sisters, Miss Mamie O. McMurtry, Miss Kate A. McMurtry, and Miss Belle S. McMurtry, his half-brother, Mr. George S. McMurtry, and his brother-in-law, Mr. John Flournoy, the sum of \$5,000 each. To his executor and executrix, Mr. George S. McMurtry and Mrs. Nellie Flournoy, who are to serve without bonds, he bequeathed \$15,000 in trust for the benefit of his father, Mr. W. S. McMurtry, Sr., from the principal and interest of which he is to be paid \$200 a month during his life-time. Should he die before his wife, the step-mother of the deceased, she is thereafter to receive \$200 a month from the trust fund so long as she remains single. The entire residue of the estate is bequeathed to testator's sister, Mrs. Nellie Flournoy. It is estimated that the estate is worth about \$200,000.

The "Call" Building.

The announcement that Claus Spreckels is about to erect on the corner of Third and Market a monumental building has excited much interest in this city. We do not particularly admire the average "sky-scraper"—the usual American tall building looks either like a factory chimney or a gigantic dry-goods box—but there is no doubt that the architectural treatment selected by Mr. Spreckels's architects will make the building an ornament to the city. It is to be treated as a tower, and rise to a height of over two hundred feet. It is probable that the idea was suggested by the building on lower Broadway, New York city, known as the Tower Building. But as that is merely on a narrow lot in the centre of a block, nothing but the façade effect is given. The Spreckels building in San Francisco is apparently to be treated as a tower on all sides. It is rather interesting to speculate as to what will be the effect if other tall buildings are erected on the south and west faces of the tower in time to come. But it is hardly worth while speculating in that regard, because we believe that long before buildings on the sides of Mr. Spreckels's tower can rise to any height sufficient to interfere with his, laws will be passed in San Francisco forbidding the erection of tall buildings above specified heights. Such laws exist already in London, Paris, and other highly civilized cities of the Old World. Such laws have just been passed in Chicago. They will exist ere long in New York, where the erection of tall buildings has reached such a pass that the down-town streets are now becoming damp and muddy lanes, into which the light of the sun never penetrates. And such laws will be passed in San Francisco ere many years, and we hope they will be.

Bohemian Club Dues.

A meeting of the Bohemian Club was held last week, to discuss the proposition to put an additional story on their club-house for the purposes of a "jinks room." The attendance was not large, but the matter was debated with much warmth. It was shown that the increased accommodation would involve increasing the dues to about six dollars per month. It was supposed that the proposition would carry by a large majority, but considerable opposition was developed. It was finally moved that the matter be postponed to the next quarterly meeting, when a larger attendance is expected. The marked opposition surprised the friends of the new proposition, but they may find even more opposition by the time the next quarterly meeting takes place. The Bohemian Club has a large number of members who use the club but little and rarely go there. The increase in dues some time ago, the assessments consequent on had management of the club's affairs, and the threatened additional raise in dues, have not pleased them. Any further increase in dues will probably result in a large crop of resignations.

The eleventh concert in the members' course in the Young Men's Christian Association will take place next Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald.

— LE POMMERY SEC A, SUR LES COTES OCCIDENTALES des Etats Unis d'Amerique, une vogue vraiment extraordinaire. La vente en Californie se monte à 15,000 caisses par an, soit 180,000 bouteilles, et cela dans un pays qui compte à peine un peu plus d'un million d'habitants. On ne saurait mieux prouver que le pays de l'or ne manque pas de fins connoisseurs.—Paris *Figaro*.

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

— MISS BELLE MILLER, RECENTLY A STUDENT with Professor Leschetizky, of Vienna, will receive piano pupils at her residence, 1208 Leavenworth Street. At home, daily, from 5 to 6 P. M.

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Good hotel accommodations. Rates, including physician's services, use of all springs and baths, \$15, \$18, and \$21 a week. Book free.

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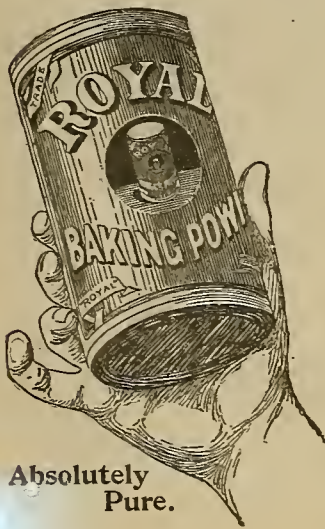
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Ethel, Helen, and Bertha Smith have returned from a month's visit at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, *né* Jolliffe, have returned from their wedding-tour, and are occupying their residence at the corner of Gough and Clay Streets.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin came up from Santa Cruz last Tuesday for a brief visit.

Colonel and Mrs. Albert E. Castle are passing a couple of weeks in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams are occupying a cottage on Beach Hill, at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie is passing a few weeks at Sausalito.

Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, have returned from a prolonged visit to Europe.

Mrs. Basil Heathcote has gone to Portland, Or., to visit Mrs. C. Lewis for a while. Later on she will be joined by Mr. Heathcote, and together they will proceed to England.

Mrs. W. S. Moore, Miss Mary D. Moore, and the Misses Murch, of Portland, Or., who are making a tour of California, are staying at The Colonial for a brief period.

Mrs. George Crocker, Miss Alice Rutherford, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, and Miss Daisy Van Ness passed the early part of the week in San José.

Mrs. Margaret A. Deane has departed to join Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young in Europe.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese Morgan will be at the Hotel del Monte during September.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Emelie, Alice, and Ethel Hager are at Redondo Beach.

Mrs. Pelham W. Ames and the Misses Alice and Bessie Ames arrived in New York last Monday, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, is en route home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy have been at the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood has been at the Hotel del Monte during the past week.

Mr. Jesse Triest and Miss Stella Triest have returned from a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Major J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Henry Janin, Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Miss Marie Zane, and Lieutenant Phelps, U. S. N., went to Del Monte last Tuesday.

Mrs. Neil McMillan and Mrs. L. G. Garnett, daughters of the late Colonel C. L. Wilson, U. S. A., are visiting Mrs. E. de K. Townsend at her residence, 2613 Laguna Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll have returned to Sausalito after passing a week with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd at their country place, Oakwood Park Farm.

Mrs. G. F. Richardson has returned from Alaska, and is residing permanently at The Colonial.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Mrs. B. H. Blossom and Miss Elizabeth Blossom, of Red Bluff, are here visiting their friends, and are staying at The Colonial.

Mr. Allison C. Bonnell returned from Santa Cruz last Monday.

Mrs. Charles Keeney, Miss Ethel Keeney, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, and Miss Leontine Blakeman have been in San José during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Hanlon have removed from their cottage in Fruitvale to 2903 Folsom Street, and will receive on the first and third Wednesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Blake have returned from Mill Valley, and are now residing at The Colonial.

Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, are visiting Santa Cruz.

Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper and Miss Hooper passed several days of the week in San José.

Mr. J. B. Stetson left for New York city last Tuesday to meet Mr. W. Frank Whittier, who is en route home from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have returned from Del Monte, and will pass the remainder of the season at San Rafael.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Bell, Assistant Commissary General of Subsistence, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, to commence September 5th.

Commander and Mrs. B. H. McCalla, U. S. N., are here on a visit from Mare Island, and are staying at The Colonial.

Lieutenant Herbert J. Slocum, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Slocum's sister, Mrs. H. S. Symonds, are at The Colonial.

Lieutenant William J. Nicholson, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., is staying at The Colonial.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Out of Politics.

A MELODRAMA IN ONE UNFINISHED ACT.

TIME—Now. PLACE—In their minds.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—REED of Maine, MCKINLEY of Ohio, MORTON of New York, ALLISON of Iowa, HARRISON of Indiana, SCATTERING of Allover.

HARRISON [*gently*].—I am out of politics, gentlemen.

REED [*sharply*].—Rats!

MCKINLEY [*doubtfully*].—Come off.

MORTON [*mildly*].—My, my.

ALLISON [*modestly*].—Gosh.

SCATTERING [*vociferously*].—Git onto his curves! [HARRISON retires, R. U. E.]

—New York Sun.

Mr. William C. Carl, a prominent organist of New York city, will give his first recital here next Friday evening at the First Congregational Church, followed by a *matinée* on Saturday at the same place. He is a pupil of the celebrated French virtuoso, Alexandre Guilmant, and has a world-wide reputation. He has selected his programmes with much care, and they are sure to prove interesting.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henry Dunant, the founder of the Geneva Red Cross Society, is now, at sixty-seven, in great poverty and nearly starving. He spent all he had in promoting his idea.

Two American artists, Jules Stewart, the painter, and Paul Wayland Bartlett, the sculptor, were made chevaliers of the Legion of Honor on the occasion of the French national fête, July 14th.

Lord and Lady William Beresford (the later formerly the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough) have been fishing for salmon in Norway. They paid four thousand dollars for a salmon stream and caught two fish.

Sir James Stephen, the father of the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, once smoked a cigar, and because it was so delicious he never smoked another. This fact is stated in Mr. Leslie Stephen's interesting life of his brother.

Emphasador Bayard's family have been holding office continuously under the United States Government for a hundred years, James Bayard, the embassador's grandfather, having been elected a delegate to the Federal Congress in 1796.

The Marquise de Galliffet has been sued for maintenance by her mother, Mme. Laffitte, widow of the French horse-breeder, who is eighty-one, and has an income of forty thousand francs a year, which she has tied up by persistent litigation.

"Sir Edwin Arnold's niece, who has been in jail for some time at Bombay, on the charge of murdering her husband, District Superintendent of Police Lester, has just been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude." So says the Philadelphia Telegraph.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderhilt has at various times given several fine ambulances to the different New York hospitals. A good ambulance will cost nearly a thousand dollars; but with the springs, mattresses, and other complete equipments with which Mrs. Vanderhilt fits the vehicles, their cost is not under two thousand dollars each.

French dramatic authors seem to be long-lived. Adolph D'Ennery and Eugène Cormon, joint authors of "The Two Orphans," are both eighty-seven; Ernest Legouvé, senior member of the Académie Française, is eighty-eight; and Ferdinand Dugué, author of "The Pirates of the Savannah," "The Ragpicker's Daughter," and many other melodramas, is eighty.

The amount won by the ex-King of Servia at the Paris Grand Prix was one hundred and forty thousand dollars, enough to pay a quarter of his gambling debts, at least. There was an element of superstition in his betting. A mare had won every eighth Grand Prix race previously, and his inference that a mare would win the 1895 race proved to be correct.

Mr. Edouard Remenyi, the noted Hungarian violinist, although over sixty years of age, has abated none of his youthful enthusiasm and industry. He determined over a year ago to devote at least four hours daily, and from that up to fourteen hours, for nine hundred and ninety-nine consecutive days, to special assiduous practice and technical work on the violin. August 1st was his four hundred and fifty-eighth day, and he had up to that time not let a day pass without doing at least the amount of work he had set for himself.

Commander P. H. McGiffin, the American who has had a remarkable career in China and who has written the story of the battle of the Yalu, in which his ship, the *Chen-Yuen*, was engaged, went to Li Hung Chang with a letter of introduction from James G. Blaine. McGiffin was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1882, and at the outbreak of the Franco-Chinese War, he resigned from the United States service and went to China to see active service. McGiffin's father was a classmate of Mr. Blaine in Washington College, and he had been colonel of a regiment during the Civil War. Mr. Blaine's letters assured the young American officer a hearing and the opportunity to undergo an examination for the Chinese service. McGiffin passed his examination excellently, but when the examiners learned that he lacked several years of being thirty, they were inclined to doubt the knowledge of a man so young. Knowledge is supposed to come only with age in China. They gave him another examination, more severe than the first, and McGiffin passed it. Then he was accepted, and he began to teach the Chinese some things.

—COATS-OF-ARMS AND CRESTS EMBLAZONED according to College of Arms, London. Particular care is exercised in the stamping of fine papers—with monograms, etc. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market Street.

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Miss A. Blackmore, first-class dressmaker, wishes engagements by the day. 14 McAllister, room 32.

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My Lady Greensleeves.

R. L. Bettner's polo pony, "Lady Greensleeves," has been the admiration of the hour at Del Monte. The name is taken from the famous old English song, "My Lady Greensleeves," which is mentioned so often in the literature of the Elizabethan time. The old poem runs as follows:

Alas! my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discontentously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.
For oh, Greensleeves was all my joy!
And oh, Greensleeves was my delight!
And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold!
And who but my Lady Greensleeves!

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth as fine as might be;
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,
And all this cost I spent on thee.

Thy smock of silk, both fair and white,
With gold embroidery'd gorgeously;
Thy petticoat of sendal right;
And these I bought thee gladly.

Greensleeves now farewell! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!—Anon.

Mme. Patti had a portrait painted by Sargent some time ago, but she was not satisfied with it, and keeps it hidden away in a corner of her castle at Craig-y-Nos.

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SWEET BRIAR CAMP.

Established last year in a romantic dell of the Sacramento Canyon, just below and in full view of grand old Shasta. It was a great hit, and promises even more encouraging results for the present year. T. J. LOFTUS, at Castella, is still in charge and will answer all inquiries.

A new candidate for public favor this year is

SHASTA RETREAT,

Also in the Shasta region, about a mile and a half from Dunsmuir. It is a genuine paradise for campers, hunters, fishers, and seekers of health and pleasure. Easy to reach (near the railroad), slightly, and all the necessities of camp life easily procurable.

All inquiries about SHASTA RETREAT, if addressed to W. C. GRAY, Box 4, Dunsmuir, Cal., will receive prompt attention.

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Strabismus—"May I have the honor of the next dance?" *Two fair ones* (eagerly rising)—"With pleasure!"—*Life*.

Wife—"It's the little things that worry." *Husband*—"Especially when there are six of them."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Master (dispatching a note)—"On the way you pass a public-house." *Man* (eagerly)—"Yessir." *Master*—"Well, pass it."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

He (on the hotel piazza)—"These electric lights are very unreliable." *She*—"That's so. A girl never knows what minute she's going to be kissed."—*Life*.

Mamma—"What can we do to cure that boy of fighting? Look at those two black eyes." *Papa*—"Well, the matter seems to be in fairly competent hands."—*Vogue*.

Customer—"Why, this is a new shade of red." *Assistant*—"Yes, madam. That is the anarchist tint." *Customer*—"How did it come to get that name?" *Assistant*—"It won't wash."—*Louisville Post*.

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the Arctic regions?" asked the inquisitive man. "Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.—"Washington Star."

St. Peter (timorously, having heard of the New Woman)—"D-did you wish to enter, madam?" *New Woman*—"Pray don't detain me, my good man. I want to see the lady of the house."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

"Do you think, professor," said the musically ambitious youth, "that I can ever do anything with my voice?" "Well," was the cautious reply, "it may come in handy to holler with in case of fire."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Father—"If you marry my daughter, sir, you've got to dress a great deal better than you do now." *Suitor*—"Then will you give me your consent in writing?" *Father*—"What for?" *Suitor*—"I want to show it to my tailor."—*Puck*.

Nursed—"According to you, I never told you a single truth before we were married." *Mrs. Nured*—"Oh, George, you weren't quite as bad as all that. Don't you remember you always used to say you were unworthy of me?"—*Life*.

"Do you miss him much?" She, to the surprise of the questioner, smiled. "Not so much as I used to. Even a woman can learn to throw straight, when the distance is measured merely by the width of the breakfast-table."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

The young man had asked for a horse that was gentle and safe. As he drove out of the stable the liveryman said: "The spring on the right side of the buggy is the stronger"; and the young man blushed until his ears looked like a sunset in a chromo.—*Truth*.

"Those two pugilists had a lively set-to last night," remarked the sporty citizen. "I didn't see it," was the reply; "I was there, but I thought the fun was pretty slow." "Oh, it was after that the scrap occurred. They got into a disagreement over the gate receipts."—*Washington Star*.

First clubman (looking over paper)—"By Jove! The engagement of Miss Van Domus and old Tilcott is announced. She appears to have really accepted him." *Second clubman*—"Yes; and, they say, told him everything." *First clubman*—"What courage!" *Second clubman*—"What a memory!"—*Vogue*.

He—"I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot." *She* (after a pause)—"Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something—the anchor fell overboard a while ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?"—*Truth*.

The colonel's fair companion was listening with almost breathless interest to his account of how he had been caught in the forest in a thunder-storm of unusual severity. His description was so vivid that she could fairly hear the thunder crashing and see the lightning flashing. He continued: "And amidst this warring of the elements I shrunk closer and closer to the tree under which I stood, expecting every moment that it would be the first to be struck. I felt fear for the first time in my life." "How dreadful!" she exclaimed, interrupting him; "but why didn't you run to some other tree?"—*Puck*.

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If Mr. Cleveland were as completely despotic in power as he is in disposition, he would be under temptation to issue a ukase forbidding the further flight of Americans to Europe. Some of the *Argonaut's* readers have doubtless found its articles on the bond syndicate and the drain of gold the reverse of enlivening, for finance can not be discussed without the use of figures, and figures are not fascinating to all minds. But there is a phase of the subject that has a social as well as a monetary side, and can be taken in at a glance by the least studious. One of the principal causes of the vast flow of gold from America is the fashionable recreation of making the tour of Europe. Our perambulating fellow-countrymen and their womenkind go over every year in enormous numbers, and every year the host increases. As a rule, they go with full pockets. They pay their fares to foreign steamship

companies; they buy abroad large quantities of clothing, jewelry, ornaments, and what not, and disburse much money for living and traveling expenses. We have heretofore made estimates of the size of this army of wanderers, but this is, naturally, purely a matter of speculation. The *Argonaut's* largest figure was from fifty thousand to sixty thousand, but a recent writer in a New York paper says the ocean steamship companies report that from ninety thousand to one hundred thousand first-class passengers are carried by them annually from this side of the Atlantic, besides many thousands in the steerage. How much the trip costs each cabin passenger can only be guessed. Some will manage the jaunt on five hundred dollars, others will spend fifty thousand dollars. A very moderate average would be one thousand dollars. At this calculation it is seen that one hundred millions of dollars a year is put into European pockets by American travelers. The drain of gold that will set in within a few weeks, in spite of President Cleveland's prayers to his bond syndicate, will be in response to the letters of credit of these pleasure-seekers.

Of course quarreling with a fashion is commonly a vain expenditure of energy, and it is not probable that any one who has his heart set on doing Europe, or feels that he must go where his set goes or sink into a social obscurity worse to him than death, will be induced to keep himself and his money at home because of patriotic considerations. An effective way to wound a fad is to fight it with another, and it is improbable that the globe-trotting habit will be mitigated until it shall be discovered by a few of the more intelligent very rich that the United States is a large country and full of interest to the explorer of good social position. When that discovery shall have been made, as one day it will be—for men and women of boundless means must eventually tire of the familiar beaten roads of European travel and seek something new—the golden-fleeced flock that follows the lead of the idling millionaires will travel after them up and down the territory of the now neglected republic. Always, to be sure, the European tour will be a part of a liberal education, and the Old World will draw to it the student of music, of painting, of sculpture, of medicine, of letters, and all who have the means to gratify their desire to see with their own eyes the scenes with which their historical reading is connected. But this is not the sort of travel under comment. The great majority of those who now surge across the ocean in the season do so because it is "the thing," and these imitative persons are they who lard Europe with American money to America's detriment. Not many who travel from the wish to be in the mode derive any more benefit, intellectual, physical, or moral, than would be gained by making a round of our own summer resorts, of the kind that are schools of dress and academies for instruction in the art of gracefully doing nothing useful. Most of the young men who go abroad return with little more than they took, except a drawl, some anglomania, and some crook-handled canes. Valuable as these acquisitions may be, we are permitted to doubt if they advantage the country to the extent of one hundred millions of dollars. The young women come back with a store of gowns, often costing more than their fathers can afford to pay for, and, like the young men, they frequently succeed in adding to their provincialism by the acquirement of a contempt for their homes, whether these be in city or village. And the girls also import a silly disinclination to wed plain American men and settle down to rational and fitting lives as American mothers. The ships that race to New York from Southampton, and Liverpool, and Havre always carry as a portion of their cargoes much more new snobbishness, and vanity, and hogus refinement than polish of manner and æsthetic culture. This freight comes high at one hundred millions of dollars a year.

Blind fondness for old countries, reverence for their customs, bad as well as good, is ever the characteristic of the socially ambitious rich of new countries. When America shall be ripened by time, and the rich have grown used to their opulence, pride of nationality will grow in them. It is the want of that pride which carries them abroad now to

lay their dollars humbly at the feet of Europe. And Europe takes their dollars and their daughters with a smile—a smile that has irony in it. The lasting remedy is in time only, for time will surely awaken the American spirit in opulent Americans. When they really get to know the world, they will appreciate their good fortune in being of this part of it; and when education and cultivation make their destined headway and transform the plutocracy into an aristocracy, it will be thought as vulgar and ridiculous to be imitative as it is now deemed to be the mark of superior taste and position. But, meanwhile, Europe is getting one hundred millions of dollars a year of good American money, and the profound statesman of the White House is unable to sleep nights because of the perils threatening the gold reserve. The bond syndicate, however, is not suffering from insomnia.

The annual pilgrimage to Lourdes has begun. The cable tells us appalling tales of the scenes at the railway stations and on the railway trains. The Orleans station in Paris has been filled day and night with thousands of sufferers. Many of them are not many days from death, and the air resounds with their cries and groans as they are carried and loaded upon the cars. On August 18th, twelve special trains left the Orleans station for Lourdes. On one day last week a special train from Germany arrived at the Orleans station in Paris laden with six hundred invalids, most of them in a shocking physical condition. The priests at the Grotto of Lourdes report that they are now receiving not less than eighteen thousand persons daily. Carefully attested reports of miraculous cures are pouring from Lourdes into the miracle clearing-house in Paris, which is conducted by the "Pilgrim Fathers of the Cross."

Almost at the same time with the report of these pilgrimages and "miraculous cures" there comes news of a strange case before the assize court of the Seine in Paris. On Tuesday, August 13th, one Pierre Delannoy was there tried for stealing eighteen hundred francs from a hospital pharmacy. In the course of the trial the developments concerning Delannoy were most extraordinary. It seems that from 1877 to 1881 he had served as a hospital attendant, and became familiar with the symptoms of a variety of diseases. He determined that it was easier to live in idleness than by working, and he therefore simulated the symptoms of a paralysis, selecting the peculiar phase of paralysis known as locomotor ataxia. He went to the Salpêtrière Hospital. He was so clever an actor and malingerer that even the great Dr. Charcot was deceived. For three years he remained under the treatment of that famous physician. In 1884 he went to the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, and was treated by Dr. Callard for two years. In 1886 he went to the Neckar Hospital, and there Dr. Rigal treated him by the "moxa" form of treatment, which Clara Morris made so famous in America some years ago. It consists in cauterizing the flesh on both sides of the backbone with red-hot irons. Even this Delannoy endured rather than give up his idle life. But at last it was too much for him, and he left Dr. Rigal. He subsequently deceived Dr. Ball, Dr. Bucquoy, Dr. Duran Fardel, and Professor Germain See in four different hospitals. He then went to the Cocbin Hospital, where Professor Dujardin-Beaumetz treated him by the "pendent process." A collar is placed around the neck, and the invalid is suspended for the purpose of stretching the withered cartilaginous cushions of the spine. Professor Dujardin-Beaumetz administered this treatment twice a day to Delannoy, but finding it, like Dr. Rigal's treatment, too severe, the sham paralytic fled.

It was then that he determined to work the miracle field. On August 19, 1889, he arrived at the Grotto of Lourdes, with a number of other pilgrims, hobbling on crutches. He appeared to be unable to stand, but after having received communion and prayed in the Grotto of the Virgin, he suddenly jumped up, cast away his crutches, and in a loud voice declared that he was cured. This caused intense excitement amid the pilgrims and the priests. The Lourdes doctor

examined him the day following in the presence of Mgr. Berchialla, Archbishop of Cagliari, Primate of Sardinia, and before the Bishop of Hebron. The symptoms described by the "miraculously cured" man were found to be those of locomotor ataxia, and they had disappeared. He told of his long years of fruitless suffering in many hospitals, and of his "miraculous cure." Priests and doctor were delighted. He was returned at once to Paris as the honored guest of the Fathers of Lourdes. He was paraded around the hospitals of Paris as a result of the "miraculous cure." The chaplain of the Charité Hospital in Paris telegraphed to the Fathers of the Grotto of Lourdes: "Doctors here amazed by the cure of Delannoy. He now walks like a country postman."

As a reward for Delannoy, and in order to keep this valuable invalid in easy reach, the priests of the Grotto of Lourdes appointed Delannoy overseer of the home for invalids awaiting the cure at Lourdes. The reputation of his miraculous cure spread all over the civilized world. From Europe and America Delannoy received letters, accompanied by rich presents, with prayers that he would intercede with the Virgin for the recovery of the donors.

Fortune smiled upon Delannoy. He had been "miraculously cured." He had a nice, fat, easy position. He was smiled upon by the fathers, he was petted by rich invalids, and he was continually receiving presents. Doctors from all over the world studied his case, and retired perplexed and half convinced. The scars of Dr. Rigal's burniogs were still upon his back. The records of nearly every great hospital in Paris showed that he had been a hopeless paralytic. Yet here he was, miraculously cured at Lourdes, and able to dance like an Irish peasant at a fair. Even Emile Zola, that pertinacious investigator, was obliged to confess himself completely baffled by the case of Delannoy, which is set down at full length in his book. In short, Delannoy is the star miracle of Lourdes.

But, alas! This pet patient was such an inborn scoundrel that even in these pleasant quarters he could not be honest. He began by stealing from the home for invalids, and, having placed his hands upon a good, fat sum, at once decamped. He had the effrontery to return, apparently suffering from another malady, stole eighteen hundred francs from the pharmacy, and was arrested by the police. At the trial at the assize court of the Seioie, as we have said, all these facts came out some weeks ago. He has been found guilty without extenuating circumstances, and has been sentenced to four years imprisonment and ten years police surveillance.

This, then, is all the basis upon which rests one of the most marvelous "miracle cures" of Lourdes. A vulgar, malingering rascal, who counterfeits disease through love of idleness, and who finds that there is more money in pretended miracles than in deceived doctors. Yet it is safe to say that the Roman Catholic Church will not accept this narrative brought forth in a court of law, lest it should damage the whole superstructure of miraculous cure, and interfere with the revenues at Lourdes. Some specious explanation will be made of it. But how can the priests of the Grotto at Lourdes explain away this bald fraud? And is Delannoy the only fraud at Lourdes?

The illusion that newspapers which print tons of copies daily have an influence proportioned to their circulation is one that is not now prevalent beyond the confines of their own padded offices. Facts so strongly oppose the illusion that minds not having the motive of profit or vanity in harboring it are compelled to recognize their significance. Time was when daily newspapers were influential, but that was before they had become as commercial in purpose and spirit as a grocery or a pool-room. When it was common for the newspaper to aim at establishing confidence in its character, and to seek appreciation of its ability rather than the nickels of the multitude, by catering to the multitude's taste for inane or nasty gossip, the newspaper was regarded with respect, and it did a considerable part in forming public opinion. It is the contemporary journalistic fashion to sneer at the old-fashioned "organ," but the organ had at least the sincerity of partisanship, and none of that "independence" which is a nice name for indifference to everything in life except the receipts of the business office. The organ, with all its narrowness, and its zeal for party interests that colored its political news, was as much superior to the "great daily" of the present as Horace Greeley, of the old New York Tribune, was superior in mind and heart and intention to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World.

Traditions are persistent, but the one that a newspaper necessarily imposes its editorial outgivings upon its readers as their beliefs has about perished. The Argonaut has taken great pleasure in pricking the bubble so incessantly blown by the newspapers regarding their "influence." We do not believe in the commanding influence of newspapers, because the proofs to the contrary forbid entertainment of

this ancient faith. After the last municipal election in San Francisco, we caused much hilarity in the local press by calling the country's attention to the phenomenon—by no means novel—that the man who was elected by the largest vote was the only one who had no newspaper support at all, and that the men who had the most newspaper support were the ones most badly beaten. The Argonaut's articles on this head were widely copied, and some Eastern papers ascribed the phenomenon to the weakness of the San Francisco papers. But our answer was that the San Francisco press is not alone in its impotence, since the same condition of things exists in Eastern communities, as is demonstrated by election returns and the enduring popularity of many politicians who are continually damned by the newspapers.

A fresh instance in support of our position is just at hand. Mr. Mathew Stanley Quay, Senator from Pennsylvania, the gentleman sneeringly dubbed "Matt" by the too consciously respectable New York Evening Post—for the reason possibly that he is never so called, but is known as "Stan" to his intimates—has been in the thick of a fierce battle in his State, and, as usual, has come out triumphant. There never was in the United States a politician more steadily abused than Senator Quay. Not only has he been reviled by the press of Pennsylvania, but by the press of the entire Union. He is a national figure, and is so warmly hated by papers of opposing political faiths, and even by some of his own, that for years he has been held up to scorn as a rogue of surpassing wickedness and unexampled versatility. Like most public men, Mr. Quay has, by close acquaintance, come to understand the newspapers perfectly, and, being endowed with good sense, he remains serenely indifferent to them, for experience has taught him that among the things which the American people do not heed are the fulminations of the American press. His latest victory in Pennsylvania illustrated again the powerlessness of the press. He had against him the newspapers, the governor of the State, who controlled the official patronage, all the rich and militant corporations of the commonwealth, all the corporatist heelers, and a political ring that possesses the patronage of Philadelphia, which amounts to many millions per annum. If the newspapers had not been allied with all these factors, they would have succeeded in downing Quay, but that alliance was fatal—the result was the same as usual—Quay was victorious.

That the press does aid in forming public opinion is true, but it does not do it in the way it likes to think. The public gets its news from the press, necessarily. But not its opinions. The large editorial "we" is a frayed mask, and no longer imposes on anybody of average penetration. Behind it the public sees the sad figure of the penny-a-liner, whose opinions, like his pennies, are supplied by the publisher. The American people despise, and despise justly, the editorial pages of the daily newspapers, perceiving that, from the very nature of things, those pages are fraudulent. As a dealer in news the daily has its legitimate sphere; it supplies a great, a universal need, and generally supplies it badly. But when the commercial daily newspaper pretends to be more than a merchant of news—when it sets up as an instructor in patriotism, a preacher of morals, an adviser in any way, it does so with no higher authority than that of the auctioneer who from his rostrum distributes personal opinions on things in general in the intervals between the raps of his thrifty hammer. There are influential newspapers, but they are journals edited by men of character, standing for principles, and such newspapers are not "great dailies," and do not enjoy colossal circulations. Indeed, the "greater" the daily, on the average, the less its influence. To its news columns its department of opinion is an annex that degrades it as a merchant—as all false pretense must degrade—and deceives only those of the mental stature to be taken in by a circus poster, which is the editorial page of the circus.

The decadence of the editorial page is a stock theme for mournful disquisition by the minor philosophers. Its entire disappearance from the commercial daily press would be a distinct gain for honesty and raise the newspaper in popular respect. A journal that should publish the news fairly and abolish the editorial writer would have a hundredfold the influence on reasonable men's minds that is exerted by newspapers of the type of the New York World and the San Francisco Examiner. These are "great dailies," and, with all their kind, they do influence opinion, but commonly in the direction exactly opposite from that intended.

Last week, in Oakland, there died a young man, one George N. Giles, who was in the habit of riding a bicycle some fifty miles a day in the pursuit of his business. His death has been ascribed by the attending physician, Dr. E. H. Woolsey, to cerebro-spinal meningitis. Dr. Woolsey says that the jar caused by the bicycle vibration brings about a condition analogous to that known as "railroad spine," which is caused by the con-

stant jarring of the vertebrae by the motion of the train. He also says that the bent back of the bicycle-rider lessens the resistance of the cartilaginous cushions between the vertebrae, thereby adding to the jar. With him agree Dr. J. P. H. Duno, Dr. O. D. Hamlin, and Dr. M. L. Johnson, who participated in the post-mortem examination of Giles's body.

The case has caused extreme interest, owing to the widely prevalent habit of bicycle riding. Numbers of physicians have been interviewed in the daily press, and, as is natural, they differ widely. Dr. C. G. Kenyon, who rides a wheel, says: "It is very possible that Giles did not get meningitis from riding the wheel. I think the bicycle is beneficial." Dr. W. B. Lewitt regards wheeling as a "most beneficial means of exercise," and "does not think young Giles's death was caused by the use of the bicycle." Dr. G. W. Clark "considers the use of the bicycle as beneficial," and "does not think that Giles's death was caused by the use of the wheel." Dr. Clinton Cushing does not like the wheel "on account of the nervous strain on the rider." Dr. R. Beverly Cole "thinks the wheel is all right, in moderation." Dr. Gardner, who is not a bicyclist, "does not favor the wheel for exercise." Dr. Tenison Deane, who rides, thinks bicycling, with a properly adjusted seat and used in moderation, is good exercise. Dr. W. F. McNutt thinks bicycling in moderation is beneficial; the cause of the death of Giles he considers "not proved against the bicycle." Dr. Robert A. McLean is opposed to bicycling. Dr. Martin Regensburger "does not believe that riding the bicycle will produce railroad spine," and "thinks the exercise is beneficial." Dr. A. L. Langfeld "thinks there is less jar riding a bicycle than a horse," and "does not believe that spinal meningitis could be occasioned by bicycling." Dr. W. O. Wilcox "thinks bicycling is injurious to health." Dr. E. Calderon "doubts whether bicyclists could contract spinal meningitis from riding a wheel"; he "considers bicycling beneficial except to those who suffer from heart affections." Dr. W. R. Cluness "does not believe that cerebro-spinal meningitis could be produced by the jar of the bicycle"; he "considers bicycling in moderation most beneficial." Dr. John F. Morse "believes that cycling in moderation is highly beneficial." Dr. A. E. Phelan "considers bicycling decidedly injurious." Dr. W. A. Martin, who has been riding for fourteen years, believes "that bicycling in moderation is highly beneficial." Dr. Winslow Anderson believes "that bicycling in moderation is excellent exercise for men, but does not favor it for women." Dr. Hirschfelder "believes in bicycling in moderation." Dr. J. A. Noble, who rides, "believes that bicycling in moderation is a benefit." Dr. J. D. Arnold "believes bicycling to be a healthful exercise," but "advises moderation, erect posture, and high and broad handle-bars, so that the back need not be curved and the chest need not be contracted." Dr. J. L. M. Wilson, who rides a bicycle, "does not consider the proof positive that death resulted from spinal meningitis superinduced by excessive bicycle riding"; in his opinion "the shock to the spine on a reasonably good road from riding a bicycle is not nearly so severe as in riding in other vehicles." Dr. C. T. Deane, who has been bicycling for five years, "heartily approves of the exercise for men and women," but "counsels moderation." Dr. P. O. Baldwin, who rides a bicycle, "believes bicycling is a good thing in moderation"; he advises against long rides. Dr. W. W. Kerr, who rides a bicycle, believes "bicycling within ordinary limits is beneficial." Dr. Charlotte Blake Brown "believes that bicycling is capital exercise in moderation," and says, "I never knew any one to acquire disease from riding." Dr. Lucia M. Lane is "for bicycling in moderation." Dr. T. F. Rethers, an expert on mania, hints darkly that the bicycle may cause insanity. While Dr. James Simpson says that "the bicycling craze is all nonsense anyhow."

On the whole, the testimony of the physicians is that the case of cerebro-spinal meningitis against the bicycle is like the famous Scottish verdict, "not proven." No doubt young Giles died of this disease, but he may have acquired the disease even if he had never ridden a bicycle at all, or the bicycle may simply have accelerated the tendency which he already had to that disease.

The various views of these physicians recall the incident in the famous "Murders in the Rue Morgue," where the strange, harsh voice was heard from the death-chamber. A Spaniard testified that he "thought it was the voice of a German; did not understand German." A Frenchman "thought it was an Englishman; did not know English." An Italian "thought it was a Russian; was not familiar with Russian." And so on. The physicians who ride do not condemn bicycling; the condemnation all comes from the physicians who do not ride.

The diseases which the objecting physicians have so far discovered as the result of bicycling are kyphosis bicycliasis, or bicycle hump, gastritis, cerebro-spinal meningitis,

THE "POWER"
OF THE
PRESS.

DOES BICYCLING
CAUSE
DISEASE?

swelling of the thyroid gland, and exophthalmic goitre, or protrusion of the eyeballs. This last is probably what is popularly known as "pop-eye."

We very much doubt whether these diseases can be traced to the bicycle. If continual jarring causes meningitis, there are many other ways in which the disease can be acquired. The men who drive wagons and buggies all day over badly paved city streets receive infinitely more jarring than the bicyclist does. The charioteers who guide the springless coal-cart over the cobbles should all be in the acute stages of meningitis, if it is caused by jar. And for the matter of that, the pedestrian who confines his locomotion to the legs that God gave him, receives more jar than either; every time the heel touches the ground, a shock is communicated through the spinal column directly to the base of the brain. Moreover, expert bicyclists instinctively put their weight on the pedals, instead of on the seat, thus minimizing the jar.

These diseases are not new, and the bicycle is. We fear a fad is sweeping over the medical faculty. The doctors are always conservative, and are opposed to everything that is new—except new diseases. When the humble "love-apple" was christened the "tomato," and accepted by a few daring people as a delicious article of food, there were not wanting medicos to warn people against it. The doctors of our grandfathers' times solemnly predicted that eating the tomato would cause bleeding at the gums, cancer, and many other ills. Yet several generations have eaten the tomato without harm, and now even doctors do. So will it be with the bicycle. It will break down the intense conservatism of the medical faculty. Such is the radicalism of the day, that now even physicians pay some attention to diet. And in time they will all take to the bicycle, as their cured patients will already have done.

Modern common sense has banished the duel from English-speaking countries. Its logical absurdity is as obvious as was the old legal trial by battle, a belated surviving remnant of which the duel is. Nevertheless, its disappearance from among us has been slow. Only since the rebellion has it ceased to be a recognized institution in the South and in California, where social changes have perforce kept pace with altering industrial conditions. Men in middle life can recall the time when a Southern gentleman who refused a challenge from an equal would have been deemed a coward and suffered ineffaceable disgrace; now a Southern gentleman who should go out would be regarded as preposterously old-fashioned, and, if he were not a hoary and pathetic relic of slavery days, the chief reward of his valor would be intolerable ridicule, provided he escaped the halter or the penitentiary. But the duel has held its ground pretty well in Latin countries. A French gentleman, no matter what his views as to the duello may be, can not yet ignore a cartel and escape criticism that is hard to hear by a high-spirited man. It is but a few years since Minister Floquet and General Boulanger fought, with the serious approbation of French public opinion. An equivalent conflict between our Secretary of State and General Schofield is inconceivable. It would be deemed by Americans of every class about as monstrously grotesque as if President Cleveland were to engage in a fist-fight in the streets of Washington with the British minister. In Spain, as in Germany, the duel is considered obligatory on army officers and the upper social classes, including professional men. Tradesmen, however wealthy, are exempt.

Mexico and other Spanish-American countries have, very naturally, taken their ideas of honor from the mother land, and although Mexico has a law against dueling, it has rarely been enforced against the army until the other day, in a very notable case. Colonel Romero and Colonel Verastegui fought, and the latter fell. Romero was tried under the statute before a jury, in the City of Mexico, and convicted. The sentence imposed upon him is extraordinary in more ways than one. Not only does it show that Anglo-Saxon ideas are affecting our Spanish-American neighbors, but the penalties so justly fit the requirements of the situation as to excite wonder and admiration. Romero, besides an imprisonment of three years and four months, must pay a fine of eighteen hundred dollars, and also pay to the widow of his antagonist four thousand five hundred dollars annually, in monthly installments, for eighteen years, and defray the funeral expenses.

If these Mexican improvements could be added to the code of honor, a tolerably strong argument might be advanced for its reintroduction among ourselves. While man remains a fighting animal, it is manifestly better that he should fight according to rule and with dignity than to slay in passion, heedless of the safety of those who happen to be in the neighborhood of the object of his vengeance. Moreover, the duello, where it is in vogue, has a good effect upon manners, whatever may be its disadvantages. But it is far more likely that the Romero verdict will have a marked

effect throughout Spanish America in the direction of the abolition of the duel than that it will commend private battle to the United States as an old friend to be taken in again. When practical sense speaks so loudly as it has done in the City of Mexico, its voice is pretty sure to grow louder instead of weaker. Even the fiercest Spaniard, ready always to defend his honor with sword and pistol, will not, if he be a man of just instincts and average intelligence, deny that though he has the right to take life under the code, he has no right to deprive of their support those who may be dependent on his adversary. If the Romero judgment shall lead to others of a like kind in the Southern republics, the duello will probably soon become as extinct among them as it is in the United States. Most men who believe in the code, and would not hesitate to kill under it, would pause before entering upon a quarrel in which victory's guerdon would be the obligation to support the enemy's widow and orphans. That reflection would weigh with even the most headstrong, the most recklessly brave. To risk one's life and one's liberty would be a small matter in the calculations of a fire-eater by comparison with the prospect of leaving the field of honor doomed to carry a life-long financial burden. Besides, the situation of the victor, when the tragical aspect of his success in a duel had been dimmed by time, would become ridiculous as well as costly. Paying alimony to a divorced wife would be nothing to it in point of humiliation.

That Mexican jury, we are disposed to think, has begun a great work for the Spanish-Americans. The military virtues, which include extreme and deadly sensitiveness on the point of honor, are useful as well as ornamental in their time and place; but Spanish-America is in more need of prosaic, every-day common sense than it is of chivalry, which is not productive of peace nor conducive to the advancement of a country's material interests. Our own South is a proof of the superiority of the industrial and mercantile to the martial and knightly spirit. The ways of peace may be unpicturesque and somewhat sordid, but they are highly profitable and favorable to the general happiness. A change of ideals that should put the duello out of fashion would be accompanied by a growing distaste for military exploits in general, including bloody revolutions. And what that would mean for the welfare of that portion of this hemisphere lying south of Mexico all the world knows.

The State Board of Equalization has adjourned, after fixing the tax-rate for the current fiscal year at sixty-eight and one-half cents on each one hundred dollars of valuation. This is the highest tax ever paid in California, and it comes after a long period of depression, when people are least able to pay it. The State Board of Equalization are not to be blamed for the tax-rate—their duties are merely clerical. They can change the allotment of the burden as divided among the various counties, but that is all. During the last four or five years they have made it easy for the rest of the State by unjustly raising San Francisco's assessment. The last board raised this city's assessment over forty millions of dollars. It looked for a time as if the present board were going to raise us again this year about the same amount, but Equalizer Chesebrough succeeded in blocking this little game, for which the city should be grateful to him. The result is that instead of San Francisco being forced to pay at an exorbitant rate to let the interior counties get off at a low rate, the counties will have to pay a high rate all round—which is fair, if disagreeable.

There is no use mincing matters—the present high tax-rate is primarily due to the appropriations made by the late Republican legislature. It is secondarily due to the fact that Governor Budd did not check that legislature in its extravagance, despite his pre-election promises. But behind all this lies the true cause—the number of "State institutions." The State of California is becoming a kind of a dumping-ground for the sick, the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, the orphans, and the insane of the entire Pacific Slope. This is a rich State. But she can not carry the burdens of many States. California must cut down the number of her "State institutions."

The *Call* has begun a series of articles entitled, "Plain Talks with Farmers," by Edward F. Adams, himself a farmer. The series begins well. In the first article, Mr. Adams makes these pithy remarks:

"Speaking as a farmer, I ask: Why is it that the mercantile and professional classes live more luxuriously than we? Why do not their wives also rise at five in the morning and toil till bed-time? Why do they ride in palace cars and we in tourist cars? Now our usual answer to this is that the whole race of them are nefarious cormorants thriving upon the blood and sweat of the patient, noble, honest son of toil. But the real reason that they thrive while we strive unprofitably is because they are not such fools as we are; they know their business and we do not. If they buy a ton of grain,

they know what it cost them, and when they sell it, they know whether they have made a profit."

Never were truer words written. There is much complaint just now over "hard times" among the farmers of California. Much sympathy is expressed for them. Yet we hear no sympathy expressed for the "hard times" of the shop-keeper, the small tradesman, the small manufacturer. Why not? Have they not suffered during the past few years just as the farmers have? "Oh, but they are business men," would be the reply. That is exactly it. They are business men, they do not ask for sympathy, and they suffer in silence, while the farmers suffer noisily. The sooner the farmers put themselves on the same score as other men, run their business like other business men, and expect the same treatment as other business men, the sooner will they attain the same measure of prosperity as other business men. As Mr. Adams, himself a California farmer, says of California farmers: "Other men know their business—the farmers do not."

Some time ago a movement was started in California to encourage consumers to purchase only home products. It was an amiable idea, but it amounted to nothing in particular, for none of us will pay more for a home product than a foreign one, simply because it is a home product. If it is cheaper, we will talk business. In California, for many years the white workingmen walked around in Chinese-made shoes, and ever and anon took from their mouths Chinese-made cigars, to yell, "The Chinese must go!" This shows to what an extent sentiment enters into business.

But the new movement evidently was taken more seriously abroad than at home. The *Chicago Tribune* recently printed a sinister editorial, in which it read the riot act to California. It said menacingly that if California attempted to boycott the goods of other States, the other States would boycott California. It said that if California boycotted the cheap furniture, the fossil hams, and the wooden nutmegs of other States, the other States would boycott the fruit, the raisins, and the wines of California. Since this menace appeared, no brave words in reply have come from the haughty press of California. Occasionally a small weak editorial voice has been lifted, protesting to Chicago that California's "home-product" proposition was largely Pickwickian—not entirely Pickwickian, but partly so.

These hold defenders of our State should reflect that there is just as much behind the threatened Chicago boycott as there was behind the California one. If this State sells good fruit, wine, and raisins more cheaply than any other vender, Chicago will buy them, despite the *Tribune* and its threatened boycott. And if Chicago sells wooden nutmegs and fossil hams more cheaply than we can produce them in the Golden State, the sons of the Golden State will buy them from Chicago, and let the native producer go to the wall. This is beautifully exemplified by the attitude of the anti-Chinese workingmen toward Chinese shoes and cigars, as shown above.

In reporting the Durrant murder trial on one day last week, the amount of space allotted to it by the various morning papers of San Francisco was as follows: *Chronicle*, twenty columns; *Examiner*, twenty-one columns; *Call*, five columns. Most of these columns were in fine type, and contained an average of eighteen hundred words per column, aggregating thirty-six thousand words. The greater part of it was the stenographic report of the testimony, much of which was medical evidence of a character calculated to interest only lawyers, doctors, and students of medical jurisprudence. The nastiest part of it, the papers kindly inform us, they omitted, although they printed some very nasty stuff as it was. As will be seen by the foregoing, the *Call* leads. The *Call* prints only five columns. Further to add to its preëminence, the *Call* prints at the head of its account a paragraph of thirty-four lines in length, which contains the gist of everything that any one would want to read. We commend the *Call* for its enterprise. In this busy day and generation it is not the enterprising paper that prints the most about a matter, but the paper that prints the least. What busy man could ever find time to read thirty-six thousand words a day about a murder trial, with all the repetitions, with all the circumlocutions, with all the hems, and haws, and sniftes, and snorts, and drones of attorneys and witnesses? What busy man wants to?

Elsewhere in this number there will be found an article from the pen of Hon. Frank McCoppin on the causes leading up to the historic Broderick-Terry duel. Mr. McCoppin is thoroughly familiar with the inside political history of the time, and was a witness of the melancholy scene, now thirty-six years ago, when Broderick fell before Terry's pistol on the shores of the Laguna de la Merced. His article will be read with keen interest, both by the new generation and the old.

THE MEXICAN COURTS ON THE DUELLO.

THE TAXES FOR THE CURRENT YEAR.

THE DURRANT MURDER CASE.

FARMERS AND THE HARD TIMES.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

A Story of Two in the Desert.

Dragging itself westward across the dreary plains of Utah, the overland train, from a vantage point in the sky, looked like a small horse-hair snake crawling over the earth's surface. The earth—almost the air—was white with the heat of the summer sun. All was vastness, immensity, silence, loneliness; above, the flawless blue; below, those seemingly illimitable plains of reddish yellow, streaked with alkali white, that swam back and forth before the eyes in parallel lines until far off they melted into a long, low stretch of shivering light, the mocking water mirage at the base of the mountain range hundreds of miles away. Encompassed within that horizon there was no thing of life except within that desultory moving train.

Stocked in the emigrant or third-class car of the train was a crowd of tired, miserable, and dirty people. They looked out listlessly at the passing landscape, or stupidly at each other, or twisted themselves into all sorts of uncomfortable positions on the hard wooden seats in vain efforts to secure a little sleep. Perhaps the most unprepossessing of them all was a dark-featured, roughly dressed man. Beside him was a very little girl in a blue dress. His lowering, repellent face had a scowl upon it which suggested the convict or the desperado, but he was neither. The scowl and the unconscious sneer about his ugly mouth were born simply of a long and thoroughly fruitless struggle with misfortune.

Although pretty, it was easily to be seen that the little girl was his child. She was the solitary ray of sunshine in that railway steerage. Even the dull faces of the people in the car took on an expression of tenderness when they looked at her, for she had cheered them during the last three weary days with her joyous laughter and merry play. Just now she was lying asleep on the breast of the ill-favored looking man, one chubby hand pressed against his rough, unshaven cheek. It was unnecessary to ask if the child had a mother.

She was a momentous factor in a mighty problem to the man whose arm was about her and whose knit brows and troubled face showed how hard it was he studied it. A crazy letter had come to him across the continent, and he had left the tenements of New York to try and reach the golden land of California. He had started with hardly sufficient money to take himself and child more than half the distance, but he had a confused sort of an idea that he would in some way reach his destination. Better it was, at all events, than to remain in the noisome Hester Street den, where, without work or the prospect of any, his little sum of money would soon be gone.

The station to which his scanty purse had enabled him to buy a ticket for himself and child had been passed hours before, and he was wondering how soon the conductor of the train would discover the shameless imposition he was practicing upon the railway company. He had not much longer to wait, for presently the autocrat of the train, in a hurried passage through the car, stopped suddenly before him and glanced at the check in his hat:

"Hello! Where are you going?"

The man looked up in what was intended as an humble, respectful, and piteous appeal, but his lip curled up over his teeth, like that of a barred dog. He could not help it. His voice was mild enough, though, as he said:

"I am going to California, sir, with my little girl."

The man's looks seemed to irritate the not too even temper of the railway official:

"You are, eh? Well, where's your ticket for the rest of the way?"

"If you would please let me go through the train with my little girl," replied the unfortunate one, falteringly, "I think I could raise the money."

The baby girl was now wide awake, her big, round dark eyes fixed wonderingly upon the conductor.

"Go through the train? Not much. Third-class passengers stay in this car. You get off at the next station," said the conductor in a voice of fierce warning as he passed on.

The man looked despairingly around at his fellow-passengers. There was a glimmering of sympathy and pity for him in some of their woe-begone faces, but there was little money in their pockets even if they desired to help him.

In about an hour the conductor came into the car again and gave the hell-ropes a vicious pull. The engine responded with two short whistles, and gradually the train slackened its speed and stopped.

"Come, now, you get off here," said the conductor, roughly; "we're behind time already, and you want to hurry up about it."

Again the man's lip curled in an ugly way, but he made no answer, except to gather up the few paper bundles of bread and meat on the seat before him. Then taking his child in his arms, he followed the conductor to the platform and stepped off the train. Before it was under way again, however, a humane brakeman on the last step called out to him:

"Say, partner, ther ain't nothin' here. This is only a flag-station. The East-bound'll be along in a few hours. Stop her and board her. The conductor on *that* train'll let you on. It's a damn shame to put that kid off in such a place!"

In truth, little about the place indicated a railway station. There was a little closed sentry-box looking affair beside the track, and fifty yards behind it the remains of an old dug-out. Not even a trail showed where it was that any human being had visited the spot. And around was the dreary waste of billowy plains and the huroing sun overhead.

In the rear of the sentry-box its projecting roof had cast a little shade, and here the man sat down upon the ground with his child still in his arms. Strange things, for him, came to his eyes—tears. The little one looked up at him

in a puzzled way, and he hastily brushed his hand across his face and left a broad smudge of railway soot upon his cheek. She clapped her hands, and laughed with glee at his funny face.

Then thirst came to them—that awful, torturing, unreasoning thirst which the desert alone can give. The child cried for water, and the father left her in the scanty shade and stepped out into the glaring sun. Neither in the sky nor in the parched ground was there a drop of moisture, and he knew it. He returned and tried to comfort her, and then he sat down again, buried his face in his hands and tried to think. The evening was coming on when he rose to his feet with a new resolve.

Away far off in the west a thin, almost imperceptible, streak of smoke told him that the East-bound train was approaching. Near the track he found a dirty shred of a flag hanging to a stick, and he placed it in the socket of the upright post standing in front of the house. Nervously his fingers fumbled in his pockets until he produced the stump of a lead pencil. Picking up a piece of pasteboard, he wrote upon it, in great rough letters:

SOME ONE TAKE THIS CHILD.
SHE HAS NO PARENTS.

With a string he placed the placard around the neck of the little girl. This done, he took her in his arms, kissed her again and again, pointed to the smoke that was becoming blacker and longer, and told her that water was coming. When the rails began to sing of the approach of the coming train, he placed her near the track, and then ran and hid himself in the dug-out. From his hiding-place he looked out and eagerly watched the child, while the rattle, and clamor, and thunder of the train grew louder in his ears. On it came with a rush and roar, and flew past the station in a gale of wind and dust. The man's heart died within him, and then it beat wildly again. The train had stopped several hundred yards past the station and was coming back to the sentry-box. The engineer had seen the tattered flag.

As the long train rolled slowly backward, curious and inquiring heads protruded from the car windows. The gold-embazoned conductor stepped off and looked about him in wonder. Not for several moments did he discover the child. Immediately there was a crowd about it, and the placard was passed from hand to hand. A white-jacketed porter came out of a Pullman car and placed a wooden step on the ground before it. He was followed by a lady in black, who descended from the car and joined the throng. A pair of yearning, eager, beseeching eyes watched it all from the dug-out. To the man in hiding it seemed that the determination of his child's fate never would be reached. Finally, he saw the lady in black take the child in her arms, kiss it, and reënter the car with it. The passengers scrambled back into the cars, the conductor waved his hand, and the train moved on.

Then the father came forth and gazed longingly at the departing train—gazed at it until it became smaller and smaller—until it became a dot in the plains—until it vanished—and he knew he was alone.

He stretched himself on the baked ground that night to sleep, but could not. Two little stars in the firmament—modest little stars very near together—reminded him of the eyes of his child, and he tried to fix his thoughts on them and of her, but it was vain—he could not forget his thirst.

The terrible sun rose the next day and looked down upon him as its victim. He endeavored to eat some of the bread he had saved, but the dry crumbs were torture to his throat. One thing only was there to do—to follow the track until an inhabited station was reached. It might be fifty miles—it might be more—but there was no salvation away from the railroad.

He started off bravely enough, his longing eyes fixed on the ever-receding point where the glistening rails met in the far perspective. But sometimes his gaze wandered even further on to where it surely seemed that blue-green trees were bathing their feet in cool, still waters.

At noon, when resting for awhile, he heard the rattle of an approaching freight-train. Hope welled up within him as he stood on the track and made frantic motions to stop the train. The trainmen merely laughed at him. He did not know he had employed the favorite ruse of tramps. Freight-trains were not for the accommodation of such gentry. Nor was it a supposable case that a wayfarer in the desert was unprovided with food or drink, else why would he be there?

After this his progress was very slow. On the third day, he came to the end of his journey. He may have been delirious or he may have been quite sane. A train stopped for him and took him on board. This they always do when they kill a man.

WILLIAM A. TAAFFE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

A revolt against world's fairs has been begun in France, and some of the reasons advanced will appeal to the people of other countries. The first protest against the Paris Exhibition of 1900 comes from the municipal council of Nancy. All the arguments against the scheme have been admirably summed up in a resolution. The people of Nancy are against the exhibition because it does not appear to answer to any important national want. Statistics show that the former exhibitions have caused the most serious damage to trade in the provinces; that even if it does bring money into Paris, it will also bring in a lot of unemployed, and will permanently raise the cost of living. Paris is itself a great, permanent exhibition, and French industry has no interest in offering hospitality to foreign competitors at her own cost. It is inconsistent to hold a universal exhibition with a system of high tariffs. The preparation of the great exhibition must have an influence on home and foreign politics. A nation that devotes five years to organize a gigantic fête has its hands tied. Under the present financial circumstances the exhibition will cripple the future budgets.

A PIECE OF PAPAL VANDALISM.

One of the most lamentable achievements of modern vandalism is the destruction of Aztec literature by the ignorant and fanatical priests of Spain. This literature, according to Friar Sahagun (who was familiar with portions of it remaining about 1550, and is the highest authority in reference to it), contained the history of the nation for "more than a thousand years." Friar Torquemada says that in these records the Aztecs represented "the events and battles of kingdoms, the genealogies of states, and the notable events of administration, each shown with much precision and order." Jesuit Tovar explained that though they could record only ideas and not words, yet by the help of their educational system, in which the pupils were required to repeat numerous traditional recitations, the precise forms of ancient orations, poems, and stories were preserved for century after century. The Jesuit Clavigero assures us that the scribes were innumerable and the books extremely abundant. All the authorities agree that the Aztec priests, who were the literary class of the people, were numerous and were subject to a strict system of discipline, and also that the maguey paper and cotton cloth, on which the pictorial and hieroglyphical records were made, were produced in large quantities.

The work of destroying the native literature began with the conquest, and continued for many years after the Aztecs had given up the hope of regaining their independence. In 1529, ten years after the Spaniards entered the country, Friar Peter, who was with them, wrote that much of his time was taken up with tearing down temples. With these buildings, their libraries and schools were destroyed. In 1531, Juan Zumárraga, the first bishop of Mexico, boasted that five hundred temples had been cleared away and that he was still busy with the same kind of work. About 1536, Friar Toribio, one of the pioneer Franciscans in Mexico, published a book, in which he stated that the Spanish priests had systematically destroyed the carved and painted idols and figures of the aborigines. Friar Sahagun arrived in Mexico in 1529, and after many years of zealous and efficient labor as a missionary, he began, about 1560, an elaborate treatise on the manners, customs, arts, literature, and history of the Aztecs. He studied and learned their hieroglyphics, and sought to preserve a knowledge of them by introducing them and explaining them in his book. By thus honoring the Aztec intelligence and by censuring the destruction of the native books, he gave much offense to his brother friars and other priests in Mexico; and much of his literary work was destroyed or lost. A remnant of his labor has been preserved, and is one of the chief sources of our information about Aztec culture.

Friar Torquemada, who, after long residence in Mexico, wrote about 1610, and has given us in his "Monarquía Indiana" much information about the Aztecs, laments that their records had been burned under the supposition that they were works of superstition and idolatry; and he adds that because of this destruction "no accurate record has been preserved of the events that occurred in the country before the conquest." Jesuit Tovar, who wrote about 1620, and Jesuit Clavigero who wrote about 1780, both having spent many years in Mexico, of which country, indeed, Tovar was a native, add their testimony to that of Sahagun and Torquemada that the Aztec records contained a vast amount of trustworthy knowledge, and that they were studiously destroyed through a number of years by the Spanish priests. Two results of this vandalism are certain: few copies of Aztec manuscripts are in existence, and the art of reading them has been lost.

If this destruction of Aztec literature stood alone, it might be charged to relatively few persons in a single generation; but it is only one of a considerable class of similar events that occurred at intervals through half a century and in many countries. About the same time, the hieroglyphical literature of Yucatan was destroyed in the same manner; a little earlier Cardinal Ximenes had burned a large collection of Arabic books (variously estimated from five thousand to one hundred thousand volumes) in Granada; about the same time, Chief-Inquisitor Torquemada burned thousands of Hebrew books in Seville and in Salamanca; Deza, successor of Torquemada, publicly expressed his regret that he could not burn all Hebrew and Greek books; an order issued by Papal priests for the destruction of all the Hebrew books in Germany was defeated with difficulty and danger by Reuchlin; and a formidable sacerdotal party wanted to destroy the Greek books and forbid the study of Greek at Oxford, Paris, and other mediæval universities. All these facts indicate the wide-spread and long-maintained hostility to books supposed to be unorthodox.

The people who were guilty of these disgraceful acts of vandalism were all Papists; in many cases bishops, chief inquisitors, and cardinals; in other cases they acted with the approval and often with the explicit command of such prelates; and their conduct was indirectly approved by the silent consent of Popes and councils. There is, therefore, no injustice in branding such acts as "Papal vandalism."

This complaint makes its appearance at a late day, but the evidences that the Aztec literature was highly valuable, and that the Spanish priests are responsible for the destruction, have not been stated hitherto with sufficient distinctness; neither has due appreciation been given to the corroboration of Sahagun by Tovar, who, by order of the Viceroy of Mexico, and with the assistance of native scholars, made a careful study of the Aztec manuscripts existing in his time.

I am aware that Lewis H. Morgan and A. F. Baudelier have tried to prove that the culture of the Aztecs was very rude, and that some archaeologists have attached great value to their opinions; but I know that no author who has studied that culture carefully agrees with them. My own investigations, and they have not been superficial in this matter, lead me to believe that Cortez, Sahagun, Torquemada, Prescott, Tylor, Chevalier, Waitz, and Helps have not overpraised the Aztecs.

JOHN S. HITTILL.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

Causes of the Overthrow of the Liberal Government—Its Concessions to the Socialists and the Irish—Defeat of the Demagogues—Women in the Elections.

Now that the election is over, people are beginning to wonder whether it is advisable for ladies to mix themselves up in elections. So many unpleasant incidents occurred during the recent election that it is discouraging to those who believe in the New Woman movement. It is found that the British elector has no respect for sex, and that he hurls over-ripe eggs at a lady just as cheerfully as he does at a man. But he does not confine himself to eggs, because there were two cases where stones were thrown. Rider Haggard's election party in Norfolk were stoned while upon a hake, and one lady was seriously injured. In Derbyshire, Lady Harcourt had a similar experience. It is not apparent from this that the mixing of women in elections "elevates" politics.

The sweeping revolution caused by the late election has not ceased to astonish the people. All sorts of reasons are advanced for the change. Some ascribe it to the fact that the English are tired of the Liberal concessions to the Irish clamor for home rule; others say it is local veto (or local optio); and some people have gone so far as to say that it was not local veto, that it was due to a horse, and that the horse was Sir Visto. In other words, they imply that because Lord Rosebery was a horse-owner and Derby winner, he had affronted the Puritanic tastes of the non-conformists. This I scarcely believe. All Englishmen are fond of sport, and even the non-conformists look with a lenient eye on a man who races fine horses. Another theory is that Rosebery was not picturesque enough. Gladstone, in addition to being a leader, was a curio. He had a pet name—"Bill." He was the "People's William." He had hobbies. He took cough lozenges. He wore enormous shirt-collars. He cut down trees. He wrote post-cards. And he was the Grand Old Man. When the Grand Old Man took away his shirt-collars, his post-cards, and his cough lozenges from the view of the populace, Lord Rosebery and his Semitic fortune and his race-horses utterly failed to fill the bill. Hence the defeat of the party.

But these are only semi-humorous excuses. The reason for the political revolution is because the English people have become tired of radicalism and socialism. The English voters are the most conservative body in the world, and the Liberals, since they have thrown themselves into the arms of the Radicals, the Socialists, and the howling Irish Home-Rulers, have fallen into disfavor with the mass of the English people. A proof of this is the way in which the Liberal and Socialistic candidates were howled over. It is most gratifying to reflect on their defeat. All those hlatant "workingman" demagogues like Keir Hardie, the individual who insisted on wearing a shabby cloth cap and shabby houle in the House of Commons to typify his workmen's condition—all of these men, I say, have been defeated. Keir Hardie has not yet recovered from his astonishment at his defeat. He has gone to your country to lecture to the workmen. Before long, I hope, he will have to go to work. All his demagogic "workmen" colleagues are also defeated. Ben Tillett is defeated. Tom Mann is defeated. Cremer, Howell, Rowlands, and Stedman have all been defeated. Only one of this gang has been elected, and that is John Burns, and he by a very narrow majority. If ever there was a slap in the face to socialism, it was the vote of the English people in the late election.

It is a long time since a premier has had such a majority behind him. Lord Salisbury comes back to power with the enormous majority of one hundred and fifty-two. Inasmuch as the bowling Irish brigade are not loyal members of the opposition, the opposition is practically in a minority not of one hundred and fifty-two, but of about two hundred and thirty-five. The opposition may be classified as follows: Seventy anti-Parnellites subdivided into Dillonites, O'Brienites, Tim Healeyites, and McCarthyites, twelve Parnellites, thirty Welsh members, Scotch crofters, Socialists, trades-unionists, Teetotalists, and Radicals. All of these factions look upon each other with dislike and suspicion, and the four factions of anti-Parnellites are all the time fighting the Parnellites and also engaged in fighting each other. In fact, they nearly came to blows in the lobby on the day when the new House of Commons met for the first time.

Since the new House of Commons has met, the number of old members who have been defeated and the number of new faces is strikingly shown by the numbers of the various "Parliamentary albums" issued by the illustrated papers, and to be seen on every hand. The attendants of the House, the door-keepers, etc., are busily engaged in studying up the portraits in the albums in order to be able to identify members.

The only event of any importance as yet has been the reelection of Mr. Gully to the Speakership. That is something rather difficult for Americans to understand, for Mr. Gully was elected shortly before the defeat of the last Parliament, and is a leading member of the present opposition. None the less, such is the conservatism and respect for tradition in the English Parliament that Lord Salisbury and his ministry have reelected a gentleman who is a political opponent of theirs. For they know that, whatever may be his political opinions, such has always been the conduct of the Speaker of the English House of Commons that they may expect fair treatment at his hands. Could you say as much of an American House of Representatives? The seating of Mr. Gully, after his reelection, passed off without any incident other than that of the usual Irish home-ruler howling inanities at the chair, and Dr. Tanner, a leading Irish home-ruler, was suspended for being drunk, noisy, and disreputable.

London is crowded with Americans, and they are leaving as fast as the steamers can take them away, much to the re-

gret of the London tradesmen, who have reaped a harvest this year. One of the London dailies estimates that over one hundred and thirty thousand Americans have passed through London since June. If each one spent only twenty pounds in London—a moderate sum—that would make the trifle of thirteen millions of dollars left in London by American travelers. It is easy to understand why the tradesmen should be sorry to part with them. But they are not going as rapidly as they would like, because the steamers have all their accommodations engaged up to the end of September and the middle of October. Over thirty thousand people are said to be waiting in London for steamer accommodations. Some people have even taken quarters in the steerage, and one of the German lines has been constructing temporary cabins on the steerage deck of their steamers and selling them for one hundred and fifty dollars each.

LONDON, August 15, 1895.

PICCADILLY.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!

I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And bark, the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.—Allan Cunningham.

Wind and Sea.

The sea is a jovial comrade,
He laughs wherever he goes;
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines
That wrinkle his hale repose;
He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,
And shakes all over with glee,
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,
In the mirth of the mighty sea!

But the wind is sad and restless,
And cursed with an inward pain;
You may hark at will, by valley or bill,
But you hear him still complain.
He wails on the barren mountains
And shrieks on the wintry sea;
He sobs in the cedar and moans in the pine,
And shudders all over the aspen-tree.

Welcome are both their voices,
And I know not which is best—
The laughter that slips from Ocean's lips,
Or the comfortless wind's unrest.
There's a pang in all rejoicing,
A joy in the heart of pain,
And the wind that saddens, the sea that gladdens,
Are singing the self same strain.—Bayard Taylor.

A most interesting competition has recently taken place in France between various specimens of motor carriages. The course prescribed was from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of three hundred and fifty-eight miles, and back. The big prize of the day (seven thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars) was won by a four-seated carriage, while the second prize was won by a two-seated carriage, making the round trip in twenty-four hours and fifty-three minutes. The winning carriages were propelled by gasoline, and the rate of speed was about fifteen miles an hour, an extremely creditable performance, the long lines of hills being taken into account. These hills appear to have proved too much for the carriages propelled by electricity, of which only one got through, the others having abandoned the contest. In comparing the merits of the different propelling agents, the palm must, so far, be awarded to petroleum, which is clean and can be easily carried. A receptacle capable of holding enough petroleum for a run of at least twenty or twenty-four hours is provided. Cycles propelled by petroleum have also excited great interest, and half a dozen of such machines started in the race at Bordeaux, one at least holding its own among the larger vehicles. It is believed that light petroleum bicycles, tricycles, and even four-wheelers, will soon come into general use, which will tend to relieve lady cyclists from the necessity of wearing short skirts.

If half of the million of dollars expended annually in New York city for charity (says the Texas *Sanitarian*) were invested in Western lands and the rising generation of the pauper element in that city were placed thereon and made self-sustaining, the ratio of defective population would be wonderfully decreased and the opprobrium of our civilization would be materially softened. Verily here is a field for the philanthropist.

Cleveland, O., is about to celebrate the centennial anniversary of its birth; the common council has appointed a well-chosen committee to adopt a suitable city flag, and the *Plainsdealer* offers a prize for the victor in the competition that is to follow.

Brussels, where the vilest hooks in the world are openly published and sold, is appropriately selected as the meeting-place for an international congress for the suppression of immoral literature next October, of which Jules Simon will be president.

AN ALL-AMERICAN CREW.

For the First Time the American Yacht will not be Manned by Foreigners—Americans against Englishmen—Maine against Wyvenhoe—Eve of the Contest.

Last night the Earl of Dunraven arrived on the *Teutonic*, accompanied by his two daughters, Lady Rachael and Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quinn, and George W. Watson, designer of Dunraven's *Valkyrie*. Reporters gathered around the *Teutonic* in clouds, like mosquitoes, and the unfortunate Dunraven was obliged to haricade himself in the captain's stateroom. Even there the reporters heset him, but his friend, H. Maitland Kersey, agent of the White Star Line, acted as a huffer and stood them off. The reporters, being unable to see Dunraven, presented strings of written questions to which he made sphio-like replies. To the question, "When will *Valkyrie* return to English waters?" he replied, "Depends on the weather." The reporters seem to be aggrieved that Lord Dunraven is not more communicative. But as their questions all seem to amount to this, "Do you think *Valkyrie* will heat *Defender*?" and as it is evident that if Dunraven did not think so he would not have brought her over, their questions seem to be supererogatory.

In the meantime, both boats are being tuned up daily. The *Defender* seems to be still followed by her had luck, and all sorts of accidents are happening to her. But patriotic Americans hope that by the time the day comes for the races she will be in good trim. The first race is to be sailed on Saturday, September 7th, a week from tomorrow. It is going to be the race of the century. The two different schools of yacht-builders—the American and the English—have both approached each other gradually. *Les extrêmes se touchent*. Now they are building boats very much alike. The old English boat with oarrow heam and very deep hull, and the old American boat with broad beam, shallow hull, and centreboard, have both given way to a moderate heam and a fin keel. In fact, *Valkyrie* and *Defender* when seen in dock look very much alike.

I have said that this will be the race of the century. So it will. For the first time the American boat will be sailed by an all-American crew. It is a curious fact, but it is none the less true, that nearly all the yachting-crews in Atlantic waters are not Americans. The majority of them are Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians, and the names of the men upon the pay-lists seem to consist principally of "Jan Jansen," "Ole Olesen," and "Sven Svensen." There are several thousands of them in these waters, but they seem to have only three names among them all. They are good sailor-men, and they make smart crews, but it does seem somewhat absurd for an American yacht to be trying to heat an English yacht with a Scandinavian crew.

This year all that is to be changed. The syndicate that owns *Defender* instructed Captain Hank Haff, her skipper, to see if he could not get an all-American crew. The captain went to Deer Island, Me., where the young men have sailed the rough seas of the rugged Maine coast from childhood. They are a hearty race of fishermen and coasters, and one hundred young men at once volunteered to serve aboard the yacht. From this number Captain Haff selected his crew of thirty-three. Although they were unfamiliar with yachting, all of them were used to handling fore-and-aft vessels, and for many weeks now they have been drilled in handling a racing yacht. Before *Defender* was put in commission, they sailed *Colonia*, one of the vessels which hoped to be a cup-defender some years ago. As a result, Captain Haff says that he has now as smart a yacht's crew as he ever banded, and he expresses infinitely greater satisfaction with them than with the stolid Swedes. It is a pleasure to see the men aboard *Defender*. The quick, alert way in which they spring to their work shows that their heart is in it. When the order is given to hoist the immense mainsail of *Defender*, it goes up with a good American "Yo, heave, yo!" instead of the Swedish snorts, grunts, and gutturals which generally rise up aloft with the mainsail. The Scandinavian crews aboard the other boats, such as *Jubilee*, *Colonia*, and *Vigilant*, look with ill-concealed dislike on the Americans who have supplanted them. But that is all the more reason why good American yachtsmen hope that *Defender* will win, because it is the first time that a cup-defender has been sailed in an international yacht-race by an American crew.

The crew on *Valkyrie* were selected under very similar conditions. Every one of them comes from Wyvenhoe on the English coast, where the boys, according to the saying, are horn in boats. Nearly all the crack yachting crews of England come from Wyvenhoe. So we have two smart crews pitted against each other as well as two crack boats.

But there is no doubt that there is a more uneasy feeling among American yachtsmen than there has been for years. It was in 1851 that the schooner yacht *America* brought back from Cowes the famous cup. Six times since then have the Englishmen tried to recover it. Six times have they sailed hack across the Atlantic discomfited. The first to try to win the cup from the Americans was the *Cambria*, in 1870; the American yacht *Magic* heat her. In 1871, *Livonia* came over and was beaten by *Sappho*. In 1876, *Countess of Dufferin*, of the Royal Canadian Club, made an attempt to win the cup, but was defeated by *Madeleine*. In 1881, the Canadians sent *Atlanta* down, and she was beaten. In 1885, the Englishmen sent over *Genesta*, and *Puritan* heat her. In 1887, *Thistle* came over, but *Volunteer* gave her a heating. In 1893, Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* was the chosen craft, but she was vanquished by *Vigilant*. And now the plucky Dunraven comes over again with *Valkyrie III*. She is a good boat, and she has a good crew. Matched against her there is a good boat and we hope a better crew. Not the least gratifying thing if *Defender* holds the cup will be the fact that she is owned by Americans, was built by Americans, has an American skipper, and is sailed by an American crew. Success to her.

NEW YORK, August 30, 1895.

FLANEUR.

EARTHQUAKES.

The Recent Shock along the Atlantic—Charles Dudley Warner on the Florentine Shock—The Great Earthquake of Sixty-Eight in California.

On the morning of the first of September, 1895, an earthquake shock was felt along the Atlantic Coast. Four States were affected by the earth-wave—New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. The shock was not a very severe one, but it was sharp enough to convince the dwellers by the Atlantic that the Pacific and Gulf Coasts are not the only portions of our country subject to the mysterious terrors of the earthquake.

In the September *Harper's*, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner touches upon this strange terror in an article giving some graphic details of the recent earthquake in Florence. He was there during May of this year, when the city of Lorenzo di Medici was shaken by an earthquake more severe than had been felt there for some centuries. He describes most impressively the details of the *temblor*, and is so minute as to say that he thinks it lasted "five seconds." Few of us in California have ever carefully counted the seconds of an earthquake's duration, but most of us are willing to concede that our shocks have lasted fully as long as that. Mr. Warner also says—which is curiously in line with our experience here—that there were odd atmospheric phenomena preceding the earthquake. All old Californians have noticed similar phenomena. In fact, there used to be a phrase—"earthquake weather"—which is familiar to the ears of most of us. It was generally applied to a close, muggy condition of the air—not exactly sultry, but suggestive of sultriness—a condition which measurably resembled the weather on the Atlantic sea-board when people say "I think there's going to be a thunder-squall." But still it resembled this Eastern storm-prelude only measurably. It was distinctive. It was Californian. It was "earthquake weather."

There was another thing in Mr. Warner's description which struck the Californian. It was this—he did not realize his peril. As he frankly says, he was not nearly so much alarmed at the time as he was subsequently. As he further frankly says, he is much more frightened now in thinking it over than he was then. He describes how the plaster cracked and fell from the walls and ceilings in every room of the old villa in which he was—a villa five hundred years old. When he subsequently learned that the tower in an adjacent villa fell—fell and crashed through roofs, and rooms, and human beings—he realized the danger to which he had been exposed. He wondered at first that thousands of poor people spent the night in the public squares—that hundreds of rich people also spent the night in the squares and streets, sleeping in their carriages. But when he afterward saw the ruin wrought by the earthquake, he wondered no longer. As he says, he is infinitely more alarmed now than he was then.

So we have found it here in California. One of the most mutually surprising things to the Californian in earthquake shocks has been the calmness of the stranger; to the stranger it has been the terror of the Californian. Both were right. For to the stranger the terror of the Californian over a slight jar, a gentle oscillation, and the swaying of the chandelier has been inexplicable. To the Californian the calmness of the stranger over the mysterious terror of the earth's moving—and what might come—was equally inexplicable. But the stranger who has felt more than one shock is quick to learn, and the agile way in which a "tenderfoot" flees from his third earthquake would often handicap a sprinting Californian.

It is many years since a "severe shock" has been felt in California. Two or three years ago a slight *temblor* agitated a part of the State, and shook down portions of some boom buildings in the interior, built of bird-cage planks, with a slight veneer of brick. But those buildings were generally built by natives who had forgotten, or "tenderfeet" who did not know, that in California, as Galileo said, "the earth moves." They took no heed of the fact that the earliest settlers—the Spaniards and the Mexicans—had erected buildings with walls many feet thick, with window-openings and doors which provided niches of safety when the earth curved itself into waves like the sea. They found their folly when the earthquake came. It is well to build strongly in California as elsewhere—it is well to build as they do in Florence, where, when Warner felt an earthquake, only the plaster fell.

The last great earthquake took place in California on the morning of the twenty-first of October, 1868. For a day or two the same curious atmospheric phenomena presented themselves to the observation, and old-timers sniffed and said "earthquake weather." But like the Spartan hoy who cried "wolf," people paid them no heed. Yet the earthquake came, and when it came, the seismic centre was on the other side of San Francisco Bay. Oakland, San Leandro, Haywards, Alameda, San Lorenzo, and other points in Alameda County felt the sharpest shock. In fact, in San Leandro, such was the violence of the earthquake that many buildings were *twisted* upon their foundations.

At that time, Oakland was a much smaller place than it is now. There was a line of steam-cars and a ferry running to San Francisco, owned by A. A. Cohen, who subsequently sold the line to the Central Pacific Railroad. Old residents will remember the quarrel between Cohen and the then railroad magnates, in which the late Judge Delos Lake was retained as counsel, and when, in his complaint, he cauterized the opposite side with his stinging satire. But, like the rows in Democratic conventions, everything was healed over, and Cohen sold his road to his opponents. The Oaklanders groaned, for their only other means of reaching San Francisco when the "monopoly" had the main line was by the "creek route"—an archaic and antediluvian line of stern-wheel steamers, generally dubbed the "splatter-dashers" or "water wheelbarrows," one of which was called the *Vaquero*, and whose captain's picturesque profanity—when she was

stuck in the mud, as she sometimes was for hours—was a thing to remember.

The great earthquake of 1868 took place at seven minutes to eight o'clock in the morning. At that time the great majority of the Oaklanders took the eight o'clock train to go to their business in San Francisco. Many of them have since become millionaires, and no longer go to business. Others have since become millionaires, and no longer live in Oakland. Others, subsequently millionaires, have since died, and no longer live there either. Where do they live now? Alas—nobody knows but St. Peter.

On the morning of the great earthquake shock of 1868, Broadway in Oakland was blockaded with teams. Their sons and daughters call them "traps"—but then they used to call them "teams." Dives had driven in from Telegraph Avenue. Naboh had driven in from the San Pablo Avenue. All were waiting for the train.

It never came. Instead of that there came a curious, sickening shudder of the earth—then a jar—then a hilly motion—then another jar. Then the buildings on Broadway waggled to and fro, and courtesied to each other. Then out of the bowing buildings came thousands of people. They did not walk or even run—they shot out horizontally. Then all the horses ran away.

For the next quarter of an hour people were endeavoring to disentangle themselves from their horses and carriages, and the horses from each other. For the dumb beasts were as much terrified as were the reasoning human beings.

As the minutes rolled by, and there were no further shocks, people began to wonder whether San Francisco still existed, and why the train did not come. There were no telephones in those days, and the telegraph was thrown out of gear by the general upheaval. At last a wild-eyed horseman appeared, who told the waiting passengers that the draw-bridge above Oakland had been wrecked by the shock, and that the train could not cross the San Antonio Estuary. Then everybody—Dives and Lazarus, Naboh and his poor relations—walked down to the foot of Broadway, where the humble "creek route" was. They went aboard of the despised *Vaquero*. Upon the wharf there stood a large pyramidal pile of coal-screenings. Just as the *Vaquero* was about to get under way, the pile of coal shuddered, toppled, and fell off into the water. Instantly the startled Oaklanders resolved themselves into the figure of a fan, and fled toward the earth which they so much feared. At the apex of the fan, closely followed by Dives, was Naboh.

But at last the profane captain convinced them that they were safer on water than they were on land. Trembling between the terrors of sea and land, the harassed Oaklanders took up their voyage for San Francisco. A low fog hung over the bay. San Francisco was invisible. The tallest monument at that time was the "Shot Tower" on Howard Street. There was no Palace Hotel, there was no *Chronicle* Building, there was no Mills Building. The railroad magnates had not yet erected their wooden palaces on "Noh Hill." All the way over there was much speculation as to what was left of San Francisco. Naboh and Dives trembled for their rents. Michael Reese, a millionaire, was then alive. Michael was frankly hllubbering. To him, San Francisco's destruction meant ruin. John W. Dwinelle—long since dead—was endeavoring to comfort him.

"It is not so bad, Mr. Reese," said he. "The buildings in San Francisco are much more solidly built than those in Oakland. I am convinced, Mr. Reese, that when we reach there you will find everything intact. Er—excuse me, Mr. Reese, you had eggs for breakfast," and with that the lawyer took from his pocket a handkerchief, and wiped a mixture of tears and eggs from the millionaire's quivering chin.

But San Francisco was reached at last. The joyful news was passed from lip to lip that the "Shot Tower" still stood. As they neared the shore, it was seen that the wharves were there. Tall ships still lay at the docks. The men who had been drawing dreadful pictures of San Francisco overwhelmed by "tidal waves" hid themselves temporarily. Everybody landed.

They walked up from the wharves. The street-cars had stopped running. Everything had stopped. Business was suspended. The entire population had resolved themselves into groups, each member of which was trying to tell the others—all at the same time—what happened to them "when the shock came." The experiences varied. They varied from that of the man who saw the wall of his room advance toward him, drop a brick out, and retire, to that of the man who prevented a woman from throwing her baby out of a three-story window to save its life.

But the Oaklanders saw some strange sights on their way up from the wharves. They saw a building on Commercial Street—the Railroad Hotel—of which the entire side was gone, and where many bedrooms presented themselves to the gaze of the world, naked and unashamed. They saw countless piles of brick in the streets, where "fire-walls" and chimneys had fallen into the street. And they saw the body of a man on Clay Street, his brains dashed out by a falling wall, with a ghithering hoy pointing at the corpse, endeavoring to tell the story, but still dumb through fear.

But the tale of that day would be too long to tell. Many of the incidents were comic. There were not wanting brave men who were graphically describing how unmoved they were by the morning's shock, and interrupted by the mid-day shock, shot forth comet-like into space. The uneasy earth seemed loth to be still. Wild "extras" were issued by the newspapers, put in type by terrified type-setters, and printed by quaking pressmen with their eyes upon the door. All these and many other things—are they not in the unwritten history of San Francisco?

To return to Dudley Warner's narrative—no man is so calm when the earth moves beneath him as he who has never felt it before. And as for him who has felt it before, he may show no outward signs of physical fear, but the bravest of men will confess that earthquakes cause in them a feeling akin to panic-terror.

In the South American countries, where earthquakes are

like taxes, mosquitoes, and the daily newspaper, no man is ashamed to confess that he fears them. There is an anecdote told of an Indiana man who was presenting a letter of introduction to a merchant in the Ecuadorian capital, Quito. Ecuador is famous for its earthquakes. All the houses there are but one story in height, and the windows and doors of the thick walls are the universal niches for safety. The Indiana man had just finished an elaborate pantomime in an attempt to convey without words his joy at meeting the Spanish merchant. In the middle of it came an earthquake shock. Like a flash, the merchant shot into one of the window-niches, yelling to the stranger, "Pronto! Pronto!" ["Quick! Quick!"]

The traveler was narrating it subsequently, when earthquake stories came up:

"I didn't know no Spanish, and I didn't know what 'pronto' meant, but you bet I prontoed," said the Indiana man.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In a nasty divorce case in one of the San Francisco courts recently, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the woman whose husband was seeking a divorce was placed upon the stand. The husband's attorneys questioned her closely for some time as to her mother's conduct, and the girl's flushed face showed how keenly she felt her position. At last, the attorneys, after the manner of their trihe, began repeating the same questions in every possible "way, shape, manner, and form"—again to use the language of their trihe. At last Judge Hehhard interfered: "This little girl," said he, "has been on the stand for a long time, and has answered all these questions already. It is apparent she can give no more evidence. I shall shut off this examination right here. It has gone far enough." The attorneys protested, but the judge was firm. We congratulate Judge Hehhard on his humanity. It is only to be regretted that judges do not protect adults as well as juveniles when the attorneys are at their favorite sport of witness-haiting.

Since the warning remarks in these columns, three weeks ago, against the supervisors permitting a continuance of reckless bicycle riding in and around our city, a number of pedestrians have been knocked down and injured by reckless riders. The park commissioners have now passed an ordinance forbidding the riding of bicycles within Golden Gate Park faster than ten miles an hour, and absolutely prohibiting "coasting." This is no more than is right and fair. Other vehicles are limited in speed, and the bicycle, having demanded the rights of a vehicle, must accept its responsibilities as well. In the meantime, if the supervisors pass no specific ordinance for regulating bicycles on the city streets, reckless riders may be arrested under the present ordinance, which makes it a misdemeanor to take a vehicle over a crossing at a rate of speed greater than a walk.

Mr. Judson N. Cross, a "prominent lawyer of Minneapolis," has sent a letter to President Dole, proposing that "Hawaii shall send delegates to the next Congress demanding seats as Territorial delegates." The *Chicago Tribune* does not think this plan would work, but suggests that Hawaii, instead of being annexed as a Territory, "should be annexed as one or two counties of California." It is very kind of the *Chicago Tribune* and the "prominent Minneapolis lawyer" to interest themselves thus in this matter, but California does not want Hawaii annexed to her. She has had enough Chinese question, her demagogue politicians are now trying to raise a "Japanese question," and if she annexed Hawaii, she would have both of these old ones of her own, and Hawaii's Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and Kanaka questions to hoot.

In view of the number of accidents caused by bicyclists running down pedestrians in San Francisco lately, we think that the following code of rules for pedestrians and wheelmen, recently published in the *Paris Figaro*, might be profitably brought to the attention of the board of supervisors of San Francisco:

"Every pedestrian is to be supplied with a bell and a signal horn, which he shall sound on crossing a street whenever he espies a cycle on the horizon. At night the foot-passenger shall carry on his breast a lantern containing a lighted candle. The country shall be entirely leveled, in order to save cyclists the annoyance of hill-climbing. The tax on cyclists shall be abolished, and a tax on pedestrians shall be substituted. Any foot-passenger who, by his awkwardness and want of attention, shall occasion the fall of a cyclist by allowing himself to be run over, shall be liable to a fine of one hundred francs, and for a repetition of the offense shall be transported to a mountainous region."

The recent victory of Senator Quay in Pennsylvania has apparently eliminated one Presidential candidate. The *Indianapolis News*, which is generally regarded as ex-President Harrison's organ, says: "It is now evident that both Pennsylvania and New York would be against General Harrison. He will never allow the use of his name in a convention in which those two States are against him." This seems conclusive.

A remarkable revenge was wreaked on a rival by a young man in Waldron, Mich., recently. The successful suitor was out walking in the street with the young woman whose love was the cause of the heart-burning, when some one in an upper story of a building skillfully threw a lasso over his head, drew the noose tight, and hauled him up several feet from the sidewalk. The young man would have been hanged but for the quick help of passers-by. His assailant got away—temporarily, the other man says.

An odd step in the movement for hooming local industries, which has lately started up and attained much headway in the West, has been made at Sioux Falls, S. D. An ordinance has been passed requiring all peddlers and hawkers who sell goods not manufactured or produced in the State to pay a license of ten dollars a day.

WHY BRODERICK FOUGHT TERRY.

Hon. Frank McCoppin Reviews the Causes of the Quarrel—The Political Issues that Led up to the Historic Duel.

Though much has been written upon the subject known as the "Broderick-Terry Duel," the true inwardness of that tragedy has never been told. Recently the pen of Mr. Henry Austin has contributed to the columns of the *Illustrated American* two elaborate articles upon the subject, and in the *Argonaut* of the second instant considerable space is given to what is evidently intended as an answer to the atrocious communication of L. E. Chittenden, which Mr. Austin has embodied in his last article, published in the *Illustrated American* of August 24th and headed "A Murder by Gentlemen." The gentleman referred to by Mr. Chittenden as an ex-justice of the supreme court is, I assume, the Hon. Judge Curry, who, in speaking of the duel to Chittenden, is made to say:

"Do not call it a duel—it was a murder—a brutal, dastardly, foul murder. . . . After the selection, one of the pistols was taken to a smith, who filed away and doctored the hair-trigger, so that a breath, the touch of an infant, would discharge it. . . . He [Broderick] was nominally offered the choice of pistols, and indicated the one nearest to him with a gesture of contempt at the thought that there could be any choice in them. Of course he took the one intended for him. I think he determined to receive Terry's fire at the word 'three,' and then fire in the air."

The terms of the combat, which I shall insert lower down, will show that there is no truth whatever in the foregoing. Broderick had not the choice of weapons—that was determined by chance, as provided in article eight, and he lost. The word "three" does not occur anywhere in the nine articles; it is expressly omitted, as it was intended to be by Mr. Broderick, and the time limited to "Fire, one, two." (See article fifth). And as article sixth provided that "the weapons. . . loaded on the ground in presence of a second of each party," how could the one intended for Mr. Broderick be taken to a smith (*after the selection*), who filed away and doctored the hair-trigger, as stated by Chittenden upon the authority of an ex-judge of the supreme court of California? The duel was atrocious enough to satisfy the most blood-thirsty among Broderick's enemies, but it was not such as Austin and Chittenden have represented it. But of this I shall speak later.

The duel was essentially a political one. The causes that led up to it were the same as those that led to Appomattox. Broderick was killed upon the picket-line—the line between free and slave labor. After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by Congress in 1854, the South determined to force slavery into the territories of the United States, and the North as firmly resolved that it should not be done, and the consequence was "Bleeding Kansas." Elected as the successor of Weller on the ninth of January, 1857, Mr. Broderick took his seat in the United States Senate on the fourth of March following, the same day that James Buchanan was inaugurated President.

The question of the admission of Kansas as a State, under what was known as the "Lecompton Constitution," became a national issue, one that soon rent the Democratic party in twain and ultimately came near rending the Union. The Free-Soil party became the Anti-Lecompton party, with Douglas, Broderick, and other eminent men as leaders. This brought Broderick at once into sharp collision with the Buchanan administration and all of its hackers, and the entire Federal patronage of this State was thrown into the hands of his colleague, Senator Gwin, and the two members of the Lower House. Broderick could not secure an appointment for any man to the meanest office in the gift of the President. In the Senate he denounced Mr. Buchanan in vehement terms because of his attitude toward Kansas and his encouragement of the Lecomptonites. Speaking of the trouble in Kansas, he said:

"I regret that I am compelled to differ with him [the President] on this question, but I intend to hold him responsible for it [the constitution of Kansas], and I do not intend, because I am a member of the same party, to permit the President of the United States, who was elected by that party, to create civil war in Kansas. The only thing that has astonished me in this whole matter is the forbearance of the people of Kansas. If they had taken the delegates of the Lecompton Convention and flogged them, or cut off their ears and driven them out of the country, I would have applauded them for the act."

And again, said he:

"Will not the world believe he instigated the commission of those frauds [the frauds by which the Lecompton Constitution had been forced upon the people of Kansas] as he gives strength to those who committed them? This portion of my subject is painful for me to refer to. I wish, for the honor of my country, the story of these frauds could be blotted from existence. I hope, in mercy to the boasted intelligence of this age, the historian, when writing a history of these times, will ascribe this attempt of the Executive to force this constitution upon an unwilling people to the fading intellect, the petulant passion, and trembling dotage of an old man on the verge of the grave."

This is the language of a man who has burned his bridges, and who foresaw that in the convulsion into which the country was about to be plunged he would have to form political associations different from those which then environed him.

The debates upon the Kansas-Nebraska question, with all their concomitants, were long continued and acrimonious. It was then—the early part of the Thirty-Fifth Congress—that Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, made his famous "Mud-Sill" speech. Said that gentleman:

"In all social systems there must be a class to do the menial duties, to perform the drudgery of life; that is, a class requiring but a low order of intellect and but little skill. Its requisites are vigor, docility, fidelity. Such a class you must have, or you would not have that other class which leads progress, civilization, and refinement. It constitutes the very mud-sill of society and of political government, and you might as well attempt to build a house in the air as to build the one or the other except on this mud-sill."

A few days later Mr. Broderick, in a speech of considerable length and much ability, alluded to the remarks of Senator Hammond in the following terms:

"I suppose the senator from South Carolina did not intend to be personal in his remarks to any of his peers upon this floor. If I had

thought so I would have noticed them at the time. I am, sir, with one exception, the youngest in years of the senators upon this floor. It is not long since I served an apprenticeship of five years at one of the most laborious mechanical trades pursued by man—a trade that from its nature devotes its follower to thought, but debars him from conversation. I would not have alluded to this if it were not for the remarks of the senator from South Carolina and the thousands who, knowing that I am the son of an artisan and have been a mechanic, would feel disappointed in me if I did not reply to him. I am not proud of this. I am sorry, it is true. I would that I could have enjoyed the pleasures of life in boyhood's days; but they were denied to me. I say this with pain. I have not the admiration for the men of the class from whence I sprang that might be expected; they submit too tamely to oppression and are too prone to neglect their rights and duties as citizens. But, sir, the class of society to whose toil I was born, under our form of government, will control the destinies of this nation. If I were inclined to forget my connection with them, or deny that I sprang from them, this chamber would not be the place in which I could do either. While I hold a seat here, I have but to look at the beautiful capitals adorning the pilasters that support this roof to be reminded of my father's talent and to see his handiwork."

The legislature elected here in the fall of 1858 was strongly "Lecompton" in its political inclinations, and when it met in January, 1859, proceeded to pass resolutions condemning Broderick as not obeying the instructions of the legislature that elected him, and denounced him for the language used by him in the Senate—touching the President—quoted above.

In the fall of 1859 there was a gubernatorial election in California, and Broderick returned to organize the anti-Lecompton wing of the Democratic party. The Hon. John Curry was nominated for governor, Conness for lieutenant-governor, etc. The so-called Lecompton wing of the party selected Latham and Downey for standard-bearers, and the Republicans nominated Leland Stanford. The Lecomptonites carried the State by a large majority, electing their entire ticket.

Judge Terry was then chief-justice of the State, having been elected by the Know-Nothings, and a candidate before the Lecompton Convention for a nomination, but the convention chose the Hon. W. W. Cope, and then the trouble commenced. Scandinavian mythology represents the Valkyries as the choosers of the slain, and political conventions sometimes act the part of the Valkyries—they summon the shades of their slain and ask them to tell how they enjoy being in the Vale of Valhalla. Judge Terry, smarting under defeat at the hands of the convention, was called upon to tell just how he felt about it, and it was then and there that he made the speech which led to the wanton killing of Broderick and the utter wrecking of his own life. The speech was uncalled for, unprovoked. Broderick's shadow had never fallen upon Terry up to that time—the latter's ambition was not obstructed by the former in any way known to me. The convention that had just rejected him and that he was addressing was controlled—dominated—wholly by Southern men and Southern influences. Broderick had no voice, no representative there, and was not, therefore, in any way responsible for the defeat of Terry.

In attacking Broderick, Terry gave vent to some of the angry feelings engendered in the heart of the nation and growing out of the bitter contest for supremacy in the Territories. The admission of California in 1850 as a free State, in the language of Mr. Calhoun, destroyed the political equilibrium between the free and slave States.

By the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, the South hoped to recoup herself politically by capturing some of the Territories, notably Kansas and Nebraska, and bringing them into the Union as slave States. When the issue was joined in the Senate, Broderick was found to be immovable as a rock in opposition to the extension of slavery, hence he incurred the ill-will and hatred of all those who believed in the principles enunciated by Senator Hammond. Angry feelings pervaded the land in those days. Both sides had screwed their courage almost to the sticking point, and Judge Terry, being a man of very strong feelings and violent passions, would naturally be one of the very first to strike, and he did strike at Broderick, as stated. Therefore I repeat that the duel was essentially a political one.

I will pass over the correspondence between Broderick and Terry that preceded the duel, because it is more or less familiar to your readers, and come at once to the tragedy itself. D. W. Perley, who was a contemptible little whipper-snapper and husy-hody, shall have no place in this narrative. All he could do was to make mischief, and that he did to the best of his ability, which unfortunately was considerable upon that occasion.

The election occurred Wednesday, September 7, 1859, and Terry's first communication to Broderick is dated Oakland, September 8, 1859.

Now it so happened that I was in a position to know, and did know, some days in advance that trouble was brewing, and on the afternoon of election day, about six o'clock, I charged the late Michael Fennell, when he came to the polls to vote, corner of Sixteenth and Mission Streets, to go at once to town and tell Mr. Broderick, from me, that he would receive a challenge, or its equivalent, inside of twenty-four hours.

Having received this message, he was in a position to adjust his affairs, including the making of his will, which, however, was never found. In order to make clear what I am about to say, it becomes necessary to insert here the terms of the combat:

FIRST. Principals to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon each; also by a person to load the weapons. This article not to exclude the drivers of the vehicles. If other parties obtrude, the time and place may be changed at the instance of either party.

SECOND. Place of meeting, on the farm adjoining the Lake House ranch, occupied by William Higgins.

THIRD. Weapons, dueling-pistols.

FOURTH. Distance, ten paces; parties facing each other; pistols to be held with the muzzles vertically downward.

FIFTH. Word to be given as follows, to-wit: The inquiry shall first be made, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Upon each party replying "Ready," the word "Fire" shall be given, to be followed by the words "One, two." Neither party to raise his pistol before the word "Fire," nor to discharge it after the word "Two." The intervals between the words "Fire, one, two," to be exemplified by the party winning the word, as near as may be.

SIXTH. The weapons to be loaded on the ground in the presence of a second of each party.

SEVENTH. Choice of position and the giving of the word to be determined by chance—throwing up a coin, as usual.

EIGHTH. Choice of weapons to be determined by chance, as in article seventh.

NINTH. Choice of the respective weapons of parties to be determined on the ground, by throwing up a coin, as usual; that is to say, each party bringing their pistols, and the pair to be used to be determined by chance, as in article seventh.

Time, Monday, 12th September, 1859, at 5½ o'clock A. M.

"In my opinion, the words, 'pistols to be held with the muzzles vertically downward' (in the fourth article), saved Terry's life and caused Broderick to lose his on that day. No one holds a pistol, especially a long dueling pistol, muzzle vertically downward, and in the case of a large man, such as Broderick was, the difficulty of doing so is greatly increased. I do not say that it can not be done, but the position the arm has to assume is not a natural one. Just take a pistol—a long one—and, after assuming an erect, almost rigid position, extend the right arm downward in an easy and natural way, and you will find that the muzzle of the pistol is not pointing vertically downward. To get the pistol into the exact position required by article four will require the bending of the wrist inward, toward the thigh, thus throwing the hand and arm into a constrained position.

All this was evidently overlooked by Mr. Broderick when he penned article four. He had acquired great expertness in what is known as the "hip" or "elbow" shot. This shot is quicker by fully a second than one delivered by the extended arm, and Mr. Broderick, knowing the value of time in such circumstances, limited it to two seconds instead of the customary three. When the gentlemen were in position, and before the word was given, one of the seconds was seen to approach and speak to Mr. Broderick. Evidently he was not holding his pistol-muzzle vertically downward. To get his pistol-arm into the necessary position cost him a visible effort; twice he reached his left arm across his chest for the evident purpose of aiding the right in adjusting itself to the new requirement. The word then spoken, followed by the readjustment of his person, cost him his life. The hand, having been thrown further down than was customary in all previous practice, had, in rising, to make a wider angle, and here the calculation failed, and the shot was seen to strike the ground about midway between the antagonists. Everyone on the field, including Terry, saw where the shot struck (the soil being sandy, it raised a puff of dust out of the ground). The second that followed was one of supreme moment for both men. A magnanimous man in Terry's place would not have killed Broderick—it was a pity and a crime to do it—but Terry was not magnanimous; he was there for the very purpose of killing Broderick, and he succeeded. The blow received by Broderick was terrific—blinding. He raised the hand, with the pistol still in it, to the level of his face, and, after wheeling almost around, fell prone upon the ground. Had they any presence of mind, his seconds had ample time to save him from that further degradation; but he seemed to be left to himself in that supreme moment.

I walked across and bent over his prostrate form long enough to satisfy me that the end could not be very far off. He was unconscious and alone, except for the presence of Dr. Loehr, his physician. Later I saw him twice at the residence of Leonidas Haskell, Black Point, where he died.

Some things occurred upon that bloody field, just south of Lake Merced, which I can not recall now, after the lapse of thirty-six years, without a feeling of indignation. One of Judge Terry's seconds disgraced himself and insulted Senator Broderick by feeling his person as a customs inspector would feel the person of a smuggler.

And thus perished, at the early age of thirty-six, the Irish stone-cutter's son, David Colbert Broderick—one of the most remarkable men that I have ever known.

Another stone-cutter raised a remarkable son—Thomas Carlyle—in Ecclefechan, Scotland. But considering his opportunities, or rather the want of them, I think, of the two, Broderick was the greater man. FRANK MCCOPPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

The recent State census in Massachusetts is in the nature of a disappointment to the dwellers in the Huh, as they had fondly anticipated Boston would pass the half-million mark, whereas it is found to contain 494,205 population, as compared with 448,477 in 1890 and 390,393 in 1885. Nevertheless, this is a gratifying gain, the percentage of increase since 1885 being 26.59. In the preceding decade it was only 23.6. It is noticeable that the ratio of growth in the outside municipalities is larger than in Boston itself. There are twenty-six of these municipalities within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles from the Huh, which it is the habit of its newspapers to claim as the greater Boston of the near future. If they were annexed to the city now, it would have a population of 971,512.

A great many silver weddings were celebrated in Germany during July. Immediately after the declaration of war in 1870, thousands of weddings took place. The soldiers made up their minds that the state should provide for the women of their choice, if death prevented themselves from doing so. The authorities assisted by dispensing with the usual publication of bans. Many men were married in full uniform, ready to march, the regiment halting before the church just long enough to have the necessary ceremony performed.

The followers of Professor Huxley and the Christian world at large will read with interest these lines, which have been engraved upon his tomb:

And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth His beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills so best.

The Treasury Department has declined to admit free of duty the clothes and sword of the Duke of Wellington worn by him at Waterloo, and Napoleon's hat and sword worn by him on the same occasion. The intention of the importer was to exhibit them in this country for pay.

LITERARY NOTES.

That Two-Thousand-Dollar Prize.

The "prize detective story," for which the New York Herald offered two thousand dollars, was won by Miss Mary Wilkins and Mr. J. E. Chamberlin in collaboration. The title, "The Long Arm," was due to Mr. Chamberlin, Miss Wilkins having called it "The Story of Sarah Tomkins." To those who read the story, it will at once occur that it was suggested by the famous murder trial at Fall River, Mass., where Lizzie Borden was accused of the murder of her parents some two years ago. Miss Wilkins says that she entered upon the contest simply to see whether she could write a detective story. She has certainly proved it to the extent of a couple of thousand dollars. Professor Brander Matthews won the second prize in the competition. It is stated, but not authoritatively, that Anna Katherine Green, the well-known detective-story writer, was also in the competition—of course anonymously—and failed to win. "The Long Arm" was printed in England in *Chapman's Magazine*. There it attracted some attention, but most of the critics said that they hoped Miss Wilkins would not abandon the field of fiction to which she had been so successful; that there were enough detective-story writers now. We heartily agree.

A British Jury on Literature.

Sir Walter Besant, in referring to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's case against a London railway company for disturbing his quiet and peace of mind, "congratulates authorship on having established before a British jury the recognition of literature as a serious profession." Concerning this, Mr. Jerome says: "This is exactly what the British jury refused to recognize. They pooh-poohed my contention that a quiet house was necessary to a literary man. They treated me as if I had been a retired hair-dresser. The average Britisher will never regard literature as serious work." This statement is remarkable in several ways—in the first place, for its use of the word "Britisher." It was always supposed that this word was an American vulgarity, and was used only in the wild and woolly West. In Boston, its use by a reporter is followed by immediate discharge. But Mr. Jerome uses it, and without quotation marks. In the second place, Mr. Jerome is in great luck, in our opinion, to have obtained, as he did, several hundred pounds' damages on such a plea. If an author in the United States were to bring suit against any noisy corporation on the ground that his peace of mind and quietude had been disturbed, he would get no damages at all, he would be mulcted in costs of court, he would be ridiculed by the press, persecuted by the minions of the corporation, and it is not altogether improbable that he would be sent to a mad-house.

Mark Twain's Fioaoces.

It is said that Mark Twain's royalties exceed those of any other American writer. In three years he received from "The Innocents Abroad" one hundred thousand dollars. From the "Gilded Age" he received eighty thousand dollars, and John T. Raymond often said that he paid Mark Twain sixty thousand dollars in royalties for the play of the same name. Other successes were "Tom Sawyer," "Roughing It," and "Life on the Mississippi." Altogether, he is estimated to have made about four hundred thousand dollars from his writings. The way he came to grief was from unfortunate investments. He lost a large amount of money in an unsuccessful type-setting machine, and the failure of the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., in which he was principal owner, completed his ruin. Although he is over sixty, Mr. Clemens is setting cheerfully at work to pay off his debts and regain his fortune.

A Lost Library.

The curious fact that a library of ten thousand volumes of Americana is missing, has been brought to light by the fact that Mr. William Beer, a New Orleans librarian, has just returned from Europe, where he has been searching for the lost library. It was collected in this country in the years between 1810 and 1840 by a man named Vattermare. The city of Paris bought it from Vattermare, and gave him a life annuity in payment therefor of three thousand francs. Vattermare returned to France with his books, and Mr. Beer discovered that in 1867 the collection was stored in the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. In 1870 the Hôtel de Ville was burned by the Commune, but shortly before that time the American library had been removed to Passy, at the request of the mayor. Mr. Beer went to Passy, and found that in 1877 the mayor had sent the library to a warehouse. At the warehouse he was told that the library had been taken back to Paris. There all trace of it was lost.

A Prophet without Praise.

Mr. St. John Hankin, writing in the *Academy* on Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume, entitled "The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems," makes some remarks which will be considered heterodox in America. It may be well to say that a recent article in the *Saturday Review* stated that Sir Edwin Arnold had no fame as a poet except in America—that in England he was looked upon

merely as a verse-writer, and not very much of a verse-writer at that. This will surprise many Americans, but the statement is borne out by the frankness with which Mr. Hankin writes in the *Academy*. He says: "Sir Edwin's Eastern poems do not appeal to me. I discern in them neither the splendor nor the squalor which I know the East possesses. They are as unconvincing as a guide-book and less informing, and to my mind the lavish introduction of foreign words and phrases into an English poem is unpardonable. Such a line as 'Calling to prayer! Ya! Ya! Ash 'had do au La illah' l-lul-lah!"

does not suggest anything Eastern to me, but only something ugly and idiotic. It would have been just as reasonable for Tennyson to introduce tags of conversational Latin into his poem on Virgil as it is for Sir Edwin Arnold to burden his poems with fragments of Eastern idiom."

The Author of "Degeneration."

There is much dispute in the newspapers as to the proper name of Dr. Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration." It has been asserted frequently that his name is Simon, and the New York *Evening Post* persists in printing this statement. As a matter of fact, Dr. Nordau's father changed his name by law to Nordau, and that is his son's legal name. Dr. Nordau lives in Paris in the Avenue de Villiers. He is a bachelor, and his mother and sister live with him. He is utterly indifferent to society and to dress. He is very abstemious, although fond of beer, like most men who have been German students. He is a most industrious writer, and when he has finished with his patients, he spends almost all of his time in his library at work. He has produced nothing in book-form since the appearance of "Degeneration," although an old book of his, printed some ten years ago, called "The Conventional Lies of Society," has been published in America as if it were new. But he has been kept very busy replying to the attacks that have been made upon him in consequence of his fierce assaults upon famous men in various countries. Probably no man in modern times has been so venomously assailed as Dr. Nordau; but it is also probable that no man in modern times has so venomously assailed so many other men in so many other countries.

A Scotch Review on Stevenson.

The *Edinburgh Review* has published a long article on Robert Louis Stevenson, in which it differs from the general verdict touching his literary rank. While it concedes his charm of style, it denies to him "the highest characteristic of fiction—reality." It says that "the heroes of Homer, the characters of Shakespeare, the personages of De Foe and Scott may be creations of imagination, but they are the image and the pure reflection of living men. But in Mr. Stevenson's tales this quality of reality is almost entirely wanting. Such beings as he describes never existed or could exist. They are actors in a pantomime, hid in masks, and they amuse not by their truth, but by their eccentricity." It is a parlous matter to differ with the *Edinburgh Review*, but this statement is astounding. It says that characters in Robert Louis Stevenson's tales stand out like living men. Take, for example, such types as Loog John Silver, the Squire, the Doctor, and the Captain in "Treasure Island"; David and Alan in "Kidnapped," and Catriona, the girl whom David loved, one of the few female characters that Stevenson drew. All of these are life-like. Continuing, the *Edinburgh Review* says: "Deliberate analysis confirms us in the belief that Stevenson owed much of his fame to the personal liking of his contemporaries. He will have many readers for his mouroers." It should satisfy the ambition of any author to have a multitude of readers for his mouroers. There is no living author in any land to-day who, dying, would leave as many mourners as has Robert Louis Stevenson.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A London paper hears that a firm of publishers in America have offered Sarah Bernhardt thirty-two thousand pounds for her autobiography, and remarks that "this beats by twelve thousand pounds the check which the Messrs. Loogmans paid Macaulay for 'one edition of a book,' as Macaulay himself expressed it, the book being his 'History.'" The same paper adds that "it does not appear that Mme. Bernhardt has begun her autobiography. She is collecting her materials."

Mr. Howells's new book of verse is nearly ready for publication. It has been beautifully illustrated by Howard Pyle. These "Steps of Various Quills" are brief, thoughtful, and often pessimistic.

We have received a circular from the Sargent Publishing Company, 1556 Monadnock Block, Chicago, telling us that they intend to publish "Francis Bacon and his Shakespeare," by Theron S. Dixon. The Sargent Publishing Company says that it trusts we will "give the work a careful reading." The Sargent Company further says: "It has seemed to us that a scholarly, critical examination of the evidence of the case might justly meet with favor, as Mr. Dixon's data have convinced him of Bacon's authorship of the plays." We acknowledge the courtesy of the Sargent Publishing Company, but do not think that we care to make a

"critical examination" of Mr. Dixon's book. If Mr. Dixon believes in Bacon's authorship of the plays of Shakespeare, we do not. We think that the Bacon-Shakespeare theory is as dead as Julius Caesar.

Stanley J. Weyman was married this month. Mr. Weyman has more than once spoken of himself as a "hardened bachelor." He lives most of the year at Ludlow, in Shropshire, visiting London but little, and abstaining, with rare reticence, from puffing himself into vulgar notoriety. He is a fair amateur sportsman, shooting a little, fishing a little, and much addicted to heagles, and during his Oxford career was a successful runner. His marriage came as a surprise to the average paragraphist.

"Stenotopy; or, Shorthand for the Typewriter," by Rev. D. A. Quinn, is a new book which will describe a system whereby about "one hundred and twenty words per minute can be struck off by an ordinary and three hundred words per minute by an expert type-writer, using the ordinary characters of the instrument."

Following close upon the announcement of her divorce from Mr. Craigie, comes the announcement that "John Oliver Hobbes" is wed George Moore. Mrs. Craigie and Mr. Moore have been engaged in literary collaboration for some time past, and it will not be a surprise to those who know them that their intellectual friendship has ripened into something stronger. The author of "Celibates" will now have an opportunity to write a novel on "Beoedicks."

One of the immediate results of the English election will be the return of John Morley to literary activity. There is a story current which the *Critic's* London correspondent retails as follows:

"A friend of Mr. Morley's, meeting him at his club, congratulated him upon his Parliamentary defeat. For a moment the politician was taken aback at what seemed but an ill-chosen merriment. 'Why so?' he asked. 'Because you will now have time to give to literature again,' was the reply. And Mr. Morley declared that he had never received a more graceful compliment."

Morley is said to be at work on a history of the union of England and Ireland, using the secret papers in the government archives for the years from 1795 to 1805.

It is not generally known that a sister of Robert Louis Stevenson is a literary worker. She is Mrs. de Maito, a contributor to the London magazines, and one of the wits of the Literary Ladies' Dinner Club.

The English *Bookman* once invited an author, who is both journalist and novelist, to tell its readers how he worked. His reply was the following, scribbled on a crumpled piece of paper, which had evidently once contained tobacco:

Journalism.

2 pipes, 1 hour.
2 hours, 1 idea.
1 idea, 3 pars.
3 pars, 1 leader.

Fiction.

8 pipes, 1 ounce.
7 ounces, 1 week.
2 weeks, 1 chap.
20 chaps, 1 pen.
2 pens, 1 novel.

Count Leo Tolstoy is engaged upon a new novel in which the Russian district courts of justice will be described and criticised. Tolstoy is known to entertain very little respect for Russian judiciary methods.

May an author deduct his expenses for traveling, books, type-writing, etc., from his gross receipts when making his return to the income-tax commissioners? May he demand reduced rates for his house as a place of business, as a shopman can for a shop? These questions are propounded in the *Author* by Sir Walter Besant, and the opinions of his readers are invited.

Henry Oscar Houghton, Sr., aged seventy-two years, the head of the Boston publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., died at North Andover, Mass., last month, of heart disease.

The writer of "Literary Gossip" in the *Globe* gives expression to these views on the subject of illustrating fiction:

"With the single exception of 'Trilby,' we never met with a novel of real life that gained anything from its illustrations. A novel of real life should need the assistance of no pencil. Every reader is his own illustrator, seeing the situations not on paper, but in his own brain."

That is all well enough for a classic, but few authors and publishers will fail to agree that illustrations help to sell a new book.

It is reported that a posthumous volume of Huxley essays will be brought out within a few weeks. It will contain most of his later writings, including a notable article finished just before his death.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll has at last been prevailed upon to give to the world his large stores of knowledge concerning the Victorian period of literature in a work to be entitled "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century: Being Memoirs to Serve for a Literary History of the Period."

Two addresses delivered at the fourth annual commencement at Leland Stanford Junior University. "Specialization in Education," by John Maxson Stillman, professor of chemistry, and President David Starr Jordan's address to the graduates, are printed together in a pamphlet just issued by the Stanford University Press, Palo Alto, Cal.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Child of Lilith.

Some three or four years ago the "pastel in prose" became the literary fad of the moment. Coming from Paris, it found congenial soil in the minds of the younger American writers and cropped out, good, bad, or indifferent, in most of the lighter weeklies and Sunday supplements. Among those whom it introduced to the reading public was one who signed herself "Johanna Staats," whose airy fancy and graceful diction soon put her in the front rank of "pastelists." The same qualities that gave her prominence then made her short stories successful, and an added charm was derived from the mystery that shrouded her personality. The public felt sure "Johanna Staats" was a pseudonym, and to editors she gave an "in-care-of" address that piqued their curiosity. But her identity has now been divulged on the title-page of her second book—the first was a collection of her pastels and tales. It is entitled "Drumsticks: A Little Story of a Sinner and a Child," and the author's name is given as Katherine Mary Cheever Meredith ("Johanna Staats").

A sinner and a little child—that is the gist of the story. The sinner is John Poole, a young New Yorker who, while his wife is at their country place in the summer, finds distraction in the company of Sophie Strong, a divinity of the burlesque stage, and the child is her seven-year-old daughter. The latter, whom he sees for the first time as his three months' passion for the mother is waning, has no other name than "Drumsticks." Her mother had been the Columbine of a London pantomime, and her father was the Pierrot of the piece; and, after a midnight supper where nobody wanted the "drumsticks" of the *pièce de résistance*, Pierrot had christened the child "Drumsticks," "because nobody wanted her."

So she had lived on, dragged from city to city as her mother's engagements required, dressed in picturesque finery, but hidden from sight and hungering always for human affection. In John Poole, whom she calls "Play-Papa," she found her first friend; and when he has confessed his misdoings to his wife and told her of this child whose future looks so dark, they determine to adopt her.

There is a striking scene between the wife, Charlotte, who is "a mother rather than a wife," but has all the pure woman's curiosity about those dreadful sirens whose mere lifting of an eyebrow is enough to steal a husband away, and the actress, equally curious regarding the other, but, in her red-lipped beauty, far more confident. The exchange is made, and Drumsticks goes to live with her play-papa, and in a short time she wins the heart of this new mother, though her mysterious origin and her ingenious questions about God and religion scandalize Poole's mother-in-law.

But Sophie takes a new whim—or, perhaps, she is jealous of the child's love for Poole—and she comes to take the child back to the garret in her city home. Drumsticks chooses to stay with "Aunt Charlotte," but Charlotte's mother acts decisively for the proprieties, and sends the child away with the actress. Drumsticks has come to believe absolutely in immediate response to prayer, and when there is no answer to her petition: "Please, God, make Sophie go away!" the simple faith of a little child dies in her heart.

In a few days Poole gets a telegram while at dinner, telling him Drumsticks is dying and wants him to come to her. The wife has a struggle with her jealous fear of the siren, but she sends him to the child's bedside, and there he stays till the end comes. There is much pathos in the last scenes, where the unbelieving man lies consistently to restore to the child the faith which he himself had long cast aside. In the end Poole and his wife are re-united by their common love for the child of the woman who had come between them.

There is much that is quaint and pretty in the fancies of the actress's child, that rare flower sprung from the gutter, and Charlotte with her boy is a pretty picture of a happy young mother; but the rest of the picture—the actress whose simplest jewel represents her salary for a year and the husband who abandons his wife to worship at other shrines—is morbid and sensational. "Johanna Staats" did better work when she confined herself to the "pastel" and short story.

Published by the Transatlantic Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

An End-of-the-Century Marriage.

"In the Year of Jubilee," by George Gissing, is one of the most striking of recent novels. Mr. Gissing has unusual views on the subject of the marriage bond. Some men may find them acceptable, but few women will. In this latest work of his, Nancy Lord and Lionel Tarrant are two lovers, somewhat of the earth-earthy type, who, having gone a step too far, are obliged to remedy matters by a secret marriage. The bond is welcome to the woman, irksome to the man. She loves, he endures, and chafes at his fetters. But after some vicissitudes he contrives to adjust his yoke so that it does not incommode him. Nancy and her boy are established in a suburb of London, the husband in the heart of the great city, and he visits them whenever it pleases him—a sort of *fin-de-siècle* Leicester and Amy Robsart. Here are Lionel's views: "We

ought to regard ourselves as married people living under exceptionally favorable circumstances. One has to bear in mind the brutal fact that man and wife, as a rule, see a great deal too much of each other—hence most of the ills of married life. People get to think themselves victims of incompatibility when they are merely suffering from a foolish custom—the habit of being perpetually together." These are, it is true, the words of a character in the book, not of the author himself; but, from the general tenor of the story, it is not unfair to conclude that his own views are similar.

The trenchant, clear-cut English and admirable style of the book are most refreshing; but Mr. Gissing sees the weaknesses of humanity with too pitilessly clear a vision, and has no kindly light to shed around the creatures of his fancy. Beside the revolting trio—the French sisters and Jessica Morgan, that "dolorous image of frustrate sex"—Nancy Lord is a fine specimen of bounteous young womanhood; but she is not lovable. The one character in the book who awakens real admiration is the silent serving-woman, who is the epitome of steadfast faithfulness. The murk of the London atmosphere hangs over all, and it seems as if, seen through this medium, everything becomes distorted and nothing is simple, and natural, and wholesome. But the story is skillfully constructed, and the interest is keen throughout.

Published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Bessie Costrell."

The latest story by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is now rapidly dissipating her reputation for unproductiveness and at the same time lining her coffers with gold, is "The Story of Bessie Costrell." It is in quite another vein from that which she has worked hitherto, being a short story of incident and character, rather than an exhaustive study of religious or social questions. Bessie Costrell is an English peasant, the wife of a fanatic Dissenter, and her uncle, when the widowed sister-in-law with whom he made his home dies, leaves in her care the little hoard of money he has saved through threescore years of drudgery. Bessie is false to her trust; not that she is a bad woman, but only weak and vain. Her lavish treating at the village dram-shop arouses suspicion, and, the very night she gets wind of it and discovers that she has already spent half her uncle's store, her scapegrace step-son comes home and, discovering her with the gold, robs her of what is left. And on top of this her uncle returns.

The old man's terror when he discovers the loss of his gold is pitiful, and not less so is the helplessness of Bessie when she tries to brazen it out. But the wise man who has settled all disputes in the village for twenty-five years past cross-examines her and breaks down her defense. Then her husband judges her without mercy, and at last the driven woman flings herself down a well.

It is an intensely dramatic story; indeed, it is being dramatized for the stage. But it seems a story to be read, rather than a possible acting drama. It has substance only for a curtain-raiser, and it will require much ingenuity to compress its incidents within the confines set by a one-act piece.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Legends of Long Island.

There are seven stories such as sailors and coast-dwelling folk tell in "Legends of Fire Island Beach and the South Side." Their author, or, rather, the man who has here set them down, is Edward Richard Shaw, and he has elaborated them from the many tales he has heard in the taverns, among groups of men collected on shore from wind-bound vessels, at gatherings around the cabin fire, and in those small craft that were continually going from one side of the Great South Bay to another. There is humor in them—sometimes of incident, sometimes only in the homely expressions used—and pathos, and tragedy, and superstition; their characters are vaguely indicated by their titles: "The Pot of Gold," a tale of buried treasure found by a steadfast believer in the legends; "The Bogy of the Beach," "The Mower's Phantom," "Enchanted Treasure," "The Money Ship," "Widow Molly," and "The Mineral Rod." Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

New Publications.

"A Cruel Dilemma," by Mary H. Tennyson, has been issued in the Union Square Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A "First Year in French," intended for children and combining the conversational and translation methods of teaching languages with the regular teaching of grammar, has been prepared by L. C. Syms, and is published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"White's Outline Studies of the History of the United States" is an excellent aid in the elementary study of American history. It consists of blanks and outline maps: in the first the pupil is directed to write accounts of events, chronological tables, and similar answers to questions asked at the heads of the pages, lists of references being given under each question, in addition to the long

list of authorities at the beginning of the book; and on the second the pupil is to indicate political divisions, the place and date of notable battles, and similar events. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 30 cents.

Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveler," with an introduction by Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia College, together with notes and other illustrative matter by Professor George Rice Carpenter, also of Columbia, has been printed as the initial number of the English Classics. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The three lectures on newspapers and journalism as a profession which Charles A. Dana has delivered on as many occasions in the past few years have been collected and published in a little book, entitled "The Art of Newspaper Making." There is no man in the United States so well qualified to discuss these topics as the famous editor of the New York *Sun*, and both makers and readers of newspapers will find much to instruct them, put in a most attractive form, in "The Modern American Newspaper," "The Profession of Journalism," and "The Making of a Newspaper Man." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

RECENT VERSE.

The Land of Love.

Love is a precinct, not a god,
Starlit and paved with flower-sown sod.

Love is a maze, whose ingress lies
Secret from all but lovers' eyes.

Love is a clime transfigured oft—
Storm, calm, fierce blasts, and airs most soft;

And blinding, baffling mists that rise
Veiling flowered lawns and starry skies.

—Mrs. Fuller Maitland.

Dreaming of Mabel.

Whenever things with me go wrong
And life seems dull and prosy,

And not a line of any song
Can make the day more rosy,

I turn me to the ancient jar
That stands upon my table,

And choose a fragrant, mild cigar
And smoke, and dream of—Mabel.

Around my head the white clouds rise
Wherein, by necromancy,

I catch the light of two blue eyes
To cheer my vagrant fancy;

All thoughts of care that came to fret
Are suddenly a fable,

The only things I don't forget
Are my cigar and—Mabel.

Tobacco, many times I've heard
A slander hurled to hurt you;

Let it be mine to wing a word
To praise your matchless virtue.

Others their curses at you fling—
I care not, since you're able,

When I am blue and sad, to bring
Me blissful dreams and—Mabel.

—Vanity.

To a Soul Above Feminine Trifles.

Perhaps you think that beauty's sweetest
Unadorned, or, shall I say,

You fancy the adornment neater,
Huddled on in any way?

Your handkerchief, how quaint the knack it
Has of bursting into view

Through the two edges of your pocket,
Hidden in all girls but you.

I often view with consternation—
Your mind is lofty, scornful pins—

The gaping line of demarcation,
Where bodice ends and skirt begins;

And wonder oft which most bewitches,
When cape or jacket's donned awry,

The lining or the inside stitches,
For both are pleasing to the eye.

Men used to find the question vexing,
How other girls could make a "bun,"

Or weave their hair in plaits perplexing,
You always show us how it's done.

Around you flutters a collection
Of tags in front and tails behind,

Flying in every direction,
Instead of to their place assigned.

But still, you make a lovely picture;
I always have admired you, sweet,

What, you are angry at my stricture!
In future I'll be more discreet.—*Ex.*

Love's Seasons.

Full-flowered summer lies upon the land.
I kiss your lips, your hair—and then your hand

Slips into mine; lo, we two understand
That love is sweet.

The rose-leaf falls, the color fades and dies;
The sunlight fades, the summer, bird-like, flies;

There comes a shade across your wistful eyes—
Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is fruit with rain;
The bud of beauty bears the blind of pain—

Can any note revive the broken strain,
Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere.
I turn to you, and in my heart's despair

Find peace and rest. We know, through foul or fair,
That love is sweet.

—Fall Mail Gazette.

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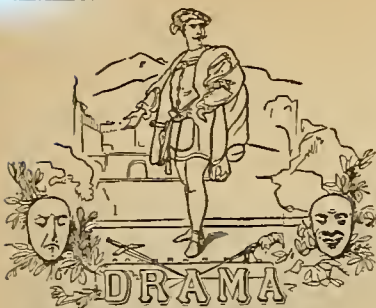
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The plays of Oscar Wilde which have been presented in San Francisco have been on a descending scale of excellence. In each succeeding one the plot is feebler, the action weaker, and the dialogue more rampantly witty than in its predecessor. The story in "Lady Windermere's Fan" kept the dialogue in check, and there were not more than five aphorisms to the minute. In "The Ideal Husband" there was quite a plot, and there were times when that portion of the peerage which peopled the scene condescended to indulge in plain conversation and talked like beings who had not got all their ideas out of collections of French wit.

But in "A Woman of No Importance," the plot sinks out of sight in the glories of the dialogue. In the gay world of London society two people can not meet without beginning to throw witticisms at one another, as Mark Twain's noney did the genealogical cocoanuts. In these upper circles the conversation is a good deal like that of children when they play conundrums. People ask questions, and other people make smart answers:

Q.—What are women? A.—Sphinxes without secrets.

Q.—What is a bad woman? A.—One of whom a man does not tire.

Q.—What is reputation? A.—One of the things that is hardest to live down.

And so forth, and so on.

Charming ladies, beautifully dressed, float on the scene and lounge about under parasols and loll gracefully upon garden seats, and make any number of sarcastic remarks, to which attentive gentlemen with titles make even more sarcastic answers. Nobody can say a commonplace thing; one wishes for one of those people who are peacefully stupid and do not know any more how to make an epigram than they know how to square the circle. The lady on the right is languidly clever, and achieves her *bon mots* with a little air of charming vagueness—"but the affair came to nothing, because he objected to the size of her fortune—or was it her feet? I can't quite remember." The lady on the left is vivaciously clever, and says many cutting things about matrimony, and men, and love, and kindred subjects. "My dear," says the languid one, "how you do let your clever tongue run away with you." To which an acclimated dowager responds with dark meaning: "Is that the only thing she lets run away with her?" The vivacious lady is said to have run away with several gentlemen, but always seems to have run back again.

There is no action, no development of plot, until the end of the second act. The first is solid epigrams, packed as close as they will go. Toward the end of the second act, Miss Coghlan enters in the black velvet of the female sinner, and then coming events begin to cast their shadows before them. Mrs. Arbuthnot, entering tragically in tragic black into an after-dinner company of gorgeous ladies in apple green and ivory white and brilliant yellow, with bare shoulders and curled chelures all sprinkled over with diamonds, is immediately known to be the victim of base villainy in the desperate past. Long acquaintance with the type makes one know that, sooner or later, it will be revealed that she has done all sorts of dreadful things and been repenting her sins for the last twenty years in black velvet. There will be a scene with the had middle-aged hero, who smiles cynically and gives her a good deal of sensible advice, and then she will fall fainting on the divan and her heart will break while the curtain descends.

It is a singular thing that a writer who in his dialogue delights in giving voice to an exaggeratedly modern point of view, should, in his plots, revert to a style and set of ideas that were in vogue when the elder Dumas was writing dramas. There is no modern playwright who so persistently sticks to the worn-out, left-behind stories of the last half-century as does the author of "Lady Windermere's Fan." With the drama pushing forward to grapple with all the newest queries and problems of modern life, here are the old situations that were false in sentiment and strained in feeling fifty years ago. The young wife who is about to elope with a titled lover is brought home by an allusion to her little child. The tricked adventuress is caught in her own net by the simple-minded marquis, who has been playing the part of Brutus all the time.

The plot of "A Woman of No Importance" is even more backneyed than its predecessors. The new plays of the live playwrights, who see that the drama is the finest vehicle for reaching and teaching the people, have spoiled us for the Repentant Wife and Little Chee-ild kind of play. "The Doll's House," and "Magda," and "Rebellious

Susan" are pieces that train the taste of the theatre-goer for stronger, more wholesome food than that offered it in such tawdry confessions. The finale in the third act of "A Woman of No Importance" is deadly commonplace. "Do not strike him, he is your father!" cries the woman of no importance—who is of great importance just then to Lord Illingworth, as she prevents Gerald from imbruing his red right hand in his father's patrician gore. Then everybody is thunder-struck, and they make such a tableau as do people on the stage when such strange, unexpected relationships are suddenly revealed to them. It is a scene that would be splendid on the transportine stage; it is beneath such performers as Maurice Barrymore and Miss Coghlan.

As is the case with all these pieces, the men are much better, less stagey and traditional, than the women. Mrs. Arbuthnot is a dreary person who mopes about in her mournful black and looks as if she had all the seven deadly sins on her conscience. Her recital of her wrongs and her woes is an impossibly stilted speech, to which it would be impossible for any actress to impart real feeling. After she has finished, her son, who has evidently not experienced the slightest surprise in listening to a tirade that would have raised suspicions and curiosity in the most childish and undeveloped mind, is made to respond with a few unmoved commonplaces, which mark him as a young man of such guileless stupidity that, even if he did go with Lord Illingworth, one feels sure he would soon lose his position from dullness and incompetency.

Lord Illingworth is the most interesting figure in the play. He is more life-like than any one else, and, keeping rigorously to his rôle of a genial rascal, does not have to do any of that high sentimentalizing into which most of the others drop. He has the epigram habit very badly. One of the brilliant ladies, Mrs. Allonby, inspires him to prodigies of wit. Out on the terrace in the wicker chairs, or in the drawing-room after dinner, when all the beautiful women come in, in the bravery of diamonds flashing on white necks, and long, gleaming trains, and softly swaying fans, he can be relied on to keep up a steady fire of *bon mots*. His sentiments are not invariably to be approved, and he always affects that view of a subject which the ordinary run of mankind take to be the wrong one. But, on the whole, he is infinitely preferable to the miserable people who have faces as long as your arm and grievances that make them talk poetry by the yard.

Mr. Barrymore, in getting the character of Lord Illingworth, came off best in the whole company. Though he may be playing a scoundrel, it is at least a cheerful, consistent scoundrel, which must be much more agreeable to act than a maudlinly sentimental fool or a being with hollow eyes and a grievance. Mr. Barrymore looks gay and prosperous, quite a dashing, debonaire sort of villain, much too witty, to be true, and a little too generally unbelieveing for so tried and seasoned a man of the world. Even in the harrowing scenes he does not come down to fine talking and noble sentiments. When everybody else is standing in speechless amazement, he looks quite cool and collected. When he meets Mrs. Arbuthnot under the chandelier, with a surrounding company of ladies and gentlemen staring at them, he does not spring back, run his fingers through his hair, and lean against the wall in wild-eyed surprise. This would be quite the proper and conventional thing in a play like "A Woman of No Importance," and the English aristocracy scattered about would not pay the slightest attention to it. His placidity and ease are to be commended in a piece the improbability of which would make any absurd exaggeration of demeanor permissible.

When two Frenchmen undertake to write a comedy round the subject of a masked ball, one knows what to expect. A long and intimate acquaintance with "edited" French vaudevilles has made one pleasantly conversant with all the people that take part in them, and taught one to know just how the plot is going to work out. The mother-in-law is invariable. The young wife is sometimes trusting and gets deceived, but sometimes appears to be trusting and does the deceiving herself. The husband has always the incumbrance of an early love-affair; and there are generally several old gentlemen lounging about who have compromising acquaintances who always come innocently rustling in and make things very complicated.

Most people have seen "The Masked Ball" and remember distinctly that they laughed a good deal, but only remember vaguely what they laughed at. In fact, like the usual French vaudeville, it is a droll thing, packed full of absurdities, and only purporting to make an audience laugh for an evening. The incident is overcrowded, the piling in of humorous situations obstructs the story, and one never quite understands how it was old Poulard and the doctor's wife got to the masquerade ball, what happened to them there, and why Poulard came home so late and what misbaps befell him on that adventurous night.

It was in "The Masked Ball" that John Drew first made his appearance as a star. The comedy has been in his repertoire since then, and his company play it as smoothly as it can be played. At

the time he first produced it, it was a very good vehicle for his own particular talents as a dress-suit actor, and his leading lady, who was then an untried star, had a chance to show her prowess in a part which would not suffer if it was poorly played, but had great possibilities of humor in the hands of a clever actress. Mr. Drew acts such a character as that of the young doctor as well as any one. Miss Adams won her spurs on that first night of "The Masked Ball" by pretending to get gracefully drunk. An intoxicated lady was so new a sight on the stage that it at once lifted Miss Adams into fame.

Since then, however, Mr. Drew and his leading lady have shown themselves capable of much finer work. They have really graduated out of the class of comedies like "The Masked Ball" and "That Imprudent Young Couple." Audiences yearn for real plays, with real people in them who experience real emotions. Such a picture of contemporaneous life as this company can give, in which the atmosphere of to-day is reproduced, is what the spectators at the Baldwin would like to see. Hoyt and Gillette can do the farce-comedies excellently. John Drew and his company are above this kind of work. "The Bauble Shop" proved to us their mettle.

"Captain Cook."

"Captain Cook," a new light opera by Noah Brandt, with a libretto by Sands W. Forman, was produced at the Bush Street Theatre by a company of amateurs last Monday night, and has been continued through the week. The plot deals with the adventures of Captain Cook in the Sandwich Islands in 1778, telling how the gallant mariner, being received by the natives as the white god whose coming has long been foretold, is about to wed a native princess, when the course of true love is broken by an eruption of Mauna Loa, which is taken as a sign of the Goddess Pele's displeasure. Thereupon the usual light-opera complications ensue, ending in the return of the princess to her dusky lover and of Captain Cook to his wife in England. Mr. Brandt's music included several decidedly pretty lyrics and duets. The opera was presented by the following company: Mrs. Tenny, Mrs. J. W. Madden, Miss Irene Cook, Miss L. Hester, Miss Marion Chase, J. F. Fleming, Charles Parent, Frank Coffin, W. J. Hynes, Robert Duncan, Algernon Aspland, A. E. J. Nye, Miss Grunagle, Harry E. Medley, Andrew Wood, A. D. Pariser, and Alfred P. David.

The management of the Columbia Theatre and Mr. Leo Conper contemplate adding a conservatory of music to their School of Dramatic Art.

— THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths, and now extend an invitation to the public to call and inspect the operation of discharging and refilling. This operation can be witnessed any evening, commencing at 10 o'clock, and for which no charge will be made by the company.

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In his address at the graduating exercises of Hahnemann College, Hugh Craig made an important statement concerning the sanitary effects of salt water. Among other things on this head, Mr. Craig said:

"The secretary of the Lurline Baths recently told me, since sluicing nightly 500,000 gallons of salt water from their swimming-pond down the Polk Street sewer, within the territory adjacent to Polk Street there has not been a single case of diphtheria recorded since the baths were opened. The residents of the neighboring street (Larkin) are making efforts to have their sewer connected with the discharge from the baths, so that it may be flushed alternately with Polk Street. If this statement can be verified, then, with salt water on three sides of the city, and plenty of it, why should not San Francisco become the healthiest city on the continent?"

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— JOHN DREW —

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STAGE GOSSIP.

An American Play in London.

On the second of September, at the Garrick Theatre, Augustus Thomas's play of "Alabama," was produced for the first time in London. E. S. Willard, the English actor who made such a hit in San Francisco when he was here supported by Marie Burroughs, brought out the piece. It was received apparently with favor, although there were some hisses from a noisy cabal in the gallery. The papers all speak favorably of the play, the *Times* saying: "Mr. Thomas has made a success with his first play seen here. He has a graceful gift of fancy and sometimes poetic diction, and he certainly has a knack of bringing down the curtain on effective situations." The *Daily News* says: "'Alabama' is a decidedly pretty play, and is full of clever and amusing sketches of character." The *Standard* speaks highly of the piece, and the only discordant note in the chorus is that of the *Daily Telegraph*, which says: "A little less dialect and a little more drama would have been distinctly refreshing." On the whole, however, considering the fact that London is distinctly unfavorable to American dramatists, the production may be considered a success. Mr. Thomas is to be congratulated on having added a European success to his American ones.

A New Theatre.

The Alcazar is to be re-opened on Saturday night, September 14th, under the management of Lennard Grover, Jr., who will conduct it at cheap prices under the new name of "Grover's Alcazar." His company will include Lennard Grover, Jr., Jennie Kennark, Gracie Plaisted, Hereward Hoyte, Charles E. Lanthian, and others equally well known. On the opening night two plays will be presented: Stirling Coyne's perennial comedy, "Everybody's Friend," with Grover as Major Wellington de Boots and Miss Kennark as Mrs. Featherly, and Leonard Grover's farce-comedy, "A Ringer," with Gracie Plaisted in a prominent rôle. A feature is to be made of Wednesday matinées.

Notes.

Frederick Warde intends to include "The Mountebank" in his repertoire for next season.

The many admirers of Miss Maud Adams will doubtless be horrified to learn that she is a Mormon. At least she was born at Salt Lake.

In the Tivoli production of "Faust," John J. Rafael has caused quite a sensation by his dramatic rendering of Valentine's death scene.

They are preparing at the Columbia for a Sunday matinée which is to be called "An Afternoon with Dixey." The programme will include the best of Dixey's specialties and impersonations.

Mark Price's romantic comedy, "On the Rim Grande," is to be the play at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week. It sets forth an interesting story, and is to be elaborately produced.

A very gratifying sight lately in the Baldwin Theatre has been the number of ladies in the orchestra who have either removed their hats or who have worn very small hats. This is said not to be the case at matinées, but it is certainly noticeable at the evening performances.

"Across the Potnamac" is drawing very large houses at Morosco's Grand Opera House. It is a thrilling war-drama, and in some of the scenes there are fully one hundred persons on the stage at once. It will be continued this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and to-morrow night.

John Drew is not only making a lot of money nowadays, but he is taking care of it. He is putting it into real estate, his latest purchase being a house on upper Fifth Avenue, where he will hereafter make his home, with his wife and babies and his mother, Mrs. John Drew, while he is in New York.

"The District Attorney," by Charles Klein and Harrison Grey Fiske, is to be given its first performance here on Monday night at the Columbia. It is the story of a man who is tempted to use his official position to shield the criminal father of the woman he loves, and is said to afford opportunity for some strong work on the part of the company.

John Drew will begin the last week of his present engagement at the Baldwin on Monday night with Madeleine Lucette Ryley's comedy, "Christopher, Jr.," which was given its first performance on any stage last year at the Baldwin. It will be repeated on Tuesday and Wednesday nights; "The Masked Ball" on Thursday, "That Imprudent Young Couple" on Friday, "The Butterflies" on Saturday afternoon, and "The Bauble Shop" for the farewell of the season on Saturday night.

The grand opera season at the Tivoli Opera House opened most auspiciously on Monday night, and the double company has attracted large audiences for every performance. "Faust" will be continued through next week, Alice Neilson singing the rôle of Marguerite for the first time on Wednesday night. Donizetti's "Lucia di Lamermoor" will be the next opera put on, and it will be followed by an elaborate production of

Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." For this opera Mrs. Kreling has imported from the East the prompt-book and costume plates of the American Opera Company's production.

"The Masked Ball," by Bisson and Carré, which John Drew and his company have been playing at the Baldwin, is an adaptation of what the French look upon as a farce, of the kind generally played at the Palais Royal. There, such pieces rarely last more than an hour, and they are frankly farces. None of the absurdities in them seem absurd. But when they are beaten out into a three-act "comedy," they get rather thin. And when all the ludicrous improprieties of the French farce are softened down for the English "comedy" to suit the Anglo-Saxon taste, they become thinner still.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Rough on San Francisco.

DENVER, August 13, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some time since I read, in your editorial columns, comments on the San Francisco *Call* under its new management. The impression which I gained was that the *Call* was to be conducted on distinctly clean, though ambitious, lines.

Now, since reading your editorials, I have read the *Call* regularly and with much more interest than before. Permit me to say that while I see a great improvement in the paper so far as the news department goes, in an endeavor to keep up with the times, I see no improvement in the literary department, and I see a stronger tendency toward sensationalism than under the old management.

I quote at random a few head-lines from the *Call* of July 16, 1895:

Buried In A Cellar—Bodies Of The Murdered Pritzel Girls Found In Toronto—Three Fiendish Crimes—The Notorious H. H. Holmes Accused Of Taking Their Lives.

Gay Gentleman Jim—Mr. Corbett's Escapades Aired In A Divorce Court—Loved The Fair Vera—A Member Of His Company Tells Of His Dual Life—Registered As His Wife.

Rivals Dakota's Courts—Oklahoma A New Mecca For Those Who Would Be Divorced—Shocked The Clergy.

I do not blame the *Call* much for these sensational articles. The editors are what their surroundings have made them, and they write what their peculiar public demands. It is impossible for a man to remain long under the influences of a San Francisco newspaper office and continue a moral man. I do not refer to the *Argonaut*. Its editorials occupy a high plane. But it would be impossible to find any decent men among distinctively San Francisco newspaper men, and it is very difficult to find any decent men in all San Francisco. Under these circumstances, the editors of the *Call* are not to be blamed for giving prominence to what interests them and their constituency—namely, indecency. But if you are looking for dailies conducted on a high moral plane, those of Denver would come much nearer filling the bill.

It is true, the *Call* is a very respectable paper—for San Francisco. Do not imagine that I mean that there are no tough papers in the East—there are worse than any San Francisco can show—but the immoral communities of the East do not set the tone for the rest of the country as the immoral community of San Francisco sets it for California.

So please do not write any more editorials praising the *Call* as a model for all the rest of the papers of the United States.

Hoping that no offense has been given, as none has been intended, I remain, yours respectfully,

ROGER SPRAGUE.

The Argonaut in the Idaho Legislature.

BOISE, IDAHO, August 5, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed please find draft for renewal of my subscription to your valuable paper for one year. I am sorry that I can not at the present writing hand you the name of a new subscriber, but I count seven new subscribers in this city who, through reading my copy of your paper, have sent in their names to you within the past year.

During the last session of the State legislature, one of the representatives from Elmore County read aloud your editorial on good roads, and it had a marked effect in favor of the passage of a wagon-road bill then under consideration. Wishing you continued success for your excellent paper,

I am, very truly yours,
MAX MAYFIELD,
Quartermaster-General, I. N. G.

A Silver Standard in Japan.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, July 11, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your various articles about the cheap labor of the Orient threatening to be a danger to the United States as well as to European nations, and your articles about silver, have all been read with great interest. You are correct about the Japanese; they have made wonderful progress within the last few years, and there is no doubt that the whole civilized world will feel their competition (as well as that of the Chinese, who are also commencing to import machinery for many enterprises) before many years.

As a "plain, every-day" American merchant who knows facts, without the whys or wherefores, and who has been trying to study the money question, I would like to ask: Why it is that, after silver was demonetized and went down in value from about par to about fifty cents on the dollar, Japan, for instance, which continued on the silver basis, was not ruined (as many predicted would happen to the United States, if they, without the other nations, would act for themselves), but that, on the contrary, this depreciation of silver (or premium on gold) is really what is making this country (and what will make China, when she "wakes up") the dangerous competitor that she threatens to be to the rest of the world.

As I am not a financier, I do not know the pros and cons of what might be the result if the United States went on a similar basis.

A READER SINCE 1877.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The recent visit of Kaiser William to Lord Lansdale cost, it is said, two hundred thousand dollars.

John E. Hudson, president of the Bell Telephone Company, is one of the best Greek scholars in America.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., although only twenty-nine years of age, relieves his father of most of the cares of his great business.

Although he has been singularly fortunate as a commander, Lord Wolseley has been wounded, sometimes very seriously, in almost every action in which he has fought.

Foreign papers say that the Queen of England has painted a portrait of the German emperor which she intends to present to that monarch. Critics pronounce the likeness excellent.

M. Thivrier, the French "workingman" deputy, has just died. He made it a point to appear in the Chamber in a workingman's blouse, and had once really been a miner, but long before his election had given up work and kept a wine-shop.

Antônio Maximo Mora is at present sojourning in New York, where his son is an elevated railroad employee. He is now eighty-seven years old, and it is twenty years since he was deprived of his sugar plantations in Cuba, and was reduced from affluence to poverty. He is now about to receive from Spain one million five hundred thousand dollars, of which his attorneys get one-half.

J. L. Power, who has been nominated for secretary of state in Mississippi, says he owes his success to his daughter, Miss Katherine Markham Power. In the midst of his canvass he became seriously ill. Miss Power conducted his campaign from that time on, visited all the delegates, made appeals by voice and letter, and had her efforts crowned with success. Miss Power is editor of *Kate Power's Review*.

Robert Grant, whom the book-reading public knows as a clever author, but who is known in Boston as a probate judge as well, is a hard-working lawyer on the shady side of forty, but apparently younger. His pen and his bicycle consume almost equally his intervals of leisure. When he was nominated for judge, his novels were alleged against his fitness for the place, and it may be that he thinks the objection to heart, for his later writings are in a somewhat more serious vein.

The most interesting of the men made newly rich by the Cripple Creek mines is W. S. Stratton, who owns the Independence Mine outright and has an interest in other mining properties. He is a carpenter, and three years ago he walked from Colorado Springs to the new camp, a distance of thirty miles, in order to save the fare, which amounted to four dollars. Success has not spoiled him, and, with his income of one million two hundred thousand dollars a year, he is a modest, small-sized man, with iron-gray hair and mustache, dressed in a plain business suit, and wholly inconspicuous.

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VANITY FAIR.

The entire seriousness with which a New England woman goes at everything will produce a high degree of excellence in most things, but (writes a Southerner in the *Transcript*) it also produces more lines, wrinkles, and creases in the human countenance than any one thing on earth. No one can deny the comeliness of the average young New England woman, in spite of the tan and sunburn which a present evil fashion has decreed as necessary aids to beauty; but when they reach middle age, they are the most unattractive-looking women on earth. The first impression a number of middle-aged New England women make on an outsider is that each one gets a daily heating from her husband, to account for the air of repressed suffering she wears, and that whatever she is doing—embroidering, whist, knitting, or what-not—is the sole support of a large and starving family. Now, these ladies usually have the kindest and most indulgent of husbands, and a healthy and well-cared-for crop of children, and their aspect of misery, and the deep, deep lines that furrow their faces, only mean that they take their pleasure sadly. The extreme ingenuity with which the most frivolous pleasure is turned, first into a labor and then into a duty, is a source of constant amazement to the outsider. The spectacle of four ladies sitting around a card-table for hours, with an intentness to which the professed gamblers at Monte Carlo are strangers, would naturally lead one to suppose that these ladies are desperate gamblers. They are simply studying problems in whist. They study until each is overcome with a headache and retires to her room to recover.

New England men (the same observer continues) appear to be easy-going, conscienceless fellows, who do not feel "the burden of souls" all the time, and are correspondingly more agreeable. The idea that the average New England gentleman is a stiff and starched person, who shows the whites of his eyes at the mention of a little diversion, is a huge mistake. In New York it is the husband who is weakened, and wrinkled, and nervous, and prematurely old, from the incessant fight for money to maintain the gorgeous, luxurious creature who shows in every feature the ease, the carelessness, and the material comfort of her life. In New England, among the same class of people, it is the husband who is the jolly dog. They make money by legitimate trade, instead of wild speculation, and the men show it in their countenances, illumined with the light of good cigars, and champagne, and other little luxuries. Their daughters have a gravity far from unlovely in youth—but making them old before their time. New England women and girls, if not entirely indifferent to their ages being known, are certainly less sensitive to it than any other women in the country. Elsewhere, it is an unwritten law that a woman of a certain age shall never give a precise date for anything more than five years past. There are plenty of euphemisms at hand. It is always, "Some time past," "When I first grew up," "Several years ago." It makes one's hair rise on one's head to hear a New England woman calmly stating that she was bridesmaid in 1877, or she came out in 1872.

The *Critic's* "Lounger," in last week's number, says: "In my youth I was told that 'pants' were for 'gents' and that trousers decorated the legs of gentlemen. It seems otherwise in England. 'I gather,' says Mr. Labouchère in *Truth*, 'that his boys are dressed in the summer in short pants.'" The *Critic's* "Lounger" is a lady, and therefore may be pardoned for inaccuracy concerning masculine attire. Let us inform her, then, that the word "pants" as used in England and as used in America mean two entirely different things. In America the term is generally used as an abbreviation of the word "pantalons," but is incorrectly applied to the garment properly called "trousers." The pantalon is an entirely different garment from the trouser, and is the garment which was worn in the early part of the century, when knee-breeches were going out. It follows the contour of the leg closely from the ankle to the hip, and used to be fastened at the ankle, sometimes by buttons and sometimes by strings. Its only resemblance to the garment known as the trouser is that it is worn upon the legs. The term is still applied in England to the same garment, but it is almost always an undergarment. What in America are called "drawers" or "under-drawers" in England are called "pants," an abbreviation of "pantalons," which in fact they are. The garment which in America is called an "undershirt" in England is called a "vest." Therefore when an Englishman says "vest and pants," he does not mean waistcoat and trousers, as many Americans would suppose. An Englishman using the phrase "vest and pants" refers generally to undergarments, although the term "pants" is applied to the same garment when it is intended for outer use, as by gymnasts, athletes, horsemen, and others. For example, in a recent article on bicycling by the Earl of Onslow, the following sentence occurs: "The neatest, and to my mind the most appropriate, costume for male bicyclers consists of *pants* such

as those worn by cavalry officers, made of very elastic stockinette." Many American readers might imagine here that the Earl of Onslow means "trousers." He does not. He means exactly what he says. He means *pants*.

A somewhat unique exhibition appears in a shop in the Boulevard Madeline (says a Paris correspondent of the *Sun*). It is a garter show, and attracts big crowds. Garters that are alleged to have been the property of celebrated women are exhibited, and these bejeweled articles of dress afford ample evidence that ornate garters are not a modern fancy only. Nell Gwynne's garters are quite elaborate, and noticeable for their very ample proportions. They are of white sheepskin, and ornamented with red gold roses, and have golden clasps. Sarah Bernhardt is commonly supposed to be a woman of rather slender proportions, but the satin elastics, hedecked with pearls, which are said to have been once her property, show that at least her nether limbs are of goodly proportions. The pair that attracts the most attention are vouched for as having been worn by Mary Stuart. They are pale red, somewhat faded, and have silver buckles. They are much worn. The shop-keeper has had constructed a pair of wax limbs, calculated from the size of the garters to be an accurate counterfeit of those for which the garters once did service. If that be the case, the originals were indeed of a creditable size. Just the opposite, in respect to this latter feature, are the pair that were once worn by the Princess of Wales. They are plain and have very slight ornamentation. There is in the collection a life-size wax figure representing the French Merveilleuses, the ultra Parisians, who attired themselves in robes of transparent gauze, opened down the side, so as to display legs incased in long gaudy stockings. The shapely legs of these figures are adorned with garters of rose-colored satin, having diamond clasps. There are long ribbon streamers attached. Here is an inscription embroidered on the garters:

"Make your petticoats short,
That a hoop eight yards wide
May decently show
How your garters are tied."

There is a single black silk garter, once the property of Tagliani. A card attached says an Italian nobleman fell in love with her, and sent her a note, which, after making a proposal, said: "If you accept, give the bearer one of your garters." The proposal was accepted. The dashing nobleman received the single garter now on exhibition. A pair of garters of light blue silk, with no clasps, was once the property of La Goulue, the dancer.

One of the Eastern golf clubs this summer adopted a very sensible costume for the climate. It was of brown holland, which is both durable and cool. There were two pieces, the blouse, or semi-Norfolk jacket, and the knickers. The material in the entire affair costs a little over one dollar, and yet a writer in the *Bazar* declares he knows of several Fifth Avenue tailors who made them to measure and charged fifty dollars a suit.

A very amusing state of affairs has been brought about (says *Vogue*) by the wide-spread love manifested by women for cycling. Men who have denounced the new fad as unwomanly, vulgar, bold, and many more disagreeable adjectives, are now in a frenzy of delight, are willing not only to eat their words, but are proving their sincerity by encouraging the women of their families to join the great army of wheelwomen at any cost. All this, forsooth, because the corset, their *bête noire*, pink, blue, white, or *terru*, is doomed. The doctors and tailors have decreed that the corset can not be worn wheeling. They are dead against it. In its place is to be worn a supporting band, on which the knickers are to be fastened. Imagine the masculine joy in the land over the bicycle's conquest of woman in her vulnerability. She has been besieged through her heart, her affections, her pride of intellect, of common sense, her health, her hope of motherhood, her duty to the race, but she never flinched, and kept on vowing from generation to generation, in spite of all the physiological object-lessons that were piled like Ossa to affright her, that she never laced. But conquered she was doomed to be by man, after all, and he, the inventor of this wheel of pleasure.

In spite of the New Woman and her emancipations, it is not yet considered either proper or pleasant for unchaperoned young women to visit hotels. Still there are conditions when it is impossible for a woman, be she young, old, or "new," to do otherwise. A New York girl who spent the early part of the summer with friends in Maine (according to the *Evening Sun*), was to meet her mother in Boston. But the mother was too ill to go, and the daughter was obliged to return to New York alone. She was also obliged to spend the night in Boston. This she disliked to do, not from any actual fear, but because of possible comments. Suddenly she thought better of a way out of the dilemma. She would simply register at the hotel as *Mrs. Blank* instead of *Miss Blank*. It was perfectly proper for a married woman, no matter how young she was, to stay at a hotel, and thus all possible crit-

cism could be silenced. The scheme was accordingly carried out, and successfully. So far as the girl knew, no one except her mother knew the true inwardness of the affair. But some months later the girl happened to meet a man whom she had not seen for some time, and his first words were: "Oh, Miss Blank, please relieve my suspense. I chanced to stop over for a night in Boston last July, and whose name should I see upon the Blank Hotel register, but your mother's. As I knew that she was seriously ill in New York at the time, my astonishment knew no bounds, and what was more, the clerk's description of the individual registering under the name didn't at all tally with your mother." Of course the girl had to explain everything then, which was a trifle embarrassing, but, on the whole, the scheme had worked so well that all other girls resolved that if ever they were in a like predicament they would do the same thing. The very next fall one of the other girls found herself stranded in a Western city; the train that was to take her to some friends in the suburbs had left the station. The girl promptly hid her to a hotel, where she registered as her sister-in-law, and proceeded to pass the night in peaceful slumber. It was impossible to go to the suburban friends next day, for she was due at some Eastern destination upon a certain date. But close upon her heels followed a letter from her Western friends. The following is an extract: "Whatever became of you that night? When we learned that the boat had been late, we drove all the way in town, and went to every hotel hoping to find you. But neither track nor trace could we discover anywhere. Do please write at once and relieve our suspense. By the way, I saw what I might have taken for your sister-in-law's name upon one hotel register, but I knew it couldn't be, for you had written me that she was in England this summer."

The idea of a syndicate valet who should make himself useful to four or five bachelors, dividing his time among them, was suggested two years ago in New York, and it has worked successfully in several cases. A bachelor who is also a working-man in business or a profession, has not himself enough for a valet to do. If, however, he shares the expense of a man with several other bachelors, but an economy. Such a valet, if he knows his business, can take care of the clothes of the men who employ him, press them when necessary, and sew on a button or two as the case may require. He should be able to shave his employers and make himself generally useful in many little ways. If the three or four men who compose the syndicate have apartments in the same building, it increases the usefulness of a valet. Several such experiments have been made in bachelor apartments, and the results have been satisfactory.

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—YOU SHOULD HAVE A CYCLE CAMERA TO ATTACH TO YOUR WHEEL. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market.

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are the choicest pickings of these two countries. The tender tips of the tea shrub are the most expensive and delicately flavored. MESSRS. TETLEY'S Packets contain only the tender tips above referred to, and no lady's tea-table is complete without these teas. For sale by all leading dealers or by M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, No. 506 Battery Street, San Francisco, at the astonishingly low prices of 75 cents No. 1 and 80 cents No. 2, in one-half and one-pound packets. Pure Ceylon, 90 cents per pound, in five or ten-pound boxes. The economy of these Teas is undeniably established.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It was a clever Englishwoman who, when M. Blanc was mistaken at a garden-party for a page, replied: "Well, M. Blanc is a page—of history."

Learned men do not always appreciate the achievements of their fellows. It is said that a friend brought Milton's "Paradise Lost" to a great Scotch mathematician, who remarked, when he had finished it: "It's verra pretty; but, mon, what does it prove?"

A Scotsman once neatly turned the tables on an Englishman who had been alluding to the number of Scots in London. "Well," replied the Scot, "I know a place in Scotland where there are thirty thousand Englishmen who never go back to their own country." "Why, wherever can such a crowd be?" said the Englishman, to whom the Scot dryly remarked, "at Bannockburn."

Speaking of the ignorance of some newspaper interviewers, Henry Watterson relates an incident that happened in New York, when a young man was sent to the Fifth Avenue Hotel to interview Rutherford B. Hayes on some matter of prison reform. When the interviewer had gathered all the facts, he shot a last question at Mr. Hayes. "By the way, Mr. Hayes," he said, "what were you president of?"

A young lady in charge of the captain of a P. and O. boat had two suitors on board and a pug dog. The latter fell overboard, and one of her swains instantly jumped after it into the sea. The other confined himself to leaning over the side, and crying, "Poor doggie!" When the rescuer came on board, dripping, the young lady turned to the captain and asked him which of her two lovers, after such an incident, he would recommend her to take. He was a practical man, and replied, "Take the dry one," which she accordingly did.

Among the "bulls" compiled by the *National Tribune* as having been made by members of Congress in the heat of debate, are the following: A member, in referring to one of his colleagues, said: "The gentleman, like a mousing owl, is always putting in his ear where it is not wanted." In another speech occurred this expression: "The iron heel of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone." And another member, in a very forcible and dramatic manner, asked the House this startling question: "Would you stamp out the last flickering embers of a life that is fast ebbing away?"

"My doctor," said a somewhat voluble lady, "was writing me a prescription yesterday. I generally ask him all sorts of questions while he is writing them. Yesterday he examined me and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue, and when he got through, he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.'"

Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the Empress of Austria, was once traveling in the same carriage with a company promoter, who told him that his daughter was a leader of society in Vienna. "If you like," he said, condescendingly, "I will give you a line to her, and you will meet all the best people in Vienna at her house." "Thank you," the prince replied, modestly, "but I am going to stay with a married daughter, and am not likely to be seeing many people beyond just her intimate friends." "Perhaps I know your daughter?" said the man, interrogatively. "Perhaps," replied the prince. "Well, what is the name of her husband?" pursued the other, unabashed; "I suppose he has a name?" "Yes; his name is the Emperor Francis Joseph." The financial gentleman had no more to say.

Some years ago there lived in Alabama a judge who was noted for the sarcasm which he dispensed during his administrations of justice. On one occasion a young man was tried for stealing a pocket-book. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the larceny case was slight, but in the other seemed to the judge conclusive. To his amazement and wrath, however, the jury convicted the young man and acquitted the murderer. In passing sentence upon the convicted thief, after the discharge of the other prisoner, the judge said: "Young man, you have not been in this country long?" "No, your honor," replied the prisoner. "I thought not," said the judge; "you don't know these people; you may kill them, but don't touch their pocket-books." On another occasion, when the evidence seemed to point conclusively to the prisoner's guilt, but when the judge, from long experience, distrusted the jurymen's wisdom, the counsel for the defendant said: "It is better that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape than

that one innocent man should suffer." In his charge to the jury, the judge admitted the soundness of this proposition, but he added impressively and severely: "Gentlemen, I want you to bear in mind that ninety-nine have already escaped."

A young French advocate, in the course of his address to the court, flourished about his hand in such a manner as to show off a magnificent diamond ring. He was young, good-looking, and was pleading for a lady of quality who demanded a separation from her husband. The husband, who happened to be present, interrupted him in the middle of a period, and, turning to the judges, exclaimed, theatrically: "My lords, you will appreciate the zeal which M. X— is displaying against me, and the sincerity of his argument, when you are informed that the diamond ring he wears is the very one that I placed on my wife's finger on the day of that union he is so anxious to dissolve!" The court was struck with astonishment, and rose immediately. The cause was lost, and the advocate never had another. To add to the poignancy of the catastrophe, the husband's insinuation had no foundation whatever in fact.

Joseph H. Choate and Edward Lauterbach were associated in a suit a short time ago and won. As the jury left their seats, Mr. Lauterbach turned to Mr. Choate and said: "Choate, we won this verdict because we happened to know more law on this subject than our adversaries." "Yes?" queried Choate. "Our clients are rich, you know—a corporation and all that," rejoined Lauterbach. "Yes?" again queried Choate; "what do you think we ought to charge, Lauterbach?" "Oh, seven hundred and fifty dollars apiece." "Tut, tut," broke out Choate, impatiently, and he repeated: "Tut, tut! You let me handle this bill, Lauterbach. I'll collect for us both." A short time afterward Mr. Lauterbach was in Mr. Choate's office in Wall Street, and Mr. Choate handed out a check for fifteen hundred dollars as Mr. Lauterbach's fee in the case, and said: "Lauterbach, what do you think of that?" Mr. Lauterbach looked at the check, stroked his beard for an instant, and, looking intently at Choate, replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

London is laughing over a bit of testimony given in the bearings on Lady Henry Somerset's crusade against the London public halls. Lady Henry Somerset determined to collect evidence herself. She secured another lady as zealous as herself as a companion, and the pair obtained the services of a young curate of their acquaintance as male escort. Lady Henry is a woman of generous proportions, and the lady who was to accompany her was rather the larger of the two. On the other hand, the young curate was slight and weakened, with a pale, mild face that bore a perpetual air of melancholy. The trip was made, and when the detective party was placed upon the stand during the hearing, the justice asked her ladyship if, in her travels in the slums, she had been molested or accosted in any offensive way. Lady Henry was compelled to reply that she had not. Her companion gave similar testimony. When the little curate took the stand, the judge asked the same question of him—if he had been accosted. "Yes," replied the little man, in a shrill voice, "and very offensively, too." "Well," said the judge, "what did the woman say to you?" "Well, sir," the curate declared, with intense indignation, "in one of the music-halls a couple of women came up to me, and one of them brazenly clucked me under the chin and said: 'Why so sad, Willie?'" Even Lady Henry Somerset could not suppress her laughter.

A Syndicate of Monsters.

Here are the names of the abominable trio that composes it, hated and abhorred by man and womankind—dyspepsia, biliousness, and constipation. What is the most successful way to attack and squelch these united monsters? Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and they will pull up stakes and make tracks for parts unknown, leaving no trace behind. The Bitters also exterminate malaria, rheumatic trouble, and nervous ailment.

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* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	10.50 P.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Palmar, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
† 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. †† Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only.

Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 8 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HON KONG.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895.
Coptic (via Honolulu) Thursday, September 12
Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 1
Belgic.....Saturday, November 2

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., September 17.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, September 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter, For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, September 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 8 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, September 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pomona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, leaves Broadway wharf 1, Saturdays at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 2nd class, each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 12 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,

Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....September 18	Majestic.....October 16
Germanic.....September 25	Germanic.....October 23
Teutonic.....October 2	Teutonic.....October 30
Britannic.....October 9	Britannic.....November 6

Salon rates, \$90 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Long-Poole Wedding.

A charming wedding took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Burns, 1506 Washington Street. The bride was Miss Ermentine Poole, daughter of Mrs. Burns, and the groom was Mr. Louis M. Long, for many years connected with the Southern Pacific Company. The residence was decorated in exquisite taste, with the favorite flowers of the bride predominating. The guests, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five, were received cordially by Mrs. Burns, who wore an elegant gown of blanc-ivoire corded silk, trimmed with point lace and chiffon, and made walking length. Her ornaments were diamonds. It was about half-past eight o'clock when the minister, Rev. Robert Mackenzie, and the groom and his best man, Mr. Juncker, of Monterey, entered the parlor as the wedding march was played and, under the canopy, awaited the arrival of the bride and her maids. Leading the way were the six ribbon-bearers, or bridesmaids, who made an avenue with ribbons, through which the bride's sister, Miss Daisy Burns, who was the maid of honor, passed, just preceding the bride, who was escorted by Mr. Burns. The dresses worn by the young ladies are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a rich robe of lustreless satin brocaded with golden butterflies and finished with a long court-train. The high corsage was adorned with surplice folds of point d'Alençon lace, and the long sleeves, which were made quite bouffant, were turned back from the wrists. In her coiffure was a pearl-handled sword pin and a pearl aigrette, which held in place the flowing veil of white silk moulène. Her hands were ungloved, and she carried a parchment-covered prayer-book which had the marriage service illuminated.

Miss Daisy Burns, the maid of honor, wore a pretty gown of pink silk, with a full, plain skirt made dancing length. The square-cut corsage and bouffant elbow sleeves were covered with pink chiffon. She wore long gloves of pink undressed kid and carried a bouquet of amaryllis.

The six ribbon-bearers wore modish gowns, all designed alike, but varying in color. They were made of silk mousseline de soie over silk. The corsages were square and the sleeves extended to the elbows, meeting the gloves of undressed kid. At the shoulders were large butterfly bows of silk, fastened by silver butterfly pins, the ends of which fell gracefully to the hem of the skirt. Miss Annie Long and Miss Martha P. Gibbs wore lavender, with gloves to match, and carried asters of the same color. Miss Minnie Horton and Miss Juliet Lombard wore yellow, with gloves to match, and carried yellow chrysanthemums. Miss Lela Cotton and Miss Luita Booth wore white, with gloves to match, and carried white asters.

The ceremony was followed by the congratulations of all present. Then there were music and dancing and the service of a supper under Ludwig's direction, which prolonged the affair until a late hour. The wedding-gifts were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Long left on Thursday to make a Southern trip, and will in all probability reside in Los Angeles.

Weddings to Take Place.

The wedding of Miss Alice Hobart, sister of Mr. Walter S. Hobart, and Mr. Winthrop Elwyn Lester will take place at noon next Tuesday at the home of the bride on Van Ness Avenue. Only relatives will witness the ceremony, which will be performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The bride will be attended by Miss Ella Hobart as maid of honor. Mr. H. N. Stetson will act as best man. A large number of invitations have been issued for the wedding reception, which will commence at one o'clock.

The wedding of Miss Alice McCutchen, daughter of Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, and Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, son of the late Henry Schmiedell, will take place on Wednesday, October 16th, at Grace Church, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, to which only relatives and a limited number of intimate friends will be invited. Miss Mary Eyre will be the maid of

honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Sara Collier. Mr. Stuart M. Brumagim will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. George T. Cole, Mr. Louis Jones, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Harry L. Simpkins, Mr. Charles S. Fay, and Mr. Henry W. Poett. A tour of the world is contemplated for the wedding trip.

The wedding of Miss Mamie Holbrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, and Mr. Samuel Knight, Assistant United States Attorney, will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 8th, at the First Presbyterian Church. It will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 1901 Van Ness Avenue. Only a limited number of friends will be invited to the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wheaton have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Ellen Douglas Wheaton, and Rev. William A. Brewer, which will take place next Wednesday evening, at half-past eight o'clock, at St. Luke's Church.

Miss Florence Augusta Weihe and Mr. Bertody Wilder Stone will be married next Thursday evening at St. Luke's Church.

The Season's Débutantes.

Society circles will be graced during the coming season with an unusual number of débutantes, and nearly all of them are particularly pretty girls. Their advent into the world of society will mean matinee teas and luncheons without number, and a gay winter may be expected. Among the débutantes will be:

Miss Alice Masten, daughter of Mr. N. K. Masten; Miss Henrietta Allen, daughter of Mr. H. F. Allen; Miss Gertrude Bates, daughter of Mr. D. C. Bates; Miss Eleanor Graves, daughter of Mr. Robert Graves; Miss Marguerita Collier, daughter of Captain W. B. Collier; Miss Gertrude Forman, daughter of Mr. Sands W. Forman; Miss Hannah Williams, daughter of Captain Williams, U. S. N.; Miss Marie Baird, daughter of Mr. B. H. Baird; Miss May Moody and Miss Eva Moody, daughters of Mr. J. L. Moody; Miss Louise Harrington, daughter of Mr. W. P. Harrington, of Colusa; Miss Janet McAlphin Watt, daughter of Mr. Robert Watt, of Oakland; Miss Frances Moore, daughter of Mr. Austin D. Moore; Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major W. B. Hooper; Miss Genevieve Carolan, daughter of Mr. James Carolan; Miss Bertha Foote, daughter of Mr. W. W. Foote; Miss Mary Kip, daughter of Mr. William Ingraham Kip; Miss May Stubbs, daughter of Mr. J. C. Stubbs; Miss Frances Currey, niece of Judge John Currey, and Miss Romietta Wallace, daughter of Judge W. T. Wallace.

The Friday Night Club.

It is authoritatively announced that the list for the Friday Night Club is closed, and no more applications for membership will be received. Five meetings will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall, and they will be made more than usually attractive as regards the music and decorations. There will be two assemblies, on November 29th and January 31, 1896, and three cotillions, on December 20th and January 3rd and 17, 1896. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will act as manager as heretofore. The idea of having three meetings in January is to give hostesses about three weeks prior to the Lenten season in which to entertain their friends. Lent will commence on February 19th, and Easter Sunday will fall on April 5th.

The Del Monte Outing.

The outing of the Pacific Coast Pony and Steeplechase Racing Association at Del Monte came to a successful end last Sunday evening, and on the following day almost all of the San Franciscans at the hotel returned to their homes. Friday was the day for the annual live pigeon shoot of the Country Club. The "Blues" were victorious again for the third time, with a score of 136 against 125 made by the "Reds." Mr. Robert B. Woodward won the championship cup for the fifth time, so it is now his forever. The other winners were Mr. A. C. Tubbs, second prize; Mr. W. B. Tubbs, third prize; Mr. Joseph D. Grant, fourth prize; and Mr. Andrew Jackson, fifth prize. The season's prizes were awarded as follows: Mr. A. C. Tubbs, first prize; Mr. W. B. Tubbs, second prize; Mr. R. B. Woodward, third prize; Mr. R. H. Sprague, fourth prize; Mr. F. W. Tallant, fifth prize.

Saturday was the second day of racing, and in the evening there was a concert by the Country Club Band, followed by a ball and an elaborate supper. There were sacred concerts on Sunday morning and evening at the hotel, and a brilliant display of fireworks at Del Monte Lake.

The stewards of the association have decided to have another meeting at Del Monte next year, but it will be devoted exclusively to racing. The Country Club will probably have a day's outing of its own at its preserves in Marin County.

Notes and Gossip.

The magnificent Ralston estate at Belmont, which has been closed for so many years, will be opened again for festivities next Saturday, when

Mrs. Alpheus Bull will give her first large reception to her friends in San Francisco and its suburbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin gave a breakfast at their residence, 320 Page Street, last Sunday, as a compliment to Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, prior to his departure for the East. A drive through Golden Gate Park was enjoyed after the breakfast.

The Death of W. S. McMurtry, Jr.

The meagre cable account of the death of the late W. S. McMurtry, Jr., in Paris on the thirteenth ultimo has been supplemented by further details from private letters received by his friends here and from the Paris papers, as follows:

"Mr. McMurtry had taken an apartment on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue Tronchet and intended to remain in Paris for a year to perfect his knowledge of French and to attend lectures. When last seen he seemed to be in good health: on Tuesday, the very day of his death, he had accepted an invitation from Charles Rollo Peters to 'a studio dinner.' He retired to his apartment on Tuesday evening at his usual hour, about eleven o'clock. Early Wednesday morning the people living on the floor below were awakened by water dripping from their ceiling. Arousing the concierge, investigation was made, with the result that Mr. McMurtry's bathroom door was found to be locked on the inside, while from within came the sound of water gushing from the tap. The commissary of police was summoned, a locksmith forced the door, and the body of the unfortunate young man was found submerged in the tub. One hand still gripped the cold-water faucet; evidently he had made a last effort to turn it off as he was attacked by the faintness that presaged death. The physician summoned affirmed that death had taken place some hours before the body was found, the cause being disease of the heart."

"The American Consulate appointed a French attorney of its staff to take official charge of the body, in conjunction with Mr. W. Cole, a personal friend of the dead man. The body was embalmed on Thursday and taken to the American church in the Rue d'Alma, where a service was held over the remains on Friday. The body is being brought to America on the *Bourgeois*, which is due to arrive in New York Sunday, September 8th, and it will be brought to California for interment at Los Gatos."

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy

Cures poison oak and all skin diseases. Sold by all druggists.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

Cuticura

FOR THE
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A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great skin cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props, Boston, U. S. A.

Nature's Cure for Rheumatism

The early history of California tells us that for centuries before the coming of the white man, the Indians used the hot mud baths and the mineral waters of Byron Springs for the cure of Rheumatism. From the Indians the white settlers learned of the springs, and ever since Byron has been the Mecca of the Rheumatic, resulting in thousands of cures. But sixty miles from San Francisco, in the most equable climate in California. Best of hotel accommodations right at the Springs.

Send for Book (free) giving full information.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Cal.

FASHIONS IN WEDDING INVITATIONS.

Variation is a rarity in the forms of invitations or announcements. To say that the plain white paper of absolute purity is fashionable, is superfluous. It has been always the one allowable color. Tinted or gilt-edged papers are considered the height of vulgarity, and any ornamentation other than the monogram or crest has ever met with disapproval by the ultra-fashionable world.

The plain, heavy round script is used almost exclusively, in preference to the light, "Boston" line of a few years ago, while the dull, kid finish has entirely superseded the glazed surface papers. Recent specimens from the East show the oblong sheet and square envelope, with square flap, to be the most popular shape, and the script somewhat smaller than formerly.

We have secured the services of the very best engravers in America, and can assure the highest standard of artistic excellence. The utmost care is exercised in every detail, and it is with pleasure we call attention to our productions in wedding and reception invitations. Each line a study in itself; the purity of stock, the delicacy of touch, combined with the masterly stroke of the ingenious hand, speak for themselves.

To every line, to the contour of each letter, we point with pride. The artistic superiority of our engraving lies in the elaborateness of its simplicity.

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Absolutely Pure.

G	GOING	D
H	TO THE	E
I	COUNTRY?	L
R	TAKE COCOA WITH YOU	L
A	It strengthens you before a hard days	I
R	tramp and refreshes you after any kind	S
	of exertion.	
	GET THE ORIGINAL	
	Ghirardelli's	
	Cocoa.	
	DON'T ACCEPT THE "SUBSTITUTES"	

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

The home of Prince and Princess Poniatowski, *né* Sperry, in Paris, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Miss Jennie Catherwood, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ernest La Montagne, at Newport, R. I., is expected here early in October.

Dr. Paolo de Vecchi has returned to the city after a three months' visit to Europe.

Mr. H. H. Bancroft and family are making a pleasure tour of Europe, and will return in a few weeks to reside in Cambridge, Mass., for a term of years while his sons are at Harvard.

Miss Celia O'Connor has returned from a tour of the world, which she made with Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury, of Los Angeles.

Mrs. T. G. Warkington, Miss Timie Goodall, and Miss Nellie Boyd will sail on the steamer *Coptic* on September 12th for Hong Kong. They will return via Honolulu, and will pass a few weeks on the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kathlyn Jarboe are expected to return from the East in a few days, and will pass the remainder of the season at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle have returned from Santa Cruz, and are residing at 2489 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister have returned to the city after passing the summer at Blytheedale.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis and family will return from San Rafael in a few days.

Dr. A. H. Wallace has returned from Lake Tahoe and will pass the winter at The Colonial.

Mr. G. F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey, is staying at The Colonial prior to his return to Washington, D. C.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland returned last Tuesday from a visit to friends in Grass Valley.

Mr. O. O. Howard, nephew of General Howard, U. S. A., is here from his mine at English Mountain, and is passing a few days at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, who have been passing the summer at Blytheedale, have returned to the city.

Mrs. L. R. Mead and Miss Birdie Collins came down from Byron Springs early in the week to pass several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd have returned from Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones are expected to return from Lake Tahoe to-day.

Mr. J. C. Struhls has returned from his Eastern trip. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wright will leave September 12th on the steamer *Coptic* to make a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. H. W. Seale and Mrs. M. A. Healy will leave on September 9th to visit Mrs. Clara Catherwood at Madrone Villa, in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Moulder have returned from a prolonged visit at Blytheedale.

Mr. and Mrs. George Steckel, of Los Angeles, have returned home after a visit here to friends.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Phelan, at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and family have returned from a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have returned from a two months' visit to Portland, Or.

Mrs. Clara Foltz and her daughter, Miss Virginia Foltz, had a narrow escape from death while en route to London from Paris a fortnight ago. They were crossing the English Channel aboard the steamer *Seaford*, which was run into by another steamer, and it sank in twenty minutes.

All of the passengers were transferred to the other steamer and merely lost their baggage. Miss Foltz has been at the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, during the past three years, and is advancing musically very much. The ladies will soon go to Rome, Italy.

Mr. Charles Suro and Miss Clara Suro are in Paris. Mrs. W. T. Heger and family, of Wilmington, Del., are at The Colonial for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McAfee are visiting General B. F. Murphy at the Santa Margarita Rancho, in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hopkins have returned from their tour of Europe, and are expected here next Thursday. They will reside at The Colonial.

The Misses Oxnard came up from San Mateo last Wednesday to visit friends here for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Siehe, *né* Burks, are now residing at 1119 Bush Street, and will receive on Thursdays.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young were in Hamburg last week.

Miss Pratt has returned to her home in Chicago after a visit to Mrs. Paul Jarboe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Jennings, *né* Ziska, are now residing at 1630 Sacramento Street.

Miss Clara Y. Archibald, of Oakland, who has been visiting in New York since last April, has gone to Cleveland, O., where she will remain until the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin left last Monday to visit Castle Crags.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde has returned to his country home at St. Helena, after a week's visit here to his sister, Mrs. David Bixler.

Mrs. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese Morgan will go East late in September. Miss Therese Morgan will then resume her studies at Farmington, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have returned from a prolonged visit in Southern California, and have taken rooms at the Hotel Richelieu for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean intend to pass the winter in New York city.

Mrs. Bigelow, of Carson City, wife of Judge Bigelow, of the Supreme Court of Nevada, is here on a visit, and is staying at The Colonial.

Mrs. A. W. Simpson and Miss Bertha Simpson, of Stockton, have been visiting friends here since last Wednesday.

Mr. A. C. Fletcher has returned from a two months' outing at Wawona and the Yosemite Valley, and is now at The Colonial.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N. (retired), is residing at Richmond, N. Y.

Adjutant-General Ruggles, U. S. A., has returned to Washington, D. C., after a brief visit to this coast.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Hunter, Deputy Judge Advocate General, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Department of California. His position will be filled, until further orders, by Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Thomas W. Symms, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., was recently ordered to proceed to Buffalo, N. Y.,

to relieve Major Ernest H. Ruffner, U. S. A., who will go to Portland to relieve Major James C. Post, U. S. A., who is in temporary charge of affairs there.

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Bell, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, commencing last Thursday.

Captain Frank H. Edmunds, First Infantry, U. S. A., will be relieved on October 1st from recruiting service at David's Island, New York Harbor.

Captain Walter D. McCaw, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Presidio and ordered to Fort Ringgold, Texas.

Assistant-Surgeon C. P. Bagg, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey*, ordered home, and granted two months' leave of absence.

Mrs. Charles S. Cotton, wife of Captain Cotton, U. S. N., will pass the winter in this city.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is on general recruiting service at Minneapolis, Minn., will be relieved from duty on October 1st.

Captain James Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on recruiting duty at New Haven, Conn., with headquarters at 153 Church Street.

Captain C. A. P. Hatfield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred to Boise Barracks, Idaho.

Lieutenant Charles L. Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant Nat P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Lieutenant William M. Crofton, First Infantry, reported for duty September 1st at the Infantry and Cavalry School.

Lieutenant Edmund M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been detached from duty at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., and ordered to Washington Barracks, D. C.

Lieutenant George W. Gatchell, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was relieved on September 1st from duty at the Vermont Academy, Saxton's River, Vt.

Lieutenant Edward T. Brown, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is with Battery M at Fort Canby, Wash.

Lieutenant William F. Hancock, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Lieutenant William W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now absent on sick leave, will not return to duty until February 10, 1896.

Lieutenant R. H. Miner, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Mare Island Navy-Yard.

Lieutenant Samson L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on recruiting duty at 805 Main Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Lieutenant Frank Merriwether, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at San Diego Barracks upon the expiration of his sick leave.

Lieutenant E. B. Flagg, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Angel Island, and will relieve Lieutenant France A. Winter, U. S. A., who will report to Grant, A. T., relieving Lieutenant George M. Wells, U. S. A., who will report at Fort Mason to relieve Captain William Kneeder, U. S. A., who will report at San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant Harvey C. Carbaugh, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is now on duty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred to Angel Island.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from recruiting duty at Washington, D. C., and ordered to return to his post here.

Mrs. Charles E. Fox, wife of Flag-Lieutenant Fox, U. S. N., has arrived here from Casanova, N. Y., and will remain here during the winter.

Mrs. Edward J. Dorn, wife of Lieutenant Dorn, U. S. N., and her sister, Mrs. John K. Robinson, accompanied by Mrs. W. D. Rose, will leave September 12th, on the steamer *Coptic*, for the Asiatic Station where the *Olympia* is located.

Mrs. Louis Brechemin, wife of Dr. Brechemin, U. S. A., is visiting at Atlantic City, N. J.

Colonel and Mrs. L. S. Bahitt, U. S. A., came down from Benicia Barracks last Wednesday for a brief visit.

"As You Like It."

The ladies of the Channing Auxiliary, the Unitarian Church, and the Society for Christian Work are making the most elaborate preparations for the open-air production of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," which is to be given by the Stockwell company at Suro Heights on the afternoon of Saturday, September 21st. Arrangements have been perfected to close the Columbia Theatre on that afternoon; the usual weekly matinee will be given on Thursday afternoon, September 19th, instead. The beautiful lawn at Suro Heights will seat comfortably five thousand persons, and the amphitheatre will be so arranged that the view will be perfect from every nook and corner of the place. The Berkeley University Glee Club will be among those who will participate in the chorus, and all of the minor parts will be in the hands of thoroughly trained artists. The costumes will be new and handsome, and Rose Coghlan will wear the beautiful Rosalind dress that she wore at the big *at fresco* performance given at the home of Mrs. Colonel Stevens not long ago. Special arrangements will be made for a number of private boxes and reserved seats.

Prices Obtained for Champagnes in London.

At the public sales held in London recently, champagnes of the vintage of 1889 were disposed of by auction, and, according to *Ridley's Wine and Spirit Circular* in London, the following were the prices obtained for cases containing twelve bottles: Pommery Extra Sec, 83 to 89 shillings. Moët & Chandon, 77 to 82 shillings. Veuve Cliquot, 77 to 82 shillings. C. H. Mumm, extra dry, 72 to 77 shillings. The Pommery brand commanding, as it always does in that market, a higher price than all others. —*Trade Review and Banking Journal*.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Carl Organ Recital.

Mr. William C. Carl, of New York city, gave his first organ recital here on Friday evening at the First Congregational Church. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Concert piece (MS., new), Luard B. Selby; pastorale (new), George MacMaster; gavotte, "Dans le Style Ancien" (arranged by Mr. Carl), Ch. Nenstedt; toccata in G major (new), Th. Dubois; concert in D minor, No. 10, allegro, aria (with cadenzas by Alex. Guilmant), G. F. Handel; finale from the fifth organ symphony, Ch. M. Widor; communion in A flat (new), Alex. Guilmant; caprice in B flat, Alex. Guilmant; fugue in D major, J. S. Bach; romance, "Tannhäuser," Richard Wagner; overture to "Euryanthe," Ch. M. Von Weher.

Mr. Carl's second concert will be given this evening at the First Congregational Church. The programme will include some notable novelties.

The San Francisco Oratorio Society held its regular meeting last Tuesday evening at Byron Mauzy's Hall on Post Street.

Among the peculiar bicycling developments in Golden Gate Park, the latest is the appearance of a lady on a wheel wearing a widow's cap, widow's weeds, and black crêpe bloomers.

China was the birthplace of Mrs. Emma Eames Story. Her parents were Americans, resident in the Flowery Kingdom.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

In justice to Jones: "You said that Jones is a member of the Grand Army, didn't you?" "Yes, but I want to add that he is also a veteran of the Civil War."—*Life*.

Miss Elder—"I will bet you anything you like that I never marry." Mr. Easy—"I'll take you." Miss Elder (rapturously)—"Will you, really? Then I won't bet, after all."—*Puck*.

Rounder—"This has been a very expensive summer for me." Sounder—"I thought you sent your family away on a farm somewhere." Rounder—"So I did; but I stayed in town."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I have been requested," said the good pastor, beaming over the pulpit, "to offer prayers for rain; but the superintendent informs me that the Sunday-school picnic is arranged for Tuesday."—*Rockland Tribune*.

"You know that although a wealthy man, I never drink, smoke, gamble, or swear—that I am perfectly exemplary. Then why do you refuse me?" "You certainly couldn't ask me to become the manager of a freak?"—*Bazar*.

Stiffkins (a neighbor)—"Hello, Jones, what you doin'? Laying down a carpet?" Jones (who has just whacked his thumb)—"No! you blasted idiot—the carpet was here when we moved in. I am just putting the floor under it."—*Truth*.

A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."—*Tit-Bits*.

Rural Ragges—"It's no use, Tatts; I've got ter work." Tramping Tatters—"Land o' labor, Roory, me boy! What's de matter wid yer? Are yer losin' yer intellec'?" Rural Ragges—"No; but I swallered a yeast-cake in mistake fer a marsh-maller."—*Judge*.

"Life is a mystery," said the Man of Letters. "It is a question of organization," declared the Woman of Resource. "It is a matter of bread and butter," ventured the Working Woman. "No—purely a matter of public opinion," said the Journalist.—*Black and White*.

Jack—"Half a dozen of my girl's cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to when I should stop kissing them. What do you think?" "There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy it, then it's time to stop."—*Life*.

"Haow d'ye like that cider?" asked a close old farmer of a poor fellow that he had given a glass instead of a tip for a job. "Pretty good, but it's a pity you didn't have another apple." "Another apple—why?" "Because you could have made another barrel of it, you know."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"What does this here 'New Woman' talk mean, John?" "Hit means, Maria," replied the old farmer, "that women air a-takin' the places what men occupied. You'll find the plow right where I left it; an' when you sharpen the axe, you kin sail in to a dozen cords o' wood; an' I'll have supper a-billin' when you git home."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

First brother (at Ocean Grove)—"Good morning, brother. What a perfectly divine Sabbath morning! What a truly religious feeling pervades this holy spot! It was a heaven-born idea for the founders to lock the gates on the Sabbath morning, and thus shut out sin and worldly business." Second brother—"Amen, brother! Amen! But whither dost thou journey?" First brother—"Oh, I'm going over to Asbury Park to purchase milk and Sunday papers. Where do you go?" Second brother—"I'm going over there, too. I want to get some bread for breakfast."—*Puck*.

The benighted barbarian, in accordance with the time-honored custom of his tribe, lay in wait in the grass, waiting for the approach of the maiden whom he had chosen to woo. As soon as she passed, he arose, and with one blow of the large and knotty club he carried felled her to the earth. She awoke from the consequent swoon to find herself flung across his shoulder as he proceeded toward his hut. Though dazed at first, she realized that she had been proposed to in the regular style. "Dear me, Mr. Gwrrbbu," she twittered, "this is so sudden!" In her case there was really some excuse for the remark.—*Life*.

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The Argonaut.

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The last week in August completed a year under the Democratic Sugar-Trust tariff. All of its provisions went into effect then, with the exception of the modified duties on woolen goods, which went into effect eight months afterwards. How is the country thriving under the Democratic Sugar-Trust tariff? How is the Democratic party itself getting along?

When the recent Democratic State Convention was held in Ohio, Senator Calvin S. Brice was intrusted with the task of whipping the silver malcontents into line. He succeeded. It was a wrangling and turbulent body, yet it was a Democratic convention, and to this Democratic convention, Senator Brice, in a lengthy conciliatory speech, said:

"It is now less than a year since we were beaten in Ohio by nearly one hundred and forty thousand plurality. Nor was this a local disaster affecting only the party in the State. We suffered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There was wild, fierce clamor against the President, against the Democratic Senate, against the Democratic House. So wide-spread was this feeling of helplessness among our party that we already have lost our majority in the Senate and House. But the Democratic party is no longer prostrate; its fortunes

are rising. Panic and fear have passed away. The benefits of Democratic legislation already have produced and are producing their effects. Faith is rapidly being restored, confidence reestablished, and business everywhere reviving."

This is the rosy picture painted by the magic brush of Brice for the Democrats of Ohio to gaze upon. Similar statements will be shouted from the stump by every Democratic Demosthenes in the next campaign. But will the people generally believe them? We doubt it. We doubt whether even the Democrats will believe them.

The tariff under which the country is now being governed can not be called a free-trade tariff. It is neither one thing nor the other—it is like everything with which the Democratic party has to do—it is a shuffle, a quibble, a compromise. Yet it is the Democratic tariff. Would the Democratic party be willing to accept a comparison of its results last year with those of previous years, under Republican tariffs? Not so—they would repudiate any such comparison with indignation, as being "unfair, on account of the business depression." They forget that they caused the business depression. Yet, although there has been much Democratic newspaper talk of a revival of business, and although it is indisputable that business did begin to revive in the spring, we are not yet where we were before the Democratic panic began. Even to-day, more than two years after that panic began, its effects are still keenly felt. The bank clearances of the entire country for the month of August, 1895, were over nine per cent. less than those of August, 1892. That is to say, the volume of business in the United States last month was four hundred and fifty millions of dollars less under the Democratic tariff two years after the Democratic panic, than it was under a Republican tariff, one year before the Democratic panic began. *Four hundred and fifty millions of dollars*—that is a good deal of money to lose in a month for Senator Brice's "benefits of Democratic legislation."

Take the question of the wage-workers. It is said that the wages of half a million of men have been advanced since business began to revive in the spring of this year. We are very glad to hear it. But if half a million men's wages have been advanced, how many millions were lowered during the Democratic panic of 1893? There are about twenty million wage-earners in the United States. About half of them had their wages lowered during the Democratic panic year, 1893. And now that half a million of them have had their wages restored to the former figure, the other nineteen and a half millions are expected to rejoice.

Let us look around in our immediate vicinity. It is always well to take your own city and your own State in forming conclusions as to economic questions. A man in California may be mistaken as to the conditions prevailing in Maine or Massachusetts, but he can not be much mistaken about California. How are things here under Democratic rule? For about the "prosperity due to Democratic legislation"? Are wages in California to-day under a Democratic administration as high as they were under a Republican one? How do the farmers, the fruit-growers, the wage-earners of California like the "benefits due to Democratic legislation"?

Senator Brice said in his speech: "Panic and fear have passed away. The benefits of Democratic legislation have produced and are producing their effects. Faith is rapidly being restored, confidence reestablished, and business everywhere reviving."

Senator Brice is mistaken. It is true that business is trying to revive. Even the Democratic party can not kill off American pluck. But it is not "through the benefits of Democratic legislation." It is rather in spite of it. For although the country slung out, neck and heels, the incompetent Congress whose Democratic majority did its best to ruin the nation, a Democratic administration still remains in power. Business is struggling to revive, the late Democratic Congress having ceased to be a power for further evil, except through its tariff law. But business can temporarily accommodate itself to the changed conditions of the tariff. What it fears now is Democratic incompetency in the finances of the country.

During the last year, Cleveland and the Democratic ad-

ministration, being utterly unable to pay the current expenses of the government with the revenue derived from the Democratic Sugar-Trust tariff, have been borrowing heavily on bonds. The enormous sum of one hundred and sixty-two millions of dollars has been borrowed from a semi-foreign banking syndicate at an exorbitant rate of interest which shocked the country. This Shylock syndicate, in return for its pound of flesh, agreed to keep up the hundred-million gold reserve until October 1st. It has kept its promise up to date. But what will happen after the first day of October? That is what the business world is asking. That is what makes reviving business pause. A government that can not stand alone—a government whose finances have to be propped up by a hanking syndicate must be in a bad way. Therefore it is that business, which began to revive in the spring, despite Democratic tariff-tinkering, has now been checked in the summer and has come to a sudden stop, through fear of Democratic Treasury-tinkering.

Can it be possible that Senator Brice believes what he says? Do the leaders of the Democratic party think that the American people have such short memories? Do they believe that the people have forgotten the ruin wrought by the Democratic party in a few short years? But they could not forget it, if they would; its evidences are still on every hand. Scarcely a man in the United States, from the millionaire to the mendicant, who has not felt the changed conditions caused by the "Democratic hard times" of 1893, '94, and '95.

Last year the people rose in their wrath. Twenty-eight Northern States voted against the Democratic nominees. Only a dozen Democrats were elected north of Mason and Dixon's line. The Democrats in Congress were swept from power. Yet is the wrath of the people still unsatisfied. The pinching economy, the pared-down salaries, the cutting of wages, the idleness of willing hoods, the wide-spread ruin—all of these things, due to the Democratic party, have left an indelible impress on the people's minds. Ill-clad bodies and ill-filled stomachs are not soon forgotten. If Senator Brice thinks so, he will find out his error in Ohio this fall. There has not been so bitter a feeling against the Democratic party since the days of Copperhead Vandalism and the Civil War. The people feel for the Democratic leaders a deep resentment, a sullen anger. They have already driven most of them into private life. But there still remain both knaves and fools at the head of this great country, and, in the light of the past three years of ruin, the country will not be safe until they, too, have been driven from power.

The customary newspaper excuse for publishing matter that is offensive to taste or injurious to morals is that the people like it. And this high-minded explanation is held, by the newspaper code, to be a complete justification. But we may be permitted to doubt the infallibility of the judgment of the proprietors of the "great dailies" in all cases. It is not conceivable, for example, that the public really cares as much as the news-merchants think it does for the rivers of drool concerning fashionable society wherewith the press inundates itself. To believe that the public demands it is to convict the public of imbecility, as well as a spirit so groveling that a footman in plush would blush to own it. Newport has of late been the head-waters of this Mississippi of inane "news." The San Francisco papers, it is to be presumed, get no more than their appointed share of it, and it appeals to think of the miles of matter describing the Newport festivities, and the gowns and the diamonds worn thereat, which have been telegraphed to the American press as a whole.

It is bad enough to be afflicted with local society as it is viewed by the admiring newspaper eye; but when the Associated Press, reinforced by special correspondents, makes it its business to turn loose the floods from Newport, Narragansett Pier, and every other point where men and women of wealth choose to amuse themselves by gathering together and doing nothing in particular, a new terror is added

to life. Of what possible interest can it be to the American people, to any rational person who does not enjoy Mr. Oliver Belmont's acquaintance, for illustration, to learn, by means of columns of dispatches, that that gentleman gave a ball, and what he and his guests had for supper? And how should it concern the public to know that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was there, and whether she is going to marry him, or whether she is not going to give him that happiness? Why, either, should a population of seventy thousand souls, with their own affairs to claim their attention, be presumed to care whether the other Vanderbilts will speak to Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, or pass her coldly by? Or whether the two Vanderbilt factions will cleave the New York Four Hundred into hostile factions? Of the unfortunate people who are not in this circle, the correspondent (who is possibly fortunate enough to be on terms of social intimacy with the valet of the Duke of Marlborough, Mrs. Vanderbilt's guest), thoughtfully adds:

"Many a carriage swings around bearing a beauty whose wistful face and alertly attentive eyes, turned upon each equipage that flashes by, reveals more plainly than verbal utterance that she is not 'in the swim.' Newport is a desolate place for any one who has social ambitions and has not the proper introductions to gain admittance into the exclusive circle. The fashionable set is really like a club."

Really a club, to which admission is possible only to the ancient nobility—the Vanderbilts, the Astors, and others of the American Faubourg St. Germain. Considering the blaze of publicity in which she dwells—considering the belief in her national, not to say international, importance, which a deferential and attentive press forces upon her—it is not wonderful that Mrs. Vanderbilt should not, like an ordinary divorced woman, think temporary privacy in good taste. No one bearing her name can, thanks to the newspapers, be unconscious of greatness. Royalty itself is not more venerated by the gasping gentlemen of the press. A gratified nation was recently given the information that Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, who is obliging enough to be the daughter of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt (who, in turn, consented to be the son of his father), was engaged to Mr. Moses Taylor. Mr. Moses Taylor has achieved distinction above most of his countrymen by inheriting his name and money. The engagement was denied by the parents, whereupon it was telegraphed (to the extent of half a column) to the San Francisco *Examiner*:

"Notwithstanding this fact, the knowing ones insist that the announcement that the young people are betrothed may be expected any day, for, according to recent fashion, announcements of that kind usually follow at the heels of denials. It would not surprise any one if it did come, although it is not likely to do so before the Vanderbilts return to town."

With this we must be content until the Associated Press and the special correspondents decide that it is time to renew their laudable efforts at match-making.

It would be pleasant to think that this nauseous gossip about their divorces, marriages, dances and dinners, dresses, and coaches, and private quarrels, was offensive to the subjects of it, but unhappily the new rich are as eager to get publicity as the newspapers are to give it to them. Yet on what rational ground they can be deemed worthy of perpetual print, as if they were successful generals, great statesmen, famous authors, notable artists, or beneficent inventors, nobody has been able to divine. The Vanderbilts and their associates of the New York Four Hundred are certainly not gifted with genius in any of its various forms, and their deeds done in the body, up to date, are scarcely of a kind to commend them more to the approval of heaven than of earth. Since they are daily kowtowed to by the press, although they are no better, brighter, braver, or more intellectual than the rest of us, the inference is forced that their greatness is due to their riches alone. The newspapers in their dealing with our social life prove that possession of money is the sole test that they apply, which is unwelcome evidence that American journalism is as sordid and vulgar as the American plutocracy itself. Neither stands for or expresses the desires and spirit of the American people.

The ninth of September, 1895, was the forty-fifth anniversary of the admission of California into the Federal Union. There may be some people—there may even be some among the Native Sons—who wonder why Admission Day has always been such a day of rejoicing in California. We will tell them why. In the lapse of almost half a century, it is often forgotten that there was a desperate attempt on the part of Southern men to make California a slave State. Fortunately that attempt failed. But the slave-holding element in Congress succeeded in keeping California out of the Union for many weary months, during which she was vainly knocking at the door of the national Legislature. And when at last she was admitted, as the thirty-first State of the Union, the vote in the House of Representatives stood 150 ayes to 57 noes, and all of the noes came from the ultra-Southern element in the House.

But the fight was won. The new California was not a

slave State. That is why it is that Admission Day has always been a day of rejoicing in California; that is why it is that when the news of California's admission came to San Francisco on the eighteenth of October, 1850, the people went wild with joy; that is why cannon sounded not only in the Plaza of San Francisco and in every mining-camp in California, but also in New York, in Washington, and in other Eastern cities. Those cannon sounded because the evil Southern institution of slavery had met another rebuff at the hands of Northern men, and because California, the newly chosen maiden in the sisterhood of States, was not a slave State, but was free.

The celebration of the ninth of September, 1895, took place at Sacramento, the capital of the State, and was one of the most imposing yet given. It was under the auspices of the Native Sons. But we would advise that order to begin at once preparations for the celebration of the semi-centennial of California's admission—the celebration of 1900. Let them endeavor to surpass the celebration of 1895, if they can. But they will find it a difficult thing to do.

The Sacramento celebration of 1895 was unique. In addition to the many features which are a part of all such celebrations, one night was given up to an "Electric Carnival." Probably such a sight was never seen before since the world began. As our readers know, the city of Sacramento has recently succeeded in bringing electricity to its doors from the vast water-power of the American River dam, twenty-two miles away. It is the largest electric plant in the world, and will remain so until the Niagara plant is completed. From the wires of the electric company, the projectors of the celebration took the subtle fluid for illuminating purposes. The State Capitol and all the larger buildings of the city were outlined in incandescent lights. Sacramento looked like a city of fire. In the procession, there were large numbers of symbolic floats, representing scores of ingenious designs, all outlined by myriads of electric lights. The floats were fed by trolley wires over the streets. The Sacramento Electric Carnival was the first of its kind. It was unique.

But behind this celebration and this carnival, there is more than feasting and illuminations. As the fathers of these Native Sons, forty-five years ago, stood on the threshold of a new era, so do their sons now stand. In addition to the vast resources of California, which have produced so many millions in the last fifty years, there is now added another—the possibilities of electricity. This State has suffered more than any in the Union from lack of coal and from the cost of steam power. But the possibilities of power in California's streams and rivers have been shown by Sacramento, California's electric pioneer. What one city has done, another may do. Already other cities are investigating the possibilities of the adjacent streams. In California the number is very large. In the great interior valleys, the west flank of the Sierra Nevada range is seamed with streams; on the east flank of the Coast Range the number is smaller, but on the ocean side of the same range the streams are numerous. It is entirely possible that within half a decade of years these streams, most of which now run idly to the ocean, will have been utilized, and their vast water-power be propelling electric cars and feeding electric lamps. If so, the most notable date in California next to her admission in 1850 will be Sacramento's Electric Carnival in 1895.

If our friends, the clergy of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, evinced the same aptitude in all other directions as in politics for accommodating themselves to the conditions of American life, Pope Leo the Thirteenth would more frequently have occasion to express his liking for this missionary field, already so rich in souls and Peter's pence. His church has done very well here, materially and spiritually, but it might do immeasurably better if it would show less reluctance to seize upon and derive legitimate benefit from modern instrumentalities. That it holds back may be owing only to an innate conservatism, but it is to be feared that it feels an unworthy dread of being accused of imitating more enterprising rivals. The fact that a number of up-to-date Protestant sects have "evangelical cars" traveling through the country—one of them was even "held up" last week in Colorado—ought, one would think, to have stirred the Roman Catholics to emulation, merely as a matter of business. It is little less than scandalous that a church which possesses the power to work miracles should not exert that power everywhere, instead of bestowing all its blessings at one or two points.

New York is an important place, doubtless, and because of its unequalled Irish population has peculiar claims on the church, yet it is favored out of all proportion to its acknowledged deserts. The press of the metropolis, which is devout and, as a rule, Democratic, continues to excite the na-

tion's envy by publishing accounts of the wonders achieved by the wrist of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, mother of the Virgin Mary, and therefore entitled to the reverent title of "Grandmother of God," which the Roman Catholic priests bestow upon her. The wrist mentioned is owned by the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, on Seventy-Sixth Street, and has proved of more therapeutical and surgical value to the inhabitants of New York and its environs than a whole corps of merely human doctors. In one corner of the sacred edifice there is "a rack filled with discarded crutches, canes, braces, and other apparatus for the straightening of distorted bodies." The Rev. Father Tetreau, pastor of St. Jean Baptiste, said to a *World* reporter the other day: "This is the most successful Novina we have ever had. The basement and church proper have been crowded from morning till night. People come in flocks from everywhere. Their simple faith is most touching." The good priest mentioned several remarkable cures. A five-year-old boy who had never walked in his life, after kissing the relic, ran about like other boys. William Donnegan, of 553 One Hundred and Fortieth Street, was carried to the church and left it free from the rheumatism that had defied the physicians. Palsy, cancer, consumption, rickets, appendicitis, cerebro-spinal meningitis, railroad spine, bicycle back, blindness, and every ailment conceivable yields to the wrist. And the church derives an enormous revenue.

Now why should not this inestimable relic, and others equally efficacious, be loaded on miracle cars, and travel, in care of competent priests, throughout the Union? The Protestant gospel cars would not—if while on a sacred theme we may employ worldly language—be in it with such perambulating dispensaries. Preaching is all very well, but a man who gets rid of a twisted leg, or receives good eyes for sightless ones, or otherwise is made the subject of a miracle, would be worth more as a spreader of the true faith than all the eloquence that could be delivered from pulpits in a hundred years. The scheme is entirely practicable. The arrival of the relic car would be an event in any town. An advance agent, of course, should attend to the preparatory advertising and press notices. As much anticipatory excitement would be created in rural communities as by the annual circus posters. The itinerary of a specially important car, such as the one bearing a star relic like Ste. Anne's wrist, would have to be carefully arranged. Peoria, and towns of that order, would be good for two or three days, while Oskosh, Kankakee, Kokomo, and minor points of the sort, would be classed as one-day stands. Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and large centres generally would call for engagements extending over weeks. Other cars, with less celebrated attractions, could work the Southern, North-Western, and Pacific Coast circuits.

That the car idea has not been adopted long ago by the Roman Catholic Church causes astonishment when it is reflected how colossal would be the receipts at the box-office of each outfit. It may be objected that relics when away from home lose their virtue, but only ignorant heretics will advance that explanation. All relics of saints in the United States are away from home, since all have been imported. Consequently, if they can work miracles in one place they can work miracles in another. That miracles are not as frequent elsewhere in this country as in New York, is due in no degree to the superior ignorance and superstition of the faithful in the metropolis, but purely to the absence of relics in other places. Hence the opening for the car plan. Supply and demand should be brought together.

The San Francisco dailies have recently published columns of matter concerning the death of a young man named Giles, which death was attributed to meningitis caused by bicycle riding. The doctors gravely discussed the matter *pro* and *con*, and their varying views were touched upon in last week's number of the *Argonaut*. The upshot of the medical discussion seemed to be that those doctors who do not ride are divided on the question, some believing that bicycling is beneficial, and others that it is not; among the doctors who ride, however, there is absolutely no difference in opinion—they all believe the wheel to be beneficial.

The opinion of the doctors who favor the wheel has been corroborated in the most marked way by a number of people who ride—some of whom have been patients, but are so no longer. Mr. C. G. Field, of San Francisco, writes to the papers that he is fifty-three years old; that he has been wheeling for twenty years; that he recently rode to San José, a distance of fifty miles, in three hours and five minutes, without discomfort; that he is in robust health, which he ascribes to the bicycle; that his brother, who had weak lungs, has been restored to health by bicycle-riding; and Mr. Field closes by saying he believes there is no danger in bicycle-riding, except that resulting from accident. A number of ladies give similar testimony. Mme. Julie

PERAMBULATING
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Church, evinced the same aptitude in all other directions as in politics for accommodating themselves to the conditions of American life, Pope Leo the Thirteenth would more frequently have occasion to express his liking for this missionary field, already so rich in souls and Peter's pence. His church has done very well here, materially and spiritually, but it might do immeasurably better if it would show less reluctance to seize upon and derive legitimate benefit from modern instrumentalities. That it holds back may be owing only to an innate conservatism, but it is to be feared that it feels an unworthy dread of being accused of imitating more enterprising rivals. The fact that a number of up-to-date Protestant sects have "evangelical cars" traveling through the country—one of them was even "held up" last week in Colorado—ought, one would think, to have stirred the Roman Catholics to emulation, merely as a matter of business. It is little less than scandalous that a church which possesses the power to work miracles should not exert that power everywhere, instead of bestowing all its blessings at one or two points.

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Rosewald, who is well known throughout the United States as a former prima donna of opera, now lives in San Francisco. She has cured herself of rheumatism and neuralgia by bicycling, after the doctors had failed to do her any good. Mrs. George Forbes attributes her recovery from nervous prostration to the use of the wheel. Mrs. C. G. Field and her daughter ascribe their robust health to wheeling, although Mrs. Field condemns the use of corsets on the wheel. Mrs. W. V. Bryan recovered her lost health by wheeling. Mrs. Mills, of Mills College for young women, is so firmly convinced of the benefits of wheeling for girls that she encourages it by every means in her power, and the number of bicycles in constant use at Mills College is large. There are scores of ladies in San Francisco who have rushed to the defense of the wheel, all alleging that it has been beneficial—some who were ailing say they have been restored to health by its use, and those who were in good health when they began are more robust than ever.

Altogether, it would seem as if the doctors had not proved their case against the wheel. When we consider the extreme conservatism of women, their proneness to listen to their physicians, and their indisposition to make such marked changes in their garb as even a mild wheeling costume involves, the hold that the bicycle has acquired over them is marvelous. Every day the papers of the land are filled with accounts of bicycling accidents, many of them happening to women; here in San Francisco, in addition to the terror of accidents, the doctors have sprung this new meningeal terror. But all this is of no avail. Women are more timid than men. Yet the terrible tales do not deter them. The number of new devotees of the wheel, male and female, seems to be increasing more rapidly than ever, despite the new terrors.

The recent wide-spread uprising in China against Christian missionaries, resulting in the murder of a number, the expulsion of most, and a wholesale destruction of mission property, has awakened in this country and in England an earnest demand for the punishment of the assassins and destroyers. This demand is backed by argument rather than by emotion, however. These missionaries had, under treaty stipulations, a right to go where their presence and work incensed the people. Therefore China must be compelled to give the protection she has engaged to give, or pay for her failure. Beyond this, the people of English-speaking countries have not been aroused. Of course there is everywhere human sympathy for white men and women who have suffered death, outrage, indignity, and loss at the hands of a race which we class as semi-barbarous and are wont to despise as greatly our inferiors, but sane judgment has not on that account been upset. The clamor of the missionary societies finds no echo from the cold secular press.

The fact that the missionaries went voluntarily where they were not wanted, and, of necessity, made themselves offensive, stands out so clearly that common sense is forced to take cognizance of it. Besides, behind the clamor of the missionary societies for justice—vengeance—is apparent the intention to ask that civilized governments shall back with gunboats and soldiers hereafter the further prosecution of the Christian propaganda which has been so disastrously interrupted. That is, in the missionary view, the logic of the treaties, of the actual situation, and it is grotesque in the picture it presents to the non-theological intelligence of a gospel of peace being forced on the heathen at the point of the bayonet.

The Christian world of our time is weary of the missionary. It is no longer incapable of seeing the incongruity of Christ's messenger going into the haunts of pagan darkness with the cross in one hand and the sword in the other. Indeed, the Protestant principle of private judgment has secured such a hold on ordinary men that even the heathen's right to worship God in his own way is admitted. The cold truth is that in these closing days of the nineteenth century the missionary appears to most of us as an embodiment of impertinence. Buddhism and Confucianism, the religions of China, are many centuries older than Christianity. Why should we endeavor to force our faith on the Chinese?

Moreover, however fervent American piety may be, it can not obliterate memory, and while we shudder at the atrocities committed by the Chinese, we are compelled to acknowledge that when it comes to savage outbreaks against foreigners, we are not guiltless. In Denver, in 1881, there was an anti-Chinese riot, during which the objectionable strangers were dragged through the streets of Colorado's metropolis with ropes around their necks. We are not permitted to forget the Rock Springs massacre—the scenes of September, 1885, when the village of the Chinese there was stormed by armed miners and twenty-eight were killed. We paid China an indemnity of four hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars for that, but nobody was hanged. Our history records that in 1886 we incurred another indemnity of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars

for expulsions of Chinese and variegated outrages at points in Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Oregon, in the course of which more than a score of Chinamen lost their lives. In Juneau, Alaska, eighty-seven Chinese were set adrift on the ocean in two small boats without food. As late as 1891 there were arson, and robbery, and one woman hurried to death in our near neighbor, Vallejo; and last year, in Oregon, ten Chinamen were murdered.

It is true that religion had nothing to do with these infamies, which was fortunate for the Chinese, else the death roll would have been much larger. Suppose that a Buddhist mission should be opened on San Francisco's Tar Flat, and the missionaries should follow the example of their Christian counterparts in China, who denounce the binding of infants' feet, the worship of ancestors, and other Mongolian customs and superstitions? That is to say, suppose the Buddhist preachers should arraign the Tar Flatter for beer-drinking, abstention from meat on Fridays, and otherwise express contempt for his Caucasian pleasures and Christian practices—what would be their fate?

Of course barbarism and murder in America do not justify murder and barbarism in China, but our Christian crimes help to explain the crimes of the heathen. And while we have among us people capable of committing such crimes, it is not apparent why we should neglect home for foreign missionary work. It is a practical question to ask, too, what good that foreign work accomplishes. The tale of converts in China is pitifully scant in comparison with the time and life and treasure spent. These Asiatics do not want our religion. There are probably one hundred thousand Chinese in this country surrounded by the civilization that results from Christianity, and they are hesitating by missions. How many genuine Chinese converts have been made in the United States? And lay foreigners living in China tell us that, in their judgment, all native converts there are frauds, who profess Christianity merely in order to "work" the missionaries.

The United States has given money to China in compensation for the violence done her people here, and it is just that China should in turn be held to a strict responsibility; but the good sense of American church people should cause them to frown on any more of this bloody and costly propaganda which bears no good fruit. There are more than enough heathen in our great cities to engage all the missionary talent offering, and the money that is being worse than wasted in Asia should be devoted to making good citizens of the poor children who are the offspring of ignorant or vicious parents in our own Christian land.

It is extremely probable that the savings banks of San Francisco will be forced to reduce their dividends at the end of the present semi-annual term. The dividends paid at the close of the last term were 4 per cent. for ordinary and 4.80 per cent. for term deposits. The dividends for this term will probably be $3\frac{1}{4}$ or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The savings banks are making very few loans on city real estate, and practically none on country property. Therefore, their deposits are accumulating, while interest is falling. This, together with the high tax rate of the present year, will force them to reduce their dividends. This will almost infallibly be followed by withdrawals of deposits. As the savings banks of San Francisco hold over a hundred millions on deposit, this will not be an unmixed evil. If some portion of this vast amount of practically idle money—for it is loaned only on real estate—were to be invested by the depositors in other directions, it would be a good thing for the business of San Francisco and the business of the State.

It is very much to be regretted that there should have been a misunderstanding on the second day of the international yacht-race. It is still more to be regretted that the New York Yacht Club committee decided in favor of the American boat. The fact that the committee wavered so long, and attempted to persuade the yacht-managers to sail the race over again, shows that they were a little weak-kneed about their decision. It certainly sounds rather raw. To hold *Valkyrie* responsible for the end of her boom—the part of her furthest aft—fouling *Defender's* hackstay, when she was to windward of *Defender*, is peculiar. It is like a woman's abusing a man for carelessness when she runs into him from behind. We do not think *Defender* should have protested, but if she was crippled as she claimed, she should have refused to sail over the course. The fact that she was beaten only forty-seven seconds shows that she was not very badly crippled. If *Defender* had refused to sail over the course, it is not probable that Dunraven would have claimed the race. He is too much of a yachtsman. When the American cup-defender *Puritan* fouled *Genesta*, the Englishman very generously refused to take the race. *Defender* should either have sailed without protesting or protested without sailing. It looks now as if

she tried to depend on her sails if she won the race and on her foul if she lost it. The matter does not look well. The jockeying spirit which characterized *Defender's* management during her rushes with *Vigilant* seems to have been carried into the international race contests.

As to the way the competing boats have been crowded around by the excursion boats, it is a disgrace to American yachting. If the New York Yacht Club committee can not contrive some way by which two yachts can sail a race with clear water enough to go about in, they had better turn the matter over to somebody who can.

The great Utica Mine in Calaveras County, which caught fire on July 21st, has been shut down ever since, as the mine was flooded to extinguish the flames. On the eighth of September the levels were finally cleared, and work resumed. It has been a striking lesson to the people of Angels, where most of the money earned by the miners has been paid out. During the past three years of depression, the people of Angels have not felt the "Democratic hard times," as a pay-roll of about fifty thousand dollars has been disbursed among them every month. Since the twenty-first of last July, however, a gloom settled over the camp, which was not lifted until work was resumed. The paying gold-mines of California are about the only industry here unaffected by the "Democratic hard times." People are prospecting very actively for more of them. And they will find them too. There are just as good mines in the State as the Utica, if people have the pertinacity to hunt them up, and the "sand" to develop them when they are found.

There are a number of disinterested persons writing to the San Francisco papers suggesting that "Golden Gate Park be lighted clear to the ocean, and that a portion of the park's appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars be expended in that way." Golden Gate Park has not yet got its three hundred thousand dollars, and judging from the excitement the enormous tax levy has created, it probably will not get it either—that is, not all of it. We doubt whether the people are in any humor this year to pay for keeping Golden Gate Park blazing with light for the benefit of a few bicyclists and horsemen. That is a luxury which can wait. The State and city taxes this year amount to about \$2.25 on the \$100. Building towers on new city halls and substitutes for old city halls will tax the tax-payers' patience this year. They do not want to build an eighty-thousand-dollar bicycle-boulevard on Folsom Street, or to spend thirty or forty thousand dollars in lighting Golden Gate Park. And they will not do so—not this year.

The Durrant trial is now in its eighth week. On the seventh day after the jury was secured, six witnesses were examined. Up to date, the average has been about two. The *Examiner* and *Chronicle* are still printing about forty thousand words of testimony per day. It is really remarkable to consider what an amount of printed matter the testimony will make if the dailies continue to print it in full. It is still more remarkable to consider why they print it at all. When we reflect that the trial has lasted for so many weeks, most of which time has been consumed in getting a jury, and that the trial may yet be looked upon as only begun, it will give some idea of the extreme slowness of criminal procedure in the United States and particularly in California. The Code Commissioners who were appointed after the session of the last legislature are now sitting at Sacramento. We do not imagine that the purview of their duties includes such a startling innovation in legal eyes as the acceleration of procedure in criminal cases, but we do not believe that there is anything which is so strongly needed in the courts of the United States, and particularly in those of California, as a revision of the methods of criminal procedure. This trial of Durrant bids fair to last for months. A similar trial, under the methods pursued in England, France, or Germany, would not last as many weeks. Frequently such trials are finished in days.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania adjourned on September 11th, after adopting a platform, one gem of which was this: "We congratulate the American people on the first fruits of the Democratic administration, which, . . . under the sagacious, courageous, and patriotic leadership of its great President, Grover Cleveland, led the people out of the slough of despondency to the high ground of substantial and increasing prosperity." This reads almost like a joke. It may seem to the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention that this country has been led out of the slough of despond by a Democratic administration, but to most people it would seem as if the Democratic party had led the country into a slough of despond, and left it there.

WHY DO WE SEND
MISSIONARIES
TO CHINA?

SAVINGS
BANK
DIVIDENDS.

THE GREAT
INTERNATIONAL
YACHT-RACE.

A BAD
YEAR FOR
LUXURIES.

SLOW PROGRESS
OF DURRANT'S
TRIAL.

A
DEMOCRATIC
JOKE.

LURLINE.

How Madame Paid for her Petticoats.

I had been appointed to the position of manager of the Judin's Trust Mining Company. Before going to the mines I was called to San Francisco to confer with the directorate. I was comparatively young at the time, and inclined to the pleasures of the world. For the purposes of my narrative I think I may say, without being accused of vanity, that I was possessed of a rather presentable person, and moreover of the power of making myself agreeable. The result was that I at once became a prime favorite with my employers, who showed me many social attentions.

This was particularly the case with the president of the company, a stout, jovial, high-living person whose hospitality to me extended even beyond his own establishment, in fact so far, on one occasion, as an invitation to a supper-party at the house of a pretty grass-widow, whose name was a German name, common enough—so common, indeed, that at the time it made no impression upon me, and I soon quite overlooked it, as my genial employer's continually addressing her as "Lurline" led, in the freedom of her Bohemianism, to my also calling her by that name, with the more ceremonious prefix of "Madame" added, however.

I do not wish to be misconstrued concerning Mme. Lurline. Notwithstanding what I have chosen to call her "Bohemianism," she was on visiting terms with the wife and family of the president, and, so far as I have ever known, she was a woman of unquestionable morality. Too much so, perhaps. She was bright and extremely handsome, and we were soon on terms of friendly intimacy. We sang German songs together, and were even quite sentimental in a very innocent way. I noted from her establishment that she was very well-to-do—there was no vulgar ostentation, but the house was elegantly appointed, there were well-trained servants and a tasteful equipage, to say nothing of her toilets and jewels. Madame seemed to enjoy life to perfection—so perfectly, in fact, that she never by any chance referred to the past, and, of course, I never dreamed of doing so. But, as pleasure was not my only pursuit, I was obliged, after a few days, to go to other occupations, and so made my adieus and took my departure for the mountains and the mines.

The scene of my duties was not an agreeable one. It was, in fact, about as abominable a spot as could be hit upon. A dismal, uncomfortable camp, dependent upon one company. Hot in summer, cold in winter, without flowers, or grass, or trees; a background of rock-ribbed mountains, a foreground of sandy desert—the only beauty being in the wild haze of colors in the sunset sky. The great bare hills, however, contained wonderful treasure, and large monthly dividends attested to the prosperity of the place.

It was in the old "high-pressure" days, and our salaries were commensurate with the profits of the company. We worked like horses and were paid like princes. "Come easy, go easy," the old adage was here verified. Every one was lavish. Every thing that money could procure was there. Everything for the man, but nothing for the soul. We were all profligate in our spending. All? Well, no. The old assayer, Herman Smitt, was the sole exception; he was a perfect miser. No one—nothing—could extract money from him. That the cajoling of the sirens of the coovert-halls had no effect upon him, I could understand, for he was old. That the charms of keno, faro, and monte did not entice him was even clearer, for he was a man of wisdom. But he even stayed the hand of charity when the subscription list went the rounds in aid of some one who was ill or hurt. I was thoroughly indignant when I heard that he would not give a penny toward the building of the new, in fact, the only, church—something none of us particularly wanted, but which we all took a certain pride in having. He did not even belong to the mess formed by the officers of the company. Still worse, he begrudged the expense of boarding with the men, and cooked his own meals over the furnaces in his office. There, too, he slept, making up a pallet upon the floor. There was no excuse for the meanness of the man, for he received a large salary, even for those days—no less than five hundred dollars monthly. Out of this he was supposed to employ two assistants, as his predecessor had done; but by working late and early, the sordid fellow managed to dispense with these and do the work alone. The task was a prodigious one, and it could be seen that the old man was weakening under it. The only luxury he seemed to permit himself was tobacco, of which he smoked the cheapest grades in his huge porcelain pipe. His only diversion was music; he had an old wooden flute, wrapped here and there with linen thread where it had cracked through age and hard usage. It must be admitted that he was a master of this instrument. When the mill was shut down for repairs, he could be heard playing at night in the darkness of his room, improvising the most exquisite music. The soft, clear notes flowing out into silence like the voices of angels, enough to quite carry one away, and—bah! to think of its being only old Smitt, after all.

Every pay-day a check for four hundred and ninety dollars was made out to the order of Mrs. Herman Smitt; the remaining ten dollars he drew in coin. I say "every pay-day"; that is inaccurate. Sometimes large checks were drawn in the favor of well-known life insurance companies. From this it was evident that he regarded their policies as a good form of investment. I could draw the mental picture of his fat, economical old spouse quietly depositing the remittances in some solid German savings bank, and eventually of the twain returning, by some cheap line, to their fatherland, there to live in great comfort upon half the interest of their board, to be courted and covied—perhaps hated—by neighbors and relatives. I also wondered if some day some fat-headed son or nephew would not spend it all, in a tithe of the getting, upon flaxen-haired *mädchens* and long-necked bottles.

It was none of my business and I did not care, except that I know I did not regard Smitt as a credit to the establishment. I did think of dismissing him, but he was so thoroughly competent in his art that it would have been as irrational as it would have been unjust. He worked hard and well, and, as I have said, it was none of my business what he did with his earnings.

As time passed, I grew used to him, even rather partial, for one day, in a moment of weakness, seeing that he looked very tired and worn, I employed a boy to help him with his work. At first he did not want him, but when I explained that the company would pay his wages, he gratefully accepted the aid. As may be imagined, the old fellow had no companions, so he took wonderfully to the boy, instructing him not only in the mechanical part of his work, but taking especial trouble to teach him chemistry. He would scold as he lectured, but I fancy he and his pupil understood and liked each other all the better for that.

Boy-like, the assistant was delighted with the experiments which were a part of his education, and pursued them with the vigor of a Dalton or a Cavendish. Not confining himself to the text-books, he roamed freely into a field of original research which led to many noisome odors and some small explosions. His master lectured him, and ordered him to linger in the beaten paths, but he commanded in vain. One day, in passing through the laboratory, I heard Smitt dilating, in an admonitory way, upon a tin of cyanide of potassium.

"See you, my dunder-headed friend," he said, "I show you this that you shall know what it is better to avoid. In this tin lies the essence of the most deadly poison known to man. To your way, you may discover something worse. It is probable, if you insist upon running wild. But I warn you of this. If you take a piece of this white chemical and pour over it some diluted sulphuric acid—a thing which you may do some time—you will learn something. It will be that which no distinguished chemist on earth knows—the mystery of the hereafter. You will generate hydrocyanic acid, and, my idiotic young friend, you will be dead. You will probably notice a delightful aromatic odor, as of peach blossoms; but, believe me, you will not live to enjoy it. So look you, my fool boy, and leave this tin alone."

I smiled at the old man's caution and realized the wisdom of it; for the chemical he referred to was in constant use in both the assay office and the mill, and just such a thing as would necessarily fall handily in the way of the boy's methodless experiments.

Time passed, and the pupil assistant fitted himself into a useful place. Smitt kept on in the even tenor of his way. Many monthly checks had been sent to his wife, and several to the insurance companies. The life in the little camp was going on about as usual, although I was hard pressed with work, planning improvements and changes as the increasing depth of the mine required, making up reports and statements, and working out notes.

One day while thus busily engaged, a messenger from the telegraph office came in with a dispatch. Hastily receiving for it, I tore off the cover and read:

"Send money immediately. Creditors threaten. Can not exist upon your paltry allowances. LURLINE."

"What the deuce is this!" I exclaimed, then looking at the address I saw that it was directed to "Herman Smitt." With apologies for the mistake I had made in opening it, I handed the message over to the assayer.

I was very much embarrassed at my blunder, and for a while I did not think of the contents of the dispatch. Then it came to me: "Lurline!" That was the name of my pretty grass-widow. "Smitt," too, was the surname, now that I reflected. Was it possible that my brilliant hostess, my luxurious entertainer, my seatimeal friend, was the spouse of the niggardly old fellow whose miserly habits were despised by every one?

And—I saw it all in a flash: the poor old man was slaving that she might spend. Looking back, the recollection was not pleasant. It seemed, now, that there had been a bitter flavor in those elegant repasts, the wine was corked, aye, there were even false notes in the sweet German songs. "Poor old fool," I said to myself. I wanted to shake him by the hand and tell him that I was sorry for him. In fact, it seemed as if there were a thousand things I ought to say to him. And yet, what was there to say? Nothing. So I was silent.

The following morning, when I went to the office at the usual hour, the metallurgist was in a fine state of fidgets and profanity. Smitt had not turned out yet, and he was waiting for a lot of important assays he had sent in the night before. The boy had tried the doors leading into the assay-office—they were locked; knocks had not been responded to. The metallurgist was angry, but somehow my anxiety was at once aroused.

I rushed to one of the doors of the laboratory, gave it a hearty kick, which broke the lock and threw it open. A pungent aroma assailed my nostrils.

"Back for your lives!" I cried to those who were standing behind me, and hastening around to another door, communicating with the open air from the same apartment, I kicked that open also. After waiting a few moments to allow the air to circulate, I covered my nose and mouth with a wet sponge and entered the apartment.

Then, as I feared, I found Smitt lying upon his back—dead. He was dressed in his usual working clothes. His daily preparations had all been made. The assays had been fluxed and were in their crucibles ready for the fires to fuse them. The laboratory table carried its usual display of beakers, wash bottles, flasks, and evaporating dishes; a tin of cyanide of potassium also lay there upon its side, as if it had been carelessly upset, and a quantity of pieces of the salt lay scattered upon the floor. Smitt's hand clutched a portion of a broken bottle, which had evidently contained sulphuric acid. It looked as if this bottle had been accidentally broken and its contents spilled upon the deadly re-agent. But I could conceive no determination

in the needs of our works calling for the presence of the acid and the salt at the same time.

I explained to the coroner's jury that afternoon the effect of hydrocyanic acid, and also that distinguished chemist had before this been known to die by accidentally inhaling this poisonous gas. The coroner examined the old man's effects, which were few and of no value. With commendable delicacy, a package of letters signed "Lurline" was sent unread, together with his flute and porcelain pipe, to the bereaved Mrs. Herman Smitt. I noticed that the unfortunate dispatch received the day before was not in evidence. He had probably destroyed it.

The verdict of the inquest was that "the deceased had come to his death by the accidental inhalation of a poisonous gas while engaged in his usual occupations." The daily paper published a brief editorial obituary, dwelling more upon the abilities of the man than upon his virtues. He was given a decent interment at the expense of the company, and that was the end of it, so far as Smitt was concerned.

Some months later I received a personal letter from the president. Among other gossip he said:

"The husband of your friend Lurline is dead, and she looks very charming in her mourning. By the way, there is a good chance for you to push your fortunes, for I understand the husband's life was insured for an unusually large sum of money."

But somehow I never had any desire to renew my acquaintance with the fair widow. FRANK ROBBINS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pierre Lorillard, the tobacco millionaire, does not use the weed in any form.

King Humbert of Italy is a vegetarian, and seldom eats anything except bread, potatoes, and fruit.

Maria Dagmar, Dowager Empress of Russia, who is said to be the actual ruler of that nation, is yet a comparatively young woman, being only forty-seven years of age.

M. Chassepot, who gave his name to the rifle which was used by the French in the war of 1870, is now living at Nice. With the money he made he took to hotel-keeping.

Signor Crispi, when in Rome, has an escort of twenty-nine police officials, for which Italy pays twelve thousand dollars a year. Whenever he leaves the city, the cost of guarding him is increased three or fourfold.

Sir Henry James, who might have been lord chancellor had he liked, wears the shabbiest clothes, perhaps, of any celebrity of the day. His tall hats are, however, always conspicuous for their immaculate glossiness.

Mr. Gladstone's voice and hearing show no signs of age. His face is that of an old man, but if a listener shuts his eyes, he would feel as if he were being addressed by a man in the prime of life. Gladstone's marvelous vitality finds its most effective expression in his voice.

The biggest man at the English Parliamentary bar is Mr. Pope, the leader. He sits upon an air-cushion, and his weight is so enormous that he is not required to stand when conducting a case. At the end of the day's work he is wheeled in a chair to the elevator, from which he is then transferred to a four-wheeler.

Among the new members of the English House of Commons is the Indian, Bhowagree. He is the son of a Bombay merchant, and has been a lawyer and an editor in England, and a judge in India. He is the only one of his race in the House. His colleagues refer to him as the "member for India."

Mme. Deschamps, who claimed to have invented the preparation of chopped vegetables that gave its name to Julienne soup, has lately died in Paris at the age of ninety-four. She was the oldest of the Paris market-women, and remembered the entrance of the allied troops after the battle of Waterloo. Under Charles the Tenth and Napoleon the Third she supplied vegetables to the Tuileries.

Ex-Speaker Reed is said to be making great progress in bicycling. He has had a machine—twenty-eight pounds in weight—especially designed and constructed for him. Clothed in a white sweater and knickerbockers, he starts out on this early every morning and practices for several hours. As yet the exercise has not done much toward reducing his weight, the latest official record being two hundred and sixty-nine pounds.

The Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, who has made more than one round of the European courts in search of a wife, is a dark-eyed, slim-built, fragile-looking youth of five-and-twenty. He wears a single eyeglass and dresses otherwise after the English fashion; he is an accomplished linguist; and, because of his extraordinarily retentive memory, he is looked upon as a sort of royal encyclopaedia. He has the demeanor of a mature man of the world and the enthusiasm and freshness of a boy. He is deeply devoted to his clever and charming mother. He sends her two long telegrams every day when he is away from her, and he also writes to her each day a letter.

Emperor William frequently goes about his capital in disguise, mixing *incognito* with all classes of his subjects. In the guise of a sailor he passed a day and a night in visiting the saloons frequented by sailors and common soldiers, discussing with the men whom he met the hardships and difficulties of their lot. He listened attentively to their stories and asked numbers of questions. He did not close his investigation until, late at night in a low saloon, he found himself among a company of drunken sailors, who insisted on his dancing with them. His majesty drew the line at this, and abruptly quitted the place, guarded by a couple of men who, until that moment, had appeared to be his half-intoxicated companions.

A FAMOUS QUARTET.

Jane Clermont's Recollections of Byron, Shelley, and "Mary"
— "Claire's" Story of How She Met the Author
of "Don Juan"—Poets in Mufti.

There died not very long ago in Florence a white-haired old lady whose relations with Byron and Shelley afforded material for a *chronique scandaleuse* which has not lost its piquancy in the threescore years and ten since its enactment; indeed, the publication of her memoirs, deferred by her express direction until thirty years after her death, will be a literary sensation in 1909. But in the meantime we may form some idea of what they will reveal from an article printed in an English review. It is entitled "Chats with Jane Clermont," and contains reminiscences, from the lips of "Claire" herself, of the days when Shelley and his quasi-wife "Mary," Byron and "Claire," formed at Geneva in 1816 the most singularly assorted quartet that ever sat around a table, "dividing the interest of European gossip," as Dr. Henry Hayman puts it in the *Independent*, "with the Congress of Vienna."

The white-haired old lady whom the adventurous interviewer discovered was the Jane Clermont of the Byron-Shelley episode. He found her in old age a Roman Catholic devotee, "in a quaint, dark, sixteenth-century Italian room . . . on the walls two Madonnas and several crucifixes, beside one of which, by a strange irony, hung a portrait of Shelley—Shelley, the arch poetical iconoclast." The interviewer says:

"She was a lovely old lady; the eyes were still bright, and sparkled sometimes with irony and fun; the complexion clear as at eighteen, and the lovely white hair, as beautiful in its way as the glossy black tresses of youth must have been; the slender, willowy figure had remained unaltered, as though Time itself had held that sacred and passed by—a true woman of the poets. Well now could I imagine the glorious beauty of fifty and sixty years back, and well could I appreciate the jealous rancor and malice of La Guiccioli.

The question through which the biographers could never see their way was how and where the intimacy of the poets Shelley and Byron began. "Claire" settles it by stating that she traveled down to Marlow on the Thames, where the Shelleys were staying, and effected the introduction of one to the other. She said:

"I can see Shelley now coming from the river into that little inn parlor, and his comical face of disgust when he found us taking anything of an alcoholic nature and meat food, and the landlord's good-humored banter of the poet, who would live on lettuce and lemonade. . . . It was really at that inn that the first meeting between Byron and Shelley took place, in April, 1816" [her own *liaison* with Byron being then of some months standing]. "Byron had made up his mind to go abroad, London was . . . too hot to hold him. . . . I told him of the project the Shelleys and I had formed of the journey to Geneva."

Then, with a brief description of herself and Byron journeying down from London, she added:

"We arrived at Marlow about the midday dinner-hour." [The other party being out on the river.] "Byron refreshed himself meantime with a huge mug of beer—I remember thinking how horrified the worshipers of the ethereal poet would have been—and hobbled after me through Marlow, which he had not seen before. We very soon returned to the inn, as his lame leg made walking almost an impossibility. A few minutes afterward in came Shelley and Mary. It was such a merry party that we made at lunch in the inn parlor; Byron, despite his misfortunes, was in the spirits of a boy at leaving England, and Shelley was overjoyed at meeting with his idolized poet, who had actually come all the way from London to see him. The conversation varied from the maddest fun and frolic to grave subjects of 'fate, free will, and destiny,' and Shelley was great on the contrast between the beauty of the scenery about us and what he considered the degraded condition of the English peasantry. 'Imagine scenes like these,' I remember his saying, 'peopled by beings fit to inhabit them, as by the uprooting of a few tyrannous customs and debasing superstitions another generation might make them.' 'Pooh!' replied Byron; 'your poetry, my dear Mr. Shelley, is lovely; but your ideas are, if you will pardon me, Utopian. You may do with mankind what you please, but you will never make it anything else than the unsavory congeries of dupes and thieves that it is and always will be. You might as well talk of implanting philanthropic sentiments in the mind of a monkey, or tender sentiments in that of a tiger, as of developing man into an angel, which is practically what you suggest. Indeed, man is a great deal worse than either. He is the only brute which kills from aimless brutishness.' I have never forgotten those words; they give the key-notes to the two men's characters."

To destroy and reconstruct society on poetic principles was Shelley's enthusiasm, carried by him from poetry into practice, involving the overthrow of the marriage tie as a "degrading superstition." He is best known (Dr. Hayman says) by that peculiar application of his principles, involving the ruin of the life of his earlier helpmate, who died broken-hearted, and that of "Claire." "Mary" Shelley survived his early death, and by it was shielded from the possible shock of change. But the two with whom the experiment was fairly tried proved not only disastrous failures, but total life wrecks, with nothing to set off against them. "Claire," it will be remembered, the gifted and dazzling subject and source of this narrative, was, like "Mary," affiliated in Godwin's household—although connected therewith by a somewhat distant affinity—shared its ideas, which largely reflected those of Shelley, and tried to live them. The culture there was high, the moral training without pivot. Her own character, sensitive, sentimental, and satirical, considerably reflected so far that of Byron, when, at Shelley's suggestion, she threw herself in his way before she was out of her teens. But let her tell her own story:

"In 1815, when I was a very young girl, Byron was the rage. When I say the rage, I mean what you people nowadays can perhaps hardly conceive. I suppose no man who ever lived has had the extraordinary celebrity of Lord Byron in such an intense, haunting, almost maddening degree. And this celebrity extended all over the Continent to as great an extent as in England. . . . Byron was a short, fierce, blinding glare. . . . All Europe was so enthralled with the magic of the man's very name that the sensation he made even discounted, to some extent, the sensation of Waterloo. It was a troubling, morbid obsession, the influence he had over all, and especially over the youth of England of both sexes. . . . The girls made simple idiots of themselves about him. Numberless letters used to come to him daily, often of the most absurd description, from the languishing fair. He usually converted them into cigar lights; at that time he had rather a fancy for cigar smoking, which he gave up later on.

"Well, at the time when he was at the very height of his fame and I was a young girl, filled with all kinds of fancies, encouraged instead of being checked by the circle in which I lived—Godwin and

my sister (as I was always taught to call her), Mary Shelley, and Shelley himself, who floated in and out of the house with his wild notions and sweet ways, like some unearthly spirit; in the days when Byron was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, I bethought myself that I would go on to the stage. Our means were very narrow, and it was necessary for me to do something, and this seemed to suit me better than anything else; it was the only occupation congenial to my girlish love of glitter and excitement. I think it was Shelley who first of all suggested my applying to Byron, and it was very probable that the suggestion came in that way; for Shelley was Byron-mad at that time, and Byron's verses were always on his lips; indeed, Shelley up to the last was an enthusiastic admirer of Byron—although, I believe, it is the fashion among certain critics nowadays to say the reverse. His admiration of the man wore off, no doubt, and for the same reasons that mine did, and the fact of knowing the man as well as he did, no doubt colored his admiration of the poet, which was once idolatry. . . . I called then on Byron in his capacity of manager, and he promised to do what he could to help me as regards the stage. The result you know. I am too old now to play with any mock repentance. I was young and vain and poor. He was famous beyond all precedent, so famous that people, and especially young people, hardly considered him as a man at all, but rather as a god. His beauty was as haunting as his fame, and he was all powerful in the direction in which my ambition turned. It seems to me almost needless to say that the attentions of a man like this, with all London at his feet, very quickly completely turned the head of a girl in my position; and when you recollect that I was brought up to consider marriage not only as a useless, but as an absolutely sinful custom that only bigotry made necessary, you will scarcely wonder at the result, which you know. Whatever may have been my faults, I have never been given to cant, and I do not intend to begin now at eighty-three" [this would make her only fifteen at the date of the incident]. "A few months after my first meeting with Byron, the final crash came, and he left England. The time during which I knew him in England was the time of the avalanche of his misfortunes, when he had disappeared from the world, when London was raging against him, and he almost saw no one but me. Shortly before Byron left England, in April, 1816, I went with Shelley and Mary to Geneva."

At "Claire's" next interview with her reporter he relates how they dined together, another guest being "a charming and beautiful young lady, . . . an English girl of Scottish parentage." The talk became general, but presently ran back to quotations and the poets, and thus to Shelley and his lines "To Constantia Singing" (his name in poetry for the hostess herself), on which the male guest remarked:

"If I could only have heard Constantia singing, I should have asked for nothing else from life." "Ah!" she said, with a little, half-regretful, half-amused laugh, "poor Constantia can sing now no more, and she is following her voice to the mysterious beyond. But here is some one who will supply the place of Constantia."

And so the young lady guest gave them the touching Scottish hallad, so well remembered by Sir W. Scott, to "Douglas, Tender and True," the last verse being:

"Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Rain forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on thy dead heart, Douglas—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Adds her narrator:

"When these verses were sung, with that clear, sweet voice, we both noticed that our dear hostess had completely broken down. She was crying bitterly, as if her heart would break; but, oh, so gracefully I not like an old lady might cry, but like some young girl with her first love sorrow. . . . I think you know what memories that song brought back," she said, looking at me. There were no signs of old age [he adds] about this woman of the poets except the white hair; the voice was as clear as a bell, the hearing and intellect as acute as ever, and the eyes as bright. . . . Where I had expected to meet an old and morose *religieuse*, I found a lady so witty and so *piquante* that one absolutely forgot her age. . . . Her powers of satire and even mimicry remained unimpaired. I could well understand the shortness of her connection with the sensitive, spoiled Byron. Her mimicry amused me immensely. I have not the most graceful gait in the world. . . . arising from a weakness in the knees, and this she hit off in the most amusing manner. I should, perhaps, apologize for introducing this piece of personality, but that it suddenly flashed across me at the time that perchance I had hit upon the whole secret of Byron's intense aversion to her, following on a romantic passion. . . . I asked her plainly: "Did you ever mind Byron's lameness, madam?" "No, I don't think so; but I may have done so sometimes to others. We were all often hurried about our expeditions, and he generally hobbled up late." That remark, I thought, might mean a good deal.

No doubt he had hit the right nail in that brief and ill-starred intimacy. Of all the women whom Byron a while toyed with and flung aside, he used "Claire" the most cruelly, the mother of his child Allegra. With the others the experience was one of more or less effusive passion and then of cold neglect. Toward "Claire" alone did he show something of deliberate and persistent unkindness—an animosity which rankled. She throws a good deal of light on the antithesis of Byron's character in her further remarks; but on the wide and deep matrimonial question between Lord and Lady Byron she contributes absolutely nothing. Yet her intimacy with him was closest when that domestic wound had newly opened; and, if she was too much lost in her own girlish passion then to heed such things, yet on the intimacy and supposed influence of the other "Mrs. Clermont," immortalized for evil in the famous lines beginning, "Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred," on which she might probably have thrown some strong side-light, she had, so far as her interlocutor shows, not a word to say.

Here is a story from these interviews dated in the spring of 1816, when the wounds of Waterloo veterans were barely healed. At the Crown Inn at Marlow on Thames, the first meeting place of Byron and Shelley, and at other similar hostilities along the same river, were confined at the above date a number of French prisoners of war, shut up in the stalls and the loose boxes of the stables. "Byron, the Shelleys, and I," writes "Claire's" historian, "went to see them." The poets, "of course, as real radicals, sympathized both with the men and their cause. Byron was a great worshiper of Bonaparte, and though Shelley was not that, he hated the British Tory Government of the day much more than he hated Napoleon." She continued:

"Some of the men were sulky and surly, and we could not get a word out of them; and no wonder, for popular feeling ran very high then against France, and there were many in and about Marlow who had lost husbands and brothers and sons in the war. Therefore the poor Frenchmen did not meet with much sympathy. People were a good deal rougher then, too, than they are now in their ways of doing things, and though they were not badly treated, the prisoners' lot was by no means what it would have been nowadays. The landlord himself, however, was very kind to them. They were all fond of him. It was a great joke with him when we were in Marlow next year and the prisoners had escaped, how one of them, the wag of the band, left a line for the inn-keeper: 'Merci millefois pour votre gracieuse hospitalité.'"

"The jovial landlord's account of the matter was very amusing. 'I don't understand their lingo,' he said to Shelley, whom I can so

well picture now, with his great, gazelle-like eyes and his humorous smile (for Shelley had a good deal of humor, though it never comes out in his poetry), as he listened; 'I don't understand their lingo, and no one does hereabouts. But a nephew of mine from London came down the other day, and told me what it meant. I did laugh, to be sure.' The man who sent this *billet doux*, I remember, was one of the two we paid most attention to; the other was a hard-faced veteran of a hundred Napoleonic fights, but the wag was an extremely good-natured, soldierly fellow. Byron said to him: 'Eh bien, mon brave, est-ce que c'était un beau combat?' And the man's eyes glistened with excitement as he shouted, in a voice of thunder: 'Si c'était à refaire je le ferais. Vive l'Empereur!' and one and all took up the chorus with a mighty shout which almost shook the stables. We caught the contagion, and both of us girls and Shelley and Byron shouted with one voice: 'Vive l'Empereur!' How ridiculous it was! Napoleon was at St. Helena then, and the whole of England was still glowing with the Waterloo triumph; Marlow no exception to the rest of the country, I can assure you. Out came the landlord, with his usually rosy, jovial face quite pale now. Had we been ordinary visitors, he would probably have ordered us out of the place there and then, and we should have had to take the next coach back to London, feeling raw so high. But all the world knew Lord Byron, and though fallen on evil times and evil tongues, as he was fond of saying himself—a comparison which always made me laugh; for any one more unlike what Milton must have been it would be difficult to conceive—his name was still as that of a god in the land."

"The landlord came running out. 'For Gawd's sake, my lord,' he said, 'don't shout out that cry! Why, if any one heard it in the village, I'd be murdered'; and he called out as a protest, 'Hurrah for Wellington!' 'You — old rascal!' said Byron, as we all shrieked with laughter, 'bring along four pots of ale for us, and one for each of these gentlemen of France, and we'll drink to Napoleon.' 'It's as much as my life is worth to let you drink to Boney!' the terrified landlord exclaimed, gazing at Byron, as if the devil, tail, horns, hoofs, and all, were there, and, indeed, the ill reports of 'the wicked Lord Byron' had reached even Marlow. But, as was said about Byron's friend, Moore, our worthy host dearly loved a lord, and Byron, flinging him a sovereign and seizing him with those strong arms of his, said: 'If the liquor is not here in three minutes, I'll fling you in among those tigers, and a roar of laughter came from the prisoners, for even among those soldiers of the *Grande Armée* the name of Byron was known, and 'Vive le Lor' Beeron! Vive le Lor' Beeron!' was the cry now in those stables of the Crown, whose heroes were stalled worse than horses. The landlord arrived with two trays of pint tankards. The excitement of the men—the contagious excitement of French soldiers brought on by the magnetism of Napoleon's name, and of Byron's presence, too, his name and his fame; his unearthly beauty as he stood there, like an inspired Apollo—was indescribable. The soldiers raged like lions in their stalls, shouting alternately, 'Vive le Lor' Beeron! Vive l'Empereur!' Even Napoleon was for a moment sent to that other great but mispronounced name. The landlord stood by with his waiter, both with frightened faces. To call in those days 'Vive l'Empereur!' was like calling 'Hurrah for the devil!' but Byron, bidding them hand round the tankards, seized one himself. 'Now, Shelley,' he shouted, 'drink up; none of your infernal lemonade this time! *Vive l'Empereur, mes braves!*' he thundered, and emptied his tankard to the dregs. And a roar that must have echoed far beyond the other hank of the river sprang from the lips of each soldier, tankard in hand: 'Vive le Lor' Beeron! Vive l'Empereur!'

"Byron strolled off with us afterward (or, rather, limped off, I should say) with that calm, contemptuous expression on his lips which they almost always wore. 'What a magic,' he said to me, 'that man's name has! all oblivious of the magic of his own. 'He is one of the madmen who have made men mad by their contagion'—a remark which not long afterward I had the pleasure of reading, word for word, in verse, in the third canto of 'Childe Harold.' You are a wonderful actor,' I replied; 'what a pity that your birth prevented your taking to the stage! You would have rivaled Kean.'"

This description gives a clew to the rancor with which Byron regarded "Claire" in later years. "She couldn't keep her tongue from saying smart things," Dr. Hayman asserts, "besides having her own full share of caprice, ambition, and waywardness. A woman who always spoke the truth, but seldom spoke it in love, of brilliant piquancy, but irritant *amour propre*, was bound to provoke a man in whom the very same qualities were developed with a masculine robustness and, at the same time, with a feminine explosiveness. We see, in short, why 'Claire,' a curious blend of Italian passion with British pertinacity, in spite of her many gifts of wit, fancy, voice, and person, could never hold Byron, although this is far from implying that any woman could.

"Well would it have been for them both if she could have kept him even organically faithful to her. He would in that case—but faith to woman was not in the man—have escaped the mud-bath of Venetian depravity which formed the nauseating object of his next downward plunge. And she would have escaped the heart-wringing agony of seeing her child—their child—whom she had intrusted to its father under an express stipulation which he dishonorably broke, shut up in a convent, to perish out of her reach, through its father's callousness to her prayers."

But to return to the interviewer: On his remarking that it was "strange" that the facts related "should have never been related by any of the Shelley and Byron biographers," "Oh, no, not at all!" she replied; "all the contemporaries who wrote of Byron and Shelley only came into our circle after that, in Italy. . . . Mary" [Mrs. Shelley] "became far too prim and proper to write about a scene like that, living as she did, in highly respectable Sussex County society. Mary always had a great respect for Mrs. Grundy."

Here again we seem to catch a glimpse of "Claire" as exercising her powers of satirical teasing on her quasi-sister, too, even while living under this latter's protection and alienated from her own mother. Rich, in fairy gifts, but with an inward "cantankerousness" which marred them, she seemed to have shocked Mary's staidness; "plagued Shelley's life out," as she, with perhaps the exaggeration of compunction, herself declared; mimicked Byron's lameness, probably to his face; and quizzed away friends and even admirers.

"Well, it was not my fault that men fell in love with me," she replied to the sketcher of her last scenes, with that strange, half-shy, tantalizing smile which irradiated her face with a flood of youth, and put it out of one's power for some minutes to realize that this was a woman of eighty.

He continues:

"My last sight of her stands pictured clear and distinct from beyond the long lapse of years—waving one white hand to me from the window, with that never-forgotten smile on her lips, as with the other she toyed with the strings of the guitar given her by Shelley more than sixty years before.

An interesting glimpse of the dead past is this, and it is to be regretted that it will be the last until the publication of "Claire's" memoirs in the new century.

THE LOST DIAMOND EAR-RINGS.

A Tale of the Skillful Thieves of Paris.

It was in the palmiest days of the Second Empire. It was an evening in midwinter. The Paris season was at its height, and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Théâtre Français to witness the performance of Jules Sandeau's delightful play, "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière."

The empress was present, graceful and beautiful; the emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction, which, like Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod, was supposed to mean so much, yet which, viewed by the impartial light of subsequent veracious history, seems to have signified so little. Several officers in glittering uniforms were in attendance, sparkling with decorations showered upon them by a grateful sovereign; and among these gallant warriors, conspicuous by reason of his attire, was a solitary, humble, black-coated civilian, in ordinary evening-dress, with the inevitable speck of red at his button-hole.

In a box almost immediately opposite that occupied by their imperial majesties was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, Countess Ivanoff, concerning whose manifold graces and fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably at this period.

The beauty and the wit of this fair northern enchantress were the theme of every masculine tongue, and her magnificent diamonds the envy and admiration of all feminine beholders. The countess was accompanied by her husband, a man of distinguished appearance.

The curtain fell after the first act. The emperor and empress withdrew during the *entr'acte*. Many humbler mortals followed their example; among them Count Ivanoff, apparently in nowise disturbed by the fact that the golden youth in the stalls were bringing a small battery of opera-glasses to bear upon the dazzling charms of his beautiful wife.

The countess leaned back in her luxurious *fauteuil*, fanning herself, serenely indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtain-shaded box, the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head; a myriad starry brilliants gleamed among the masses of her gold-brown hair; and two priceless stones flashed and twinkled like twin planets in her little shell-tinted ears.

The count had been gone but a few minutes, when there was a gentle knock at the door; and, in answer to the countess's "Entrez," the *ouvreuse* appeared, and said deferentially:

"Pardon, Mme. la Comtesse; a gentleman charged with a message from her majesty the empress waits in the corridor, and desires to know if madame will have the goodness to receive him."

"Certainly! Enter, I beg of you, monsieur," replied the countess, as she recognized the distinguished-looking civilian she had already noticed in close proximity to the emperor in the imperial box.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and still standing in deep shadow, said, with grave dignity:

"I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by her majesty to ask a favor of Mme. la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

"The obligation will be mine if I can fulfill even the least of her majesty's wishes," answered the countess.

"The case is this," explained the gentleman. "An argument has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your ear-rings and those of the Countess Woronzoff. The empress begs that you will intrust one of your pendants to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of the vexed question. I will myself return it the instant her majesty gives it back into my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the countess, detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it, without misgiving, in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger. The countess bestowed a smile and gracious bow of dismissal upon her majesty's distinguished ambassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit.

Shortly afterward Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to Dumont," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, Dumont. I am not surprised at the emperor's partiality for him; he must find him useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is Dumont?" inquired the countess, with languid interest.

"That is rather a difficult question," replied the count, smiling; "there are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. Look, he has just entered the emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Is that M. Dumont?" exclaimed the countess; "if so, he has been here while you were away. He came on the part of the empress, and carried off one of my ear-rings, which her majesty wished to compare with one of the Countess Woronzoff's."

"Dumont! Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent, and he only left me at the top of the staircase two seconds before I returned."

"Nevertheless, *mon ami*, he has been here, and has taken my ear-ring. See! it is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the count, with a grim smile; "but Dumont has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the empress would make such a request. Depend upon it, you have been the victim of a thief, made up as Dumont."

"Impossible!" cried the countess, in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was the veritable M. Dumont I see opposite who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little, and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. I will go and inquire of Dumont, if I can get at him,

whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the empress having sent him roaming about the theatre, borrowing a lady's jewels, I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Parisian thieves! You do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their way."

With this the count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned. In the meantime, the countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the imperial box.

"I was right," whispered the count, reëntering and bending over his wife's chair; "Dumont knows nothing of your ear-ring, and, needless to say, the empress never sent him or any one else upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

The countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends; but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day.

Early in the afternoon the countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Bois. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sleigh, with its two jet-black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frosty air, stood waiting in the court-yard while the countess donned her furs.

A servant entering announced that an officer of the police in plain clothes asked permission to speak with Mme. la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.

"Certainly," said madame, graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

Into the boudoir presently came the countess, stately, beautiful, fur-clad, buttoning her little gloves. Near the door stood a short, wiry-looking man, with keen, black eyes, closely-cropped hair, and compact, erect, military figure. The small man bowed profoundly while he said, with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table:

"I am sent by order of the chief of police to inform Mme. la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is unfortunately some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Mme. la Comtesse will have the goodness to intrust the fellow ear-ring to the police for a short period, in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."

The countess glanced hastily through the letter, and, ringing the bell, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining ear-ring immediately; this was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate safely in his possession.

The countess descended to her sleigh, and drove to the club, to call for her husband en route for the Bois. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident in the story of the diamond ear-ring.

"You never were induced to give up the other!" cried Count Ivanoff, incredulously.

"But I tell you, *mon ami*, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superiors vouching for the truth of his statement."

"If the prefect himself had come, I don't think I should have been cajoled into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However, for the second time of asking, we will go and inquire."

The coachman turned and drove, as directed, to the Bureau of Police at which the count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a somewhat protracted delay, the count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement upon his bandsome bearded face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away over the frozen snow; "your second ear-ring has been netted by another member of the light-fingered fraternity, and, upon my honor, I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this, the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond ear-rings knew her pretty ears no more.

One of the most amusing humbugs of the day is that which has been played upon the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in his August number. According to a paper published in Colorado, the pictures in the August number of wild animals of the Rocky Mountains in their habitats are clever fakes. They are said to be done by one Frank S. Tbayer, a clever photographer, who, in common with one McFadden, a skilled taxidermist, got up the pictures. McFadden took his stuffed animals, comprising almost everything from a buffalo to a prairie-dog, out into places on the plains and mountains, where Mr. Thayer took the photographs. He published them in a book called "Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers," and has again worked them off on the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. All this is given on the authority of the Colorado *Great Divide*, which ought to know.

Bicycles have appeared upon the stage in variety shows and in exhibitions of fancy riding, but it has been reserved for M. Coquelin the younger to arrange a monologue to be recited from end to end as he wheels about the stage. He makes his entrance and his exit upon a "machine," and varies his recitation by ringing his bell, blowing his whistle, and other appropriate "business."

A new law of the State of Illinois prescribes that the flag of the United States shall be raised over all schools, public or private, in that State, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. The penalty for violation of this measure is a fine of ten dollars.

James Payn, the novelist, dislikes walking, prefers his club and whist to the theatre and society, and has a practically unlimited stock of anecdotes. He is a firm believer in plenty of sleep, being always in bed by ten, and never rising before eight.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Broderick-Terry Duel.

The following communication has been sent to the *Argonaut* by Judge W. W. Porter, of Santa Rosa, who was county judge of Calaveras County at the epoch of the duel, and who was in San Francisco at the time of the International Hotel episode:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read the articles of Mr. Henry Austin in the *Illustrated American* of the twenty-seventh of July in regard to the duel between Broderick and Terry, also your article giving copious extracts from James O'Meara's book, and Mr. Frank McCoppin's article in your issue of September 9th. Mr. McCoppin very properly corrects statements made by Mr. Austin and an article of Mr. L. E. Chittenden. He, however, agrees with Mr. Austin in saying that the duel was a political one, and enters into a long dissertation about the contending political parties.

I take issue with them. While it is true that in Terry's speech in the Democratic convention he alluded to Broderick as the chief of the Anti-Lecompton party in this State in terms not complimentary, it was not giving "vent in some angry feeling engendered in the heart of the nation and growing out of the bitter contest for supremacy in the Territories," as put by Mr. McCoppin. The only personal animosities during the campaign of '59 I remember were between Senators Gwin and Broderick. They had both abused each other unmercifully on the stump, and a duel between them was expected. Terry took no part in their personal controversy. He had not then been on terms of intimacy with Dr. Gwin, had not supported him for the Senate. He was an advocate of John B. Weller for the Senate. Terry's speech may have been ill-advised, but was not of such a nature as to call forth the denunciation made by Broderick at the International Hotel breakfast-table, and which remarks were published, I think, in the next morning's papers. Broderick, as then reported, used remarks rather than those given in his note in Terry when an apology was required of him, in which note he said: "During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his (your) defense." "I have also stated heretofore that I considered him (Judge Terry) the only honest man on the supreme bench, but I take it all back." It may be admitted that as Broderick spoke, not for any act of dishonesty of Terry, but only because he criticised him, there was no sufficient reason for a pre-emptory challenge; but for the same reason should not have Broderick taken back those insulting words? He could well have done so without injury to his honor or courage.

From the time of the Democratic convention till after the duel, I did not see Terry, nor did I know of his intended action. After the duel, he went to his ranch on the Mokelumne River, and sent for me to visit him there. While there, he told me that when he went to San Francisco to demand an apology, he did not think there would be a duel, saying that "if Broderick had consulted with the proper gentlemen, there would have been no necessity for a meeting." He did not doubt Broderick's courage, but believed that he would, in his cooler moments, apologize for his offensive language. On that occasion, he further said to me that when on the field he pressed his finger against the guard of his pistol, intending, if Broderick hit him, it would thus prevent the shock from causing his pistol to go off, and, if struck, intended to shoot to kill, but if missed, he would throw away his shot, but the time between the words "fire" and "two" was so short that he was not able to do as he purposed. He could have had no motive to misrepresent to me, one of his most intimate friends. The correspondence shows that Terry's seconds protested against such unusual terms, the customary way being to count three after the word "fire." O'Meara, in his book, says, "He" (Terry) "said to Mr. Freaner that had a moment's further deliberation been allowed him in the firing, he should have shot so as to inflict no injury whatever."

In the adjustment of the terms, when asked by Broderick's seconds whether the weapons should be held with the muzzles "vertically up" or "vertically down," Terry's seconds said they did not care which, but it was more dangerous for the pistol to fall than to raise. It was then fixed that the weapons should be held "vertically down." Broderick was an expert in firing quick, and the *Morning Call* of the morning of the duel said:

"It is generally understood that Judge Terry is a first-rate shot, but it is doubtful if he is as unerring with a pistol as Senator Broderick. This gentleman recently, when practicing in a gallery, fired two hundred shots at the usual distance and plunked the mark every time. As he is a man of finer nerve than his opponent, we may look this morning for unpleasant news from the field."

I have seen Terry practicing shooting with a pistol, taking deliberate aim, but never knew him to practice at the word. Several years since I had a conversation with Calhoun Benham, one of Terry's seconds, and he attributed Broderick's shot falling short of his antagonist to the fact that he did not straighten his wrist before raising his arm in fire. He believed that had he done so, Terry would have been killed. The shot was a line one.

I have always regretted this duel, and believe that Terry regretted it. Had I known that it was to take place, I would have used every effort to prevent it.

For Broderick I had a kindly feeling, and during the political canvass, when he spoke at Mokelumne Hill, where I resided, though opposed to his political views, I showed him marked attention. This was just before the election, and was the last time I saw him.

I am sorry that Mr. McCoppin, for whom I have a friendly feeling, should use such harsh terms about that prince of gentlemen, Calhoun Benham, because he made a strict examination of Broderick's person. Benham knew that when Broderick and Judge Caleb Smith fought, that the result of a watch on Broderick's person saved his life or prevented a severe wound. I have written this communication to do justice to one whom I loved and whose memory I will ever cherish. While he was passionate, he was noble and not vindictive, as his enemies allege. He was truthful, honorable, possessing the tenderness of a woman with a courage that knew no fear.

WILLIAM W. PORTER.

SANTA ROSA, September 1st, 1895.

The Ladies Wyndham-Quin, daughters of Lord Dunraven, were taken on Mr. Ogden Goellet's yacht, the *White Lady*, to gaze on the circus at Narragansett Pier. A number of the smart set went with them, and the sea was so rough that sad consequences followed. Many of the fair passengers were wretchedly ill and wished they had never been born, but the Ladies Wyndham-Quin turned out to be true daughters of their father and enjoyed the whole thing.

Under the high-license system which has been in force in Rochester the last year, the number of liquor-stores has decreased 145 and the receipts have increased \$48,520.50 over the previous year. On March 30, 1894, there were 1,005 licensed places and the total receipts of the city for the preceding year were \$49,448. On March 30, 1895, the number of licenses had decreased to 860 and the receipts had increased to \$97,968.60.

Mrs. Wynwood, in Zangwill's novel of "The Master," lays it down as an axiom that nine-tenths of the unmarried women in England have never had a proposal—this being, it must be remembered, only a man's guess, uttered under a woman's name. On the other hand, an American woman of great social experience in many cities has committed herself to the opinion that the proportion is, in America, just the other way.

THE FALL DRAMATIC SEASON.

Anthony Hope and Hardiog Davis as Dramatists—Mrs. Potter, Kyrie Bellew, Janauscheck, Bob Hilliard, Sothern, and Joe and Ned Holland in New Plays.

It is now many weeks since I have written to you about the theatres. The summer dullness, however, is over, and the fall season may be said to have begun. During the past few days, nine new pieces have been brought upon the boards. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the dramatization of Anthony Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda." The dramatist is Edward Rose, who was chosen by the novelist, and the leading rôle is taken by Edward H. Sothern. He, of course, enacts both the dissolute monarch and the madcap Englishman who so closely resembles him. It will be remembered that in the book, Rudolph, the Ruritanian prince, and Rassendyll, the Englishman, both had red hair. It is hinted in the book that a Ruritanian prince had visited the family of Rassendyll some centuries before. However that may be, some one left a red head in the family, which occasionally cropped out. Mr. Sothern, therefore, had to wear a red wig. At times he looked comic when he should have looked heroic. Mr. Hope's novel has made an excellent play. It is a trifle too long, having a prologue and four acts. If the prologue were cut, it would improve it. A good house filled the Lyceum, and it seemed from the first-night audience as though the play would be a go.

Daly's Theatre has opened with a play from the French. It is called "The Queen's Necklace," translated from "Le Collier de la Reine," which was one of the dramatic successes of the year in Paris. Cora Urquhart Potter and Kyrie Bellew brought the American right, and they produced it the other night. Mrs. Potter played Marie Antoinette, and Kyrie Bellew took the rôle of Cardinal de Rohan. Mrs. Potter attracted the feminine audience by the number and gorgeousness of her gowns. The enormous hats and still more enormous skirts of the period gave occasion for much rocco display. There were also a number of scenes in Marie Antoinette's life which gave opportunity for coquettish little toilets, like the glorified milkmaids' and peasants' costumes she wore at the Little Trianon at Versailles. Mrs. Potter made more of a dressmaker's success than a dramatic one. Oddly enough, she is still spoken of as a "society actress," and as though she were still a novice. Why? She has been on the stage for over eight years, and certainly ought to be considered an actress now, if she is ever going to be one. But she is still stilted and artificial. As to the plot, it will be familiar to all who know the novel of Dumas. It hinges on the famous diamond necklace and on the woman who personates Marie Antoinette, and thereby gets the diamond circlet from the Cardinal de Rohan. Kyrie Bellew was excellent as the Cardinal. The translation was made by Charles Henry Meltzer, and is a good one. Over forty characters appear in "The Queen's Necklace."

The Empire Theatre has also opened with an English version of a French play, "Gigolette," called in English "The City of Pleasure." The French authors are De Courcelles and Tarbes, and their play was first produced at the Ambigu two years ago. The title "Gigolette" is the French nickname for a female outcast. The play is an extremely unpleasant one, as most of the scenes are laid in the very lowest level of Paris life. Gigolette is the daughter of a murderer. Her lover keeps a low drinking den, and she is so devoted to him that she fights a duel with another woman over him with knives. This scene took place between Elita Proctor Otis, who plays Gigolette, and Anna Sutherland. Cecil M. Yorke was Big Charley, the bar-keeper for whom they battled. Among the pleasant scenes in the play was one where Gigolette attempts to ply her own father with drink for the purpose of robbing him, not knowing, of course, that he is her father. George R. Sims, the adapter, has attempted to reproduce the *argot* of the original by lending to the lines a mixture of New York and cockney slang. The result is most extraordinary. But the piece went very well on the first night, the company being quite a good one. In addition to those I have mentioned, J. H. Gilmour, Joseph Wheelock, Charles Bowser, Eleanor Carey, Effie Shannon, and Ellen Berg appeared.

The American Theatre opens with an American drama by two American writers, Edward M. Alfrind and Andrew C. Wheeler. It is called "The Great Diamond Robbery." A. C. Wheeler is well known as the dramatic critic and *feuilleton* writer who for many years has been connected with the New York press. The piece is modeled on the lines of some French melodramas, although it is distinctively American—a New York political boss and a New York detective being the leading characters. Oddly enough, when the piece was produced, it was found that it was a failure as a picture of New York life, but a success as a melodrama. The play deals with the robbery in Russia of some diamonds, which are brought to this country. The stones are placed in the possession of a banker, whom an adventuress marries in order to get the diamonds. An innocent man is accused of the crime, for what reason no human being can tell. The attempts of a detective to trace the crime take him through an impossible pawn-shop, a New York up-town apartment house, the café of the Hoffman, and a "fence" for receiving stolen goods. It will surprise my readers, perhaps, to learn that the play was written for Mme. Janauscheck, and that she took the leading rôle. Annie Yeamans made quite a hit, and W. H. Thompson, as the detective, changed his costume many times, and the audience never once recognized him until he spoke. Blanche Walsh played the handsome adventuress and Katherine Grey the unhappy victim. Although Mr. Wheeler is a dramatic critic, his *confères* of the press treated him quite bandsomely, and did not fall upon him and rend him, as is their usual kindly way.

Mr. Mansfield's new theatre, the Garrick, opened with a

comedy by Harry and Edward Paulton, called "A Man with a Past." The piece is not remarkable. It is rather on the order of the French farce. A sly old married rake and a demure young husband were the rôles taken by the two Hollands. E. M. and Joseph Holland are two of the best actors on the stage. It is needless to state that they made a success of the piece. It is rarely that two such fine actors are seen together. Joseph Holland in the piece is that well-worn stage lay figure, the husband who does not lie well, and who is continually being found out. E. M. Holland is the clever rakehell husband, who gets into all manner of scrapes, but always gets out again. Mrs. McKee Rankin, Miss Bertha Creighton, R. F. Cotton, Hugo Toland, William Norris, and Mrs. Eberle were also in the cast of "A Man with a Past." The authors of this play, Harry and Edward Paulton, will be remembered as the ones who wrote the libretto of "Erminie." By the way, Mr. Mansfield's theatre, the Garrick, would scarcely be recognized by any one who entered it for the first time after reading the glowing descriptions of it in his advertisements. It is a stuffy little place, and the so-called "Pompeian Room" is a stuffy little cellar under the sidewalk, hung with dingy red. But it reads well in the advertisements.

At Hoyt's Theatre, Mr. Richard Harding Davis has made his début as a dramatist. The play is called "The Littlest Girl," and is a dramatization of Mr. Davis's story, "Her First Appearance." Robert Hilliard took the rôle of Van Bibber. It was a little difficult to see in Mr. Hilliard the Van Bibber that some of us have imagined. Mr. Davis drew Van Bibber as a swell, and Mr. Hilliard plays him as a rounder. This piece was followed by another called "Lost—Twenty-Four Hours." Mr. Hilliard was the star in this also. It was not known who was the author of the piece until the night of its first presentation. The piece is based on the old story of a husband who goes on a racket during his wife's absence. There was the usual venerable business of a friend who makes love to the neglected wife. There is, of course, an adventuress, and the usual people to fill up. Madeleine Bouton played the beautiful adventuress. Others in the cast were Maud White, Sydney Cowell, Ethyl Valerie, and Daisy Dixon. As I said, on the first night the names of the writers of the play were unknown. When the curtain fell on the second act, Mr. Hilliard came forward and made a brief speech. He said that if the audience applauded, the authors would appear. The audience perfunctorily applauded. Mr. Hilliard then led forth two trembling young men, who fell over their feet as they appeared upon the stage. They were subsequently discovered to be Mr. W. A. Tremayne and Mr. Logan Fuller. After they had been with some difficulty removed from the stage, Mr. Hilliard again stepped forward and referred to Mr. Richard Harding Davis as being the author of the first piece. Then several men in the audience began to call for Davis. Mr. Grant Stewart, who was playing a part in the play called David, supposed the calls were for him; he suddenly appeared upon the stage, and, to Mr. Hilliard's horror, thrust his hand into his waistcoat over his heart, and bowed low over the footlights. At this moment Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who was seated in the fourth row of the orchestra, arose and, with traces of mingled emotions upon his face, darted for the door. There was an attempt made to detain him, but he shot forth into the night, with his heart doubtless filled with bitterness and woe. For Mr. Davis has a very good opinion of Mr. Davis, and does not like to be taken for a plain stage-player.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1895.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

Chez Brébant.

The vicomte is wearing a brow of gloom
As he mounts the stair to his favorite room.
"Breakfast for two!" the *garçon* says,
"Then the pretty young lady is coming to-day!"
But the *patron* mutters, "*A Dieu ne plaise!*
I want no clients from Père la Chaise."
Silver and crystal, a splendid show!
And a damask cloth white as driven snow.
The vicomte sits down with a ghastly air—
His *vis-à-vis* is an empty chair.
But he calls to the *garçon*, "Antoine! Vite!
Place a stool for the lady's feet."
"The lady, monsieur?" (in a quavering tone).
"Yes, when have you known me to breakfast alone?
Fill up her glass! *Versez! Versez!*
You see how white are her cheeks to-day.
Sip it, my darling, 'twas ordered for thee."
He raises his glass, "*A toi, Mimi!*"
The *garçon* shudders, for nothing is there
In the lady's place but an empty chair,
But still with an air of fierce unrest,
The vicomte addresses an unseen guest.
"Leave us, Antoine; we have much to say,
And time is precious to me to-day."
When the *garçon* was gone he sprang up with a start:
"Mimi is dead of a broken heart."
Could I think, when she gave it with generous joy,
A woman's heart such a fragile toy?
Her trim little figure no longer I see!
Would I were lying with thee, Mimi!
For what is life but a hell to me?
What splendor and wealth but misery?
A jet of flame and a whirl of smoke!
A detonation the silence broke.
The landlord enters, and, lying there
Is the dead vicomte, with a stony glare
Rigidly fixed on an empty chair.
"Il faut avertir le commissaire!
Ma foi! Chez Brébant ces choses sont rares!"
—Francis A. Durivoage.

There is to be a British club in New York city. A preliminary meeting is to be called for the first week in October of gentlemen who have been alumni of the 'varsities and of the great British schools, such as Stonyhurst, Eton, Rugby, Marlborough, Beaumont, etc.

Perhaps the new woman is responsible for the falling off in marriages in England. For the first quarter of this year only 10.6 persons in 1,000 married, which is the lowest rate on record.

THE IMBECILITIES OF PARIS.

What the Latest "Scie," or "Gag," is, in the City-by-the-Seine
—Amusements of the Intellectual Capital
of the World.

Some *fin-de-siècle* Eugene Sue ought to supplement his famous work, "The Mysteries of Paris," with another, "The Imbecilities of Paris." It would be almost as long as the *magnum opus* of Sue. And not the least among these imbecilities would be the Parisian *scie*.

There is always a *scie* in vogue in Paris. The term *scie* might be freely translated as "gag." It is always meaningless, and it is invariably imbecile.

Away back in "l'année terrible"—the Terrible Year, 1870—when the third Napoleon, egged on by the beautiful and foolish Spaniard, Eugénie, declared war on Germany, the *scie* of the day was "Ohé Lambert!" No one could ever tell you why you should say "Hallo, Lambert!" No one ever knew who Lambert was. There was a story of a peasant woman who came to Paris with her husband, and lost him—lost her Lambert. Therefore—the story ran—she wandered through Paris streets, mournfully calling "Ohé Lambert!" But this story had an artificial air—it sounded as if it were made to fit the *scie*—a story accessory after the fact. However that may be, "Ohé Lambert!" was the *scie à la mode* during the Terrible Year, and it is an historic fact that when the French troops were marching out of Paris—marching as they believed to take the German capital—on every side, mixed up with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" and "A Berlin!" was heard "Ohé Lambert!"

Other *scies* succeeded. A favorite one was "Et ta sœur!" This had a beginning—it came from Sardou's play "La Famille Benoiton." There too it had a meaning. But out of the play it had none. Yet none the less you heard it on every hand. Witless persons, when the conversation flagged, always revived it with "Et ta sœur!" It served the same conversational purposes as Gilhert's gags did in English years ago, when "Patience" was running, and well-meaning imbeciles garnished their gabble with "too utterly utter" and kindred phrases *ad nauseam*.

It was followed by "Fiche ton camp!" This has been succeeded by numberless other imbecilities. And the *scie* of the day—the *fin-de-siècle* gag of Paris now—is "En voulez-vous des z'homards?"

This, too, had a beginning. It is a meaningless line in a meaningless stanza of a meaningless song. This song is nightly bawled at the *cafés-chantants*, and the *scie* is daily and nightly bawled upon the boulevards.

The stanza runs as follows:

"Dans une séance orageuse
A la chambre des députés,
La droite grince, la gauche est rageuse,
On s'apprête à se mordre le nez!
Ayant vainement secoué sa sonnette,
Afin d'apaiser l'ouragan,
Le président se couvre la tête,
Et crie aux faiseurs de boucan:
En voulez-vous des z'homards?
Ah! les sales bêtes!
Y z'ont du poil aux pattes!"

The refrain—never mind the rest—might be freely translated thus:

"Do you want some lobsters?
Ah, the dirty beasts!
They have hair on their paws!"

It is evening upon the grand boulevard. Tousands of men and women are seated at the little tables upon the *terrasse*—or the sidewalk—in front of the *cafés*. It is a warm, sticky, August night. Hundreds of hawkers walk ceaselessly to and fro, some blowing up long paper toys that look like distended sausages, and all bawling their wares—newspapers, photographs, puzzles, toys. They yell:

"The Salute of Félix Faure!"
"The Queen of Madagascar!"
"The Girl on the Pneumatic!"
"En voulez-vous des z'homards!"

The "Salute of Félix Faure" is a little image of a man in an evening-coat, with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor. When placed upon a *café* table, and tipped, this image, being weighted, recovers, and bows gravely to you. This produces roars of laughter from the groups of bearded Frenchmen around the tables. This toy is hard pressed by "The Queen of Madagascar," a rubber doll representing a negress; the uses to which it is put had better not be described here. "The Girl on the Pneumatic" is a tin lady on a tin bicycle, with a rubber tire; the joke in this consists in bursting the tire.

And the *homards*—well, there are all kinds of *homards*. There are card-board lobsters, for men to fasten on their coats or hats; worsted lobsters, for women to pin upon their bodices; and mechanical lobsters, with which you can pinch the finger of unsuspecting friends.

And as the tide sweeps by the *café* tables on the grand boulevard—the tide of tourists, of ladies of the pavement, of newspaper peddlers yelling "Voilà le *Soir*!" "Demandez le *Soir*!"—every now and again will come the raucous voice of a hawker:

"En voulez-vous des z'bomards?"

And from every quarter will come the reply, in bass voices, in treble voices, in soprano voices, from *café* waiters, from cabbies, from the bearded Frenchmen at the tables, and from the ladies of the pavement:

"Oh, les sales bêtes!"

Then every one roars with laughter.

Great people, the French.

It seems to me that I have heard or read somewhere that "Paris is the intellectual capital of the world."

Well, perhaps it is.

BABILLARD.

PARIS, August 20, 1895.

Three more Swiss mountain railways have been planned. The most difficult one will be the Jungfrau railway.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Elizabeth K. Timpkins, whose story, "Her Majesty," has been so well received, has another story in the press. It is called "An Unlesioned Girl," and was written before "Her Majesty." It is intended for readers of the same age as those who delight in Miss Alcott's stories. Miss Timpkins, like Mrs. Graham, lives on a ranch in California.

Emile Ollivier is writing a love-story called "Marie Madeleine," which he began twenty years ago.

"Gustave Flaubert, as Seen in his Works and Correspondence," by John Charles Tarver, to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co., furnishes both a critical biography and, in a sense, an autobiography, for the letters permit intimate acquaintance with the spirit and aims of the great realist.

George Moore is one of the most modest of contemporary writers. He does not think that everything he has written is great. After finishing "Mike Fletcher," however, he wrote, "At last I have written a really great book," a view which illustrates the eccentricity of his critical opinions. Mr. Moore's spelling, by the way, is said to belong to the impressionist school, and he collaborates a great deal with the proof-reader.

A new volume of prose by Coleridge is announced. It is to be called "Anima Poetae," and consists of selections from the poet's notebooks. They are mostly aphorisms, philosophical and religious.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that the conflicting genders of Mr. de Gallienne's name do not throw much light upon his nationality. From his style we should imagine him to be an Irishman. Thus, discussing Mrs. Threlfall's poetry in this week's *Realm*, he remarks that, "like her master, she threatens to go on forever—and not unfrequently keeps her threat."

A quantity of unpublished letters of Talleyrand and of Mgr. Dupanloup, the French divine, have lately been brought to light, and selections from this correspondence will soon be published.

The silly quarrel between the two poets, A. C. Swinburne and Eric Mackay, has reached the point of absurdity. The latter wrote an energetic letter in reply to Mr. Swinburne's crushing acknowledgment of a recent ode. This has now brought a letter from Mr. Swinburne's lawyer to Mr. Mackay, warning him that if he dares to address any further epistle to that irate bard, the latter will apply to the police for protection.

"Dolly Dillenberg" is the title of the long novel upon which J. L. Ford, the author of that cynical skit, "The Literary Shop," has been engaged. It is to be brought out in October. It is mentioned as a story of modern life in New York.

Advance orders for Du Maurier's new story, "The Martians," are booked almost every day by the publishers, the *Book Buyer* says. The first installment of the novel will not be published in the magazine before next winter, and the story is said to be long enough to run through twelve numbers. So the booksellers who order the book now are looking well ahead.

Another "genius" has just been discovered in Paris in the person of one Reepmaker, a Dutch novelist.

Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Victorian Anthology" is on the press. It contains representative poems by all the authors discussed in his critical work on the "Victorian Poets." This companion volume of verse includes a series of brief biographies of the authors quoted, and has for frontispiece a fine portrait of Queen Victoria.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle's new romance, "The Stark Munro Letters," is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. The romance will be handsomely illustrated.

Writing of the Stevenson fables Richard Henry Stoddard says:

"Taken altogether, these 'Fables' are scarce worth the eighteen pages which they fill here, and if Mr. Colvin had performed his duty as Mr. Stevenson's literary executor, with the discretion which we expected from him, he would not have printed them so soon after his death, if at all. Such, at any rate, is our opinion, and we yield to no one in our admiration of the many beautiful intellectual gifts of Mr. Stevenson, whose fame is more likely to be diminished by the excessive laudation of his friends than by the measured censure of his enemies, for he must have had some enemies, since, wily nilly, every man of genius has enemies."

"The Life and Letters of Professor Huxley" will be prepared by his son, the head-master of Charterhouse School, who is expected soon to issue notices asking for the use of the letters. Huxley's son married Miss Arnold, a sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The police in Richmond, Ind., are suppressing the sale of the Indianapolis *People*, *Police News*, *Police Gazette*, the *Illustrated Record*, and other sensational papers, classed by a new law as pernicious literature. This law was passed by the last general assembly, and provides a penalty of from ten dollars to two hundred dollars for printing, selling, or

publishing books, papers, or periodicals, the chief feature or characteristic of which is the record of crime or the pictures of crime committed, criminals, desperadoes, or men and women "in unbecoming costumes." Such a law would seriously interfere with the San Francisco dailies.

Mary Anderson Navarro writes to the New York *Herald* that the widow of Henry Kingsley, the novelist, is in great pecuniary trouble and very much out of health. Mrs. Navarro says:

"I have known the lady for some years, and deeply deplore her misfortunes. Any subscription toward enabling her to lessen the great strain upon her will be thankfully received, and can be sent either to me at the address below, or to Mrs. Henry Kingsley, at Saltwood Hythe, Kent, England."

Mrs. Navarro's address is 9 Lawn Road, Havestock Hill, London.

H. S. Somerset, the Englishman who was one of Richard H. Davis's companions in Central America, has written a book of travel dealing with the Hudson Bay Company's territory. It will be called "The Land of the Muskeg." The author, who is a clever and adventurous youth, is the son of Lord Henry Somerset.

A good deal of interest has been aroused in London by the result of the two-thousand-dollar prize competition originated by the Bachelier Syndicate of New York, there having been a vast number of English competitors.

Andrew Lang brags that he has never read "The Heavenly Twins," and that only one man of his acquaintance has read it. He asserts that he has never been able to learn what it was all about. The men that he knew could not tell him, and the ladies would not.

The new story which Sir Walter Besant has written for publication in the early part of the new year is to be entitled "The Master Craftsman."

The Story of the Great West Series, of which the first volume will appear at once, will be edited by Ripley Hitchcock. The various stories are intended to present faithful pictures of peculiar and characteristic phases of life in the United States west of the Missouri River. The first volume, "The Story of the Indian," is written by George Bird Grinnell.

THE STAR'S ENTRANCE.

LAWRENCE O'DRISCOLL, the Leading Man. THE MANAGER. THE STAGE-MANAGER. MME. RAHISKA, the Star.

SCENE.—Stage of Corinthian Theatre, set with interior of Monastery, gallery across the back, and huge staircase winding down toward the foot-lights; large stone settle (L.), etc., etc. Actors and actresses waiting at the wings for rehearsal to begin. MANAGER and STAGE-MANAGER at prompt-table.

STAGE-MANAGER [looking at new set]—I think that ought to fetch 'em pretty smartly. It's the biggest staircase that's been put on a London stage.

MANAGER—It's grand.

[Enter LAWRENCE O'DRISCOLL.]

O'DRISCOLL—Ah, morning—am I early?

STAGE-MANAGER—No, madame is late.

O'DRISCOLL—New set for second act?

MANAGER—Like it?

O'DRISCOLL—Rather! It will be a ripping entrance for me down those steps.

STAGE-MANAGER [tentatively]—I'm afraid you'll have to come on from that door on the right.

O'DRISCOLL—But, I say—

STAGE-MANAGER—My dear fellow, the monks have to enter at the top there and come down the stairs—

O'DRISCOLL—But the monks are not so important as I am; now I could make such a heap of an entrance like that—it would give the keynote in all that comes afterward. [To MANAGER] You see the advantage it would be to the play if I was to come on there and—

MANAGER—I quite agree with you, O'Driscoll, and it seems a mistake having the monks on at all, but—by Jove, I forgot, I must send— [Exit hurriedly.]

O'DRISCOLL—I don't mind for myself, you know—but for the sake of the play you'd better change the monks' entrance, old man.

STAGE-MANAGER—My dear fellow, I wish to heaven I could, but the monks and that staircase are the two things the author insists on. And, look here, you know, you go up them and speak the last speech from the top—fine effect for the curtain.

[Enter MME. RAHISKA.]

MME. RAHISKA [with slight foreign accent]—Ah, good-morning, gentlemen, I fear I am just a little late—my apologies. Ah, what a scene, and what a magnificent entrance. I shall love to make an entrance down this staircase in my white robes in the last act.

O'DRISCOLL—But this is the second act.

MME. RAHISKA—What, the act in which I am not except just at the end! Ah, well, it can't be helped; but I can at least enter down the steps.

STAGE-MANAGER—My dear lady, the monks have to make their entrance there.

MME. RAHISKA—They must not.

STAGE-MANAGER—I fear they must; the author is peremptory.

MME. RAHISKA [firmly]—And so am I. [Pleadingly.] Why, my good sir, I have longed all my life for an entrance like this—it has been my ideal, my dream; here it is realized. Ah, you must not thwart me.

STAGE-MANAGER—Madame, I regret exceedingly—

[Enter MANAGER.]

MANAGER—Good-morning, madame. [But perceives the situation, and is about to retreat hastily.]

MME. RAHISKA—Ah, my dear, dear sir, you will help me. I must make my entrance down those beautiful steps, and this wicked, wicked man refuses. [Bursts into tears and throws herself on stone settle (L.). O'Driscoll goes to her sympathetically.]

STAGE-MANAGER—Ye gods! [Buries his head in his hands at the prompt-table.]

MANAGER—She will make herself ill again—you must stop this and get on with rehearsal.

STAGE-MANAGER [tragically]—I knew how it would be when Johnstone insisted on the monks and his beastly staircase.

MANAGER—Can't we cut them?

STAGE-MANAGER—Impossible; he is capable of withdrawing his play.

MANAGER [goes to madame, who is weeping extravagantly]—Madame, my dear madame, compose yourself; you will make yourself ill.

MME. RAHISKA—I will, I will. [Sobs.]

MANAGER—You see, the whole play can not be changed at the last moment.

MME. RAHISKA—I ask so little.

MANAGER—And remember you have got your bridge for your first entrance.

MME. RAHISKA—I do not care for the bridge; I do not care for anything but the staircase. I must make my entrance down it; I could never play if I did not.

[MANAGER returns to STAGE-MANAGER, who is endeavoring to keep calm; they consult.]

MME. RAHISKA [to O'DRISCOLL]—Ah, my friend, you are sympathetic, you understand my feelings; my emotions overpower me. I must weep.

O'DRISCOLL—Quite right, keep it up—you insist on your staircase.

MME. RAHISKA—They are so cruel to deny me such a little, tiny thing, a mere bagatelle. I can not play if I do not have that entrance. I should—what you call—not express myself.

O'DRISCOLL—You stick to that—make them give you your staircase.

MME. RAHISKA—My friend, I must. Ah, I am making myself so ill.

O'DRISCOLL—My dear madame—

MANAGER—Hang it all, we can't have her knocked up and unfit for her part to-morrow night. For heaven's sake, give her a staircase in every act—promise her anything, only let's get on with rehearsal.

STAGE-MANAGER—By Jove, I've got it; I'll turn that bridge into a staircase in the first act. Can't change this one, Johnstone is just as mad about his monks.

MANAGER and STAGE-MANAGER—My dear madame [MADAME continues to sob]. My dear madame, will you listen to—

MME. RAHISKA—Ah, you are so cruel, you break my heart.

MANAGER—My dear lady, only stop crying and you can have a staircase all to yourself.

MME. RAHISKA [weeping less violently]—But the monks get theirs first?

MANAGER—No. You shall have mine in the first act.

MME. RAHISKA—But my bridge?

STAGE-MANAGER—We shall have it in the last act with the battlements instead.

MME. RAHISKA [smiling sweetly through her tears]—Ah, you good kind man—you understand the artiste. [Proceeds to rehearse cheerfully.]

—Black and White.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Roman Church in South America.

BURNS AVES, ARGENTINA, July 25, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is some satisfaction for an American citizen in this far-away southern country to read the article that appears in to-day's Buenos Ayres *Standard* (a copy of which I send you under separate cover), more especially as it is printed by a paper owned and edited by Irish Catholics, Mr. Mulhall, the statistician, being one of the family. I refer more particularly to that part in the second column which refers to the statistics printed in the *Argonaut* on America's "intellectual power," and nothing could speak more eloquently in favor of our free public schools and against Catholic influence or control than the figures "\$2.40 per inhabitant" for the United States of America as compared with "25c" for poor old Catholic Italy. And in this regard it is gratifying to think that these results are due to Protestant civilization, for which such indefatigable efforts have been made by the San Francisco *Argonaut*, and this I say as a reader of your paper since its foundation.

As to all these Spanish-American countries south of the United States of America, from my own observation I should say that, if it were not for the women folks, the priests would starve.

In conclusion, I say Long live the *Argonaut*! And may it long continue its glorious defense of the American public-school system, which is the admiration of all civilization.

A. S.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Life of Stambuloff.

It is seldom that events give a book such timeliness as the assassination of Stambuloff has given to the biography of the Bulgarian statesman which A. Hulme Beaman has contributed to the Public Men of To-Day Series. The book was completed at the end of last June, and fifteen days later Stambuloff was assassinated; there was time to add to the book a postscript giving a complete account of the murder.

Beginning life as a tailor's apprentice, Stambuloff rose to be premier and almost king-maker in his troubled little fatherland, and the author of this biography would have us believe that his death has now given him a martyr's crown. He unquestionably was a tremendous force in Bulgaria and played a prominent part in the politics of South-Eastern Europe. It was not evidence of high civilization that he should torture an enemy to death, as the author of this book admits Stambuloff did, but he was a man of his country and his ways. For, long before his death, it was well known that he was in constant danger of assassination at the hands of the government's hired ruffians. He applied for passports to leave his home, but the government refused; and at the last he dared not move abroad except to go to his club. He himself predicted that this brief passage would be the scene of his death, and he was right, for it was on the return from his club, a few minutes after eight in the evening, that his carriage was stopped and he was hacked to death by the knives of hired bravos. In a recent number of *L'illustration* there is a hideous photograph of Stambuloff upon his bier, his dismembered and mutilated hands hanging over his head.

The day after Stambuloff's death, his journal, the *Swoboda*, openly accused Prince Ferdinand and his government of being the real instigators of the crime. It had, as our author says, made like charges against the government again and again, and seemed to challenge it to a contest in a court of law. At last its utterances grew too much to be borne, and the editor was brought into court on a charge of libeling Prince Ferdinand. After the speech for the prosecution, the editor's counsel asked permission to call certain witnesses who would declare that the prince had said to them, "Rid me of that scoundrel, Stambuloff," and others who would prove other damaging facts against his royal highness. The court, however, refused to hear the witnesses, whereupon the editor's counsel threw up his brief and left the room; but the court gave judgment against the editor, nevertheless, and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment.

Mr. Beaman is a partisan and admirer of Stambuloff. But one should not expect a strictly impartial account of so recent a series of events; indeed, his book is the more forcible and interesting because he knew personally the actors in the drama he describes. But, as a matter of truth and of history, we believe that Stambuloff was a sorry scoundrel. The principal difference between him and the prince was that Ferdinand is a cowardly scoundrel and Stambuloff was a brave one. But he was not loyal even to his brother scoundrels. It was Stambuloff who persuaded a fellow-conspirator, when they had treacherously murdered Major Panitz, to consent to go to prison "for a few weeks to appease the people." Stambuloff then kept his "friend" in prison for three years. No wonder there were daggers waiting for him all over Bulgaria.

Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

An English Novel.

"A Soldier of Fortune" is the title of Mrs. L. T. Meade's new novel. It is like a great many other English stories, a comprehensible and grammatical account of events in the lives of easily comprehensible English people of the class among whom the canons of Lindley Murray are religiously observed. The "soldier of fortune" is John Smith, a young fellow who has done fairly well at school and at the university and goes in for journalism after his two months' fling on the Continent. He falls in love with a pretty girl while a good young woman is in love with him, and the story follows his material career and the double course of true love—in which the steadfast, self-sacrificing friend of his childhood eventually wins him from her pretty rival. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Stanley J. Weyman's Short Stories.

"From the Memoirs of a Minister of France" is Stanley J. Weyman's latest book. It contains a dozen short stories, all narrated as incidents in the life or within the knowledge of M. de Rosny, Grand Master and confidential friend of King Henry of France. One tells of an attempt to murder the king, in which the tables were turned and the assassin was made to take his own poison; another narrates an old courtier's attempt to use his pretty niece as a bait for the royal favor; a third sets forth a strange plot to estrange the king and queen; and the rest run the gamut of court incidents and adventures in the last years of the sixteenth century.

These stories were first printed in a large syndi-

cate of American and English papers; and now in book-form they will doubtless enjoy a new lease of popularity. For popular, Mr. Weyman's books undoubtedly are. He has not been writing long, but his books are among the most widely read of the day and he is paid tremendous prices by the newspaper syndicates in which his work first sees the light, and later in royalties on the sales of the books. He was turned to the particular field which he has made his own by reading a history of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the result has been a long series of romances, such as "A Gentleman of France" and "Under the Red Robe." The men Mr. Weyman draws are men of blood and iron, soldiers from camp and court, and his women are such brave and beautiful ladies as make them meet companions for his men.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Marriage for Love.

"A Modern Man," by Ella MacMahon, the author of "A New Note," is a decidedly clever picture of the human male as he is to-day in certain privileged classes of society. The particular modern man to whom reference is made in the title is a successful man, a man who has won his place, as a harrister of the Inner Temple and in society, and the story describes that point in his life where he risks all he has won by marrying a girl whose pretty face is her chief claim on the world. That is the gist of the story, but in its telling the author manages to introduce a number of very clever social sketches. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

New Publications.

In "A Holiday in Spain and Norway" Caroline Earle White records in a commonplace manner her impressions in passing through these countries. She has an old-fashioned heaviness of style and great faith in the freshness of her subject, which is not justified by the way in which she handles it. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"Psychology in Education," by Ruric N. Roark, Dean of the Department of Pedagogy in the Kentucky State College, is a text-book for the average teacher, and is also intended for the use of the general reader. It is a clear exposition of the science, so far as it goes, and is carefully indexed. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"God Forsaken," by Frederic Breton, is the story of a young woman who marries an agnostic scientist and herself becomes an unbeliever with no morality beyond what expediency demands. As she does not love her husband, another passion comes into her life and wrecks it. Published in the Hudson Library by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

An autobiography which does not carry with it the sympathy of the reader is occasionally a success, as in the case of "Ten Thousand a Year"; but "Mr. Bailey-Martin" has for its hero a man so elaborately villainous that he becomes wearisome. Mr. Percy White has a facile pen and might please on a more agreeable theme. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

"The Story of a Modern Woman," by Ella Hepworth Dixon, follows the fortunes of the daughter of a famous man. She takes to literature and succeeds in becoming a literary hack by reason of her father's name. The book has a trace of modern degeneracy and is not exactly healthy in tone. But the authoress has a knack at writing. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

The new "Webster's Academic Dictionary" is almost as good as the "Unabridged" for a great many readers. It fills more than seven hundred pages, and the condensation of the lexicon—in which are given derivations, pronunciations, definitions, and synonyms—is scarcely apparent unless one is looking for very rare or very new words. The appendices, too, of the larger book are given in slightly briefer form, and the illustrations mount to the number of eight hundred. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard) has given us another of her delightfully entertaining little books called "The Major's Favorite." She takes us, as usual, into that enchanted garrison life that she wots of, where all the girls are gay and pretty, all the young officers handsome and gallant, the majors and colonels such fine, soldierly fellows, the matrons so sweet and motherly. There is an agreeable suggestion of rank and titles, but no one is so snobbish as to think twice about that; and the worst piece of villainy perpetrated is the surreptitious poisoning of an old dog, lest he should turn vicious and do harm in his age. The book takes its name from this same old dog, and around him the thread of the story is woven. A fresh, pleasing little tale it is, which one does not wish to lay aside until it is finished. It has for its heroine a child rather than a young girl, but its circle of readers is not likely to be limited to children for that. Published by J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.

ARMENIA, A. D., 1894-95.

The following poem was written by Lewis Morris at the request of the Committee of the Duke of Argyll's Armenian Relief Fund. Inasmuch as Lewis Morris is one of the leading candidates for the vacant post of English Poet Laureate, this poem is especially interesting, as being just such a production as the laureate would be called upon to furnish:

Dead by their ravaged fields
And blackened roof-trees chill
To-day our martyred brethren lie.
White on the blue autumnal sky,
Ararat's sacred hill
On the fallen and ruined plain
Uncaring seems to smile.
Uncaring for the blood, the wrong, the guile,
The hopeless griefs, the oft-repeated pain,
The innocent lives defiled, the supplications vain.

The spoiler robs and preys,
With rape and torture for his daily work.
Unchecked the wolfish Kurd torments and slays.
The obscene, ineffable Turk,
False heart and glozing tongue,
Fills all the hapless land with lust and blood.
Into the murder-pits are flung
The sire, the mother with her unhorn child,
The virgin lives defiled.
Or if escape there be, 'tis through the shame
Of souls too weak to avow the Holy name;
Or theirs who from the dreadful precipice,
Velling their desperate eyes,
Plunge with their children through the void, to gain,
Dying, release from pain.

What? Has God's thought forgot
His people's woes? Doth His averted ear
No more their cries of hopeless anguish hear,
The wail for precious lives which now are not?
Shall not the all-seeing Eye
Look downward from the dumb, unheeding sky
And with a glance confound the might of ill?
Shall the oppressor still
Thro' endless wrongs wreak his fiendish will,
Ravish and rob and murder in the name
Of that dark Antichrist whose rule of shame
Blights the dead East; for whom the spear, the sword,
And ruthless horrors of unsparing war
Are weapons fitter far
Than are the futile forgeries of His Word;
Who, knowing not compassion, yet makes sure,
With prayer from lips impure,
Of Paradise—no place of Innocence,
Or white-winged soaring Hope immense,
But a foul Lazar-house of Lust and Sense?

And this our Europe strong
Which at a common altar boasts to kneel,
Shall no compassionate yearning come to move,
No stirrings of fraternal love,
For these our brothers who have pined so long?
Shall She no pity feel
For these, the martyrs of our Faith who sigh,
Treading the cold and sunless ways of death,
Long ere they gain to die?
Strong Russia, champion of the Christian East;
France, thro' whose soul, too generous to forget,
The ardor of St. Louis pulses yet;
Our noble England, with the years increased,
To hold the gorgeous Orient in fee;
And her great eldest daughter, She
Who sits august and free,
A crowned Commonwealth from sea to sea—
Shall these, unmoved by the long Past of pain,
Wait till the tide of blood returns again,
And watch again their helpless brethren die,
These who upheld or spared the waning secular lie?
Nay, nay, it is enough, enough! No more
Shall black Oppression rule. Her reign is o'er.
No more, oh, Earth! No more!

No more! Forbid it, Heaven!
Arise, oh, puissant Christendom, be strong!
God's voice within you calls, the voice of Fate!
Confound this monstrous tyranny of wrong.
Let Love prevail, not Hate!
With you the Future lies. 'Twere shame indeed
If mutual jealousies, if coward fears,
Adding fresh force, to swell the sum of ill!
Prolonged the accursed reign of pain and tears,
And had again a hapless nation heled,
Succor the weak. Drive back their pitiless foes.
Let not despair afflict your brethren still.
Let the new-come Age, a happier Birth,
Bless these waste places of the suffering Earth.
Let Peace, with Law, the tranquil valleys fill,
And make the desert blossom as the Rose.

AUGUST 17, 1895.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Freaks of the Linotypes.

The daily papers of San Francisco have recently been laying in "linotypes," or type-casting machines, by which, as they inform their readers, they are enabled to give them "new type every day." They are not only enabled to give them new type, but a great many new typographical features every day. Items like the following are of daily occurrence in their columns:

The young men of the Western Addition Mandolin and Glee Club, assisted by Mrs. Nannie Verity Whiteside, gave one of their attractive entertainments at 5:30 p.m. at the hall of the California Club. The audience nearly filled the hall. The Mandolin Club responded to the enthusiastic applause of the audience with several encores. Mrs. Whiteside's rich contralto voice was particularly effective in the solos "Asthore," by Protire, and "Answer," by Rohyn. As Weiskoph has been living here for some time with a woman who passed as his wife, it develops that her name is Miss Cora Sorg, and that she eloped with Weiskoph several months ago from Modesto. Weiskoph's wife is the complainant. When Constable Hogg arrested her, Miss Sorg said: "HOGG, T.T.T.T." "HOGG, T.T.T.T."

One of the new magazines to be started in New York in the fall (says the *Boston Literary World*) will have no illustrations. Its projectors believe that "the illustration of our popular magazines is being overdone, and that the public is tiring of simple 'picture articles,' the chief merit of which lies not in the letter-press, but in the pictorial part."

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"Mother Communings and Mottoes" rendered into English Verse by HENRIETTA R. ELIOT, and "Prose Commentaries" translated by SUSAN E. BLOW. With 48 full-page Illustrations. Vol. 31, International Education Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

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Not Counting the Cost.

By TASMA. No. 175, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

This novel seems likely to be accounted the most ambitious work of its talented and successful author. The literary value of her work has been abundantly recognized, but "Not Counting the Cost" is certain to add to her reputation and increase her popularity.

Out of Due Season.

A Mezzotint. By ADELINE SERGEANT. No. 176, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

The development of Miss Sergeant's power is well shown in this strong and significant study of life and character.

The Watter's Mou'.

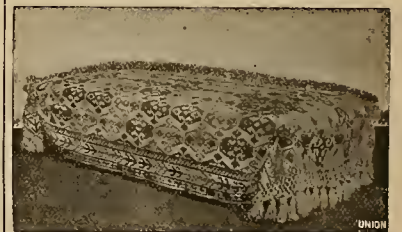
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Everybody knows what our upholstery is; well, our couches are made on the same lines: plenty of strings, strong cord, honest fillings, and superior workmanship. We have couches, covered in denim, at \$7; but for \$11 you can get a much better one, with spring edge.
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Christopher, Jr., meets with very much the same adventure as Mr. Pickwick did with the lady in yellow curl-papers. Only in Mr. Pickwick's case the gentleman revealed himself to the lady, while in Christopher, Jr.'s, he caught but one glimpse of a garment suspended upon a nail, resembling "a bifurcated jacket—the two sides joined by a sort of lattice-work of lacing," and in wild dismay he fled.

His subsequent adventures were of that sort which haunt the hero of farce-comedy. He is married to the owner of the bifurcated jacket without ever having seen her, and then falls in love with a beautiful being, who in the end turns out to be the same person. That his sentiments toward his unknown wife were not of the most romantic sort may be inferred by the fact that, upon that fatal night on the Trinidad steamer, the one demonstration made by the inanimate huddle in the lower berth was a soft, sighing snore! How perfectly horrible! If there is one thing calculated to destroy sentiment, it is a tendency to snore. The woman who has this unfortunate weakness ought to dedicate her life to housekeeping and good works. But Christopher, Jr., did not seem to think it a fatal impediment to domestic bliss, and was only too happy when he discovered that the fascinating Dora Hedway was identical with his unknown, snoring bride.

The piece is by Madeleine Lucette Riley, once a comic-opera star, now retired to domesticity and play-making. It is, to put it politely, influenced by the French farce-comedy ideal. It is as Gallic as "The Masked Ball," and "Too Much Johnson," and all the rest of the noble army of vaudevilles. Only a person under French influence would have conceived the idea of building a comedy, not all farce, on such a foundation. The Anglo-Saxon in its author crops out in the occasional reverting of the story toward sanity and naturalness. The French farce-comedies are farce to the hilt. "Christopher, Jr.," has lapses into drawing-room comedy, when people begin to act like possible human beings. There are actual moments touched with a fleeting pathos, such as that when Christopher bids his sister good-bye, and when his father wants him to shake hands in a friendly farewell.

Of course the piece centres about Mr. Drew and Miss Adams, who are as graceful a pair of lovers as the stage can boast. Mr. Drew got so into the habit of being the worshipping swain at Miss Rehan's shrine, that there was some doubt among his admirers whether he would ever be able to worship any one else. But he seems to have managed with a good deal of grace to transfer his histrionic adorations to his present leading lady, who is really much better suited to both his style and that of the plays he produces than the magnificent Rehan was.

The play is mostly composed of the pretty quarreling and prettier love-making of this attractive couple. No one could act this sort of thing better. Maud Adams flits through the piece with soft-footed, smiling grace—now a girlish figure in a black hat and floating, cloudy gray gauze, like an enveloping garb of smoke; now very smart and stylish in yellow satin and a bouffant, white, puffy sort of bodice. She wears a large bunch of tiger-lilies hung round her neck with a gold chain, which is peculiar and must be decidedly uncomfortable. It looks a little bit like a votive offering on a saint, but is something out of the common run, and in these days, when everybody looks like everybody else, that is a consideration not to be despised.

When next time John Drew comes here, we want him to bring some new plays in which he is not a sportive lad, just fresh from college and with no sense, and in which Maud Adams can be something more than a sweet girl, who wears good clothes and loves the sportive lad, with refined and captivating coquetry. Mr. Drew can do so much better than this that he must brace up and do it. He must put plays upon his repertoire that amount to something. He must get out of the groove of the humorous, gentlemanly young jackass, and act the man, the hero, the interesting, mentally developed human being that he can personate so admirably when he chooses. The actor must march on and forward with the rest of the procession. Mr. Drew's talents ran a chance of being smothered in Daly's company by the forcing of them into one channel, circumscribed, constrained, *borned*. Now he is his own master, and he can move forward, expand, develop, in whatever direction his unhampered judgment suggests. If he keeps on playing "Masked Balls" and "Imprudent Young Couples" and

"Christopher, Jr.," he will stop where he is, proclaiming to the world that he has reached "the very butt and sea-mark of his sail." And this is not the case. A man who can act Petruchio and Orlando and Lord Clivebrooke and Charles Surface as John Drew does, has an almost unlimited range in the field of high comedy.

The American plays which have so far been written have concerned themselves with four things—business, politics, frontier life, and the Civil War. The latter has proved the most fruitful and picturesque subject, even the plays written upon the charms and foibles of the degenerate Southerner of the present day, such as "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" and "Alabama," have an attraction of their own that the drama of the New York drawing-room and the Western army post conspicuously lacks.

The authors of "The District Attorney" thought to find dramatic material in the corruption of American politics, and, as their play was produced last winter in New York while the excitement occasioned by the investigations of the Lexow Committee was at its height, its appearance was apropos enough to have insured success to a weaker piece. It is all American right through; but that picturesque which is to be found in the most commonplace life, that element of realistic romance that Ihsen found in the dreary front parlors and kitchen-gardens of his native Sweden, has been missed by the two authors.

But if there is no sentiment, no feeling of the thrill and wonderfulness of life in "The District Attorney," there is melodrama galore. We are let in here to the inside of a "Ring." We see "hosses" in their habits as they live, casting the glamour of their good citizenship upon a most luxurious domestic hearth. The worst of the hosses is a good husband, an admirable father, and the pillar of several charitable institutions. Upon occasion, however, he can lie nobly for his party and himself, and his theft of the papers from the confiding Helen Knight is quite up to what one is led to expect from a reigning boss. This scene, by the way, is conducted in the most dark and devious manner of melodrama. Brainerd has the hissing-whisper manner of one of the conspirators in "Madame Angot." He glides mysteriously about the stage, peering out through curtains and listening suspiciously. His melodramatic appreciation of the situation infects Helen Knight, who delivers the papers to him with an appearance of breathless, tragic dread, as though she were conscious of the dangerous folly of giving them up. It would materially benefit this scene if Brainerd accepted the papers with an air of natural carelessness, and Helen relinquished them, if with reluctance, at least without appearing to be heset by uneasy suspicions.

The best scenes in the piece are those at the end—a distinct advantage "The District Attorney" has over many better plays. Of all people, a playwright ought to be the one who should keep his best wine till the end of the feast, and of all people, he is the one who does this least often. The third and fourth acts go with quite a flourish. In the third, which has enough movement and incident to stock half a dozen drawing-room dramas, we are introduced into the District Attorney's office—a business-like looking place, distinctly suggestive of such other plays of domestic manufacture as "The Henrietta." Here, as is the way in stageland, each person in the piece seems to have arranged a rendezvous with somebody else. The lovers meet here and do a little quiet courting. The District Attorney and his minions and the hosses and their henchmen crowd in and crowd out in an atmosphere of war. The ladies in the piece come rustling in, in all their splendor of sumptuous stage wardrobes. There is a suggestion of hustle, and life, and stir in the scene which gives a fillip to the latter half of the play, and redeems the insipidity of the beginning.

As an attempt at an American drama, "The District Attorney" is worthy of serious consideration. It is crude, too much directed toward one subject, and overcharged with the lurid light of melodrama. Nevertheless, it is American, and gives promise of something better from its authors in the future. It is from tentative, raw attempts like this that the American drama must spring. It is from these very conditions of American life that the playwright with the seeing eye, the understanding mind, will draw the materials for those great plays which will spring from our complicated system of existence.

Our national life teems with material. Dramas are playing themselves on every side of us, tragedies, comedies, melodramas—wherever we turn our eyes or incline our ears, we find them in process of enactment. They are not too close to us, as some would say, and not too commonplace, as others have it. We want to see this very life by which we are surrounded on the stage. We want to see a representation of the conditions that we live in, of the problems we ourselves study and puzzle over, of the emotions we feel, the ambitions that move us, the sorrows, the joys, the triumphs, the failures we move among, and know, and feel. Life in England and France is novel and interesting, but not half so vividly interesting to us as our own. It is

amusing enough to look at lords and dukes, and hear of Parliament, and listen to jokes about a manner of life of which we know next to nothing. But it is not like hearing and seeing the play of our own country.

We are newer than these old nations of the splendid past. Ideas that they will hardly accept have long been part of our existence and thought. They come to us with a strange effect of a distant echo in some of the foreign plays, in which they are introduced as something new and startling. The query upon which Sudermann built his play of "Heimath" was alarmingly revolutionary to the tranquil German mind. It has been an old query here, that any American playwright might have handled years ago. Conventionality—to be like the others—seems to be the nightmare that is crushing out the talent of the American playwright. He looks to Europe for the inspiration and idea that he might find on his own black far stronger and fresher than in the old countries whose point of view is so widely different from his. We want some of that self-reliance, that belief in the goodness of all that belongs to ourselves, that Emerson long ago recognized as the keystone of success.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"As You Like It" at Sutro Heights.

The open-air performance of "As You Like It" at Sutro Heights next Saturday afternoon is attracting much attention and will doubtless net a handsome sum for the two charities—the Channing Auxiliary and the Society for Christian Work—for whose benefit it is being given. While open-air performances have been given many times in England and the East, they are practically unknown here. If only the weather be propitious, the affair should be a triumph in every respect, for the company, headed by Rose Coghan and C. J. Reichman—who was formerly Mrs. Langtry's leading man and has just joined the ranks of Stockwell's players—is an excellent one, and the Sutro garden, where seating accommodations have been provided for five thousand spectators, in addition to fifty private boxes seating five persons each, is an ideal setting for the comedy. The University of California Glee Club is to serve as chorus, and will sing "What Shall he Have that Killed the Deer?" "The Cuckoo Song," and others of the original music. There will be special train and cable-car service to accommodate the large crowd that is expected, and in every other way the management is doing all in its power to make the occasion one of pleasure to all concerned.

Large Audiences at Morosco's.

Morosco's Grand Opera House has an enormous seating capacity, but it is an unusual thing nowadays to be able to get a single seat in the lower part of the house a quarter of an hour before the curtain goes up. "On the Rio Grande" is a comedy-drama that seems to suit the popular fancy, and it could easily be continued for a fortnight longer. But the management holds to its rule of giving the public novelties, and on Monday night "The Great Metropolis" is to be revived. This is one of the best of English melodramas, and it presents opportunities for scenic and mechanical effects which only the elaborate stage of the Grand can utilize properly. The electrician of the theatre, in especial, has been at work devising and constructing novel and startling light effects. "The Great Metropolis" calls for the entire strength of the company.

The Old Union Square Company.

The recent death in New York of William Palmer, brother of A. M. Palmer, who was about to come to San Francisco as advance agent of the "Trilby" company, recalls the fact that he several times came to this city as manager of the Union Square Company. The first time he was with them was at the old California Theatre, when they produced "Mother and Son," in March, 1879. Mr. George Clark was the leading man, and Miss Rose Osborne, then the wife of Lewis Morrison, was the leading lady. Miss Fanny Morant, who was one of the handsomest old stage ladies in the world, was also one of the company. At the same time, Nat Goodwin was playing at the Bush Street in his Bangs-Whiffles farces, giving imitations of Sol Smith Russell and Gus Williams. Imagine the "high-comedian" Nat giving such imitations now.

The next time that Palmer brought the Union Square Company here was in August, 1882, again at the California Theatre. The leading lady this time was Sara Jewett, and the company opened in "The Banker's Daughter." Maud Harrison was then with the troupe, and was a great favorite. Frederic de Belleville was the leading man. It was during this engagement that Sardou's play "Daniel Rochat," although a failure in Paris, was successful in San Francisco. It was in this piece that De Belleville made such a bit in the rôle which was created by Charles R. Thorne. The anecdote used to be told in New York that when Thorne played the atheist Daniel Rochat, he was seriously handicapped, because he could not use his favorite exclamation "My God!" as Rochat did not acknowledge a God.

But it was in 1878, on its very first appearance, that the Union Square Company made its most pronounced bit in San Francisco. The play was "The Danicheffs," and it was in the romantic rôle of Osip that Charles R. Thorne made one of his great successes in San Francisco. There are some who can still remember the fine stage picture in which Maud Harrison was seated at the feet of Fanny Morant as the duchess, with Osip gazing at them from the wings. It was during this same engagement that the best performance of "Pink Dominoes" that San Francisco has ever seen was given, and Maud Harrison was the star. All this is many years ago. We hope that the fair Maud will forgive us for recalling dates, for she is still playing to-day the rôle of *ingénue*.

Pauline Hall in "Dorcas."

Pauline Hall is to succeed John Drew at the Baldwin, commencing a two weeks' engagement on Monday night in "Dorcas." Miss Hall is one of the best-known women of the comic-opera stage. Her name was originally Schmitgall and she came from Milwaukee, or some such Teutonic hailiwick; but she was a very pretty and piquant young person, and, after her début on the stage, it was but a short time before she was one of the leading divinities of the New York Casino. Her great success

was in "Erminie," for which the Paultons, father and son, translated the libretto. They have also made the adaptation of "Dorcas"; indeed, the play-bill describes "Dorcas" as "by Harry and Edward Paulton, authors of 'Erminie,' 'Niohe,' etc." It is a satisfaction to know that the translation of the German libretto of "Dorcas" has been done by such competent hands, but it might be interesting to know who composed "Dorcas."

Grand Opera at the Tivoli.

The grand opera season has opened most auspiciously at the Tivoli Opera House. After a run of two weeks, "Faust" will be succeeded next Monday evening by a careful production of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mlle. Ida Valera in the title-rôle, a part she has played throughout this country and in Europe. Alice Neilson will alternate. Martin Pache will sing the rôle of Edgar of Ravenswood; John J. Raffael that of Sir Henry Ashton of Lammermoor; George H. Broderick, the *basso cantante* rôle of Raymond, the prelate; Arthur Mesmer, Sir Arthur Bucklaw; W. H. West, Norman; and Mahella Baker, Alice. "Lucia" will be sung for one week only. Afterward a production of Bizet's romantic grand opera, "Carmen," will be given in a most careful manner, with Mlle. Ida Valera and Alice Carle alternating in the title-rôle, Laura Millard as Michaela, and the other parts in good hands.

Notes.

The popularity of "The District Attorney" at the Columbia during the past week has been such that the management has decided to continue it a week longer. As the entire company will be engaged in the open-air performance of "As You Like It" at Sutro Heights on Saturday afternoon, September 21st, there will be no matinee at the theatre on that afternoon, but instead a special matinee performance of "The District Attorney" will be given on Thursday.

"Trilby," with Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, and the other original people in the cast, is to follow Pauline Hall in "Dorcas" at the Baldwin.

From London, where Miss Sibyl Sanderson has been living in retirement for the past two months, comes the announcement that her engagement to Antonio Terry has been broken off. The same authority adds:

"Miss Sanderson will not sing the title-rôle in Massenet's new opera, 'Cinderella.' No formal announcement of this fact has been made by Massenet, but persons who have seen the score say it would be impossible for Miss Sanderson to sing the part as it stands at present. When Massenet composed the music he filled Cinderella's numbers with high notes, which only a singer of Miss Sanderson's vocal altitude could take. As soon as her engagement to Terry was announced, however, Massenet removed all the high notes, and the part as it now stands could be sung by any ordinary prima donna."

"Prince Ananias," which the Bostonians will produce at the Columbia Theatre during their engagement, is the work of Victor Herbert. The librettist is Francis Neilson, a clever Anglo-Scotchman with a romantic history. The scene is laid in Navarre, admitting of picturesque mounting, and the action revolves about Italia, the leading lady of La Fontaine's strolling company of players. This part will be intrusted to Jessie Bartlett Davis.

While in Europe this summer, Pauline Hall rode across Germany and France on a bicycle and sang before Prince Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe.

The "Afternoon with Dixey" has been arranged for Sunday afternoon, September 22d, at the Columbia. Mr. Dixey will be assisted by a company of well-known players, but the greater part of the entertainment will consist of his specialties and his imitations of Paderewski, Herrmann, Mansfield, Henry Irving, and other well-known personages.

The Holland brothers, whose new play, "A Man with a Past," our New York correspondent discusses elsewhere in this issue, are to head a very strong company when they come to San Francisco this winter. It includes Maud Harrison, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Grace Butler, Florence Miner, Lawrence Eddinger, W. M. Griffith, R. F. Cotton, and two native Californians—Hugo Toland and Olive Oliver. The latter is one of the best swordswomen in the United States.

Canary and Lederer's unique entertainment, "The Passing Show," De Wolf Hopper in light opera, and Rice's extravaganza, "1492," will fill up the time at the Baldwin from the close of Pauline Hall's engagement until after the holidays. The Tavery Opera Company will begin a grand-opera season at the same house in February.

We note in current newspapers some paragraphs about two former San Francisco favorites. One is of Miss Helen Tracy, in the New York Herald of August 30th, where it says that she had slightly injured her eye in making up for "Other People's Money." The other is in the London Sun, saying that Alice Atherton is now giving "songs and dances" at the Tivoli, which is a well-known music-hall in the Strand. Willie Edouin is running a theatre in another part of London. Can it be possible that she and Edouin have separated? They were very devoted as husband and wife for many years. Alice Atherton was a great favorite

in San Francisco fifteen years ago in the rôle of Robinson Crusoe, and it seems scarcely possible that she who played that rôle so many years ago could still appear in youthful rôles to-day at a London music-hall. Helen Tracy will be remembered as one of the old California Theatre stock company, and she played for several seasons leading lady to John McCullough.

The Bostonians are to follow the Stockwell players at the Columbia. All the old favorites will be in the cast, and the chorus and orchestra will be augmented for the occasion. Their repertoire includes "Robin Hood," "The Knickerbockers," "Prince Ananias," "Mexico," and other light operas.

An English syndicate has its representatives now in Paris, negotiating the purchase of the Folies Bergères, the Alcazar d'Été, and the Scala. The Folies Bergères everybody who has seen or heard of Paris knows; the Alcazar d'Été is a *café-chantant* in the Champs-Élysées in summer, and the Scala is its winter congener. Some of these places in London, conducted as stock companies, have paid very handsome dividends. But it all depends on how they are managed. Rudolphe Salis sold his Chat Noir for sixty thousand dollars some time ago, and he bought it back, after a few months, for one-tenth of that sum.

The Stockwell company is to remain at the Columbia Theatre only three weeks more. One week will be devoted to a revival of "The Magistrate," in which L. R. Stockwell made a great hit.

A very funny thing happened when "L'Africaine" was given in the opera-house at Cairo this winter. Two hundred native Egyptians took part in the performance. A large number of the people on the stage were the Khedive's soldiers, but there were also a lot of native Arabs, who took the acting absolutely in earnest. They got so interested that when they stormed the vessel of Vasco da Gama, they began to fight in earnest, and the curtain went down not on a sham but on a real fight. The house was intensely amused, and called "rideau! rideau!" till the curtain was raised to disclose a genuine fight, in which nearly all the beautiful, shining stage lances were broken, so that afterwards the crowd was obliged to stoop to the ignominy of wooden spears.

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VANITY FAIR.

Yachts are very pleasant and convenient toys if one is rich enough to own and maintain one, and likes yachting, and can spare the time. If one has a family, to put it aboard a yacht and carry it off, pleasuring must be an excellent sport and a great saving of trouble. But (declares *Life*) to go off on some other person's yacht is a different matter. On one's own yacht one can be morose and silent, or even seasick, if one must, but decency demands that on a friend's yacht one should be in a cheerful frame all day long and a constant contributor of gaiety to the ship's company. One must go where the boat goes, stay where the boat stays, come home when the boat comes; must give up personal liberty and all choice of occupation as long as the trip lasts. To make all these serious renunciations of personal volition is a solemn business, and unless one's circumstances and engagements suit it, the drawbacks to it may easily seem to outweigh the advantages. A prudent person might reasonably shrink from a yachting trip of any length, because of the hazardous exposure it must involve of one's personal idiosyncrasies. It is no very serious effort when one is asked out to dinner to put on one's company manners and keep them on till one gets home; but being on a yacht is like being asked out to dinner for a week. One can not readily assume behavior for such a stretch of time as that. Something of the real man or the real woman must come out. One's little stock of ready-made talk is soon exhausted, and after that there is nothing to hinder the poverty of one's intellectual equipment from being detected.

Even Berlin, that fortress of prudery, is being conquered by the ubiquitous lady cyclist. Up to quite recently it used to be said that the very dogs of Berlin ran in wild surprise after the daring woman who wore the bloomer costume or the divided skirt. But this summer ever so many Berlin ladies have taken to cycling and to a regulation cycling costume, and, curiously enough, the majority of these "advanced women" belong to the court circles. At a forthcoming official garden-party there is to be a quadrille on cycles, executed by ladies and gentlemen in costume.

A new feature of country-house life in England is the abandonment of the old-fashioned country-house breakfast, formerly one of the most important functions of the day, and at which every one was expected to be present, as well as at the family prayers which immediately preceded the meal, and which were remarkable for the distinction drawn between the servants and their masters, the former being made to kneel with their faces turned toward the wall, while the latter, as a rule, performed their devotions with their faces turned toward the well-stocked breakfast-table. Nowadays people breakfast, for the most part, in their own rooms in large country houses, and the innovation is as grateful to men as it is to women. "The average human being," writes *Vogue's* correspondent, "can not be cheerful at all hours, and breakfast-time is the moment *par excellence* when we are not. The probability is that we have had too much sleep or too little, and many of us have, moreover, a tendency to brood at breakfast and feel annoyed at any unfortunate mortal who breaks the silence. Then, for a woman, it is unpleasant to be placed opposite to some large window through which the sun shines brightly, and this invariably happens when we come down late, as we always do, unpunctuality being our forte. It is also rather depressing to find a large number of well-dressed people eating fish with gloomy faces and no fish-knives, and to be obliged to sit down without saying good-morning, or else to extend this civility to the company all round—it is hard to say which is the more disagreeable of the two."

Fashionable women who go in for playing golf and tennis, or any outdoor sport where an accurate eye is necessary, wear their veils (according to an Eastern exchange) draped across their faces like the occupants of a seraglio. By this way of veiling themselves the vision is unimpaired, and the rest of the face is thoroughly protected from the disfiguring marks of the sun.

The Marchioness of Londonderry having accepted the office of president, and Lady Eden, Mrs. Ord, and Mrs. Charles Hunter that of vice-presidents of the local cycling club at Seaton Carew, a pretty English village, the club recently had a Saturday parade. About forty ladies appeared in the parade. Their apparel was as diverse as their degrees of experience in cycling, and the machines they rode, as to bedizenment, were marked by an even greater variety. Their machines were mostly of the drop-frame pattern. "One young lady ventured forth in a coat, breeches, and gaiters, and the material was so becoming, and its wearer so graceful and modest, that the innovation was much admired," says the *Court Journal*. Seven-eighths of the competitors wore "the conventional garb of English ladies." About half a dozen or more of the bicycles were marvels of floral adornment. "One young lady was almost lost to view in a canopy of liliun auratum, marguerites, moss, and asparagus fern; another was embowered in an

exquisite arrangement of sweet peas, ferns, and roses; while a third heralded her approach by a thickly bossed mass of roses and ivy. All the flowers used in decoration were natural, and some pretty effects were produced in wild growths. Headed by Lady Helen Stewart, Miss Grey, of Windlestone, and other prominent members of the Wynyard Lady Cyclists' Club, the procession traversed the entire length of the main front street, about a mile, and thence back, where Lady Londonderry distributed prizes for excellences, of which she and Lady Eden and Mrs. Ord were the judges.

The old New England woman's reflection, "You can't expect folks to know everything, but there's some things they'd oughter know," was recalled to a writer in the *Book Buyer* by a sight seen within a few days upon the dusty and inhospitable stones of Broadway. Although it was the season of the stranger in New York, this woman was no visitor—she bore certain signs of the resident. She wore a shirt-waist, and her belt was fastened with a great silver clasp whose surface was polished to glittering smoothness. It was an oval clasp, and it must have been nearly four inches high. Upon its shining surface was evidently the initial of its owner, blazoned in vivid red enamel. It was a conspicuous ornament, but there are many conspicuous ornaments worn, first and last, in New York, which do not impel the wayfaring man to sudden and inextinguishable laughter. But many laughed at this ornament, for the scarlet initial was the letter A.

When the Psi Upsilon Club moved into its new house in New York recently, it was found that a "pipe-room" had been set aside for members who wanted to burn their tobacco in that way. Heretofore pipe-smoking has been against the house rules of this club. There are other clubs that have pipe-rooms, and they are popular. American men were conspicuous in England some years ago (the *Sun* says) because they smoked nothing but cigars. Within the past few years, however, the pipe has been growing in favor, and there are many men to-day who smoke a pipe, not because they enjoy it, but because they think that it is good form. A globe-trotting Englishman was put up at a New York club less than ten years ago, and he availed himself of his privileges in a way that made English guests unpopular in this club for several years after. His pipe was his most objectionable belonging, and he smoked it all over the club, to the great annoyance of some of the older members. On complaint, a house committeeman called the attention of the visitor to a rule forbidding pipe-smoking in the club.

The luncheons given by a woman to women are regarded abroad as a purely American fad. Probably in no other country are women so frequently hostesses only to women as in this country. If one is invited in London or Paris to share the midday meal of a friend, it is to partake of an extremely simple repast, usually nothing more than would have been provided for the family, and the "pink," "blue," and "yellow luncheons of the States" are a source of amused astonishment to our transatlantic neighbors. It is difficult for them to realize that we shut out the sunlight and illuminate with gas or electricity and wax candles with shades to match the prevailing hue of the fête, that we have a profusion of flowers, and used to put expensive knickknacks by the plates of the guests to be carried away by them. And the list of courses provided, in connection with the manner of its serving, cause our French and English cousins to regard us as not quite sane on the subject.

A young Englishwoman, who has not been averse to newspaper notoriety since she has been in New York, was stopped by the police, a fortnight ago, while riding astride on horseback in Central Park, and the president of the police board was asked to interpret the duties of the police in such a case. The young woman protested against the police interference, and stated that she had never ridden any other way in England. She appealed to the example of the bloomer girl who rode astride a bicycle, and in many other ways she strove strenuously for what she regarded as her rights. The protest went through the usual routine, and Acting-Chief Conlin reported that there was no law prohibiting women from riding astride. It is not likely (comments the *Sun*) that this decision will cause many women to ride astride in Central Park or anywhere else in public. Fashion has not stamped it as proper, notwithstanding the decision of the police, and, with most women, that way is popular which is the way of the mode. Riding astride is undoubtedly a safer mode than the one that is now conventional, but it is doubtful whether or not it is easier. Women learn to ride more quickly and in better form than men do, according to the testimony of the riding-masters.

—I CONSIDER NELSON'S AMYCOSE THE BEST preparation for a sore or weak throat that I have ever met with, and can strongly recommend it to the public. LOUISE PYK, Prima Donna, Royal Swedish Opera, Stockholm, Sweden.

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AN EXPLANATION.

The following communication, which is self-explanatory, has been sent to the *Argonaut* with a request that it be published in these columns:

GUATEMALA, August 26, 1895.
THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY: I inclose a copy of a letter to the *Illustrated American*, written at Escuintla, Guatemala, on the thirteenth instant.

I feel it to be my duty, not only to myself but to the public, to reprove the author of the article referred to in my letter and to censure the editors whose bad taste permitted its publication; but as I incline to believe that the intellectual calibre of the staff of the *Illustrated American* is not sufficiently elevated to allow of their publishing anything derogatory to themselves—to permit them, I might say, to rise in the spirit of justice from the ashes of apologetic humility—I must take other means, and thus would beg you to publish, in the first issue of your paper, the letter to the *Illustrated American* above referred to, followed by these presents, where they will not fail to be read by the readers of the *Illustrated American* and by the subscribers of the *Argonaut*.

Please accept my thanks in advance for this service. I am, gentlemen, Faithfully yours,

HENRY C. STUART.

P. S. (August 28th).—I have before me an *Illustrated American* of the tenth August, in which the author of "Current Comment" betrays his mental obtuseness. It is precisely because, as His Excellency the Minister of Colombia to the United States is quoted as having said, one dollar United States currency is worth two and one-half dollars in Colombian currency, that coffee-planting is such a paying business. It is obvious that, if the coffee-planter in Colombia pays his laborers in Colombian currency and exports his coffee to the United States, where it is sold for United States currency, the gain by exchange alone must be one hundred and fifty per cent., not to mention the fact of the very large profit in the business aside from the question of exchange.

It would be well for the "Current Commentator" of the *Illustrated American* to think a little before drawing such asinine inferences from the so-called "naïve" statements of gentlemen better posted than himself.

HENRY C. STUART.

The letter addressed to the *Illustrated American*, referred to above, is as follows:

[COPY.]

ESCUINTLA, GUATEMALA, August 13, 1895.
PUBLISHERS THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, NEW YORK.—Gentlemen: Referring to your reply to my letter of last, made through the columns of your number of the twenty-seventh ultimo, I regret to state that my press-copy book is not here to refer to, but I would be sorry to believe that my letter furnishes any justification for the tone of your communication. Most certainly no offense was intended.

I have been in the real-estate business, on my own account and as a broker, for over eight years, both at Denver, Colo., where I still have some small interests (office, 512 Boston Building), and here, where I search the papers for the names and addresses of people manifesting any interest in these countries, and basten to proffer my services in furnishing them any information in my power. People who have sufficient money to purchase or form sugar, coffee, or other estates are not prone to send their money to a stranger for investment, but come, rather, themselves to make a personal investigation of the premises, and, in the event of any purchase resulting, brokers are quite content with the commission which sellers, the world over, usually allow.

There are parties in the United States who furnish lists of people who do or can invest, and real estate and investment agents, and, doubtless, irresponsible people as well, purchase these lists at certain fixed rates. The names and addresses asked of you might have been valuable to me (it is not an easy matter to put the proper people in communication with each other), and I would have been quite willing to have paid for them, in advance even, had that been necessary.

I made you a plain business proposition, and feel that the discourtesy, both of manner and in tone, of your reply was quite uncalled for—was such, in fact, as was not to have been expected from the staff of the *Illustrated American*.

Appropos of the phrase "late United States Consul-General at Guatemala," which in an unfortunate moment I made use of, I spent more money in the service of the United States Government than I earned, and used the title merely as a slight voucher for respectability pending a possible request from you for references and credentials, which I would have willingly furnished.

And I must confess my surprise to find the notice: "To Traveling Americans. The *Illustrated American* can be found at any important United States Consulate in the world," immediately above the "Current Comment," in which a late member of that corps, no matter how unworthy, is so slurringly referred to.

I am, gentlemen, faithfully yours,
HENRY C. STUART,
Sexta Avenida Sur, No. 55, Guatemala, C. A.

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Capital \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Whistler, the artist, once sat at the theatre next to a lady who was going in and out of her seat constantly, not only as soon as each act was finished, but also while the play was going on. The space between the rows of seats was very narrow, and the artist was subjected to much annoyance as she passed him. "Madam," he said at length in his sweet tones, "I trust I do not incommode you by keeping my seat?"

A story is told of a dying miser, by whose bedside sat the lawyer receiving instructions for the preparation of his last will and testament. "I give and bequeath," repeated the attorney aloud, as he commenced to write the accustomed formula. "No, no," interrupted the sick man, "I will neither give nor bequeath anything. I can not do it." "Well, then," suggested the man of law, "suppose we say *lend*. 'I lend until the last day.'" "Yes, that will do better," assented the unwilling testator.

Labouchère, while undergoing his Little-go examination at Cambridge, noticed a number of dons prowling about, in the hopes of catching some one cheating. So he hastily scribbled a few words upon a sheet of paper, hid it away under his blotter, and ostentatiously referred to it from time to time, with a great parade of looking furtively round to see that nobody was looking. The trap was not long in taking effect. Argus thunderingly inquired what he had got there. "Oh! nothing—at least, only a piece of paper," stammered the ingenious youth, provokingly. But the examiner was inexorable. He insisted on looking under the blotter, and was rewarded by reading, in a large, round hand, the words: "You may be very clever, but you can't eat coke?"

Lord Rivulet was a candidate in a certain English election, and the charming partner of his joys and sorrows was doing her best to win his election. During her canvass, she tackled a sturdy working-man who was smoking a clay pipe and wearing a cloth cap. "Won't you vote for Lord Rivulet?" "No, I won't vote for Lord Raffet," was the brusque reply; "he's one of them chaps as hasn't got up till twelve o'clock, by which time I've done half a day's work; no, I'll not vote for that kind of man." "Oh, but you are quite mistaken, I assure you; I know that Lord Rivulet gets up quite early." "How do you know that?" "Because I'm his wife." Taking his pipe from his mouth, and doffing the cap, the outspoken voter said: "Well, ma'am, if I was Lord Raffet I don't think I should get up all day."

In Kentucky an unfortunate merchant saw bankruptcy confronting him, and, to save a portion of his property, he invoked the name of his wife and the assistance of a friend. The creditors instituted proceedings to recover certain property, and in the course of the proceedings his friend, a native of Virginia, was put upon the stand. The witness was subjected to a rigid cross-examination by a lawyer, himself a native of Virginia. The witness went blundering along at such a rate that his lawyer felt it necessary to interfere and tell him that he was not required to answer questions which would criminate himself. After the close of the case, the accommodating friend from Virginia expressed great indignation at the humiliation to which he had been subjected. "I was never in my life treated with so little courtesy," he said; "the opposing counsel did not act at all like a gentleman, sir. I expected entirely different treatment, especially as I learned that he was from Virginia, and he knew I was from that State. No, sir, in the old days no Virginia gentleman, sir, would cause another Virginia gentleman the slightest embarrassment because of so paltry a matter, nor would he seek by set interrogatories to make him contradict himself. No, sir, it is unpardonable, sir, and all for the purpose of increasing the dividends of a few Yankee clients whom he never saw. I am convinced, sir, that your lawyer never came from Virginia at all, sir; he must have come from West Virginia."

Some years ago, when the boom was raging in Southern California, a great seaport city was about to be built. It was called "Ballona." Beautiful chromo-lithographs of a magnificent harbor, with great ships riding at their anchors, while long trains of cars were loading at vast docks, were scattered through Southern California. It was whispered that "the Santa Fé road was behind it." People began to think they had "better get in on Ballona." A party of gentlemen went down from Los Angeles to look at it. Some of them were financially interested in Ballona, and some of them were not—yet. Among the latter was a foreigner, a genial French baron. The party dined copiously at an adjacent hostelry, and then went to look at "the harbor." Most of the party were a trifle surprised when they saw the narrow slough which was called "the harbor." However, three of them got into a boat to cross "the harbor." The baron was one. Of the other two, one was a

hardened joker, and the third an officer high in the United States army. On the way over, the joker conceived the idea of rocking the boat and scaring the baron. The general seconded him. They succeeded beyond their expectations. The baron protested that they would all be drowned, but the joker and the general kept on. Finally, the terrified haron stood up, but being very tall, his centre of gravity was too high. He fell out of the boat, amid cries of alarm from those on shore, for the baron had fallen into the fathomless waters right in the middle of the "harbor." However, to the great surprise of the intending investors on dry land, as well as to his own, the baron picked himself up out of three feet of water, and waded ashore. The jest was an excellent one, in the beginning, but as it practically squelched "the harbor" scheme, the joke may be considered to be on Ballona instead of the haron.

Among the adventures which befell John Gladwyn Jebb, the hero of "A Strange Career," was the perilous one of falling down a mine shaft. The shaft was not in use during the winter, but as it was necessary to have it in order before spring, the young Englishman determined to examine it. There were no ladders to this particular shaft, and Mr. Jebb elected to be lowered by the windlass. There was no cage, and it was necessary to hold on tightly to the rope, keeping one foot in a loop at the end. He settled himself firmly and swung off, the rope in his right hand and a candle in his left. The shaft was about three hundred feet deep, and Mr. Jebb was half-way down when he leaned forward to examine the wall of the shaft, and as he did so his foot shot out from the noose. It was coated with ice. The candle was jerked out of his left hand, while his right slipped down the icy rope like lightning and closed on it with a death grip. Then he felt himself swinging by one hand to the end of the rope and instinctively reaching up to the loop with the other, only to find it a smooth coat of ice which gave scarcely any hold. He could never cling there long enough to be hauled back to the mouth of the shaft, even if he should succeed in making the men hear his cry for help. The shaft was pitch-dark, and it was therefore impossible to judge whether he were being lowered fast or slow, as he hung—literally between life and death—with every faculty strained to the one act of clinging to the rope. His hands were numb with cold, and little by little he felt them slipping. Another moment, and he went. But not far; for when he let go he was not three feet from the bottom of the shaft. All the same, he felt decidedly shaky, as he groped about for his lost candle, which he found, and then coolly completed the exploration for which he had descended.

In this Work-a-Day World

Brains and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Paresis, wasting of the nervous tissues, a sudden and unforeward collapse of the mental and physical faculties are daily occurrences, as the columns of the daily press show. Fortify the system when exhausted against such untoward events with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that most helpful medicine of the weak, worn out, and infirm. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, and malaria.

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Sx. San Juan..... October 8th
Sx. Acapulco..... October 18th
Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.
FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
City of Rio Janeiro..... Saturday, September 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking..... Saturday, October 12, at 3 P. M.
China (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 22, at 3 P. M.
Peru..... Tuesday, November 12, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Yacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Salt Lake, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.06 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
* 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. † Mondays only.
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Gaelic..... Tuesday, October 1
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SOCIETY.

The Lester-Hobart Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Hobart and Mr. Winthrop Elwyn Lester took place at noon last Tuesday at the home of the bride on Van Ness Avenue. Only the relatives of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The bride is the eldest daughter of the late W. S. Hobart, who at the time of his death owned some of the richest mining properties in the State, and since her coming out she has been prominent in the best circles of San Francisco society. The groom, a young man twenty-four years of age, is the son of Mrs. George B. Lester and a nephew of Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, and is the cashier of the Bank of Santa Monica.

The interior of the Hobart mansion was beautifully decorated by Miss Mary Bates. There was an artistic profusion of fragrant flowers and handsome potted plants that gave a pleasing finish to the elegant furnishings. At the noon hour those invited to witness the ceremony were assembled in the spacious reception-room, and as the orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohegrin" the bridal party appeared before them. The groom was accompanied by Mr. Henry N. Stetson as best man, while the bride's sister, Miss Ella V. Hobart, acted as maid of honor. The party formed an attractive picture as they stood beneath the bower of St. Joseph's lilies. Assembled around them were Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. George B. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gorham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gorham, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hayward, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Cornelia Hamilton, Miss Mattie Jones, Miss Maria Jones, Miss Vassault, Miss Jessie Hobart, and Mr. Walter Shaw. During the service of the impressive ceremony, the bride's brother, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, gave her into the keeping of the groom. The dresses worn by the bride and her sister are described as follows:

The bride was attired in an elegant robe of blanc-ivoire satin, made with a long, flowing court-train. The bodice, which was high, was of the Louis the Fifteenth pattern, and was adorned with a hertha of rose point lace caught up with a diamond pin, a gift from the groom. The sleeves were bouffant, in a fan-like shape, at the shoulders and covered with point lace, and extended to the wrists. The long and gracefully draped veil of white silk moline was held in place by a spray of orange-blossoms. She wore a necklace of rare pearls and carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms.

The maid of honor was becomingly attired in a gown of white figured silk made walking length. The corsage of white chiffon was finished with a collar and belt of pink silk. The elbow sleeves were bouffant. She carried a cluster of pink carnations and wore another at her bodice.

The reception, for which several hundred invitations had been issued, commenced at one o'clock, and the attendance was very large. The newly married couple were duly congratulated, and then an elaborate breakfast was served. The bridal party occupied the main dining-room, having a large central table and four smaller tables in the various corners. Among those seated there were Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, Miss Ella V. Hobart, Miss May Hoffmao, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Isabel McKeona, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Breeze, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Bessie Gorham, Miss Jones, Miss Cornelia Hamilton, Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Samuel Knight, Lieutenant H. C. Benson, U. S. A., Mr. L. S. Vassault, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, Mr. Oscar Sewall, and Mr. Henry M. Holbrook.

After the breakfast the bride donned a traveling gown of dark-blue cloth, and at three o'clock she and the groom departed to make a brief southern

trip. To-day they will leave for the Eastern States en route to Europe, where they will travel for about a year. It is not yet decided whether they will reside here or in Santa Monica. The wedding presents, which were displayed in the billiard-room, gave ample evidence of the high esteem in which the young couple are held by their friends, for they were numerous, beautiful, and costly.

The Stone-Weihe Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Augusta Weihe and Mr. Bertody Wilder Stone was solemnized last Thursday evening at St. Luke's Church in the presence of a large assemblage of their friends. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian August Weihe, and the groom is the grandson of the late Rev. A. L. Stone. The church was decorated profusely with fan and date-palms and Woodwardia ferns. In the chancel were pink passion blossoms caught up with pink silk ribbons, and the altar was banked with pink roses.

The bridal party arrived at the church at half-past eight o'clock, at which hour the wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Moreland. Miss Mareo Froelich was the maid of honor and Mr. George H. Gardiner acted as best man. The ushers comprised Mr. Philip Baker, Mr. Henry Wilson, Mr. Shepherd Jenks, and Mr. Arthur Heime. The bride and her maid of honor were attired as follows:

The bride wore an attractive robe of white satin with a flaring court train. A hertha of point lace was draped daintily over the high cut corsage and the bouffant sleeves. She wore a veil of white tulle and gloves of white undressed kid and carried a bunch of Niphetos roses.

The maid of honor appeared in a pretty gown of pink satin, with an overdress of pink mulline de soie. The corsage was cut square, and the puffed sleeves extended to the elbows meeting gloves of pink undressed kid. Her hand-bouquet was of pink roses.

There was no reception following the ceremony, but the bridal party was entertained at supper at the residence of Mrs. L. L. Baker, on Washington Street. Mr. and Mrs. Stone were the recipients of many valuable gifts. They left on Friday to make a northern trip, and when they return, will reside at 210 Locust Street, between Sacramento and Clay Streets.

The Brewer-Wheaton Wedding.

Miss Ellen Douglas Wheaton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wheaton, was married last Wednesday evening to Rev. William A. Brewer, son of Rev. A. L. Brewer, of San Mateo. Many friends of the contracting parties were present at St. Luke's church, on Van Ness Avenue, to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. A. L. Brewer, assisted by Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols and Rev. W. H. Moreland. Miss Olive Wheaton was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Florence Hyde, Miss Susie Daroeal, Miss Adaline Brewer, and Miss Susie Brewer. Mr. Frank Clarke, of Tacoma, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Juan Aguilano, of Guatemala, and Mr. Frederick Wheaton. The young ladies were all tastefully gowned in white. After the wedding an informal reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 1617 Sacramento Street. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer will make San Mateo their home.

Dinners to Mr. Mackay.

Mr. John W. Mackay, who is here on a pleasure trip from the East, has been the recipient of a number of social courtesies from his friends. Among them was a dinner-party given by Mr. Raphael Weil at the Bohemian Club last Saturday evening. Covers were laid for sixteen gentlemen in the Red Room, and the decorations were quite unique. In the centre of the table was a bronze statue representing Liberty Enlightening the World, and along the body of the table were flowers so arranged as to represent the Old and New Worlds with a transatlantic cable of violets connecting them. Miniature telegraph poles were in each of the four corners, and a labyrinth of wires connected one with the other overhead. An orchestra played during the service of dinner, and afterward there were vocal numbers and several happily expressed toasts and responses. The gentlemen present were:

Mr. Raphael Weil, Mr. John W. Mackay, Hon. Charles N. Felton, Mr. Richard V. Dey, Mr. D. M. Delmas, Coosul de Lalande, Mr. Sylvain Weil, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. George W. Noble, Lieutenant W. M. Wood, U. S. N., Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. E. Godchaux, Mr. S. D. Brastow, Mr. W. W. Foote, and Mr. William Norris.

Mr. Horace G. Platt gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Mackay on the Tuesday evening preceding this dinner. The Red Room at the Bohemian Club was the scene of the affair. Twenty gentlemen were assembled around the festal board, and passed the evening in a most enjoyable manner.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Florence Reed, daughter of Mr. Charles F. Reed, of Auburn, and Mr. J. H. Toler, of Cheshire, England, will take place at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 5th, at St. Luke's Church in Auburn.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Chrissy Siebe, daughter of Mr. John D. Siebe, to Dr. W. F. Dohrmann.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury gave an elaborate dinner-

party at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening, September 5th, in honor of Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field. There were fifty ladies and gentlemen present, who were most hospitably entertained. A string orchestra furnished concert selections during the evening, and a delicious menu was served.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker gave an enjoyable dinner-party at their residence on California Street last Tuesday evening, complimentary to Mr. John W. Mackay. The floral decorations were very tasteful and the menu was elaborate.

Miss Therese Morgan, who will leave next week to resume her studies in Farmington, Conn., gave a dancing-party last Friday evening at the home of her mother, Mrs. William P. Morgan, on Clay Street. About sixty of her friends were present and passed the evening in a very pleasant manner. Several figures of the cotillon were danced under the leadership of the hostess and Mr. Edward M. Greenway and a delicious supper was served at eleven o'clock. The affair terminated about midnight.

Mrs. Payne gave a pink dinner-party at The Colonial last Friday evening, followed by a theatre-party at the Baldwin. Her guests included Mrs. Banning, of Los Angeles, Mrs. Jevins, of New York, Miss Jennie McMillan, Miss Emma McMillan, Mr. Norris, of New York, Mr. Robert McMillan, Mr. L. Harris, Mr. J. Eugene Freeman, and Dr. H. Wallace.

Mrs. William Ashburner gave a pleasant lunch-party last Thursday at her residence, 1014 Pine Street, and entertained nine of her friends.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Isaac Hecht the following testamentary provisions were made:

Testator appointed his wife, his son, Mr. Bert R. Hecht, and his brother, Mr. M. H. Hecht, his executors to serve without bonds. He bequeathed to his sister, Mrs. Fanny Liehman, of Boston, or to her husband, Dr. Gustave Liehman, if he survive her, \$5,000; to his niece, Mrs. Annie Kopf, wife of Mr. Bernard Kopf, or to her heirs, of Washington, D. C., \$2,000; and the following sums to various charities: To the German Benevolent Society of San Francisco, \$2,000; to the Deutsche Altenheim of this city, \$1,000; to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home, \$1,500; First Hebrew Benevolent Society, \$1,000; Old People's Home, \$500; Catholic Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; General German Ladies' Benevolent Society, \$500; Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, \$500; Eureka Benevolent Society, \$500; Pioneer Kindergarten Society, \$500. Testator bequeathed to his wife all sums realized from the insurance policies on his life, and also the share in his estate to which she is entitled under the law of this State. The residue of the estate is to be divided equally between his children under the following trust provisions: To pay within two years one-fifth of the residue to each son and \$20,000 to each daughter, the balance of the daughters' share to be invested for their benefit. The personal representatives of the deceased are to continue the business of Hecht Brothers & Co. The value of the estate is said to exceed a million of dollars.

Richard Dana Gibsoo, the artist, and his fiancée, Miss Irene Langborne, of Richmond, Va., were badly injured by being thrown from a buggy a few days ago. Mr. Gibsoo sustained a fracture of his right wrist, which will interfere seriously with his work, and Miss Laogborne's left knee was broken. This sad accident will probably postpone their wedding for a month or more. Miss Langborne comes of an old Virginia family. She made her debut at a Patriarchs' Ball in New York two years ago, and immediately became a great belle.

The truth of history as shown in reporting the Durrant trial:

"Curiosity defies the weather. The lowering clouds and falling rain failed to discourage the crowd. Even the usual percentage of women were amid the throng. They pushed and crowded in competition with the men."

—Post, September 12th.

"The dull, damp weather had its effect upon the court-room. There were hardly any ladies present."

—Bulletin, September 12th.

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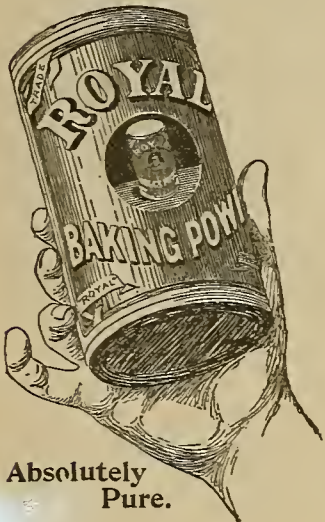
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Absolutely Pure.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field will leave to-day for their home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs are expected here next month to remain during a part of the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett have returned from their European trip, and were in New York city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have returned to the city after passing the summer at Phelan Park, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Andrew Martin left last Monday for Harvard. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin returned last Monday from a visit to Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle will reside during the winter in the home of Mrs. M. H. Hecht, corner of Washington and Octavia Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon left last Saturday to return to New York city, after passing the season on this coast.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager have returned from a visit at Redondo Beach.

Captain Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are visiting for a couple of weeks in the Puget Sound country.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McAfee have returned from a prolonged visit to Southern California.

General W. H. Dimond has been in Santa Cruz during the past week, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kathryn Jarboe are expected to return from the East in a few days to occupy their Santa Cruz cottage, Concha del Mar, which is to be enlarged and improved. It is said that the wedding of Miss Jarboe and Mr. Jerome Case Bull will take place soon at the cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Bettner will return to Riverside to-day, after passing several weeks here and at Del Monte.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn and Major W. H. Snedaker will return from the East in a few days.

Mr. William C. Ralston is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot are visiting New York city. Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton arrived in Paris last week.

Mr. Henry B. Pringle, of New Orleans, is here on a visit to relatives.

Mrs. William P. Harrington and the Misses Harrington, of Columbia, returned from Del Monte last Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benedict and Mrs. E. W. Bliss, of New York, with Mrs. Moses Hopkins, of this city, have been at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, of San Mateo, passed several days during the week at the Palace Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle and Miss Breyfogle will leave for an Eastern and European tour next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Naglee Burk, of San José, will return from the East early in October. Mr. Burk will bring his string of racers with him, including Crescendo.

Hon. C. T. Ryland and family, of San José, have returned from their country place at Los Gatos and will pass the fall and winter at their home on First Street.

The Misses Morrison, of San José, returned from Del Monte early in the week, and left on Friday for an extended trip through Oregon, British Columbia, and the Yellowstone Park.

Miss Florence Reed, of Auburn, is here on a week's visit to Mrs. O. C. Pratt at her residence, 2818 California Street.

Miss Lena Blanding has returned from San Rafael, and is residing at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding will return in a few days from San Rafael, where they have been passing the summer.

Baron von Balveren has taken rooms at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter.

Mr. A. B. C. Dohrmann has returned from the East and Europe after an absence of seven months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance came up from Los Angeles last Thursday, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, have been at the Palace Hotel since last Tuesday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Frank H. Edmunds, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at St. John's College, in New York city.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is now acting as recruiting officer at New Haven, Conn.

Lieutenant Charles P. Elliott, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of one month on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant William R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been transferred from Alcatraz Island to Fort Monroe, Va., changing places with Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Lieutenant D. D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the St. Louis University on October 1st, and will then rejoin his battery.

Lieutenant Edmund M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty with Light Battery B, Fourth Artillery, at Fort Adams, R. I.

Lieutenant E. B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has arrived at his new station, West Point, N. Y.

Ensign T. J. Senn, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mohican* and ordered to the *Pinta*.

Miss Katherine Elliott, daughter of the late General W. L. Elliott, U. S. A., is visiting friends at Governor's Island, N. Y.

Captain William Stephenson, Medical Department, U. S. A., has been transferred from Vancouver Barracks to the *Presidio*.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed recruiting officer at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Wawona.

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THAT DEL MONTE OUTING.

What a Woman Writes About It.

DEAR —:

... I was much struck during the recent Del Monte outing by the timid way in which the people spoke of the newspapers. And I have been more struck since by the way in which the newspapers spoke of the people. There was nothing particularly savage in the newspapers, for the very good reason that there was nothing to be savage about; but the articles have been tinged with a keen regret—regret, evidently, because nothing occurred that was not "proper," and, therefore, according to their particular views, *nothing* occurred.

I have been going to these Del Monte outings for several years—ever since they were begun by the Country Club. I have enjoyed them immensely. As to the morals of pigeon-shooting, I know nothing: I never enter into the morals of men's manners or men's sports. I only know that pigeon-shooting is a monotonous form of killing, which does not amuse me. It is worse than a crime—it is a bore. Therefore, I went to the shooting-field but once. But waiving that, the outings used to be delightful. There were always many ways of passing the time, and there were always some hundreds of pleasant people there, most of whom one knew. There were among them scores of pretty girls, and as I have no daughters of my own, I can afford to admire other women's daughters. And I do. I am a warm admirer of a pretty girl. And being married, and not a married belle, I often enjoyed sitting upon the piazza and looking at the girls—that rapid pleasure which excited the sneers of the newspapers. The newspapers seemed to think that people who were not continually engaged in "doing something" which could be caricatured, or written about, or lied about, were depriving them of their legitimate material.

Well, what of it? What if they did think so? We can not all of us live our lives to suit the newspapers. We women can not all of us, all of the time, be engaged in the production of scandals sufficiently "juicy" to please the press. Our men can not all of them, all the time, be engaged in getting drunk, fighting, or quarreling over cards, so as to make what the newspapers call "good stories." Nothing of an "interesting nature"—that is, from the newspaper standpoint—took place at the recent Del Monte outing, and hence the papers speak about the "vapid nature of the pleasures of society."

Good heavens! what do they want people to do? Get drunk and throw bottles to make a newspaper holiday?

Apropos of that, I am reminded of a scene on one of the coaches which brought sneers from a newspaper writer—a woman writer, this time. The coach carried a number of pretty, modest girls. Their host asked them what they would have in the way of refreshments. To quote the newspaper writer: "'Apollinaris,' says Miss White. 'Apollinaris,' says Miss Black. 'Apollinaris,' says Miss Brown." All of which excites the bitter scorn of the newspaper woman writer. She hints at secret drinking.

Now I can readily imagine what she would have written if these girls had taken champagne. "A debauch in broad daylight—a disgusting orgie on a coach—San Francisco society girls tripping champagne openly," and all that sort of thing. But as they took Apollinaris, she had to content herself with insinuating that they probably did it for effect, and hinting that they drank in secret.

Yes, that is extremely probable. All of these bright and pretty girls, with their frank, clear eyes, their satin skins, their supple bodies, their abounding health—all of these young creatures are probably secretly addicted to drink—from the standpoint of the newspaper woman writer.

I began this letter by commenting on the timid way in which the people spoke of the newspapers. So they did. The men were all the time talking about the danger of being "roasted." And when the papers arrived each day, they would be examined to see if any one was "roasted," and then at once thrown aside. I rather wondered why the two Country Clubs did not call a mass-meeting of all the guests, and pass resolutions thanking the newspaper proprietors for not having "roasted" them more.

But the Del Monte outing is ruined for me. During the first two or three years it was delightful. It was one of the most pleasant gatherings upon the coast. The newspapers ignored it. They did not think there was any "material" there. And they were right. But in an evil hour, the number of people going there attracted their attention, and they began to send reporters and artists. They sent a good many last year. And this year they sent more. As a result, you could not turn around without colliding with a reporter, and "artists" were ceaselessly sketching people from morn till night. Life became a horror. There may be people who fancy being photographed instantaneously willy nilly, whenever a newspaper photographer pleases. I do not. And there are many people who share my views. There are some who like privacy and dislike publicity—in fact, I think the majority of people do. As for the other kind—

those who are fond of the newspaper sort of thing—well, they do not make up what the newspapers call "swell" gatherings.

I think as a "society" affair the Del Monte outing is doomed. Many familiar faces were absent last year—more were absent this. It may, and doubtless will, continue, but it will lose most of its pleasant people, and it has already lost most of its old charm. It has been killed by too much newspaper. In a few years more, judging from the present outing, the guests will consist entirely of reporters and newspaper artists, who will be forced to fill their space by writing about each other. . . .

A telegram received here last Sunday announced the death on September 5th, at Seattle, Wash., of Brigadier-General Augustus Valentine Kautz, U. S. A. (retired). He was in active service since 1852. From 1878 until 1886 he served in this department, with head-quarters at Angel Island. Mrs. Kautz and her daughter entertained there quite extensively. The cause of death was paralysis of the stomach.

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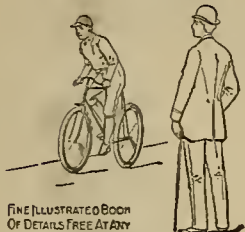
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Tourist—"Everybody Irish here?" Native—"Yes. We used to have one Chinaman." Tourist—"What became of him?" Native—"He moved to make it unanimous."—*Detroit Tribune*.

In the dime museum: *The candy butcher*—"The glass-eater's got cholera morbus." *The Zulu chieftain*—"Serves him right. He ought to know enough to let green bottles alone this time of year."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Foreman—"See here, Maginnis; this dago here is doing twice the work you are." Maginnis—"Thot's phwat O've hin a-tellin' him for th' past hour, but th' bloody Oitalyan won't shtop."—*Vermont Graphic*.

Mrs. Snapshot (bursting into her husband's snuggery)—"Oh, Henry, come quick! Mamma is having a terrible fit!" Mr. Snapshot (jumping with alacrity)—"I'll be there in a minute! Where in thunder is my camera?"—*Truth*.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—"Pardon me, sir, but didn't I overhear you say something about a display of shooting stars to-night?" Alkali Ike—"Yep; we are goin' to run an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company out of town."—*Bazar*.

Workman (politely, to old lady, who has accidentally got into a smoking-compartment)—"You don't object to my pipe, I 'ope, mum?" Old lady—"Yes; I do object, very strongly." Workman—"Oh, then out you get it!"—*Punch*.

Blobbs—"What nonsense it is for the newspapers in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar." Slobbs—"How so?" Blobbs—"Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I hear," said Diana the Huntress, as she rested her toe for an instant on the pedestal, "that Pygmalion is in love with Galatea." "Indeed!" ejaculated the Bust of Minerva; "well, it's a cinch that he gets the marble heart."—*Puck*.

Young man from the country (with the affable condescension he supposes marks the man about town)—"Morning, coachman. Streets rather busy this morning, eh?" Metropolitan driver—"Yuss, a hit the usual way, sir. 'Ow's 'ops lookin'?"—*Punch*.

"I think I've got a pretty good story here," remarked the occasional contributor, as he seated himself and lighted one of the editor's cigars. The editor glanced over the story. "Yes," he said, "I think this is a pretty good story. I tell it myself occasionally."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Knowledge acquired by ear: "Was there any particular kind of stone you were looking for?" asked the jeweler, after exhibiting his entire stock to the caller. "I kind o' thought I'd like to see an Adrian opal," replied the young man, drumming pensively on the show-case.—*Chicago Tribune*.

He was as pale as death. "No," the beautiful American was faltering. "I will not marry you." The scion of a noble race staggered from the room. "Capital," he hissed, as with the instinct of a gentleman he clutched the hest umbrella in the rack, "is still timid, I see."—*Detroit Tribune*.

At their five o'clock tea: *The daughter of the revolution*—"At our last meeting Mrs. Oldfield told how her great-grandmother sacrificed the family plate for the cause." *The colonial dame*—"Yes, I've heard that the Continentals were often hard pushed to find lead for their bullets."—*Truth*.

"Whisky," said the temperance orator, in tones of much earnestness, as he pointed his finger at the audience, "whisky has killed more men than bullets." "All the same," said the watery-eyed citizen near the middle aisle, "I'd a heap ruther a man filled me with whisky than with bullets."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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Willis—"Was Jones an exhibitor at the Horse Show?" Wallace—"Yes; in a measure. He made an ass of himself."—*Puck*.



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The Republican conventions just held in the three great States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio point plainly to the fact that the Republican forces are united and enthusiastic. The Democratic organs have maintained that the fight between Quay and Martin in Pennsylvania would disrupt the party in that State, and leave unhealed wounds. They are mistaken. Quay was magnanimous in his triumph—he is a good fighter, but a generous victor—and he accorded to his defeated opponents all they could expect and more than they had hoped for. The result is a united party. The Democratic organs have been prolific of hints that in Ohio there was trouble; that there was bad blood between Foraker and Bushnell, the candidate for the governorship; that Sherman looked with an evil eye on McKinley's Presidential boom; that McKinley was giving but a half-hearted support to Foraker for the senatorship, as he desired that office himself in case his Presidential ambition should receive a check. They are wrong again. At the Ohio Re-

publican Convention, held at Springfield on September 10th, Senator Sherman presided; and he, Governor McKinley, ex-Governor Foraker, and General Bushnell, who will be the next governor, all spoke. Senator Sherman, Governor McKinley, and ex-Governor Foraker all indorsed the nomination of General Bushnell; Governor McKinley warmly indorsed the claims of Foraker to succeed Calvin S. Brice as United States Senator from Ohio; and Senator Sherman urged his hearers to support Governor McKinley for the Presidential nomination. In New York, the Republican State Convention met, nominated the entire State ticket of 1893 without opposition, and adjourned the same day, although there were such differing party magnates present as Thomas C. Platt, Warner Miller, J. Sloat Fassett, and Clarence Lexow, of committee fame. If that he "lack of harmony," let the Democratic organs make the most of it.

It is yet too early to say which of the four leaders will be the choice of the Republican party for the Presidential nomination. At present it lies between Harrison of Indiana, McKinley of Ohio, Allison of Wisconsin, and Reed of Maine. The New York State Convention has indorsed Governor Levi P. Morton for the Presidential nomination, but this probably does not mean much; it may be taken merely as a token of friendly loyalty to the governor of the State. Governor Morton is too old a man to go through the stress and strain of a Presidential campaign; if he lived through the campaign, he would not live through the office. His chances for the Presidency melted on the heated air of that summer day in New York when he fainted on a reviewing platform, and was assisted to his carriage by sympathetic Benjamin Harrison.

It is said that Quay will oppose Harrison in Pennsylvania, and Platt will oppose him in New York. If that be true, it will dispose of the ex-President's chances. He could not cope in convention with the opposition of those two great States. As to the remaining three, the Democratic organs say that McKinley is not a possible candidate, as his name implies a renewal of tariff agitation. Without committing ourselves to Governor McKinley's candidacy, it is only fair to say, in reply to this, that McKinley himself maintains that the Democrats have not been able to pay the expenses of the government since they repealed the tariff law which bore his name. He certainly makes out a good case. The expenses of the government under the Democratic tariff law are about fifty millions of dollars greater annually than the receipts. If, as they claim, the McKinley tariff was too high, it at least paid the current expenses of running the government. The Democratic method of raising revenue, since they repealed the McKinley tariff, has been by bonds. Government by bonds may be good Democratic doctrine, but it does not suit the American people. During the month of August, 1895, under the Democratic tariff, the government's expenditures exceeded the government's receipts exactly \$3,693,103.30. Under the Republican tariff, the average monthly receipts from customs duties were \$17,000,000; under the Democratic tariff, the average is \$13,000,000—a difference of \$4,000,000 a month. Under the Republican tariff, the government paid its current expenses, and the hundred-million gold reserve was not impaired. Under the Democratic tariff, the government does not pay its current expenses, it is running behind over three millions a month, the gold reserve has at one time fallen as low as forty-six millions, being now maintained only by grace of a banking syndicate, and the government has been forced to borrow one hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars at an exorbitant rate of interest. There is much truth in Governor McKinley's contention, that whether his tariff was high or low, it at least raised enough revenue to pay the current expenses of the country, which all of us will agree is better than the Democratic method of government by bonds.

It is further to be noted that the revival of business which the Democrats are so quick to discern, and which all of us want as much as they do, is principally confined to those branches of industry which the Democrats were forced to leave under the Republican system of protection. Take iron

and steel, for example. Coal and iron ore, although raw materials, were being developed in the South, hence the Democrats protected them. Wool is also a raw material, but it is principally a Northern product, hence the Democrats made it duty free. The iron and steel industry is showing more marked evidences of revival than any other business in the country—it is under the Republican system of protection, retained, for sectional reasons, in a Democratic tariff. As for the wool industry, it has been left unprotected by the Democratic tariff, and it has been practically destroyed. In California to-day the wool industry is dead. In Ohio, it is dying. Over half a million sheep have been slaughtered there during the past year, and owing to the shrinkage in their value and the value of their wool, the farmers of California, of Ohio, and of other Northern States have already lost millions of dollars in the eight months since the Democratic tariff went into effect on wool.

Altogether, it is not surprising that Governor McKinley is making out rather a strong case against the Democrats. To their cry of "McKinleyism" and "no more tariff agitation," he retorts: "Pay your running expenses with your tariff, and stop raising revenue by borrowing on bonds." Until the Democrats succeed in this, they can have no logical reply.

But when was that party ever logical? When was it ever consistent? When did it ever build up anything? What useful legislation has it ever originated? When did it ever do anything but pull down and destroy?

The Republican party wiped away from this country the stain of slavery. It conducted to a triumphant termination a bloody civil war. It contracted a debt during that war which it was feared it would take centuries to pay off. It issued interest-bearing bonds to pay that debt. It issued national currency, secured only on the faith and credit of the United States. Within a few years after the war, the discount on American paper disappeared, and the national currency rose to a par with gold; the national bonds rose to a premium in the stock exchanges of the world. The Republican party steadily reduced the national debt. Republican administrations issued silver coins amounting to over five hundred millions in value, which to-day are at par with gold, although the Democratic organs claim that it is "not the friend of silver." The Republican party framed a tariff system which protected American industries, and one by which the country thrived for thirty years, finally reaching a pinnacle of prosperity that made it the wonder of the world.

What has the Democratic party done? It seized the reins of power, when the people, in a moment of weakness, which they have since bitterly repented, took them from Republican hands. The Democratic party found an overflowing treasury, a prosperous and contented people, and a land flowing with milk and honey. What has the Democratic party done with its trust? In three short years it has succeeded in almost destroying the prosperity which was the fruit of thirty years of Republican government. In three years it has impaired the credit of the country, reduced the gold reserve, and looted the Treasury. In three years it has completely stopped all payments on the national debt, which the Republicans had been steadily paying off for a quarter of a century. In three years it has cut down the wages of twenty millions of workers, and is now rejoicing because the wages of half a million have been raised. In three years it has shut down over one hundred thousand shops and factories, and is now rejoicing because one thousand have been opened again. In three years it has filled the land with scores of thousands of idle men, and is now rejoicing because scores of hundreds are finding employment. In three years, under the guise of a "revenue tariff," it has changed the revenue system of the country from a surplus to a deficit, and has tried to make up the deficit by borrowing one hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars at exorbitant interest. In short, in three years the Democratic party has turned a rich and prosperous land, where plenty prevailed, and where there was work for willing hands, into a country filled with impoverished merchants and tradesmen.

struggling farmers, idle mechanics, and poverty-stricken laboring men.

At the three Republican State conventions just held, the tone of the speeches showed that the next campaign will be a vigorous one. The Republicans are united and enthusiastic. The Democrats are divided and despondent. The Republican campaign will be aggressive. The Democrats will necessarily be on the defensive. But in view of the long list of their blunders and their crimes against the people, what can they say in their defense?

The aristocracy of the American metropolis has recently been subjected to some cruel trials, but a greater than all others is about to be visited upon it. To have to decide whether to call or not to call on Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt ought to have been enough for one season. To call meant, perhaps, serious offense to the divorced husband and his family connections; not to call was to invite the vengeance of the divorced lady. And—heaven help us!—there were millions of money on both sides. Society called, and still lives, but is suffering from the tremors of a great peril passed. Now from a clear sky claps the news that “an English Club is to be formed in New York city. Oxford and Cambridge graduates and those from the great English schools are eligible.” Americans whose parents were so far-sighted as to send their sons across the water to be educated now have their reward, for these sons will be admitted to the club, though whether as active members or as associates merely, is not stated. At all events, they will have the privilege of sitting among the Englishmen and keeping up their accent. The perturbation occasioned by this news in the highest circles may be pictured by the mind. But nowhere else can the terror be so acute as in the Calumet and Knickerbocker Clubs, where the sensations that assailed the French nobles when the meaning of the Revolution broke upon them can be sympathetically comprehended. Hitherto the Calumet and Knickerbocker have been the twin peaks of social elevation, accessible to no climber who could not trace descent from the original grocers, drysalers, and haberdashers who populated and grafted Manhattan Island. The unscalable ramparts of the Calumet and Knickerbocker have ever been an offense and the cause of internal ranking sores to the proud progeny of millionaires who came later than the first immigrants. Now the Calumets and Knickerbockers will know how it feels themselves. Not to be English is, in New York, a misfortune, which many of the opulent youth of the metropolis have done what they could to repair by imitating English speech and going about at Newport, Lennox, Tuxedo, and even on Broadway itself, with their trousers turned up, or wearing golf stockings, carrying crutch canes, and cultivating countenances of surpassing vacuity. What will become of these hapless Americans when they encounter their joyous countrymen who, having been at school in dear old England, receive their patent from the English club, and can justly claim to be genuine, insular, blown-in-the-bottle anglo-manians?

It is never well to press any living creature to the point of desperation. Even a rat will fight frantically when cornered. So it is just conceivable that should the establishment of the English Club make it impossible for those who are not members longer to pretend they are the real thing, the anglo-manians may rise en masse in rebellion and shake off allegiance to Victoria. Should it become fashionable in New York to be American, where then would be the distinction, the happiness, of being of the English Club? If the instigators of this new organization are sufficiently wise to keep in mind the eternal principles of our common human nature, they will not shut the doors too tight. Of course it will not do to enroll wealthy Americans who have been educated at home, but the path of ambition should be left open. We know that the greatest nobles are vain of titles that imply the most menial services to majesty. To be a lord of the bed-chamber, lord of the wardrobe, lord in waiting, or a lackey of any sort about the person of the monarch, is an honor for which countless men have struggled, wasted their fortunes, and given their lives. Similarly, if the promoters of the English Club should let it be known that Americans of suitable wealth and social standing, who have been educated at Yale and Harvard and other indigenous seats of learning, may hope to form the steward's staff—the steward, of course, must be English; to expect otherwise would be too much—a *modus vivendi* with the anglo-manians of New York can be established. For the privilege of being among undoubted English swells, there are unnumbered scions of the very richest families on the Atlantic seaboard who would gladly put on jacket and apron and carry drinks and cigars to their models, and wait on them at table, and help them off and on with their overcoats, and brush them with the readiness of a Pullman porter. It would be understood, naturally, that out of the club the servants should be rewarded with a little civil recognition.

There is precedent for this. The theological students who serve as hotel waiters at Eastern summer resorts in order to defray their college expenses are not, when off duty, regarded as social outcasts by the guests. For the happiness of walking up Fifth Avenue arm-in-arm with a member—an English member—of the new club, no amount of hard work as a servant in the club would be deemed too high a compensation by the average New York anglo-manian. Indeed, the club might derive a good income by requiring a large money premium from candidates for the apron and tray.

As for the Calumets and the Knickerbockers, the heart can not but go out to them in this hour of impending ruin. But it is the fate of every aristocracy to have its day. The time may even come when there will be an American Club in New York.

Since the successful completion of the electric-light plant transmitting power from Folsom to Sacramento, other interior communities have been encouraged to follow the example of the capital city. Stockton, which is one of the most enterprising manufacturing cities in California, has taken up the question of electric power. The Stockton Water Company was the pioneer in the proposition. That company has passed into the possession of a large corporation, known as the Blue Lakes Water Company. The Blue Lakes Company not only supplies Stockton with water, but furnishes large quantities of water for mining purposes, from its reservoirs, lakes, and other water-rights in the mountains. It has now decided to turn its mountain water-power into electric power for transmission to Stockton. The Blue Lakes Company possesses a water-right which falls more than a thousand feet in a few miles, and that corporation claims that with its various water-rights it can generate fifty thousand horse-power. It is stated in Stockton that the company is at once going to work to supply that city with three thousand horse-power.

The city of Fresno is about to be supplied with electric power. A company is engaged in constructing an electric plant on one of the forks of the San Joaquin River, thirty-five miles east of Fresno. A canal fifteen hundred feet long taps the river, and conducts the water to a reservoir, whence it is led through a pipe to the generating machinery at the power-house. The company estimate that they can deliver one thousand horse-power at Fresno.

All of this is calculated to make San Francisco reflective. With the high price of coal that prevails on this coast, manufacturing has many difficulties to contend with. If interior cities like Sacramento, Stockton, and Fresno succeed in obtaining cheap electric power—as one of them has already succeeded in doing—it will result in a transference of the manufacturing centre of the State from San Francisco to the interior. The metropolis had better look to the question of obtaining electric energy from water-power. There are various water-rights throughout the State susceptible of utilization for generating electric power to transmit to San Francisco. Clear Lake is one of these. That great body of water, at such an elevation above sea-level, contains vast possibilities for San Francisco. The question of distance will not hinder its availability. Professor George Forbes, the eminent Scottish engineer, who has just brought to a successful completion the great Niagara electric plant, says: “The directors have no present desire to send the current to great distances. It will pay better to create a smokeless manufacturing town in the neighborhood. If required, the power could be sent much more than a hundred miles and still be more economical than steam, even though coal is cheap there. In countries where power is much wanted, but very costly, electrical transmission will be successful at distances of many hundreds of miles.”

These remarks of Professor Forbes are based upon a country where steam coal can be obtained for a dollar and a half a ton. When the enormous price of coal in San Francisco is considered, it is easy to see that electric power could be transmitted clear across the State, and still be cheaper than steam—that is, if Professor Forbes is right. And inasmuch as he has triumphantly engineered the great Cataract Construction Company at Niagara, whose paid-up capital is ten millions of dollars, his utterances are worthy of a respectful hearing.

If San Francisco does not bestir herself, every available water-power in the State will soon be taken by smaller and more enterprising communities.

The *Argonaut's* efforts to domesticate the miracle-shrine and save to the United States the vast exports of faith and treasure which now enrich Europe spiritually and financially at our expense are beginning to bear fruit. Other patriotic journals here and there are taking the matter up, usually by giving encouraging news of what is being done in the field of actual endeavor. The *Chicago Tribune*, for example, comes to us with a long and finely illustrated account of the

flattering success of a miracle plant at Holy Hill, Erin County, Wis. Already the proprietors are claiming for their establishment the title of “The Lourdes of America.” The location is admirably chosen for business, being but forty miles from Milwaukee. Holy Hill, before its development, showed promising outcroppings. Erin County was originally settled by Irish immigrants, who, for some cause not explained, did not care to remain in New York. The hill was visited as early as 1673 by Père Marquette, a French missionary, who erected a stone cross. In the fifties a hermit put up a shanty and spent a number of years there. He was a German who, intended for the priesthood, fled the seminary to marry a girl with whom he had fallen in love, and whom he subsequently murdered for satisfactory reasons. Instead of remaining in Germany to be hanged, he came to America and led a life of devotion on Holy Hill, where Heaven was pleased to reward him by exchanging a good for a paralyzed leg that had afflicted him. Now there is a fine church on the summit of the eminence, and this season no fewer than fifteen thousand pilgrims have journeyed to the shrine, leaving there jewels and money to a large amount, as well as crutches, canes, trusses, spectacles, monocles, back-braces, and other customary aids to the unfortunate. “In the chancel,” says the *Tribune*, “are one main and two side altars, which cost eleven hundred dollars, the money being contributed by the pilgrims. The candelabra and many other accessories were also gifts. The place is maintained entirely by the contributions of the pilgrims.”

This is most cheering, and the *Argonaut* heartily congratulates the hierarchy of Wisconsin on having so energetically entered the field against foreign competition. Such enterprise is a rebuke to Archbishop Riordan, of California. No State in the Union is so rich as ours in shrine possibilities, for it has had its mediaeval period, and every old Mission was doubtless the scene of miracles, fully authenticated in the records of the Spanish *padres*. That these have not been resurrected and our shrine set going in full blast, betokens a deplorable want of ability to see and seize opportunity. Doubtless in due time all our venerable Missions will be utilized and made profitable. Either Archbishop Riordan will wake up, or some more alert successor will recognize that all California is holy ground and will pay from the first pan.

When so much has been made out of the meagre materials at the service of the exploiters of Holy Hill, Wis., what might not be done with Monte Diablo? It is in plain sight of a great city on clear days, and must be rich in Spanish legends. Its very name implies that it was at some time in evil spiritual repute, and it is not conceivable that so fine a mountain would have been relinquished by the devil without a terrific resistance to the godly, and necessarily invincible, *padres* from Spain. The history of that dread combat and final exorcism can not have been lost from the sacred archives under Archbishop Riordan's control. But if something more modern should be thought suitable, there is nothing to prevent one of the shepherds who tend their flocks on the mountain's sides from having a vision. Bernadotte, the peasant maid of Lourdes, having been thus favored, we have a right to expect that a Californian sheep-herder will be put in communication with the saints when the church can thereby be served. A church on the peak of Monte Diablo would be most picturesque and impressive. Curiosity as well as faith would draw thousands to it daily during the season. A good road already winds to the summit, and the ascent can be made on wheels. It is almost on the line of the railroad, and in time a cable line would, of course, be constructed. In the hands of the right kind of men, the trip could be so facilitated that tourists could breakfast in San Francisco, visit the shrine, enjoy the noble panoramic view, and return to the city for dinner. There need be no fear about the miracles. They always occur when a shrine is opened. The whole history of the church demonstrates that.

The Half Million Club, it seems to us, should move in this matter. A miracle plant on Monte Diablo would be an attraction to San Francisco, the advertising value of which to the city and State is obvious. Archbishop Riordan would probably yield to pressure, for he has frequently uttered patriotic sentiments. On Holy Hill, Wisconsin, the *Chicago Tribune* tells us, “the services are generally presided over by Vicar-General Blatz, of Milwaukee.” It would be hard to devise more useful employment for Vicar-General Prendergast, of San Francisco, than to make him superintendent of the Monte Diablo Miracle Works.

About six months ago, one “Max O'Rell,” a peripatetic Frenchman who makes a living by lecturing, became involved in a controversy with Mark Twain over the comparative immorality of France and the United States. Mr. “O'Rell” became somewhat heated during the controversy, and re-

AN ENGLISH CLUB
WITH AMERICAN
LACKEYS.

ELECTRIC
POWER IN
CALIFORNIA.

A MIRACLE
PLANT IN
WISCONSIN.

FRENCH AND
AMERICAN
IMMORALITY.

marked: "I shall tell Mark Twain that the proportion of illegitimate children to legitimate ones is nine per cent. in Paris, twelve per cent. in New York, fifteen per cent. in Chicago, and more than that in San Francisco."

The *Argonaut* at the time investigated Mr. O'Rell's figures, and found that he had depended upon his imagination for them. The statistics in New York, as furnished by General Emmons Clark, secretary of the health board, gave the percentage of illegitimate births there as two and a third per cent. We could not obtain the figures for Chicago, and the San Francisco Health Bureau informed us that "no record of illegitimate births was ever kept in this office." In this country, it is only in the New England States that vital statistics are kept with any degree of thoroughness. We are reminded of that fact by the receipt of a pamphlet, just issued, entitled "Vital Statistics of the New England States." Remembering the controversy of six months ago, we turned to the tables of illegitimate births, and found that in the New England States the ratio of illegitimate births was one and one-third per cent. of the whole. In Vermont, it was 10.2 per 1,000; in Connecticut, 10.3 per 1,000; in Rhode Island, 10.7 per 1,000; and in Massachusetts, 15.0 per 1,000. We may point out to Mr. Max O'Rell that the rate would have been about one per cent. had it not been raised by the increased percentage of illegitimate births in the State of Massachusetts, caused by the presence there of large numbers of female French-Canadians, who of late years have been filling up the factories of that State. Inasmuch as the ratio in France is 74 illegitimate births per 1,000 as compared with about 11 per 1,000 in New England, or seven times as high, Mr. O'Rell can readily see why the rate in Massachusetts should have been slightly raised.

The New England States form the most thoroughly American portion of this country. Their Puritan and Protestant civilization may not leave the whole lump, but it has left a very decided impress on the United States. This country may suffer when it is compared with older ones in matters of art and letters, but not in morals. When Mr. Max O'Rell wants to make any more statements concerning the "comparative immorality" of France and other countries, we should advise him not to select the United States.

The universality of primary instruction has made all the Christian world able to read, and thus the newspaper has become what the pulpit once was, the great instructor of the masses. How nobly the press rises to the responsibility of its august function we see by its efforts everywhere to nourish the mind and soul of the populace. On both sides of the Atlantic there are a few months in every year when the labors of the press are truly gigantic. This is when the long summer holidays are on and there is no political news, and people who can afford it are not doing anything but staying at sea-side resorts, yawning, or getting drowned. Yet the dearth of news does not hinder the newspapers from discharging their first duty, which is to fill their columns. The masses have to be instructed, and on no account must receipts be allowed to fall off. These news-harvest months are called the "silly season" in England, and as we must be in the fashion, they are called the "silly season" with us also. The population of cities is thinned, but the newspapers remain and do business at the old stand. The strain is terrible. What is left of Paris, for example, has been bidden by its journals to give its intellect to the problem of whether President Faure is correct in wearing white spats with evening dress. In London, the *Telegraph*, which claims the largest circulation of any newspaper in English-speaking countries, has invited Great Britain to discuss "the age of love." It softly inquires: "Can it be that the passionate, unthinking love of early manhood is the same feeling as that which exists in middle age? Does not the ardor of youthful passion melt gradually into something different, more near to respect, admiration, and sober family affection?" The *Telegraph* is printing miles on miles of replies.

The American press may, in the proper season, be silly, but it has not yet sunk to British and French depths. Our nation is young, thank heaven, and therefore virile. Consequently the American newspapers display a manly enterprise when there is no news that is in uplifting contrast to the effete transatlantic maundering. This year it has run to snakes. Instead of enfeebling the mind of the masses with chatter about spats and sentimental drivel about love, it lifts the hair of the masses with snakes. The New York *Herald*—unquestionably the first newspaper of America—one day recently gave several columns to snakes. The aristocracy being away, diverting itself in idle splendor, the faithful press has stood by the oppressed proletariat, and furnished free menageries for its diversion and improvement. The poor workman has had his faculties brightened and his

day of sweltering toil lightened by reading in the *Herald* such head-lines as these:

SEA SERPENT FLOATS ASHORE.

A MONSTER OF THE DEEP.

WILD THING LOOSE IN DELAWARE COUNTY, SCARING

THE NATIVES ALMOST TO DEATH.

SEVEN FEET HIGH, COVERED WITH HAIR, AND AN

UNHOLY TERROR.

SNAKES, WILDCATS, AND FREAKS.

A BLACK RACER SNAKE BOARDS A TRAIN.

The sea-serpent came ashore at Blackwell's Island. It was dead, though, and the customary clergyman was not present to make his affidavit. But the house-surgeon helped to draw the serpent on land, where a *Herald* commissioner subsequently saw its head, which was "as big as a flour-barrel, and its jaws were armed with tusks like spikes." On the same day the sea-serpent was seen on Long Island Sound, where "a party of Christian Endeavorers" were fortunately able to take the place of the clergyman who, strange to say, was again missing. The *Herald* also discovered a fourteen-foot snake which eats ducks and peacocks, and gives zest to life near Cold Spring Harbor. The clergyman was off duty again, but he had a satisfactory substitute in this case in the person of "Joseph H. Velsor, who, besides being a justice of the peace, is a Sunday-School superintendent." Near Newberg, N. Y., a prodigious snake of the racer variety obliged the *Herald* by boarding a railroad train that was passing at full speed, and gave battle to the baggage-master and the conductor. By way of change, a member of the *Herald's* summer staff, "seven feet high, and wearing a full suit of black hair, stopped William Cook, who was driving in the evening near Margaretville, N. Y.," broke the back of one of his horses with a blow, and "after divesting the animal of its harness, leaped high in the air, brandishing his long arms, and, uttering a raucous, inarticulate cry, shouldered the dead horse and disappeared in the woods. Mr. Cook's remaining horse, which had accommodately stood still during this performance, then ran away. "Its body flecked with foam and all steaming, it tore into the village, Mr. Cook, pale as a ghost, clinging feebly to the dash-board, his eyes almost popping from their sockets." It is pleasant to be able to record, on the *Herald's* authority, that Mr. Cook, on his arrival in the village, was given a drink.

The *Argonaut* has occasionally felt impelled to speak of the American press with a respect that is not exactly profound; but achievements like the *Herald's* appeal to pride of country. President Faure's white spats turn very pale indeed, and the *Telegraph's* tender British cooing grows inaudible when a really great American newspaper bravely confronts the silly season and opens on it the artillery of its enterprise and the cages of its imagination. No pulpit on earth, at any period of the world's history, could have done work equal to the *Herald's*; so, again, we are forced to recognize that in supplanting the pulpit the press has made the enemy of mankind, who is the Father of Lies, feel very tired.

We have received the following communication, which is suggested by the murder trial now engrossing the public mind in San Francisco:

DURRANT
AND
LYNCH LAW.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., September 17, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am an ardent admirer of and firm believer in the unbiased opinions of the *Argonaut*, and as such beg leave to submit to you for arbitration a point at issue between myself and another.

The question under dispute is whether or not lynch law is justifiable in extreme cases?

The gist of the argument is this: B. says that Durrant should be lynched; that lynch law is justifiable in certain cases, in view of the fact that the vindictory part of the law, as it is administered in American courts, is a travesty on justice.

I, on the other hand, maintain that the law should be allowed to take its course; that it is better that ninety-nine guilty persons should escape than that one innocent man should suffer, which is liable to be the case when lynch law is resorted to; and that any man residing in a civilized community, such as San Francisco is supposed to be, who advocates lynch law, is himself a menace to the peace and security of the society in which he dwells.

The laws are made for the benefit of the people, and if exerted to their prejudice the men who administer them should be punished; but never, in my opinion, should the people resort to mob violence. I should like to hear your views on the subject.

Yours respectfully, O. M. PRATT.

There can be no question about the matter—B. is wrong. His side of the argument can not be sustained from any point of view.

In any civilized community, where there are courts and forms of law, the lynching of a murderer, or a suspected murderer, or an alleged murderer, simply means another murder. As it is generally a mob murder, it makes many murderers. Every member of the mob becomes a murderer. And every member of the mob, and every member of the community that applauds the mob, becomes an enemy of the law. The seeds of lawlessness implanted in communities by "lynch law" remain there for many years. And as in nature much of the seed sown fructifies, so in

communities of human beings the seed of lynching, sown early, results in rich crops of murders in later years.

The only justification for what is known as "lynch law" is its enforcement in a community where no courts and no laws exist. When shipwrecked men are on a raft in mid-ocean, and one of their number is found stealing from the small cask of water which is their only hope for life, they may do with him what they will. If they cast him into the deep, it is not murder. So is it with similar communities, where men are in a semi-primeval condition, and there is as yet no law.

But wherever civilization prevails, wherever there is law, wherever there are courts of law, there is no justification for lynching. Those who participate in such affairs are criminals, and they are most dangerous criminals, because their crime is committed not only against the person of the victim, but against the orderly execution of the law, against the majesty of the State.

Take the case of Durrant, whom B. would murder. This young man is accused of a dreadful crime—one of the most appalling murders of the century. To him there clings the suspicion of having outraged two young girls and done them to a bloody death. Around him the officers of the law have woven a web which it seems impossible for him to disentangle. Over him the sword of justice hangs as if suspended by a single hair.

Yet all of this trial has been conducted with the utmost regard for the criminal and for the law. Take the least favorable view of the matter: the wild sensationalism of the daily press; the prolixities of the lawyers; the wearisome trivialities of their cross-examinations; their disposition to shelter their client behind technicalities; the morbid crowd that pushes and jostles its way daily into the court-room; the long and wearisome delays; the months that have elapsed since the crime was committed. With all these faults in our criminal procedure, there is still a certain dignity in the orderly legal trial of a human being for his life. With all the poor, sordid, vulgar, and trivial things that occur daily in the court-room, there is no man or woman there who does not leave that room impressed with the dignity and the majesty of the law.

Contrast with this the results if B., and men believing as he does, had murdered Durrant. Suppose on that April Sunday, when the bodies of the murdered girls were found in Emmanuel Church, the mob had murdered Durrant. Suppose they had taken him from the officers, and hanged him in the church. Suppose they had then dragged the body through the streets, and trampled it into bloody mud. What would all this have proved? Nothing—except that there were murderous mobs in San Francisco. It would not have proved Durrant to be guilty—that has not yet been conclusively proved, after weeks of trial. It would have made a murderer of every man in the mob. It would have sown the seeds of incipient murder in the heart of every boy who watched the bleeding, mutilated body dragged through the streets. And it would have placed an ineffaceable stigma upon the fair fame of San Francisco.

Theodore Durrant is being tried for his life, under the ægis of the law. If he is guilty, we hope and believe he will be hanged. But whether innocent or guilty, it is better that scores of murderers should go unwhipped of justice rather than that one should be hanged by other hands than those of the law.

The patriotic roasting which the American press is now giving to Lord Dunraven, because he withdrew his boat from the international race, seems to us unjust and ungenerous. Dunraven many months ago objected to the New York Yacht Club course off Sandy Hook, saying that it would be crowded with excursion boats. The New York Yacht Club Committee refused to sail the race over any other course. Dunraven then accepted the course, but warned the committee that he would withdraw if he did not have clear water. He did not have clear water. He withdrew.

The fact that the fleet of tugs and excursion steamers seriously embarrassed the racing yachts is not denied by any one. Even the New York Yacht Club Committee admit it in their letter, when they say that the conditions were just as bad for *Defender* as for *Valkyrie*. That may be true, but the fact remains that this was to be a yacht-race, and not a dodging match around Coney Island boats and tugs loaded with toughs.

There are plenty of courses where the yachts could have sailed in freedom. The Brenton's Reef course in open ocean off Newport, or the course off New London, where Long Island Sound is over sixty miles wide, would have been free from the hordes of excursion boats, as New York is over a hundred miles away. But the New York Yacht Club preferred the cheap glory of having the international yacht-races off New York harbor, where its "club steamer" could take down the crowd of counter-jumpers in yachting caps who pose as yachtsmen, without their losing more than one business day.

THE DISTILLERY GHOST.

A Tale of Terror.

It is not necessary to this story that I conjugate my verb "to be" in the past tense. In fact, it is a painful subject to me, so I will merely say that I am a tramp, of interest to no one, except by chance to the farmer's dog or to the police. On the particular day of which I speak I had been walking since sunrise along roads where the hot dust spurted under my shuffling steps, and where the sight of a solitary blotch of shade was as grateful as the clink of ice to the thirst.

I carried a companion in my pocket, a little flat, black companion, and every now and then, when the prospect became unusually dry and my hunger too insistent, I raised to my lips that mouth which alone of all others had been constant to me—the mouth of the bottle.

Toward afternoon, as I marched doggedly on, I became aware of a sudden cool lapping of shadow over my shoulder, and glancing about, I saw that a storm was beating up behind me.

The clouds were gorged and purple with destruction, and the lightning whipped out its livid lash above the horizon, while the thunder chattered sullenly.

By some malevolent inspiration I remembered having heard that on this very road stood a disused distillery, a favorite roosting-place for travelers of my description.

Not far ahead was a clump of pine-trees, and behind them rose the outlines of an old chimney. I hurried toward the place, plunging through a tangle of dusty weeds, and, sure enough, there stood the building of which I was in search, its sagging roof and hursting walls green with age.

There were two holes ripped in the roof, staring deep and empty as the eyes of a skull. I crawled under the door just in time, for the next moment the rain came roaring down straight as melted lead. It must have been a dismal place at best, but now, under the thick sky and drumming rain-drops, it was particularly dispiriting. There were two rooms on the lower floor with no visible means of communication but a wide window set in the wall. The glass panes were unbroken, and the room behind was perfectly dark. Connecting these rooms with the attic was a rickety staircase. The earthen floor was covered with a dank mesh of pine-needles and pale grass-blades. I cowered against the wall while the storm boomed and crackled over my head, closing my eyes from time to time against the shock of white fire that darted through the chinks and under the door.

Presently, as I sat with my hot lids drawn down, I felt a startling sense of some one looking at me; I turned quickly toward the window of which I have spoken, and there, pressed against the dark glass was a face, peering at me steadily. Oh, the horror of that face! for, as I looked, the outlines began to change and grow, like some great colorless jelly—a soft, human jelly oozing and spreading across the panes. I shut my eyes, and my heart battered my ribs. Again I looked, still the face was there, only this time the slack mouth drew back in a sickening smile, and it ran out its blue tongue, licking its loose lips quietly. I started to my feet with a cry, and as I did so the window began to slide up.

I dropped to the floor weak with fear, and the sash fell into place again. Then I realized that I must lie there, absolutely still, for if I rose, the window rose, too—lie there and look, while that face leered at me from behind the glass. By and by it began to move with a flaccid, gelatinous swaying. I saw it bend over and raise something from the floor, something that had been a man, but now hung quite limply in its mouth. It pressed the body against the window, laughing silently, and I saw—myself! God help me! for the first time in this world I looked into my own face. My own face did I say? No, no! some bloated animal, purple, pimpled, with eyeballs so blood-shot that they seemed to be staring through a web of red lace.

How long I lay there, I can not tell. At last I moved, and my hand touched something cold; it was my bottle, the companion of my wanderings. I held it up and saw that there was still a drop or two in it. I drained it to the dregs, and the glad fire warmed me and made me strong.

At that moment the Thing began to raise its pallid, horrible feelers, twisting them about the body it held, snapping the limbs off and dropping them into its mouth, where the blue tongue caressed them hungrily.

It had finished its meal, but it still kept its vague eyes on me, and then I realized that I was moving, slipping quietly toward it! I clutched at the rotting steps and they crumbled to brown powder in my hands. I ground my fingers into the earth until there was a trail of bloody mud after me. Then I made one superhuman effort, dashed up the swaying staircase, and broke into the attic.

I slammed the door and threw myself against it, for I had seen that accursed window dart up with a crash as I leaped, and I knew that the Thing would follow me, and tear me to pieces, and plunge me into its mouth, and mash and mangle me between its toothless gums!

The room where I found myself was dim and wet. Between the cracks in the wall, a flaming strip of sunset glowed like a forge in the twilight.

Every breath of nature was hushed now, the rain came only in loosely hlowing gusts and the thunder had shuddered away into silence; but my hair rose and my flesh grew rough and icy, for on the stairway was a soft, creaking sound, then a steady pushing against the door.

I howled aloud in my anguish, and the sound of my voice set the place hellowing with echoes. My arms were torn and the bones nearly snapping from the pressure, and still I felt the door opening, opening!

There was a crouch—ooe rusty hinge dropped clattering to the floor, another, and for a moment the door tottered, and fell forward, oearly crushing me; but, no, I was too quick, I was mad with fear. One instant only we stood

looking at each other, the Thing framed in the empty door space, and I—a wild beast crazed with the fiercest race instinct; then I plunged forward and out through a rent in the torn clapboarding. I felt the wood snap and give, and the awful swoop of my fall, and knew that the Thing had hurled itself after me. I scrambled to my feet and went rushing, flying down the empty road.

The wet bushes slapped my face and clung, clammy as dead hands that would have stopped my flight, and all the time I heard the Thing behind me—heard the splash of the puddles as it trailed through them and the heat of its formless steps.

The moon was rising across the road, a great swollen disk, sanguine and threatening. I remember every scene: the jerky flitting of a hat, the dark spray of some hanging vine, and the pounding of my own steps. I remember catching my ragged shoe in a root that had crawled out from the hedge, and hearing a deep, horrible chuckle; then I fell forward—and remember nothing more.

It was midnight when I became conscious again. The moon had shrunk into the zenith and was looking at me with its little white eye. I was very weak, and my hands were stiff with dry blood.

There was not a living thing in sight, only the pale ribbon of the deserted road and the gray fields stretching away to the sky.

Far on my left stood a clump of pine-trees; behind them rose the outlines of an old chimney, and, sick as I was, I went hohbling through the night till the place was lost to view. Then I crawled into a damp hay-rick—and slept.

JULIE CLOSSON KENLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

OLD FAVORITES.

Gentle Alice Brown.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown. Her father was the terror of a small Italian town; Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing; But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day, A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way; She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true, That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen, She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten; A sorter in the custom-house it was his daily road (The custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes; So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed, The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you, would it not, To discover that I was a most disreputable lot? Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!" The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad, I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad, I've planned a little hurglary and forged a little check, And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear, And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear: It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece; But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece."

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind; Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find: We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks— Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep, You do these little things for me so singularly cheap— Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget; But, oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!"

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes, I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies; He passes by it every day as certain as can be— I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard. Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his hand!"

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so, They are the most remunerative customers I know; For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors: I never knew so criminal a family as yours!"

"The common country folk in this insipid neighborhood Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good; And if you marry any one respectable at all, Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown, And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown— To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit, Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well; He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell; I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits, And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits."

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two: Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do— A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square; He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware; He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head, And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind, She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind, Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his hand.

—W. S. Gilbert.

Dr. Eitel, inspector of schools at Hong Kong, says that the best educational theories of Europe, based as they are on observations of Western children, are inapplicable to Chinese children, whose minds and environments are essentially different. In Hong Kong, Chinese scholars spend from four to seven years in studying English without learning the language.

CAUSES AND CURE OF BALDNESS.

Discussed by a Medical Expert.

There are few abnormalities of which less seems to be known than of baldness. Medical men generally neglect the subject, and the world is full of bald-headed barbers. Therefore, the following extracts from a paper, written by a physician for physicians, will be read with interest—at least by bald-headed men. It was read before the Colorado Medical Society recently by J. M. Blaine, M. D., who has devoted much study to the subject. He says:

Alopecia prematura is that form of baldness which occurs prior to middle life, and may be either idiopathic or symptomatic.

The period in life at which premature baldness occurs is usually between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. If an individual can safely pass this critical period and retain his hair intact, the chances are very favorable for him to pass on to old age without any appreciable thinning, or until the age of alopecia senilis (or senile baldness).

The individual hairs, as they fall out, are replaced by others of a finer calibre, which survive for a time and then give way to others still finer, until there is nothing left but fine lanugo hairs, and when they disappear the scalp is left bare, shining, and atrophied.

The causes which lead to idiopathic alopecia prematura are predisposing and exciting. According to Pincus, there are only two predisposing causes: Heredity and disease of the scalp, such as eczema or impetigo.

Among modern authorities there are many causes assigned. The principal ones are: The wearing of stiff and ill-ventilated hats, causing compression of the blood-vessels supplying the scalp, the daily habit of applying water to the scalp, which combines with the sebaceous matter to form an emulsion, and clogs up the hair follicles, causing atrophy of the hair-glands.

I can not attach the importance that some do to the habit of wearing stiff hats as being a causative factor, but the habit of applying water to the scalp so frequently should not be encouraged.

Whether we believe the theory of Darwin as to our anthropoid ancestry or the account given by Moses, the fact remains the same that nature provided the original man with hair on his head, and there can be no reason for the hair falling sooner than other parts of the body, except as a result of bad and unnatural hygiene.

Heredity, which is the principal predisposing cause, I regard as the result of succeeding generations practicing the same bad hygiene. Some ten or twelve years ago I began a series of investigations as to the chief exciting cause of premature baldness, and subsequent observations and researches have only served to confirm my conclusions, made at that time, that the most frequent cause of premature baldness was the drawing away of nourishment from the scalp by the frequent use of the razor on the face.

Dr. Blaine has a new and striking theory to account for premature baldness:

It is a fact, so well known as scarcely to need repetition here, that the frequent use of the razor stimulates the growth of the beard to its utmost limit, whereas if it is allowed to grow unmolested, the growth becomes less and less each week, until, at the end of six months or a year, the growth is practically imperceptible. My conclusion, therefore, is: That the constant drain made on the system to supply this rapid growth of the beard draws on the supply that should go to nourish the hair on the head, and, as a result of a lack of nutrition, the hair-glands atrophy and then the scalp becomes bound down. This theory, I think, is reasonable, when we consider the relations existing between the blood and nerve-supply of the scalp and face. The blood-supply of the scalp and face is obtained from the external carotid artery. The facial artery branches off near the angle of the jaw, while the vessel finally terminates in the anterior and posterior temporal arteries, which supply the region represented by the aponeurosis of the occipito-frontalis muscle. The nerve-supply of this muscle is obtained from the facial nerve.

If a counter-irritant, applied to one part of the body, will relieve a pain or an inflammation of another part which is in sympathy with it, it is certainly not going too far to believe that a constant counter-irritation kept up on the face will, in time, draw away from the scalp a part of its nourishment, and the hair-glands, being the last to receive their supply, are naturally the first to suffer. Clinically, this theory can, I think, be demonstrated beyond a doubt.

The doctor gives some striking facts to sustain his theory:

Idiopathic premature baldness is almost, if not altogether, unknown among women. The reason generally assigned is that their head-gear is lighter and better ventilated, and they do not have the hair clipped so often as men, or use so much water on it. The real reason for this difference, I maintain, is the fact that nature did not provide women with a beard; hence the counter-irritation of shaving is unnecessary and the hair of the head is allowed its normal amount of nourishment.

All savage nations who practice epilation, or plucking the beard, through succeeding generations have come to be practically a beardless race, and among all these idiopathic premature baldness is unknown. Dr. Holder, formerly physician to the Crow Indians, in Montana, in speaking of the diseases among Indians, says: "Bald-ness is unknown, even though syphilitic alopecia prevails. Peculiarities of hair are to be noted—its absence on the bodies, its scant growth on men's faces, its luxuriant growth on their heads." The inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific Ocean are practically a beardless race, and their heads are well covered. The Chinese are almost beardless, but never bald.

Dr. Blaine points out that the races which shave the face are the most afflicted with baldness:

I think it may be stated as a fact, without much fear of contradiction, that the Anglo-Saxon race is preeminently the one where baldness is most common. There must be a reason for all this, and I believe that it is on account of our devotion to fashion and a desire to make our faces bandsome at the expense of our heads. I do not wish to be understood as saying that shaving will produce baldness in every individual; I am only speaking of those who have a predisposition to baldness. There are many whom nature has so abundantly supplied with hair that no amount of abuse will lessen its growth. Again, you must not confound symptomatic and idiopathic baldness, for many men who do not shave lose their hair as a result of disease.

He gives the following general directions for the treatment of baldness:

If a patient present himself before much loss of hair has taken place, I always advise him, as a prophylactic measure, to stop shaving. This, in a vast majority of cases, is sufficient to arrest the further progress of the disease. If the disease is further advanced and atrophy of the hair-glands has commenced, in addition to the above advice I prescribe tonics, both internally and locally, together with the application of massage and electricity. In the first stages of the disease, mild applications are all that are required, but if the disease is more advanced, active stimulation is necessary. In all cases of baldness, whether idiopathic or symptomatic, the use of water should be forbidden, except when it is necessary to shampoo the head for purposes of cleanliness.

Dr. Blaine gives some more specific directions for treatment, including frictions with *saponis viridis* and alcohol. His directions—which, however, should only be followed under the care of a physician—are strikingly similar to those of the famous Von Hebra, the great dermatologist of Vienna, who incidentally paid some slight attention to baldness. Dr. Blaine closes by saying: "Seventy-five per cent. of the cases of premature baldness, where the prognosis is not unfavorable, can be cured, if the intelligent cooperation of the patient can be secured."

A BOOK ABOUT PARIS.

Richard Harding Davis's Experiences in the Gay Capital—Frolics on Grand Prix Night—Pretended Wickedness of the American Colony—American Girls who Wed Titles.

The Paris experiences of Richard Harding Davis have been issued by the Harpers in a handsome book, entitled "About Paris," illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. It treats of only a few of the superficial aspects of the French capital, and is the result of but a brief sojourn there; but it is notable how Mr. Davis has grasped the spirit of the place. He is, moreover, a vivid and picturesque writer, and the book will be read with interest.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is that which describes the gayety of the Parisians on the night after the Grand Prix at Longchamps. Mr. Davis says:

The spirit of adventure and excitement that has been growing and feeding upon itself throughout the day of the Grand Prix reaches its climax after the dinner hour, and finds an outlet among the trees and Chinese lanterns of the Jardin de Paris. There you will see all Paris. It is the crest of the highest wave of pleasure that rears itself and breaks there.

You will see on that night, and only on that night, all of the most celebrated women of Paris racing with linked arms about the asphalt pavement which circles around the hand-stand. It is for them their one night of freedom in public, when they are permitted to conduct themselves as do their less prosperous sisters, when, instead of reining in a victoria in the Bois, with eyes demurely fixed ahead of them, they can throw off restraint and mix with all the men of Paris, and show their diamonds, and romp, and dance, and chaff, and laugh as they did when they were not so famous. The French swells who are their escorts have cut down Chinese lanterns with their sticks, and stuck the candles inside of them on the top of their high hats with the burning tallow, and made living torches of themselves. So on they go, racing by—first a youth in evening-dress, dripping with candle-grease, and then a beautiful girl in a dinner-gown, with her silk and velvet opera-coat slipping from her shoulders—all singing to the music of the hand, sweeping the people before them, or closing in a circle around some stately dignitary, and waiting furiously past him to prevent his escape. Sometimes one party will storm the band-stand and seize the musicians' instruments, while another invades the stage of the little theatre, or overpowers the women in charge of the shooting-gallery, or institutes a hurdle-race over the iron tables and the wicker chairs.

Or you will see ambassadors and men of title from the Jockey Club, jostling cockney book-makers and English lords to look at a little girl in a linen blouse and a flat straw hat, who is dancing in the same circle of shining shirt-fronts *vis-à-vis* to the most-talked-of young person in Paris, who wears diamonds in ropes, and who rode herself into notoriety by winning a steeple-chase against a field of French officers. The first is a hired dancer, who will kick off some gentleman's hat when she wants it, and pass it round for money, and the other is the companion of princes, and has probably never been permitted to enter the Jardin de Paris before; but they are both of the same class, and when the music stops for a moment, they approach each other smiling, each on her guard against possible condescension or familiarity; and the hired dancer, who is as famous in her way as the young girl with the ropes of diamonds is in hers, compliments madame on her dancing, and madame calls the other "mademoiselle," and says, "How very warm it is!" and the circle of men around them, who are leaning on each other's shoulders and standing on benches and tables to look, smile delightedly at the spectacle. They consider it very *chic*, this combination. It is like a meeting between Mme. Bernhardt and Yvette Guilbert.

But the climax of the night was reached last year when the hand of a hundred pieces struck buoyantly into that most reckless and impudent of marches and comic songs, "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." The cymbals clashed, and the big guns emphasized the high notes, and the brass blared out hoastfully with a confidence and swagger that showed how sure the musicians were of pleasing that particular audience with that particular tune. And they were not disappointed. The three thousand men and women hailed the first bars of the song with a yell of recognition, and then, dancing and strutting to the rhythm of the tune, and singing and shouting it in French and English, they raised their voices in such a chorus that they could be heard defiantly proclaiming who they were and what they had done as far as the boulevards. And when they reached the high note in the chorus, the musicians, carried away by the fever of the crowd, jumped upon the chairs, and held their instruments as high above their heads as they could without losing control of that high note, and every one stood on tip-toe, and many on one foot, all boding on to that highest note as long as their breath lasted. It was a triumphant, reckless yell of defiance and delight; it was the war-cry of that class of Parisians of which one always reads, and which one sees so seldom, which comes to the surface only at unusual intervals, and which, when it does appear, lives up to its reputation, and does not disappoint you.

Presently Mr. Davis describes his impressions of an installation of a new member in the Académie Française. We quote a few passages showing the social side of the event:

It is a very pretty sight and a most important function in the social world, and as there are no reserved places, the invited ones come as early as eight o'clock in the morning to secure a good place, although the brief exercises do not begin until two o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour the street outside is lined with long rows of carriages, guarded by the smartest of English coachmen, and emblazoned with the oldest of French coats-of-arms. In the courtyard there is a fluttering group of pretty women in wonderful toilets, surrounding a few distinguished-looking men with ribbons in their coats, and encircled by a ring of journalists making notes of the costumes and taking down the names of the social celebrities. A double row of soldiers—for the Institute is part of the state—lines the main hall leading to the chamber, and salutes all who pass, whether men or women.

Below in the pit, and all around in the balconies, were women beautifully dressed, among whom there were as few young girls as there were men. These were the most interesting women in Parisian society—the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, who at that time would have appeared at scarcely any other function, and the ladies who support the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the pretty young daughters of champagne and chocolate-making papas who had married ancient titles, and who try to emulate in their interests, if not in their toilets, their more noble sisters-in-law, and all the prettiest women of the high world, as well as the sisters of pretenders to the throne and the wife of President Carnot. The absence of men was very noticeable; the Immortals seemed to have it all to themselves, and it looked as though they had purposely refrained from asking any men, or that the men who had not been given the robe of immortality were jealous, and so stayed away of their own accord. Those who were there either looked bored, or else posed for the benefit of the ladies, with one hand in the opening of their waistcoats, nodding their heads approvingly at what the speaker said. In the pit I recognized M. Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the *Times*, entirely surrounded by women. He wore a gray suit and a flowing white tie, and he did not seem to be having a very good time. There were also among the Immortals Jules Simon, the remaining one of the Corsican brothers from whom the elder Dumas drew his characters, and Alexandre Dumas fils, dark-skinned, with little, black, observant eyes and white, curled hair and crisp mustache. He seemed to be more interested in watching the women than in listening to the speeches, and moved restlessly and inattentively.

The Vicomte Bornier opened the proceedings by reading his address to the beautiful ladies, with his cocked hat under his arm and

his mother-of-pearl sword at his side, and I am afraid it did not appeal to me as a very serious business. It was too suggestive of an afternoon tea. There was too much patting of kid-gloved hands, and too many women altogether. It was a little like Bunthorne and the twenty maidens. If the little theatre had been crowded with men eager to hear what this new light in literature had to say, it might have been impressive; but the sight of forty distinguished men sitting apart and calling themselves fine names, and surrounded by women who believed they were what they called themselves, had its humorous side. I could not make out what the speech was about, because the French was too good; but it was eminently characteristic and interesting to find that both Bornier and D'Haussonville made their most successful points when they paid compliments to the ladies present, or to womenkind in general, or when they called for revenge on Germany. I thought it curious that even in an eulogy on a dead man, and in an address of welcome to a live one, each Frenchman could manage to introduce at least three references of Alsace-Lorraine, and to bow and make pretty speeches to the ladies in the audience.

Another oft-described feature of Parisian life which claims Mr. Davis's attention is the "Battle of Flowers." His account of it is one of the best we have seen; he says:

On the day of the fête, the Allée du Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois is reserved absolutely for the combatants in this annual battle of flowers, which begins at four o'clock in the afternoon and lasts uninterruptedly until dinner-time. Each of the cross-roads leading up to the Allée is barricaded, and carriages are allowed to enter or to depart only at either end. This leaves an open stretch of road several miles in extent, and wide enough for four rows of carriages to pass one another at the same moment. Thick woods line the Allée on its either side, and the branches of the trees almost touch above it. Beneath them, and close to the roadway, sit thousands of men, women, and children in close rows, and back of them hundreds more move up and down the pathways. The carriages proceed in four unbroken lines, two going up and two going down; and as they pass, the occupants pelt each other and the spectators along the road-side with handfuls of flowers. For three miles this battle rages between the six rows of people, and the air is filled with the flying missiles and shrieks of laughter and the most graceful of compliments and good-natured *blague*. At every fifty yards stands a high arch, twined with festoons trailing from one arch to the next, and temporary flag-poles flying long banners of the tricolor, and holding shields which bear the monogram of the republic. The long festoons of flowers and the flags swinging and flying against the dark green of the trees form the Allée into one long tunnel of color and light; and at every thirty paces there is the gleaming cuirass of a trooper, with the sun shining on his helmet and breast-plate, and on other steel breast-plates, which extend, like the mirrors in "Richard III.," as far as the eye can reach, flashing and burning in the sun. Between these beacons of steel, and under the flags and flowers and green branches, move nearly eight miles of carriages, with varnished sides and polished leather flickering in the light, each smothered with broad colored ribbons and flowers and gay with lace parasols.

It is a most cosmopolitan crowd, and it is interesting to see how seriously some of the occupants of the carriages take the matter in hand, and how others turn it into an ovation for themselves, and still others treat it as an excuse to give some one else pleasure. You will see two Parisian dandies in a *fiacre*, with their ammunition piled as high as their knees, saluting and chafing and calling by name each pretty woman who passes, and following them in the line you will see a respectable family carriage containing papa, mamma, and the babies, and with the coachman on the box hidden by great breast-works of bouquets. To the proud parents on the back seat the affair is one which is to be met with dignified approval, and they how politely to whoever hurls a rose or a bunch of wild flowers at one of their children. They, in their turn, will be followed by a magnificent victoria, glittering with varnish and emblazoned by traces coats-of-arms, and holding two coal-black negroes, with canes as shiny as their high silk hats. They have with them on the front seat a hired guide from one of the hotels, who is showing Paris to them, and who is probably telling them that every woman who laughs and hits them with a flower is a duchess at least, at which their broad faces beam with good-natured embarrassment and their teeth show, and they scramble up and empty a handful of rare roses over the lady's departing shoulders. There are frequent falls in the procession, which moves at a walk, and carriages are often left standing side by side facing opposite ways for the space of a minute, in which time there is ample opportunity to exhaust most of the ammunition at hand, or to express thanks for the flowers received. The good order of the day is very marked, and the good manners as well. The flowers are not accepted as missiles, but as tributes, and the women smile and nod demurely, and the men bow, and put aside a pretty nosegay for the next meeting; and when they draw near the same carriage again, they will smile their recognition, and wait until the wheels are just drawing away from one another, and then heap their offerings at the ladies' feet.

There are a great number of Americans who are only in Paris for the month, and whom you have seen on the steamer, or passing up the Rue de la Paix, or at the banker's on mail day, and they seize this chance to recognize their countrymen, and grow tremendously excited in biting each other in the eyes and on the nose, and then pass each other the next day in the Champs-Élysées without the movement of an eyelash. The hour excuses all. It has the freedom of carnival time without its license, and it is pretty to see certain women posing at great ladies, in hired *fiacres*, and being treated with as much *empressment* and courtesy by every man as though he believed the *fiacre* was not hired, and the pearl necklace was real and not from the Palais Royal, and that he had not seen the woman the night before circling around the endless tread-mill of the Jardin de Paris. Sometimes there will be a coach all red and green and brass, and sometimes a little wicker basket on low wheels, with a donkey in the shafts, and filled with children in the care of a groom, who holds them by their skirts to keep them from hurling themselves out after the flowers, and who looks immensely pleased whenever any one pelts them back and points them out as pretty children. But the greater number of the children stand along the road-side with their sisters and mothers. They are of the good *bourgeois* class and of the decently poor, who heg prettily for a flower instead of giving one, and who dash out under the wheels for those that fall by the way-side, and return with them to the safety of their mother's knee in a state of excited triumph.

Probably the most interesting chapter to us is that which treats of the American colony. In it Mr. Davis describes the birds of passage, those whose business relations compel their presence, the Men Without a Country who are despised alike by Frenchmen and Americans, the American girl who has married a French title, and the students. Of the pretended wickedness of the self-exiled he writes:

The American colony is not wicked, but it would like to be thought so, which is much worse. Among some of the men it is a pose to be considered the friend of this or that particular married woman, and each of them, instead of paying the woman the slight tribute of treating her in public as though they were the merest acquaintances, which is the least the man can do, rather forces himself upon her horizon, and is always in evidence, not obnoxiously, but unobtrusively, like a pet cat or a butler, but still with sufficient pertinacity to let you know that he is there.

As a matter of fact, the women have not the courage to carry out to the end these affairs of which they hint, as have the French men and women around them whose example they are trying to emulate. And, moreover, the twenty-five years of virtue which they have spent in America, as Balzac has pointed out, is not to be overcome in a day or in many days, and so they only pretend to have overcome it, and tell *risqué* stories and talk scandalously of each other, and even of young girls. But it all begins and ends in talk, and the *risqué* stories, if they knew it, sound rather silly from their lips, especially to men who put them away when they were boys at boarding-school, and when they were so young that they thought it was grand to be vulgar and manly to be nasty.

It is a question whether or not one should be pleased that the would-be wicked American woman in Paris can not adopt the point

of view of the Parisian women as easily as she adopts their bonnets. She tries to do so, it is true; she tries to look on life from the same side, but she does not succeed very well, and you may be sure she is afraid and a fraud at heart, and in private a most excellent wife and mother. If it be reprehensible to be a hypocrite and to pretend to be better than one is, it should also be wrong to pretend to be worse than one dares to be, and so lend countenance to others. It is like a man who shouts with the mob, but whose sympathies are against it. The mob only hears him shout and takes courage at his doing so, and continues in consequence to destroy things. And these foolish pretty women lend countenance by their talk and by their stories to many things of which they know nothing from experience, and so do themselves injustice and others much harm. Sometimes it happens that an outsider brings them up with a sharp turn, and shows them how far they have strayed from the standard which they recognized at home. I remember, as an instance of this, how an American art student told me with much satisfaction, last summer, of how he had made himself intensely disagreeable at a dinner given by one of these expatriated Americans. "I didn't mind their taking away the character of every married woman they knew," he said; "they were their own friends, not mine; but I did object when they began on the young girls, for that is something we haven't learned at home yet. And finally they got to Miss —, and one of the women said, 'Oh, she has so compromised herself now that no one will marry her.'"

At which, it seems, my young man hanged the table with his fist, and said: "I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and I know twenty more men at home who would be glad of the chance. We've all asked her once, and we're willing to ask her again."

There was an uncomfortable pause, and the young woman who had spoken protested she had not meant it so seriously. She had only meant the girl was a trifle *passée* and travel-worn. But when the women had left the table, one of the men laughed, and said:

"You are quite like a breeze from the piney woods at home. I suppose we do talk rather thoughtlessly over here, but then none of us take what we say of each other as absolute truth."

The other men all agreed to this, and protested that no one took them or what they said seriously. They were quite right, and, as a matter of fact, it would be unjust to them to do so, except to pity them. The Man Without a Country was no more unfortunate than they. It is true they have Henry's bar, where they can get real American cocktails, and the Travelers', where they can play real American poker; but that is as near as they ever get to anything that savors our country, and they do not get as near as that toward anything that savors of the Frenchman's country. They have their own social successes, and their own salons and dinner-parties, but the Faubourg St. Germain is as strange a territory to many of them as though it were situated in the heart of the Congo Basin.

Next he turns his attention to the beirress who has bought a titled husband. Her lot is a bard one, according to this account:

The American in Paris of whom one longest hesitates to speak is the girl or woman who has married a title. She has been so much misrepresented in the press, and so misunderstood, and she suffers in some cases so acutely without letting it be known how much she suffers, that the kindest word that could be said of her is not half so kind as silence. No one can tell her more distinctly than she herself knows what her lot is, or how few of her illusions have been realized. It is not a case where one can point out grandiloquently that uneasy lies the head that wears a coronet; it is not magnificent sorrow; it is just pathetic, sordid, and occasionally ridiculous. To treat it too seriously would be as absurd as to weep over a man who had allowed himself to be fooled by a thimble-rigger; only in this case it is a woman who has been imposed upon, and who asks for your sympathy.

There is a very excellent comic song which points how certain things are only English when you see them on Broadway; and a title, or the satisfaction of being a countess or princess, when viewed from a Broadway or Fifth Avenue point of view, is a very pretty and desirable object. But as the title has to be won in Paris and not in New York, its importance lies in the way in which it is considered there, not here. As far as appears on the surface, the American woman of title in Paris fails to win what she sought, from either her own people or those among whom she has married. To her friends from New York or San Francisco she is still Sallie This or Eleanor That. Her friends are not deceived, or impressed, or overcome—at least, not in Paris. When they return to New York, they speak casually of how they have been spending the summer with the Princess So-and-So, and they do not add that she used to be Sallie Sprigs, of San Francisco. But in Paris, when they are with her, they call her Sallie, just as of yore, and they let her understand that they do not consider her in any way changed since she has become ennobled, or that the glamour of her rank in any way dazzles them. And she, in her turn, is so anxious that they shall have nothing to say of her to her disadvantage when they return that she shows them little of her altered state, and is careful not to refer to any of the interesting names on her new visiting-list.

Her husband's relatives in France are more disappointing; they certainly can not be expected to see her in any different light from that of an outsider and a nobody; they will not even admit that she is pretty; and they say among themselves that, so long as Cousin Charles had to marry a great fortune, it is a pity he did not marry a Frenchwoman, and that they always had preferred the daughter of the chocolate-maker, or the champagne-grower, or the Hebrew hanker—all of whom were offered to him. The American princess can not expect people who have had title and ancestors so long as to have forgotten them to look upon Sallie Sprigs, of California, as anything better than an Indian squaw. And the result is that all which the American woman makes by her marriage is the privilege of putting her coronet on her handkerchief and the humble deference of the women at Paquin's or Viot's, who say "Madame the Baroness" and "Madame the Princess" at every second word. It really seems a very heavy price to pay for very little.

To this pathetic picture Mr. Davis adds a few sensible words to the American paterfamilias:

The rich fathers of the young girls who are sacrificed should go into the business with a more accurate knowledge of what they are buying. Even the shrewdest of them—men who could not be misled into buying a worthless railroad or an empty mine—are frequently imposed upon in these speculations. The reason is that while they have made a study of the relative values and the soundness of railroads and mines, they have not taken the pains to study this question of titles, and as long as a man is a count or a prince, they inquire no further, and one of them buys him for his daughter on his face value. There should be a sort of Bradstreet for these rich parents, which they could consult before investing so much money plus a young girl's happiness. There are, as a matter of fact, only a very few titles worth buying, and in selecting the choice should always lie between one of England and one of Germany. An English earl is the best the American heiress can reasonably hope for, and after him a husband with a German title is very desirable. These might be rated as "sure" and "safe" investments.

But these French titles created by Napoleon, or the Italians, with titles created by the Papal court, and the small fry of other countries, are really not worth while. Theirs are worth titles; as some one has said, they are epitaphs; and the best thing to do with the young American girl who thinks she would like to be a princess is to take her abroad early in her life, and let her meet a few other American girls who have become princesses. After that, if she still wants to buy a prince and pay his debts and supply him with the credit to run into more debt, she has only herself to blame, and goes into it with her pretty eyes wide open. It will be then only too evident that she is fitted for nothing higher.

This book on Paris is, on the whole, a bright and entertaining one. It does not cover the subject, it is only a series of "snap shots" at a few striking scenes. But the scenes are well chosen and very cleverly described, and the book is worth a dozen such guide-book stories as "The Princess Aline."

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STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A MATRON

A Chapter from Real Life.

I sat in the corner of a car with an innocent-looking parcel under my arm, and I felt as guilty as a dynamiter. I had taken the decisive step at last, and was going all alone at an early hour of the morning, when only shop-girls and business men were abroad, to take my first lesson on the bicycle. I had my new bloomers and a sweater in a newspaper parcel, and two dollars and a half in my purse to buy six tickets at a cyclery. I am one of the many timid matrons who have held back and waited; but the irresistible craze has caught me up at last, and I am in for it—bloomers and all. Many a time have I lingered at the window of a particular cyclery, apparently admiring the new machines, but in reality reading the announcement, "Ladies taught. Six lessons for two dollars and a half." Through an inner door I caught glimpses of flying wheels, and amiable young men smiled at me from within; but I lacked the courage to cross the threshold. Many a time I had turned back at the very door from sheer timidity. But this time I came prepared, bought my ticket at a little window, and was shown to a dressing-room, where I donned my bloomers. I had tried them on at home before, to see how they looked, and was well enough satisfied; but my courage suddenly oozed when I thought of walking across the hall before strange men in such an unaccustomed garb.

As a little girl you are used to the crackle of white petticoats; as a woman, the frou-frou of skirts have accompanied your every movement, and the effect of bloomers can only be described as lonesome. Then you don't know what to do with your hands. There are no skirts to hold back, no convenient folds to hide your fingers; the bloomer leaves you in an arms-akimbo style that is more—oh, much more—impudent an attitude than becomes your state of mind. However, I called up my courage, took a long breath, threw open wide the door, and marched boldly across the hall.

When the famous Mr. Pepsy made himself a coat from his wife's old silk petticoat, he was at first alarmed lest he should make too great a sensation in church, and afterward chagrined that he had made none at all. That was somewhat my case. Nobody noticed me, and, though it was a relief, I felt a distinct sense of failure, as one who might exert all his strength to lift what seemed a heavy barrel and find it in his hands of no weight at all.

Perhaps, in time, women, who are adaptable creatures, will learn to sit gracefully in bloomers, but my first attempt was a distinct failure. I had no drapery to fall in studied folds. The curves that a well-fitting skirt outline so charmingly are too pronounced in bloomers, and there is nothing that so fills a woman with dismay as to find she has no lap to fold her hands in. The man's attitude of feet apart, one hand resting on the knee, the other on the hip, is a better pose, but so distressingly jaunty. Indeed, a woman must make up her mind to be aggressively independent to carry off bloomers. Self-effacement and timidity do not become that costume. Imagine the handsomest fellow of your acquaintance suddenly asbamed of his legs! To tuck her gaiters under the bench is the first anxious endeavor of the novice; but it is not a graceful pose, and yet it is appalling to a modest woman to thrust out her bitberto reticent leg to the gaze of the public.

The room was large, with benches along one end, where a few spectators were sitting, each in turn to take a lesson. Young men attendants in sweaters and knee-breeches were running beside bicycles, holding on the riders of some by main force, some by only a touch at the guiding-bars.

And then it came my turn, and I tried to look unconcerned. A young man rolled out a wheel in front of me in a business-like way, turned a screw, lowered the seat, and gave it a final shake to see that it was all right, and then motioned to me to mount.

In all my life I have never stepped higher than into a railway-car, and that generally with the help of a polite hand. I had taken little hops over mud-puddles and once scrambled up a tree to escape a bull. When I was a child, and liked to leap and hop as young things do, I was reproved and told to behave like a "little lady." And now I was shown a bicycle, with a bar across the top—for it was a boy's wheel—and told to put one foot on the pedal and throw the other foot over. The young man meant leg, but it is hard to learn to apply that almost obsolete word to ladies. He held the machine with a grip of iron while I scrambled into the seat, using the attendant as a ladder. I could have mounted the *howdah* of an elephant with more grace. Then the young man put one arm firmly around my waist, and holding the guiding-bar with the other hand, we moved slowly off. The attendant is a strong young fellow, with good muscles showing under his sweater, and much he needs them, judging from the size of the ladies he had been training. He was very severe and business-like, and beld me with the disinterested grip of a man carrying a sack of potatoes. As for me, I clutched the guiding-bar with all my strength.

I have been in a burricane when our steamer was bove to off the coast of New Zealand, and all the wood-work was washed overboard; I have been in a railway smash-up, and was handed out of the car through a hole in the roof; I have sat by the off window of a stage-coach when a wheel slipped over the side of a precipice; I have been in many strange adventures; but never had I such an acute feeling of peril as when I sat on the top of that bicycle, bolding on for life to the steering-bar.

In my second lesson, I still scrambled to get on, but I held more lightly to the bar and began to feel excitingly venturesome. As we took our wobbly course around the ball, my young man let me go alone for a few delirious moments, which I invariably took advantage of to run into a post. I headed straight for the obstacle, and then shrieked and embraced the attendant as we seemed to be rushing to

certain destruction. But a skillful turn of the bar averted disaster, and we zigzagged up the ball until we came within bumping distance of another post. There is something magnetic about a post. The hall was large and there was plenty of room on all sides, but I took a bump at each post in turn and a simultaneous embrace of the attendant. He, with commendable gravity, detached my desperate clutches from the folds of his sweater, placed them on the steering bar, and off we started, doing wonders until we fell foul of the next post.

I arrived for my third lesson, bent on doing great things. I still had to be helped into the saddle and guided a few paces to give me a fair start, and then I made a gallant show and wheeled the entire round of the hall by myself. I made some unexpected turns, just shaved the posts by a miracle, and took one header into the chairs. But the faithful attendant was running by my side, and soon extricated me from the chairs and put me on the saddle again. By this time I was hilarious with my success, and pedaled down the hall in fine style, guiding the machine successfully past all obstacles, when suddenly a large, stout lady, in full bloomer costume, burst upon my startled vision, and I fell off flat.

I take my fourth lesson Monday; I think of nothing else. I stop and look after a passing woman cyclist with the acute envy of the enthusiast. My dreams are of moonlight rides, and my highest ambition a spin in the park.

ISOBEL STRONG.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

CATHOLICS AND PAPISTS.

Many enemies of Papistry make a great mistake by denouncing and proscribing all Catholics, and thus confounding together two classes who should be separated. He who does not know the difference between the liberal Catholic and the Papist, does not understand one of the most important movements of our time. And yet this movement has played a large part in the history of France, Italy, Spain, Austria, and Spanish America during the last fifty years. It is the revolt of the Catholic laity as a body against the Papal priesthood; it is the repudiation of the control of the hierarchy over political affairs.

On the twentieth of this month Italy celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of her glorious unification, the gratification of the ambition and the accomplishment of the task in which her greatest thinkers—her philosophers, her statesmen, her poets, her historians—had toiled for seven hundred years. These patriots were nearly all Catholics, and many of them, including Dante and Manzoni, were attached to the church by intense feeling, and yet bitterly hostile to the political dictation of their priesthood. The Italians regard their patriotism as irreconcilable with the claims of the Papacy, and they will give emphatic expression to that sentiment by participating in their national celebration and by honoring the memories of Victor Emanuel and Camillo Cavour, the liberal Catholic organizers of the Italian nation.

It is not necessary, however, to go to Italy for illustrations of the separation among those who were in different degrees to the Church of Rome. All the old residents of San Francisco are familiar with the name and public services of the late Miss Kate Kennedy, one of the distinguished teachers of our city, a woman of high character and capacity, well known not only as a Catholic, but as a decided and outspoken enemy of Papistry, and also as a person very popular with the Catholics of this community.

If the adherents of the Roman Church were required to declare to-morrow the name of the local politician whom they would prefer to honor with office, the majority would probably be large for Judge J. F. Maguire, who is certainly not a Papist. In 1888, he published a book entitled "Ireland and the Pope," in which he gave a list of the wrongs done to the Emerald Isle by the Roman Hierarchy, and described the Papal policy as a combination of "constant duplicity, ingratitude, and tyranny." Since he published that work, he has been sent to Congress by Catholic voters, and to denounce and proscribe them as "slaves of the Pope" is not only gross injustice, but gross folly as well.

As the local politician most popular among the Catholics of San Francisco is the anti-Papal J. F. Maguire, so the American citizen who is the most popular among the Catholics of the United States is the liberal Catholic priest, Edward McGlynn, of New York, who, after refusing for a long time to submit to Papal dictation in his political opinions, has been restored to the exercise of his priestly office. The terms of his restoration have not been given to the world, but from the fact that he has not been compelled to make a humiliating public abnegation of his political principles, we may infer that his superiors considered it dangerous to persist in their policy of hostility to him.

As the majority of the Catholics of Italy, of San Francisco, and of the United States have shown by their attachments to Victor Emanuel, to Cavour, to Edward McGlynn, to Judge Maguire, and to Miss Kate Kennedy that they are not Papists, so the Catholics everywhere have given other evidences more or less conclusive of their liberality, which is steadily increasing in power. The Papists may control the pulpits, the church newspapers, and a small proportion of the communicants, but they have lost their political grip on the bulk of the people; and in all Catholic countries public opinion has given the most significant hints to the priesthood that they must not meddle with matters outside of the ecclesiastical domain.

JOHN S. HITTLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

Cows beld up a railroad train in Estremadura, Spain, a few days ago. The engine ran a hull down, cutting bim in two, and then could not be started. While the trainmen and passengers were trying to help the engineer, the rest of the herd attacked them; they had to take sbelter in the cars, and were kept there till night, when the herd went off.

LONDON KAFFIR-CRAZY.

Barney Barnato, the John Law of the Nineteenth Century—Financial Kite-Flying in London—The Great Boom over South African Mining Shares.

The condition of affairs on the London stock exchange is simply amazing. The boom in regard to South African mining shares continues. West Australian shares are also affected by the upward movement, but South Africa has the call. There can be no doubt that there are some very rich mines in South Africa, but there can be no doubt also that there are many which are sheer swindles.

The most curious feature of the mining craze is the success of one Barney Barnato, who is easily the first figure in London to-day. It is said that Barney Barnato was once a traveling conjurer. Of that I am not sure, but there is no doubt that he was connected with minor theatricals. He presents to-day the appearance of the average Semitic theatrical manager, shrewd, shiny, well clad, with a tendency toward a certain efflorescence of diamonds, watch-chains, and jewelry. Barney is surrounded by clouds of sycophants whenever he walks abroad.

Yesterday he placed on the London market the stock of the "Barnato Bank, Mining, and Estate Corporation, Limited." No prospectus was issued, no statement was made of the objects of the corporation, no details were given as to the management of the institution, and yet in one day the entire shares of this corporation were sold. They were placed on the market, £3,000,000 worth of shares at one pound apiece. They closed before the day was over at four pounds eight shillings, making the total shares of this corporation worth £15,000,000, or about \$75,000,000. This is the valuation which is placed by shrewd Londoners upon a financial institution which has not yet begun business and whose ends are barely defined. Two stock-broking syndicates made deals with Barnato, and it is the current gossip of the street that they cleaned up £2,000,000 in a single day. Barnato's fortune is now estimated at £30,000,000, or, in your money, let us say \$150,000,000. This will give some idea of the extent to which the Kaffir craze has reached.

Every day new companies are placed upon the market. On the same day that Barnato floated his "mining and estate corporation" there were placed also the shares of "The Western Witwaters-Rand Company, Limited," capital £300,000, divided into 300,000 shares of one pound each; "The Fauvel Gold Recovery Company, Limited," capital £150,000, in shares of one pound each; and "The City of Chester Gold Mines, Limited," capital £500,000, in shares of one pound each. There were placed on the market in one single day nearly £4,000,000 worth of shares—that is, at their face value, which doubled and trebled in some instances before the day was over.

The success of Barney Barnato's scheme reminds one of the days of the South Sea bubble, when corporations were formed for every conceivable purpose known to the human brain. In fact, at one time in the days of the famous South Sea scheme, shares were sold in a corporation which was entitled "A Company for the Development of Certain Schemes which will be Communicated to the Share-Holders at a Certain Time." History says that these particulars were never communicated. It is quite possible that the share-holders in Mr. Barnato's "Mining and Estate Corporation" may also find out that the ends of the institution are ill-defined.

It is a curious fact that, despite the enormous capitalization of these kite-flying companies, Londoners do not seem to fear a crash. Even the most level-headed financiers claim that such is the richness of the Witwaters-Rand mines that the solidity of the good stocks will carry the weak ones—that the intrinsic value of the shares in sound corporations will help to maintain the fictitious character of the bubbles. But it is the belief of those who have gone through similar mining crazes that, when the crash comes, it will very much depress the price of even solid stocks, and the bubble companies will absolutely disappear. The wild rush which is taking place for shares in such concerns as Barnato's and Robinson's corporations can lead to nothing but disaster. Their ends are of a peculiar nature. They loan on mining shares, promote gold and diamond-mining companies, underwrite new issues of stocks, and generally do an all-round promoting business. They are so intertangled that when one goes down, the whole of them will go, like a row of bricks.

A curious fact is that the conservative French and Germans have been dragged into the financial vortex. It is estimated that over one-half of the demand of the London market is coming from Paris and Berlin. It is a mid-summer madness which is affecting the whole European world. The jewelers' trade organ here says that there is £20,000,000 worth of foreign capital invested in South African diamond mines, which is paying about five per cent. That is a small return for such a risky investment.

Such is the craze for Kaffir and South African securities generally that it is unfavorably affecting nearly every other form of investment. American railways and American mines are going a-begging, or, rather, while American railways are not sold at reduced prices, they are simply neglected, and naturally the market for them is in a depressed condition. It is curious to speculate as to what the result will be upon American securities when the crash comes. It is, of course, impossible to foretell. But it would seem to the ordinary observer as if it would result in a fear of touching mining stocks or shares, no matter how well based their claims may be, and as if it would drive people into investing in American railway stocks and industrial securities.

LONDON, September 3, 1895.

PICCADILLY.

At Bradford, England, a man chose to drown himself in the city water reservoir recently, and after the body had been taken out, all the water, thirty millions of gallons, was drained off and allowed to run to waste.

A BRILLIANT JOURNALIST.

Reminiscences of William Henry Hurlbert, former Editor of the New York "World"—His Power over Women—An Unscrupulous Genius—Disgrace, Exile, and Death.

The mass of matter which the dailies have been printing lately about the yacht-races left them little room to give to the death of William Henry Hurlbert. Yet he was, not so many years ago, one of the most conspicuous figures in New York.

Hurlbert was a brilliant man, yet, like many geniuses, there was a strange streak in his nature which might be mildly called unscrupulousness, and which at times ran perilously close to lack of honor. He was for a number of years a leading figure in newspaper and society circles in New York city. In the old days there were newspaper men who had a social standing as well as a journalistic one. Now that journalism has become distinctly sensational and commercial, it is a very unusual thing to meet a prominent New York newspaper man outside of journalistic or political circles.

Hurlbert came from South Carolina and graduated at Harvard in 1847. It was said at the time that his professors found him one of the most remarkable young men in point of all-round knowledge that they had ever met. In fact, one of his professors said that he brought to the university more knowledge than most men took away. After he graduated from Harvard he took a post-graduate course at the Harvard Divinity School, and then spent some time in Rome, Paris, and Berlin. He returned to America, and, after a few years spent as a Unitarian preacher, he abandoned the ministry and entered the Harvard Law School. After graduating there, he meditated practicing law; but, after these various changes, he gave up both theology and the law and became a journalist. After desultory writing for various publications, he became an editorial writer on the staff of the New York Times.

It was on the Times that Hurlbert wrote the article, "The Elbows of the Mincio," which has become famous in the history of journalism. It was when the war was raging in Northern Italy between the French, Sardinian, and Austrian troops. Hurlbert was the "war editor" of the Times, and, as was the fashion in those days, he devoted many columns to directing the contending armies. He came into the office late one night, after having dined well, and sat down to write a leader on the strategic intricacies of the campaign. The article was an elaborate study of the famous "Quadrilateral," so called, whose four sides were made up of the Alps on the north, the River Mincio on the west, the River Po on the south, and the Adige on the east. This "Quadrilateral" formed the text for many newspaper discussions, of the learned nature common among journalists writing on military subjects. But Hurlbert's article was most amazing. It bore upon its surface an appearance of sense, which, upon examination, proved to be utterly lacking. Such sentences as these occurred:

"At this time the Sardinians crossed the Mincio, after several hours' hard fighting, and if we follow the windings of the Mincio, we shall find countless elbows formed in the elbows of the regular army like Sulianza."

"After a battle of several hours' duration, the Sardinians at Goito gave way, and if we follow up the course of the Mincio, we shall find innumerable elbows formed by the sympathy of youth."

"Notwithstanding the toil spent by Austria [on the Quadrilateral], we should have learned that we are protected by a foreign fleet, suddenly coming on our question of citizenship."

"Taking up Mantua, the Gihraltar of Austria in Italy, we come to the elbows of the Mincio."

And so the article goes on, the elbows of the Mincio continually recurring like the refrain in a ballad. When the article was put in type, the proof-readers made objections, but the night editor, who had once been told by Hurlbert that his business was to print his editorials and not to change them, insisted that it should go in, and it did go in. When the Times appeared the next day, the town was first stupefied, and then convulsed with laughter. Henry J. Raymond was then the editor of the Times, and as he also was inclined to conviviality, the article was ascribed to him. Such was the torrent of ridicule poured upon him that Raymond concluded to dispense with Hurlbert's services on the Times.

After the Mincio episode, Hurlbert disappeared for a time. When the war broke out he went South. Although a Southern man, he was a fiery abolitionist, or professed to be, and he had not been in Richmond long before he was arrested as a spy. He succeeded in escaping, and made his way, with great difficulty, through the Confederate lines. He appeared in New York, and posed as a hero for some time. In 1862 he became editor of the New York World, which was then controlled by Manton Marble. Shortly afterward it passed into the possession of Jay Gould, although Hurlbert was said to own an interest, which he retained until the paper was acquired by Pulitzer in 1883.

It was during Hurlbert's editorship that the New York World became probably the most brilliant daily newspaper ever published in New York city. He was a man of unusual knowledge of the world, and possessed a vast amount of miscellaneous information. He was capable of writing several articles simultaneously, going from one to the other. In fact, it is said that the famous Mincio article was due to his attempting to perform this feat when slightly under the influence of wine. Such was the brilliancy of the man that there speedily grew up around him a brilliant staff. It was a jest in newspaper circles in New York that belonging to the staff of the World was like belonging to a club, because it was an exclusive circle and because it cost you something. In fact, the writers were very poorly and very irregularly paid. The paper was diametrically opposed in every way to the traditions of a daily newspaper, and one of the stories told of Hurlbert is that when some one suggested that he ask Mr. George Ticknor Curtis to write for the World, he sent that gentleman a note inviting him to write an article on "The Comic Aspects of Christianity."

Poor George T. Lanigan, now dead, was one of the lead-

ing writers on the World's brilliant staff. He ran a series of curious articles entitled "Mrs. Harris in History—Things that were Never Said and People who Never Existed." It was to a large extent based on Edouard Fournier's books, "Le Vieux Neuf" and "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire," although Lanigan never acknowledged that fact. It was in the World, under Hurlbert's editorship, that some of Lanigan's humorous poems appeared, such as "The Am. Dram. Ass." and "The Akkhood of Swat."

While Hurlbert was editor of the World, he was a sort of social lion in New York. He was one of the founders of the Manhattan Club, together with Manton Marble, Augustus Belmont, John Van Buren, George Ticknor Curtis, and others. He was one of the bright particular stars of what was then called the Belmont set, and was much sought after as a guest at dinner-parties. Many people to-day still talk of his brilliant conversation. He was as interesting to women as he was to men, and was involved in more than one scandal. One story concerned a woman of very high position in New York with whom he had been involved in an intrigue, and the story never ceased to buzz that he had sold her love-letters back to her for a good round sum. He was an indefatigable attendant at opera and theatre, and seemed to have as intimate a knowledge of music and the drama as he had of the English peagee. He wrote a play called "Americans in Paris," in which Lester Wallace took a leading rôle, and it had a success of esteem. He was the author of several books of more or less interest, one of them, "Gan Eden, the Garden of Delight," containing some striking verses.

During his salad days Hurlbert lived for twenty years in bachelor apartments in the old University Building on Washington Square. The fame of his entertainments there lasts to this day. He had his apartments filled with pictures, tapestries, bric-à-brac, photos, and all sorts of bibelots, together with a very extensive library in many tongues, for Hurlbert not only possessed a reading knowledge of various languages, but spoke with fluency French, German, Spanish, and Italian. When he left New York, his household gods were sold, and all of his pictures and bric-à-brac fetched good round prices.

He went to Mexico in 1866, and Maximilian took a great fancy to him and invited him frequently to his table. He corresponded with his paper from the Paris Exposition of '67. He went to the Centenary Festival of St. Peter at Rome. He was in Egypt at the grand opening of the Suez Canal, and when the obelisk of Luxor was obtained for Paris, he used his energies to obtain a similar obelisk for the city of New York. He succeeded through his personal influence and the influence of his journal; and, by the liberality of William H. Vanderbilt, the obelisk was transported from Africa to America. It is due to Hurlbert's efforts that it stands to-day in Central Park.

After he was well advanced in years and had left the World, Hurlbert married Miss Kitty Tracy, a cousin of Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan. She, like Hurlbert, was no longer young. She had a small fortune which brought her in an income of about six thousand dollars a year, on which they lived during the remainder of his life.

It was after Hurlbert and his wife had gone to live in Europe that the great scandal occurred which clouded the end of his life. Briefly, it was as follows: A Miss Gladys Evelyn, a London actress, brought suit against Hurlbert for breach of promise of marriage, asking for twenty-five thousand pounds damages. She alleged that he had made her acquaintance in the year 1889, courted her, and betrayed her under promise of marriage. Hurlbert denied these allegations, and said that he did not know the woman. When the case came to trial, Miss Evelyn produced an enormous bundle of letters of an amorous and frequently of a libidinous nature, apparently in Hurlbert's handwriting. Hurlbert alleged that these letters were written by one "Wilfred Murray," who, he said, had been his private secretary for some time, and who had thus acquired opportunity to imitate his handwriting. No one had ever heard of Murray. But Hurlbert stuck to this story so stoutly that the jury failed to agree, and technically the case went in Hurlbert's favor. But immediately on its termination, the public prosecutor began preparations for indicting Hurlbert for perjury. It was believed that no such person as Murray ever existed. Learning of these preparations, Hurlbert fled with his wife to America. There he learned that a movement was on foot to extradite him, and he disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him. It was rumored that he had gone to Mexico, but nothing was heard of him for years. Recently, however, it has been learned that he and his wife were living in Italy, and the striking letters which have been appearing in the New York Sun for some time past, signed "An American Traveler," were from his pen. Some weeks ago, he and his wife were upon an afternoon excursion on the lake near Cadenabbia; a storm forced them ashore, and they took refuge in a small country hotel. There, while going down a stone staircase, Hurlbert slipped and was thrown headlong. His skull was fractured, and after lingering for some time, he died.

Thousands who knew Hurlbert say that he was one of the most brilliant men they ever met, and one of the most winning of men to either sex. But what a wasted life was his! He was entirely a creature of his whims. When he graduated at Harvard, he was the class poet, but did not appear; when taken to task for this, he said that the orator of the day, Henry Ward Beecher, wore a black straw hat, "which offended him, and he stopped away." He was essentially erratic. One who knew him well, when asked at the trial in London whether he thought Hurlbert was capable of the deliberate villainy shown by the letters to Gladys Evelyn and their repudiation, replied: "No, I do not think him capable of deliberate villainy, because I do not think him capable of deliberation."

Hurlbert died in exile, old, disgraced, and poor. Yet, as so often happens when men are down, there clung to him through good report and evil report his faithful wife.

NEW YORK, September 9, 1895.

FLANEUR.

CHOLERA IN CALIFORNIA.

Some Notes and Warnings Suggested by Epidemics of Years Ago.

The recent reports of cholera in Honolulu state that one man has died aboard the United States gunboat *Bennington*, and that twelve others are down with the disease. The *Bennington* lies outside the reef at Honolulu, flying the quarantine flag. The United States cruiser *Olympia*, which recently arrived at Honolulu, also anchored outside the reef, warned by the yellow flag flying at the peak of her sister ship. It is stated that the *Bennington* may be ordered to San Francisco harbor, doubtless for the purpose of killing the germs of the disease. Many years ago—in 1868, if we remember rightly—the ship *Resaca*, a United States man-of-war, came to this harbor from a Southern port with cholera aboard, and lay on the north side of Yerba Buena Island until the disease disappeared.

Cholera does not thrive in San Francisco, doubtless owing to the coolness of the weather here. According to the bacteriological theories of the present day, cholera is communicable only by the disease germ being taken into the alimentary canal. Yet it is none the less true that heat and humidity aid the life of the germ. We never hear of cholera in Greenland, while cholera in India seems to be endemic. When the "cholera epidemic" prevailed in California in early days, it was brought here from the East and not from the West. In 1848, cholera raged in the States of the Mississippi Valley and in the Gulf States. It prevailed only slightly in the Atlantic States; but in Louisville, St. Louis, Vicksburg, Natchez, New Orleans, and other Western cities the disease was deadly. Such was the horror created by the ravages of cholera that scores of thousands fled in every direction. The disease prevailed throughout 1849 in the West, and the wave of California gold-seekers was added to by fugitives from the cholera. It appeared in San Francisco immediately after the celebration of the admission of California into the Union, which was celebrated here on October 29, 1850. The doctors declared that it was brought by the steamers from Panama. In Sacramento it appeared about the same time, and the doctors there claimed that it was brought overland by immigrants. It reached its height during the mild winter of 1850-51, when the rainfall was very slight. Only seven inches fell at San Francisco during the entire twelve months following September, 1850. Only four inches fell at Sacramento. The epidemic apparently disappeared in the spring of 1851, but reappeared in 1852.

In 1850-51, the population of San Francisco was about fifty thousand, Sacramento ten thousand, and Stockton six thousand. When the disease broke out in San Francisco, a number of citizens, then prominent, fell victims to it. Dr. Peter Smith, the man who had laid claim to so many thousands of lots in San Francisco by his sheriff's title, had the city hospital at the time, and most of the cholera patients were treated there by him. His assistant was Dr. Mills. Among other well-known physicians then were Dr. Coit, father of Howard Coit, Dr. Dimon, Dr. Nelson, Dr. Gerry, Dr. Gray, Dr. Hastings, Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Stout. As we have said, the disease did not thrive in San Francisco, although the people were badly scared. Only about one hundred deaths occurred in this city from cholera, but upon the Sacramento and along the Feather, Yuba, and American Rivers the disease was nearly always fatal. It is probable that the rivers became polluted. In Marysville the death rate was higher than in any other interior city except Sacramento. In Sacramento the ravages of the disease were terrible, and they were added to by the continual arrival of emigrant trains, many of them reporting cases of death from cholera, and many of them bringing in patients still suffering from the disease. The physicians in Sacramento were exhausted by their efforts to attend upon the numerous patients. The two leading physicians were Dr. T. J. White, whose daughter married E. J. C. Kewen, and Dr. Wake Briarly. There were the usual strange stories of people suddenly stricken. Men would turn a ghastly blue-white while at the faro-table, be carried off to the hospital, and die in a few hours. Such was the panic that there was a wild rush to leave Sacramento. The steamers which plied were not sufficient to carry the passengers, and schooners and all sort of craft were pressed into service. The fare then by the steamer *Senator* from Sacramento to San Francisco was thirty-two dollars in gold-dust. On the way down, cholera broke out among the passengers on a number of the boats, and many of them perished. One schooner came into the bay of San Francisco with but one man, a printer named Bughee, alive. All of the others had died, and been thrown overboard by Bughee.

In the hook entitled "California—'46 to '88," by Jacob Wright Harlan, the writer tells of being attacked by cholera in San Mateo, in 1850, while on his way from San Francisco to San José. Dr. Townsend, who was going down the road, was called in, and leaving some medicine, told Harlan that the chances were a hundred to one against him and that he would probably be dead before morning. Harlan spent some days struggling with the disease, succeeded in recovering his strength by the aid of the medicines which had been left him by Dr. Townsend, and continued on his journey. When he reached San José, he was told that Dr. Townsend and his wife had died of cholera about an hour before.

The Federal, State, and city boards of health are working together harmoniously to keep out the disease. It is not probable that it could acquire a foothold in San Francisco. The climate, as we have said, is against it; further than that, the water supply of this city is unusually good, and as the supply reservoirs are practically remote from human habitations, it is difficult to conceive how the water could become polluted. But if cholera should get into the interior valleys of California, where the water supply is largely from rivers which might easily become polluted, it would, as was foreshadowed by the epidemic of years ago, be difficult to stamp out the disease.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Story of a Successful Publisher.

The death of Henry O. Houghton, of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, which we mentioned last week, removes one of the most important men in the American world of letters. For many years he has been a leading light in the publishing business, and he counted among his friends many of the greatest writers and thinkers of his day.

Mr. Houghton was born at Sutton, Vt., in 1823. At the age of fourteen he became printer's boy on the Burlington Free Press, where he first came to know Noah Webster, whose great work he was later to publish. At nineteen he entered the University of Vermont, and after his graduation, in 1846 he became type-setter, proof-reader, and reporter for the Boston Traveler. Three years later, on a capital of fifteen hundred dollars, he joined Charles Bolles in establishing at Cambridge, Mass., the firm of Bolles & Houghton, from which has grown the great Riverside Press—though it did not take that name until 1852, when Mr. Bolles withdrew and the firm-name became H. O. Houghton & Co., and the business was removed to the present site on the Charles River, whence it gets its name.

Mr. Houghton soon began the publication of the works of Bacon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens, Cooper, and others, and the business grew steadily until, in 1864, Melancthon M. Hurd acquired an interest, and the firm name was changed to Hurd & Houghton, doing a publishing business in Boston and New York.

This firm existed until 1878, though Mr. Houghton's elder brother, Albert G. Houghton, George H. Mifflin, and Horace M. Scudder were admitted to partnership, and it absorbed the business of several other publishing-houses, notably that of Ticknor & Fields, which dated back to 1823, and "whose classic imprint," it has been said, "was equivalent in its day to a patent of literary nobility." Houghton, Osgood & Co. was incorporated in 1878, and by this time the firm had accumulated literary franchises acquired during half a century by the houses it had absorbed. These covered the works of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, and Hawthorne, and from Ticknor & Fields they had acquired the "Old Corner Bookstore" in Boston, the resort of Hawthorne, Prescott, Motley, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Saxe, and Whipple.

This partnership lasted two years, when, Mr. Osgood retiring to start the firm of James R. Osgood & Co.—from which, again, he retired in 1885 to take a prominent place with English publishers in London—the present firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. was established.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Again has Mr. Hardy changed the title of his novel now in course of publication. It was at first "The Simpletons," it is now "Hearts Insurgent," and it is to become in book-form "Jude the Obscure." The volume will contain many passages which have been omitted from the serial.

In an "autobiographic interview," Mr. du Maurier is quoted as saying that his first picture in Punch represented himself and Mr. Whistler—theo his dearest friend, now his dearest foe—entering a photographer's studio. Mr. du Maurier appears with a smooth face, or the merest suggestion of a mustache; while Mr. Whistler, with eye-glass and bushy hair, bears a striking resemblance to the Joe Sibley whose portrait and description in "Trilby" provoked him to a bitter attack on his quondam friend. The text beneath the drawing runs as follows:

"Photographer—'No smoking here, sir!'"

"Dick Tinto—'Oh! A thousand pardons! I was not aware that—'"

"Photographer (interrupting with dignity)—'Please to remember, gentlemen, that this is not a Common Harist's studio!' [N. B.—Dick and his friends, who are Common Artists, feel shut up by this little aristocratic distinction, which had not occurred to them.]"

While he is in America, Hall Caine will be the guest of Mr. W. W. Appleton. When Mr. Caine is at home, on his Manx island, he lives in a castle that is most imposing, if the photographs of it are to be relied upon.

The London correspondent of the Critic, commenting on the fifty-per-cent. increase in the price of the Pall Mall Magazine, and the immediate increase in circulation that ensued, remarks that, while the experience is unusual, it is "somewhat singular that it should have occurred twice in the last publishing season. For the Realm, which started at threepence, has also found its increase to sixpence a path to a larger circulation."

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, whose "Stories of the Footfalls" has attracted so much attention in the East, will spend the month of October in San Francisco. Mrs. Graham will be the guest of Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson and will lecture before the Channing Auxiliary on a date yet to be fixed.

An interesting work just published by the Appletons is John Charles Tarver's "Gustave Flaubert, as Seen in his Works and Correspondence."

The Petit Journal has offered the largest prizes known heretofore in France for the four best novels.

The newspapers credit the Petit Journal with possessing the *vrai esprit Américain*. The prizes are fifty, forty, thirty-five, and thirty thousand francs, according to the relative merits of the four best productions.

Mrs. de Navarro (Mary Anderson) has known a great many clever and distinguished persons in Europe, and people are waiting with some curiosity for her forthcoming volume of reminiscences. It is said that when staying with Lady Lytton she saw the Knebworth ghost—or what was supposed to be that personage.

The London Times has given a column and a half of space to praise of Mr. Henry B. Fuller's stories of Chicago life, "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession." The article is unsigned, but is supposed to have been written by Mr. Smalley.

D. Appleton & Co.'s fall announcements embrace:

"The Beginnings of Writing," by Walter James Hoffman, D. D., of the Bureau of American Ethnology; White's "Natural History of Selborne," in two volumes, with an introduction by John Burroughs and many illustrations; an *édition de luxe* of "Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings," with one hundred and twelve illustrations by A. B. Frost; Hall Caine's "The Manxman," in two volumes, with forty gelatine plates of the Isle of Man; "Westminster Abbey," by Miss Bradley, daughter of Dean Bradley, elaborately illustrated; an illustrated work on "The Music of the Modern World," edited by Anton Seidl, with the aid of specialists; a work on "Oriental Porcelains," by Dr. S. W. Bushell, the illustrations being in colors from the collection of the late W. T. Walters, of Baltimore; "Genius and Degeneration," by Dr. William Hirsch; "Our Juvenile Offenders," by Douglas Morrison; "General Sherman," by General M. F. Force; "The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell; "The Intellectual Rise of Electricity," by Park Benjamin; and a new revised and rewritten edition of Professor C. A. Young's "The Sun."

"Robert Louis Stevenson's name is one to conjure with, but it would not have been so had he done no better work than the 'Fables.' It is a pity that they were ever published. Fortunately for his reputation, it can stand a great deal of strain," says Richard Henry Stoddard.

WATCHING THE RHINE.

A British View of the American Tourist.

SCENE.—On the "Kaiser Wilhelm." Steamer has been boarded by many American and some English tourists, armed with field-glasses and fat, red guide-books. Gentle morning breeze strolls under awning of upper deck. Badgered young waiters in caps and evening-dress bring to the tables long-necked bottles.

STOUT HUSBAND [to waiter]—I say, garçoo [laboriously], voulez vous avoir—la—la booté de m'apporter—or, rather, I should say—de oous apporter—er—

HIS WIFE [impatiently]—Well, tell him what you want, Robert, for goodness sake!

STOUT HUSBAND—My dear, I was just going to, when you interfered [aggrievedly]. Somehow you must put your ear in.

HIS WIFE—I should say the mao was German, if he was anything.

STOUT HUSBAND [clears throat and begins again]—Kellner! [Waiter finishes serving at adjacent table and comes.] Habeo Sie eioe Kleine bottle of— [To WIFE.] What the deuce is the name of the wine you want, Sophia?

WAITER [to Stout Husband]—Beg your pardons, sir. Will you kindly speak the Aoglish language? I am not with Dutch acquainted.

[Relieved husband gives orders.]

WAITER—Io two meenute, sir.

WIFE [triumphantly]—I thought the man wasn't French. I could tell in a moment, bless you, by the way his hair was cut. Where in the world has that guide-book gone to again? It's a very odd thing, Robert, that you must keep oo losing—

STOUT HUSBAND—Why, your elbow's resting oo it.

WIFE [reprovingly]—Well, there's no occasion to bawl so to your own wife above every one else. I'm not deaf and I'm not dumb, Robert.

STOUT HUSBAND [sotto voce]—Worse luck. [Gazes with thought at scenery.]

DAMSEL FROM IOWA [complainingly]—Say, oow, here's a hill with no castle on top of it. Where's our guide gone to? [GUIDE, beaming little man in black, appears.] Say, mister, what's the idea of this yer hill with no castle on the top, eh? [GUIDE looks at hill with much concern.] Thought you said when we started—

CHORUS OF IOWA TOURISTS—So he did!

GUIDE [apologetically]—Ladies and gentlemen, I can explain. Dere vos vonce a gastle on that hill—

MISS IOWA—Well, where's it gone, anyway?

GUIDE—But [tapping nose impressively] it was struck by lighteo in the year eighty-oine, and it croomble itself all to pieces. And de beoble of the district dey say dot a angel abbeare before the storm, and he says he no like that chateau.

MISS IOWA—Well, he wasn't forced to buy it.

GUIDE [with lowered voice]—Same evening it tuoder and it lighten and it lighteo and it tuoder and a little fairy elf dance up and he say to the lighten, "Strike that gastle." Aod the lighteo he say, "Wheo I got time."

MISS IOWA [incredulously]—Oh, come off! [GUIDE willingly comes off and makes his escape.]

AMERICAN MATRON—I'll be real glad when luoch shows up. This ain't a bad tour, but there ain't half enough to eat.

SECOND MATRON—Have a few crackers jest to go on with? And say. Let's have some more ices or something. 'Taint no use coming over here to Europe to starve.

FIRST MATRON [to daughter]—Maody!

MISS AMANDA—Who's goose overboard oow?

FIRST MATRON—Don't forget to put down in my note-book 'bout these yer vines a-growin' oo the banks.

MISS AMANDA [dutifully]—Oh, you and your note-book make me tired, mar. Reckon it takes up too much of my time.

FIRST MATRON—Thought you was going to put down everything you see whilst you were away? Thought you was going to keep 'count of—

MISS AMANDA—Quit talking now!

[FIRST MATRON obediently quits talking—for at least a minute.]

CHICAGO GENT [with beard on chin]—Now, sir, in my country, we should have a set o' boats on a river like this all ree-plete with the latest improvements. Yes, sir! You kio travel from New York t' Bostoo in a steamer that'd make this one look sick. And in my towow you'll find the biggest railway deepots and the longest lioe—

MILD ENGLISH YOUTH [meekly]—What did you say the name of your towow was?

CHICAGO GENT—Sir [with grandiloquent modesty], I hail from Chi-cargo. Chi-cargo is a town, sir, that sixty years ago didn't ex-ist. Did not ex-ist! To-day, sir, Chi-cargo numbers as many iohab'tants as—

MILO ENGLISH YOUTH [wonderingly]—I feel sure I've heard the name somewhere. Do you spell it with an S or with a C?

CHICAGO GENT [stiffly]—It is spelt, sir, Chi-cargo is, with a C. Aod we have buildiogs there, sir, eighteen stories high, with a weather bureau that—

MILO ENGLISH YOUTH—I am tryiog to think where I've heard the oame before. It is a town, you say; not a river?

CHICAGO GENT—Sir, it's the most important town in—

MILD ENGLISH YOUTH—Wasn't there a bit of an exhibition, or a fair, or something goiog oo there not loog ago? I feel sure I must have seen the name in one of the papers. You're sure it's spelt with a C?

CHICAGO GENT [goaded to severity]—I find, sir, a ter'ble 'mouot of ignorance over here concerning our country. I shouldn't have thought it possible now that a young man of your appearance could have lived without knowing something about the U-nited States. It jest shows, sir, that your system of education is all wroog. All wrong, sir. I shall tell my friends so when I get back, you may bet your boots oo that.

MILD ENGLISH YOUTH—Is there any—er—business done in this place Shic—I've forgottee the oame agao?

[CHICAGO GENT, too angry to speak, stamps down to lower deck disgustedly. MILD ENGLISH YOUTH smiles contentedly.]

BRAND NEW YOUNG WIFE [to BRAND NEW HUSBAND]—And how does my Sweetie feel after his smoky-woky? Eh? [Pats his cheek affectionately.] Is ums glad to get back to um's wifey piley?

BROAD GERMAN MATRON [listening and watching with undisguised annoyance]—Bah!

BRAND NEW YOUNG WIFE—Where's Sweetie going to sit, I wonder?

BRAND NEW HUSBAND [with much readiness]—Near to his Popsy.

BRAND NEW YOUNG WIFE [ecstatically]—Oh, there's a dear hubby wubby. Sit down here and take Popsy's arm—no, no, her arm, not her waist, naughty boy—and let's watch all the lovely sceoery, and Sweetie shall talk, and Popsy will listeo aod—

GERMAN MATRON [with increased annoyance]—B-r-r-r!

BRAND NEW YOUNG WIFE [solicitously]—Quite comfy where you are, Sweetie dear?

BRAND NEW HUSBAND—Quite comfy, thaaks, Popsy. How's my little girly wily?

BRAND NEW YOUNG WIFE—Oh, she's such a happy wappy ickle fing. [She pinches husband's ear; other passengers cough confusedly.] Aod Sweetie's getting such a brown, brown face, iso't he? Popsy's got a good mind to— [They kiss behind copy of "Kölnische Zeitung."]

GERMAN MATRON [purple with indignation]—Dummköpfe!

BRAND NEW YOUNG WIFE [re-appearing]—Sweetie's such a bad, bad boy. Popsy's oot goiog to speak to him again. Popsy's goiog to be very, very tross with naughty, Sweetie boy. If Sweetie doesn't put his hands together at once and beg Popsy's pardoo, like this and—

[Smiling waiter appears with big brass bell. He walks from bow to stern ringing it cheerfully. Rush of passengers to saloon below.]

PASSENGERS—Well, thank our stars, here's feed'n time come at last.—Black and White.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Ik Marvel" Again.

It is like an echo from the past to learn that "Ik Marvel" has published a new book. His first book, "Fresh Gleanings; or, A New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe," was a collection of letters he sent from abroad while a mere college lad in 1844-5. In those days the trip across the Channel in a dingy little packet was an arduous journey, and travel in Europe was conducted largely by diligence, and not at all the luxurious pleasure it is now. The young fellow was received on his return as if he were a Stanley from the Dark Continent, and his book enjoyed a great vogue. It was in the mid-century, forty-five years ago, that "The Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" appeared and charmed the world—or the American portion of it. But now they are grouped with the classics that no one has time to read, and "The Battle Summer," that vivid transcription from personal observations in Paris during the year 1848, is quite forgotten. The "Edgewood" books appeared in the '60s, and since then "Ik Marvel" has been silent.

But in his new name, as befitting more serious work, Donald G. Mitchell has been laboring at a series of books on English literature and history, and now, in his seventy-fourth year, it is completed. This has been accomplished by the publication of "Queen Anne and the Georges" in the series on "English Lands, Letters, and Kings." The book is made up of chats on the literary lights since the close of the Elizabethan period, and they read so pleasantly that one can scarcely believe that they were originally lectures delivered at a woman's college—as we learn from the dedication to Mrs. Graver Cleveland, who was a member of the author's classes. The first chapter begins with a consideration of Berkeley, "an Irish bishop," and discusses Richard Bentley, Isaac Watts, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Pope; and in the succeeding pages come wise and appreciative words about Richardson and Fielding, Dr. Johnson, Bunsell and Goldsmith, Miss Burney and Hannah Moore, Sheridan, Chatterton and Sterne, Cowper, Maria Edgeworth, Beckford and Burns, Rogers, Coleridge, Lamb and Wordsworth, with many lesser lights noted in between. The volume is carefully indexed.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

The London Smart Set.

In "Christina Chard," a clever little novel by Mrs. Campbell-Praed, we are introduced into the smart set of London society and soon acquire an intimate feeling with a small circle of entertaining people. We follow them about from reception to dinner, from hall to room, and listen with enjoyment to their light chat. An attractive heiress, an M. P., who is also poet, novelist, and essayist, a fair widow, a handsome villain, an impoverished scion of an ancient house, bent on marrying money—these are the somewhat stereotyped *dramatis personæ*; and they all have their destinies tied up in hard knots by the advent of a brilliant adventuress, whose amusement it is to break men's hearts. Her father is an Australian speculator of the unscrupulous type, and he succeeds in selling a worthless gold mine for a million or so to a number of too-confiding London aristocrats. The floating of the Mt. Murra shares on the public, and the subsequent bursting of the boom, lend variety to the somewhat threadbare tissue of the tale. Of course in time the adventuress discovers that she has a heart, and, after a dramatic exit on her part, the tangled threads are straightened out, the villain is properly punished, and all ends well.

Mrs. Praed is very happy in the bright, natural dialogue in which the book abounds. It is not so brilliant as to be unreal, and it never degenerates into stupidity. She plays havoc with the probabilities, but she does it with such confident belief in the reality of her tale that she carries her readers with her. But the superlative is her stumbling-block. It gives a sense of satiety like eating sweets. If Christina were not so bewilderingly beautiful, her social success less phenomenal; if there existed occasionally a man able to resist her charm, the book would be the better for it. It is an entertaining story withal, and serves well its purpose of whiling away an idle hour.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Microbe of Murder.

Richard Marsh must have some strange idea that the tendency to murder is a disease, not merely hereditary but contagious, to write such a ghastly story as "Mrs. Musgrave—and Her Husband." It is all murder, and if the author had not providentially brought the procession of crimes to a stop, there would have been none left to tell the tale. There are only seven deaths in it, to be sure, but these include practically every person named in the book. It is like the last act of "Hamlet."

Mr. Musgrave was a blonde giant, with the training that amounts to good principles with some people until they are joggled out of their rut; but he also was capable of a very passionate and very physical love. This latter trait led him to marry a young woman of whose antecedents he knew nothing. He was considerably startled when he overheard Dr. Byam, the noted insanity expert, relate

how he had murdered a wife-murderer by not acknowledging his insanity when called as a witness; and he was more startled when he heard, also, that the child of the insane wife-murderer is the lady of unknown antecedents.

This opening prepares one for almost anything, but not quite for the murder of Dr. Byam by the wife, the murder of the spy who is tracking the wife by the infatuated husband, and the final triple crime in which the guilty pair kill themselves and their babe.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Charles Dickens" is the latest issue of Elbert Hubbard's series of Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great, which is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 5 cents.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" and "Treasure Island" have recently been newly issued in a handsome edition by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.00 each.

Hezekiah Butterworth has collected a dozen short stories of New England life which he has been contributing to the *Century*, *Harper's*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other periodicals, and publishes them in a book called "In Old New England." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

In a little volume called "Side Talks with Girls," Ruth Ashmore has collected a series of brief essays, which, we believe, she first contributed to a young ladies' journal, on such topics as "The Average Girl," "The Social Life of a Girl," "A Girl's Religious Life," "What Shall a Girl Read?" "My Sweetheart and I," and "The Young Wife's First Year." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

A new and cheaper edition of "Bullet and Shell: A Soldier's Romance," by Major George H. Williams, has just been issued. The author served with two regiments of New York volunteers and as war correspondent with the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Shenandoah, and the Army of the Cumberland, and several generals of the war testify to the accuracy of the pictures of army life which the narrative presents. The book is illustrated from sketches from among the actual scenes by Edwin Forbes. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.25.

The "Handbook of Hygiene," which has been recently prepared by A. M. Davies, an English authority, has for its *raison d'être* the fact that it compresses within small space a vast deal of information. The chapter-heads are "Air and Ventilation," "Water and Water Supplies," "Food and Dieting," "The Removal and Disposing of Sewage," "Clothing," "Habitations," "Personal Hygiene," "Smells and Sites," "Climate and Meteorology," "The Causation and Prevention of Disease," and "Disinfection." The book is very concise, sufficiently illustrated, and copiously indexed. It contains nearly six hundred pages, and yet is not an inch in thickness. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"Select Conversations with an Uncle" is the title H. G. Wells has given to a series of discursive chats, which often degenerate into monologues, with an old gentleman who has come back from South Africa, where he attained a certain affluence, and now expresses his views upon British society and the British woman. The essays are all amusing, and there is a thin thread of story running through the series. An idea of the range of the conversations may be gathered from these headings, taken at random: "The Theory of the Perpetual Discomfort of Humanity," "The Art of Being Photographed," "On Social Music," "On a Tricycle," and "The Pains of Marriage." Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Doty Duntcare," by Mary Farrington Foster, is a story of life in the Island of Santa Cruz, in the Antilles, twenty years ago. The story is not vitally interesting and the negro dialect at times becomes confusing, but the book is well worth reading for its vivid explanation of the curious social conditions that existed in Santa Cruz at that time. The remarkable gradations of the negro population are thus set forth by Dr. Elliott Coues in his introduction to the book:

"The mulatto, offspring of a European white and a negro; the sambo, or zambo, resulting from the mixture of mulatto with negro; the mestee, mestizo, or quadroon, from mulatto mother and white father; the caustee, from the mestee and white; and the puste, from the caustee and white. In some of the West Indian Islands the two latter grades have been recognized by law as white. To the foregoing is to be added the geif, or geife, now very rare—the offspring of the negro and aboriginal Carib. The geif may be known by the copper-colored skin, delicate features, and curly, but not kinky, black hair.

Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

A new and revised edition has been issued of "The Story of a Marriage," by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin, which is sumptuous in point of type, paper, and general outward appearance. The story, however, does not appeal to reasonable beings. The hero is an Englishman of many fads, one of which

is that it is necessary to fuse all classes by means of marriage. Accordingly, he, an aristocrat, puts his theory in practice by marrying the daughter of a market-gardener. Of course the marriage is a total failure; the wife runs away with a cheese-monger's assistant and eventually dies, leaving the husband to marry at last the girl, his social equal, with whom he has been in love all the time. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

RECENT VERSE.

Moonlight on Shameen."

A fairy isle that nestles by the shore
Where swarm the shrewdest tribes of far Cathay,
Remote from the world-struggle and the roar
Of modern changes, After close of day
No footfall echoes 'neath the green arcades
Flanked by gray mansions of dead merchant kings,
Each with its gloomy classic colonnades;
But in the drowsy distance faintly rings
A Chinese cymbal, or a boat-girl's song
In weird falsetto creeps the air along.

Dim palaces of sleep that wait the kiss
Of some new Trade Wind to dispel the charm
Which holds them in stagnation: when shall this
Disturb their slumber with a sweet alarm?
Here is the Port of Pioneers who laid
The cornerstone of commerce in this land,
Who 'mid an hundred dangers oped to trade
A long forbidden realm!—Methinks I stand
In some fair Avalon, wrought by the sheen
And witchery of moonlight on Shameen.

September, 1895. —Griswold Dichter.
* Canton.

Echo in the Garden.

But, Echo, Echo, there was no mistake.
We heard you—didn't we? Both of us heard.
We were not dreaming. We were wide awake.
You kissed somebody; yes, upon my word!
But the old Irish gardener heard you, too.
And "Sure," he said, "it's after getting late,
And I'm not wanted here." (You know it's true.)
You heard him laughing as he shut the gate.

You know the slight sound woke the lonesome thrush,
Singing herself to sleep in dusk and dew.
She held her song to listen. (Echo, hush!)
Perhaps she only wished that she were you.

But the Sea heard you too, and blushed fire-red
In the low sun, and from the wall withdrew,
Murmuring confusedly. But, what he said—
Echo, I wouldn't tell you if I knew.

And the Moon heard you, that long-cloistered nun
Of heaven, and thereat, in her sacred veil,
Hid her still face and backward thought of one
Whose name (don't mention it)—we know the tale.

Now, Echo, say, who was the lovely youth?—
Well, then, I mean the fellow that you kissed,
(Oh, Echo, Echo! can't you tell the truth?)
There in the garden, in the bloom and mist.

So, then. . . . A wind from some dead world goes by
With singing, shadowy lips that late have pressed
The white Narcissus. Dream and legend lie
Cold in the corpse-flower's desolate young breast.

—Sarah Piatt in the Independent.

Toast to Omar Khayyám.

In this red wine, where Memory's eyes seem glowing
Of days when wines were bright by Ouse and Cam,
And Norfolk's foaming nectar glittered, showing
What heard of gold John Barleycorn was growing,
We drink to thee whose lore is Nature's knowing,
Omar Khayyám!

Star-gazer who canst read, when Night is strowing
His scriptured orbs on Time's frail oriflamme,
Nature's proud blazon: "Who shall bless or damn?
Life, Death, and Doom are all of my bestowing!"
Omar Khayyám!

Master whose stream of halm and music, flowing
Through Persian gardens, widened till it swam—
A fragrant tide no hank of Time shall dam—
Through Suffolk meads where gorse and may were blowing,
Omar Khayyám!

Who lent thy song with sound of cattle lowing,
And caw of rooks that perch on ewe and ram,
And hymn of lark, and heat of orphan lamb,
And swish of scythe in Bedford's dewy morning?
Omar Khayyám!

'Twas Fitz, "Our Fitz," whose knowledge, farther going
Than lore of Omar, "Wisdom's starry Cham,"
Made richer still thine opulent epigram;
Sowed seed from seed of thine immortal sowing.
Omar Khayyám!

In this red wine, where Memory's eyes seem glowing
Of days when wines were bright by Ouse and Cam,
And Norfolk's foaming nectar glittered, showing
What heard of gold John Barleycorn was growing,
We drink to thee whose lore is Nature's knowing,
Omar Khayyám!
—Theodore Watts in the Athenæum.

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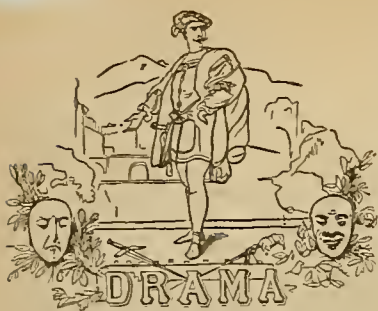
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With so many people longing to hear comic opera, and with so many people longing to sing comic opera, it is surprising that nobody gets up who can make comic opera worth hearing and singing. What is produced under that name is, as a rule, stupid stuff from which any but a hardened comic-opera-goer flies in dismay. Reginald de Koven, who may thank the gods for good memory, is the only composer in this country who has produced a piece that seems really to please and which holds the stage. A fortune waits for him who will give to the world a second "Robin Hood."

"Dorcas" is a comic opera made up of costumes and melodies which one has heard before from the time of one's early childhood up to the present. A person might say their cradle was rocked to many of the airs from "Dorcas," except that one would not like to cast such aspersions upon the musical taste of one's guardians and nurses. In a note to the programme, information is given that part of the score is original, part composed of "arranged selections." This accounts for the accent of familiarity noticeable in many of the numbers. A sort of saraband is danced to an air precisely similar to that of one of the choruses in "Iolanthe." Waltz movements end off many of the solos and some of the concerted pieces. The duo sung over the game of chess by the tenor and soprano is bright and catching, and the idea is by no means ungraceful. Chess is the prettiest game in the world. Ferdinand and Miranda played it, and since then lovers have been murmuring sweet nothings over the heads of kings and queens, bishops and pawns. There was also a sort of topical song—or what would evidently have developed into a topical song if the audience had taken more kindly to it—which boasted a tinkling and agreeable melody. In a polite encore, however, the second verse, bearing on the tendency of drunkards' noses to get red, was repeated, and the audience, in some dejection, desisted from offering further encouragement.

There is a story to "Dorcas," and as the music is rather sparsely scattered through the performance, the story becomes more prominent than usual. Lady Honoria has gone from the home of her ancestors in a peddler's dress—what for, does not transpire. Presently she comes back again, still in peddler's dress, and undergoes a second metamorphosis by assuming the costume and character of the Innkeeper's wife, Dorcas. Her brother, who seems to be a sort of survival from the days of the feudal system, finds the Innkeeper's wife much to his taste, and wants to have her served up on toast at the castle for his edification. It is at this moment that the peddler appears and offers to personate Dorcas at the castle.

In her own home, among the people who have known her from her tenderest years, nobody has the least idea that Dorcas is Lady Honoria. The disguise she adopts is sufficiently remarkable to account for her relative's not recognizing her. Miss Hall is said to have sung recently in Germany before Bismarck, and impressed him greatly. This costume looks as if it might have come from Germany, where one can dress elegantly on two hundred dollars a year. It was a short white skirt and a sort of little red velvet jacket that knitted in the front. Two pink streamers fell down the back. A hat, in which one would cause admiration and envy at a ladies' lunch, completed the costume. One thing to be said for it is that it became Miss Hall, who looked very handsome and not a day older than she used to look some years ago when she sang at the Casino.

Costumes are one of the strong points in the operetta of "Dorcas." The men are something gorgeous. Master Roland—he, too, is in disguise, by the way, and is Lord Beauregard when he is not somebody else—is all in pale blue and pink satin, with ruffles and ribbons enough to furnish forth a bargain counter. Incidentally, one must add that he has a very agreeable light tenor voice, and sang some of the numbers allotted to him with ease and accuracy. If the management would give him a little more singing to do, the piece would gain thereby.

The pinnacle of gorgeousness was reached in the habiliments of Miss St. Henry, who, as Lady Lambourne, cast a glamour over the operetta. In the first act, Lady Lambourne's green brocaded cloak, with black gauze ruffles, carried off the honors of the scene. It was a great success, and quite eclipsed Lady Lambourne herself, who kindly relinquished about a good deal and let one see how the back-breads were put in and study the mysteries of the sleeves. In the second act, she

was even more magnificent in white and silver held on with two strings of rhine-stones. Lady Lambourne was discovered, upon the rise of the curtain, arrayed in this masterpiece, with a small opera-bonnet upon her head, painting at an easel! Altogether, a costume as remarkable as that of Pauline Bonaparte's, when, with a low-necked dress, always wore a turban tied over her ears because they were ugly.

The star of the company, Miss Pauline Hall, is much the same as she was in the dear dead days of the Casino's glory. She is quite as good-looking as she was then, and rather slenderer than stouter. She never had an agreeable voice, but always had a lot of it, which for a comic-opera prima donna is a valuable possession. The comic-opera patron likes a good loud noise in his operas. He likes singers who can sing, who can open their mouths and give voice to mighty notes that beat upon the startled ear of heaven. He is of the nature of those people who love the high C, who for one piercing, snarl-rasping high C would give all the sweetness of tune that lingers in the human voice which is not stretched and tortured into shrieking singularity. These insatiate demanders of operatic pyrotechnics, of cruelly developed voices, torn and strained out of their natural proportion, have done more to ruin good voices than anything except the great mass of singing-teachers. The dead voices, murdered from ignorance and a vain desire to develop the drawing-room singer into the prima donna, that lie at the doors of the singing-teachers, would make a melancholy, accusing host of mighty magnitude.

Miss Hall on Monday showed the fatigue of her journey. She was constantly off the key, and, in so heavy a voice, such a defect is very trying. Fortunately Fate has not given every one sensitive ears, and many people enjoyed hearing the star warbling in resonant, if not always tuneful, brilliancy. A rest will probably restore her voice to its equilibrium. The slight, vibrant harshness which her vocalizing has always shown is still observable in it; but, on the whole, her singing shows less of the wear and tear of many years' hard service in the cause of comic opera than one would have expected.

Miss Hall has been for the past decade a star of light opera. In the days of the Casino's glory she shared the honors of popular applause with Lillian Russell. They were like the two mysterious charmers who rule fortunes on the cards—a dark lady and a fair lady. The beautiful Lillian, who, for some strange reason, was always the beloved queen of opera buffets in New York, ruled the Casino while she was there. She was then in the zenith of her extraordinarily delicate and pensive beauty, and her voice, unworn still, was singularly sweet and tuneful. But she never could act, never attempted to do such a thing, but always went through her part with the stiff ungainliness of a child reciting a poem. That New York, always the lookout for the new actress who has charm, talent, *espieglerie*, should have laid its laurels at the feet of a singer so absolutely devoid of each and all of these, is one of the mysteries of popular taste. It proclaimed her queen, and for years bent the knee before her. She was certainly the most beautiful woman, excepting, perhaps, Mary Anderson, who has ever been on the American stage. But uninteresting beauty, unless it is backed up by that piquancy and fascination which are the making of the comic-opera prima donna, is not held in veneration in the Empire City.

After Miss Russell left, Pauline Hall became the star of the Casino. She does not seem to have changed in the least since then. Her powerful voice was highly approved; her dark beauty, which was especially well set off by the white satin and diamonds of Erminie, was considered something unusually brilliant and striking. Brunettes are rare on the stage. She was the Erminie of the celebrated first run of that most popular operetta. It was a wonderful cast, introducing to New York many of the singers now its most shining stars. As the Princess herself, Miss Hall for the first time came prominently before a public which for years has continued to admire her. Francis Wilson was Caddy, and there is no question of its being his best part. Daboll, since gathered to his fathers, a man of extraordinary cleverness and a strange sort of melancholy distinction, was Ravvy. The Javotte, the ideal waiting-maid of opera bouffe, was Marie Jansen, who, with a sort of *gamine* prettiness, combined all the charms of gayety, archness, and piquant humor that Lillian Russell lacked.

— THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY, having overcome the difficulties that heretofore existed in the speedy supply of sea-water for the swimming-tanks at the Lurline Baths, at the corner of Bush and Larkin Streets, are now prepared to refill them with fresh water in one hour and a half. The baths will be open every evening at 7:30, free to the public, to witness the process of emptying and refilling.

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Bernhardt Snubbed.

Among Sarah Bernhardt's new plays are "Le Divorce Imperial," written for her by Emile Bergerat, in which she will be the Empress Josephine, and "Princesse Victorieuse," by Mme. Judith Gautier. Mme. Gautier is a daughter of Théophile Gautier and has inherited literary talent, for she has very creditably translated a number of Japanese and other Oriental works. The Bernhardt, by the way, has been trying hard to get "near to nature's heart" during the past summer by living among the fisher folk of Brittany and trying in all things to be one of themselves. But they did not take to her. She noticed how dangerous for the fishermen's boats the harbor of Sauzun is, and offered to provide them with a stanch craft, to bear her name and to be used for life-saving. The fishermen replied that they were willing to accept the boat, but not if it bore the name of an actress.

Mrs. Langtry's Way.

C. J. Reichman, who has just joined the company at the Columbia, was to have been leading man in Mrs. Langtry's company this winter, but at the last moment her American tour was given up and Mr. Reichman was free to come here. As a general thing, when a tour is abandoned thus early in the season, the members of the company are left stranded without employment and the manager is left to whistle for his profits or for a chance to enforce the penalty provision of the contract. But Mrs. Langtry's way is different. Her manager felt pretty safe, for he had put the penalty at fifteen thousand dollars. But not long ago he received from the fair and fickle lady a brief note stating that she would not make the American tour this year, and enclosing her check for fifteen thousand dollars—the full amount of her penalty.

French and Belgian carrier pigeons were recently set free from a steamer leaving St. Nazaire; the first batch, released seventy-five miles from land, though the weather was hazy, did not circle round the ship, but made for the shore at once; so did those released at one hundred and fifty and at two hundred and twenty-five miles. Enough returned safely to their houses to leave no doubt about the feasibility of using them as messengers from the sea.

One of the many reasons why Kansas is regarded as a freak State is found in the names of its newspapers. Most of the freak titles are borne by Populist papers. Here are a few examples: The Torch of Liberty, People's Revue, Modern Light, Chanticleer, Integral Co-Operator, Bazoo, Tiller and Toiler, New Leaf, Drum-Beat.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Pauline Hall will repeat "Dorcas" next week, and on the following Monday Paul M. Potter's dramatization of "Tribby" will be presented on the Baldwin stage. The company comes direct from long runs in New York and Chicago, and comprises Wilton Lackaye, Edith Crane, Ignace Martinetti, S. Miller Kent, Reuben Fax, Walden Ramsey, Herbert A. Carr, Charles Canfield, E. W. Morrison, George Trader, William Herbert, Edwin Brandt, Victor M. de Silke, Morel Beane, Rosa Rand, Jennie Reiffarth, Grace Pierrepont, Lucille Nelson, Monta Elmo, and Alice Evans.

The London theatres are dead dull just now. A. W. Pinerio has been ill, and that has postponed the production of his new play, "The Benefit of a Doubt." Willard's experiment with Augustus Thomas's "Alabama" has proved disastrous. The critics praised the calm beauty of its tranquil effects, but, after the first two nights, the houses were very slender.

Saturday afternoon takes place the much talked-of open-air performance of "As You Like It" upon the lawn at Sutro Heights. The play will be presented by the Stockwell organization, including but one non-professional, Miss Pauline French, who has been selected for the rôle of Celia, and is said to be a charming actress. Accommodations have been arranged for the seating of from five to ten thousand persons, and an immense grand-stand and large numbers of private boxes have been erected. The performance will begin promptly at two o'clock. There is an augmented orchestra, and the University Glee Club will be the foresters. The performance is given for the benefit of the Channing Auxiliary and the Society for Christian Work.

The Parisians, who are always finding nicknames for any and everything, now call the Porte St. Martin theatre the Porte de New York. This, because the majority of the plays recently produced there, since "La Tosca" and "Théodora," are intended really for the American market.

The California Theatre will be re-opened on Monday evening, November 4th, when there will be a revival of "Charley's Aunt."

Word comes from London that Colonel Mapleson and Marcus Mayer are the moving spirits in an enterprise to build a new opera-house there on the site of Her Majesty's. It is to be ready next year, and will be a rival of, and possible successor to, Covent Garden.

Grover's Alcazar was opened last Saturday night with a large audience, and it has had good houses every night since. The programme has consisted of two plays, the popular old comedy, "Everybody's Friend," and "A Ringer," a new farce-comedy which Leonard Grover, Sr., wrote especially for his son. Jennie Kennard and Gracie Plaisted had the leading female rôles in the two plays, and the other people in the casts are well known here. For next week the bill will be "A Chip of the Old Block," a rollicking comedy by Herbert Hall Winslow, and Wallace's "Rose-dale" will be revived on the following Monday.

Henry Irving—he says he will drop the "Sir" in America—arrived in New York a few days ago, and begins his present American tour in Montreal on Monday night. He will not come further west than Chicago, and the tour will close in May. A year from now he will open his next London season with a production of "Julius Caesar," in which he will play Brutus.

The "Afternoon with Dixey," at the Columbia to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, will be a very entertaining matinee. He will do his impersonations of famous men, such as Henry Irving, Paderewski, Herrmann, and others; he will pose as some of the great pieces of classic statuary; he will do "The Seven Ages" and bits of "Adonis"; discourse on the art of making-up; and do a lot of other amusing and curious things.

Yvette Guilbert, who is coming to America this winter, gets three hundred and seventy-five dollars for every song she sings. At that rate it should not take her very long to get the two hundred thousand dollars which is said to be the limit of her ambition. When she has that sum, she says, she will "leave the halls and marry."

It is not often that an author has at the same time three of his plays on the stage of as many theatres in one city. Such, however, was Owen Hall's case a few weeks ago in London, where "The Artist's Model," "A Gaiety Girl," at the Grand, and "All Abroad," at the Criterion, were being played at the same time.

"The Great Metropolis" has been filling the Grand Opera House to the doors every evening during the past week. It is one of the most stirring of the old-line melodramas, and owes no small part of its success to the unrivaled facilities for scenic effect which the facilities of the Grand Opera House stage afford. The storm scene in the fourth act is very realistic, and it is rewarded nightly with a round of applause. Next week Milton Nobles begins a short season at the Grand in his comedy-drama, "Love and Law." His

name will be remembered most generally in connection with "The Phoenix," which had a great success all over the country and gave to the slang of the day at least two catch-phrases: "The Phoenix never dies" and "the villain still pursued her."

Tolstoy's famous novel, "Anna Karenina," has been dramatized for the French stage. It is made decidedly sensational, the heroine being finally run over by a railroad train in full sight of the audience.

The Bostonians will begin their season here two weeks from next Monday night. Their repertoire includes "Robin Hood," "Prince Ananias," "The Maid of Plymouth," and the new opera, "Mexico." Among those in the company are Henry Clay Barnabee, W. H. MacDonald, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, Jerome Sykes, Harold Blake, Helen Bertram, Elizabeth Bell, Josephine Bartlett, Frank V. Pollock, and Jessie Bartlett Davis.

There is a very dramatic scene in "The Swordsman's Daughter," a new melodrama—or, rather, an adaptation of a French play, "Le Maître d'Armes." The swordsman is called upon in court to demonstrate on the man who had seduced his daughter a certain thrust in sword-play. He proceeds to do so, and by a pretended accident kills the villain.

Frederick Warde gave William Greer Harrison's romantic play, "Runnymede," at the Columbia Theatre in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Monday. There was a large audience present, and the play was mounted with every regard to historical accuracy and picturesque effect. The critics, while none of them waxed enthusiastic, found each something to praise.

The Tivoli season of grand opera is progressing to the entire satisfaction of the public and the management, and an extensive campaign is mapped out for the future. "Ernani" will be put on, on Monday night, with Martin Pache in the title-rôle, Raffael as Don Carlos, George Broderick as the Duke di Silva, Ida Valerga and Laura Millard alternating as Elvira, and the remaining rôles taken by W. H. West, Arthur Mesmer, J. P. Wilson, and Mabella Baker. Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" will follow "Ernani," and thereafter will follow "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata."

A cable correspondent announces that Gilbert and Sullivan have come together again, under the deft manipulation of D'Oyley Carte, and are working on a new light opera which will be produced at the Savoy, the scene of so many of their triumphs, in November.

The fair of Nijni Novgorod, not to be forgotten by those who have seen the play of "Michael Strogoff" or read Verne's book, is still an institution, and it enjoys four theatres in fair-time. The four plays presented at them, during the last fair, were "Nana," "La Mascotte," "La Fille du Tambour Major," and "Charley's Aunt," all given in Russian.

A Hoyt farce-comedy is to be presented on the Baldwin stage in a few weeks. It is entitled "A Contented Woman," and the leading person in the company will be Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, the handsome wife of the man who wrote the piece.

"Diplomacy" is to be given at the Columbia next week. The Countess Zicka is one of Rose Coghlan's most famous rôles, and, with the assistance of Emily Melville, Estelle Clayton, C. J. Reichman, and the rest of the company, the cast should be an excellent one.

"In Mexico," the new opera in the Bostonians' repertoire, is by Oscar Weil, the composer of "Pyramus and Thisbe," who was a well-known musician in this city several years ago. It is decidedly melodramatic; the heroine, a pretty Mexican girl (Jessie Bartlett Davis), kills her lover and commits suicide.

The German classes at the University of California now number five hundred students, and it has been found necessary to divide Professor Putzker's labors. They are now shared by Dr. Richard Weiler, who has recently come to this city from Los Angeles. Dr. Weiler is a Ph. D. of the University of Göttingen, and lived in Paris for twenty-five years, during seven of which he was connected with *Le Temps*.

Among the "Self-Unmade Men" whom Dr. James M. Buckley lectured about at Chautauqua, the other day, were Adam, David, Solomon, Mark Antony, Thomas Carlyle, Shelley, Byron, Poe, Benedict Arnold, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Roscoe Conkling, and James G. Blaine. All of these illustrious persons he seems to have found guilty of fatal errors which ruined their careers.

Hildesheim's famous thousand-year-old rose-tree was threatened with decay, but the botanists and gardeners called in have succeeded not only in preserving it, but in making it bloom heavily again this year.

The fat woman—"What did the police 'pull' our manager for?" The sword-swallower—"For having designs on the tattooed girl."—Pick-Me-Up.

California "Terrapin."

It is stated in one of the daily papers that Fish Commissioner H. F. Emeric is succeeding in his experiment of stocking the waters of California with the diamond-back terrapin. Mr. Emeric, some years ago, purchased in the East several dozen diamond-back terrapin, and placed them in a marsh on his ranch in Contra Costa County. He has kept them there for some time in pens in the marsh, and he states that they are prolific breeders and are increasing rapidly. He is now allowing them to leave the pens where he has kept them, with the belief that they will find their way into the waters of the State. It is to be hoped that his attempt will succeed. The diamond-back terrapin is an entirely different creature from what is called the terrapin in California. The "California terrapin" is nothing but a fresh-water mud-turtle, of the kind known in the Southern States as "sliders." Their flesh is tough and coarse, unlike that of the diamond-back, and they are never eaten in the East and South, even by the negroes. The diamond-back terrapin, on the other hand, are tender and very delicate in flavor, and such has been the demand for them of late years that they are rapidly diminishing in numbers and increasing in price. The "California terrapin" can be bought for two or three dollars a dozen. In the East, fine specimens of the diamond-back terrapin sell as high as sixty dollars a dozen. It is to be hoped that Fish Commissioner Emeric's experiment will succeed, although we were under the impression that all of the turtle family were of extremely slow growth, and if that be true it would take years before his transplanted terrapins' progeny would be large enough for edible purposes.

The Trist Duplicate Whist Club has leased a suite of rooms in the Wenban Building, corner of Sutter and Mason Streets, which will be ready for occupancy Tuesday evening, October 1st. The club's initiation fee is five dollars and the monthly dues one dollar and fifty cents. Card-playing for money will not be allowed.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

AN EXHIBITION

— OF —

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to household work, to the scrubbing brush and bucket, to the dish pan and housecloth. That was woman's position until

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

came to her release. Now she does all her work in the morning—does as she pleases in the afternoon. GOLD DUST has found an entrance to many thousand homes, will you welcome it to yours? Large packages, price 25c. Sold everywhere. Made only by

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St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

VANITY FAIR.

The Bois is crowded at night (writes a Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune), but there are hardly *élégantes* enough to fill the "swagger" cafés and restaurants, although the cheaper suburbs along the river-front are nightly and daily crowded with the gay *grisette*, and bicycle-riding model, and Latin Quarter students. They defy heat and consume *friture de Seine* and bocks. They show a great deal of daintiness, but very little originality in their toilets. The girl who does not ride a bicycle—and she is in the minority—wears any kind of a skirt she may chance to have, but always a white muslin blouse trimmed with yellow lace and a very fluffily trimmed white hat. She pays one dollar and a half for the hat and two dollars for the waist, and she is quite happy, because she does not know that blouses and much-trimmed hats have gone out, and that she is not the correct copy she fondly imagines she is of the "grande dame" at Trouville and Dinard. If she is a model with no aspirations to fashion, she wears a shiny black sailor, with an embroidered white veil drawn about it, scarf fashion. This style of sailor was introduced into New York several years ago by an English actress, and the hat is to-day the peculiar and unmistakable badge of the Boulevard St. Michel model. The bicycle-girl, however, is to the fore beyond all others. Her costume consists of light-brown bloomers, which they sell at the Bon Marché for four dollars—and in which they do an enormous business—black silk stockings and tan shoes. She wears a white sailor-hat with a heavily embroidered white veil, and may have either a blue or a pink shirt-waist. By nine o'clock they are all at the Chalet du Cycle, near the Surennes Bridge, and a petticoated woman there is strange and nice to see. The *cycliste* rolls in through the wide gateway under the glaring electric lights, and chaffs the liveried attendants who run forward to relieve her of her machine and place it in the rack with a hundred others. She takes her check and strides to a table, where she crosses her legs and refreshes the inner woman. The Frenchwoman of this class is losing all her charm. Whatever her failings, she has always been feminine and dainty to an astonishing degree. To be *chic* and a companion to her men friends she has gone a step too far; and it is probable that the adoption of the bicycle en masse by this class of Parisienne will prove its death-blow in other circles. Women of the other class are already putting on skirts, and I should not be surprised if they were forced into adopting them entirely another season. How charming a woman on horseback looks now! How delightfully cool, reposeful, and feminine! A young French girl riding in the Forest of Fontainebleau, with a young brother on either side, wore a tabac-brown skirt with a short jacket of ecru piqué with ecru linen blouse. She had a black bow at her throat and a black cock's feather on one side of her ecru straw sailor. It was not the conventional English habit, even for country lanes, but it suited the delicate French *démouille*, and was quite the proper thing from a French standpoint. After her came a crowd of bicyclists, with a number of women in the party. They had evidently ridden out from Paris, and they gave a flying, but vivid, impression of bent backs, ungainly legs plowing the air, red faces, and dusty garments. It was not an engaging vision.

"The Ideal Husband" is a little paper-covered brochure containing a series of papers on the qualities in a man which most conduce to a girl's happiness in married life. The papers in question are by Lady Jeune and others. Briefly, these might be summarized in this way: *Lady Jeune*—"The New Woman has determined that she will share the man's life in every sense of the word." *Mrs. Lynn-Linton*—"Every woman loves best the man she respects most." *John Strange Winter*—"The ideal husband will be careful as to the kind of wife he chooses." *Mrs. Fenwick Miller*—"Friendship is the proper basis for marriage." *Edward Garrett*—"It must depend mainly upon the character and aspirations of the girl." *Mrs. Joseph Parker*—"Surely this is a large order." *Mrs. Emily Crawford*—"Fortunately there is not, and can not be, an ideal husband." *Mrs. Boyd Carpenter*—"The man before marriage is by no means necessarily the same afterwards." It seems to leave the question very much where it was before. There is an old story that the woman of twenty says, "Who is he?" At thirty, "What is he?" At forty, "Where is he?" At fifty, "Let me get at him." But, on the whole, one is inclined to agree with Mrs. Joseph Parker. It is "a large order!"

M. Faure attended the races at Trouville recently, not in his official capacity as president of the republic, but merely as a man of the world, arrayed in a very *chic*, soft gray felt hat and suit to match, with his glasses slung over his shoulder, his monocle stuck in his eye, and his immaculately varnished patent-leather shoes surmounted by white spats. The president's spats have become the question of the hour. It seems that the other day, when M. Faure was called upon to attend some ceremony or other in his official capacity, he wore, as usual, evening-dress, that being recognized as

the state garb of the chief magistrate of the republic. With these habiliments he wore white spats, and the problem now occupying public attention is as to whether it is not a breach of good form to don spats with evening-dress, even when the latter is worn by daylight. There seems to be a sort of consensus of decisions to the effect that, while under ordinary circumstances spats must be considered out of place with evening-dress, yet when the latter is set off by the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor stretching across the white waistcoat, they may be tolerated.

A late conversation between a number of women chanced to fall upon the common occurrence of women marrying their juniors. It was remarked (says the New York Times) that these marriages were almost invariably happy ones. One of the group ventured the opinion that the reason for this lay in the wisdom gained with years by the wife, and in the knowledge thus attained as to how to manage her husband. Another thought that a man always wanted his wife to "mother" him, and was best satisfied when she did, while she was naturally satisfied by his satisfaction. A third was sure that to take care of others was a woman's true vocation and the secret desire of her heart, and that this calling was most entirely entered upon when the selfishness of extreme youth was past and when the husband was younger than herself. One of the talkers contributed her quota to the stories of remarkable differences in years between man and wife. A one-time Bishop of Maryland, she said, married a woman who had been one of his mother's bridesmaids, and who had made his own christening robe. He was so devotedly attached to her that, when she died from extreme old age, he mourned her memory, with no thought of filling her place all the rest of his life.

There is a new process by which a woman may regain her youth. The face is pricked all over, causing the old skin to fall off and the baby skin to grow underneath. The operation is a painful one, and the patient is obliged to remain in darkness for a fortnight. Another new scheme for enhancing feminine beauty consists of sewing on false eyelashes. This is done with a very fine needle, and is an art in which the Japanese women are past-mistresses. It also is exceedingly painful.

The average American girl has practically no idea of the value of money (says Edward Bok in the *Ladies' Home Journal*). It is one of the most discouraging signs of the times to see the manner in which our young women spend their pocket-money. And nothing in this wide world keeps so many young men from marrying as the constant proof they see of the lightness in which our girls value money. Money is spent upon trifles as if silver and bank-notes grew on trees. A dollar has not its real value in the eyes of one girl out of a hundred. Where the saving instinct exists, it is simply employed as a means to making possible a larger expenditure in the near future. The result is that our young women get false notions of living and its cost, and they consider themselves abused in a great many cases when upon marriage they must be content with less than in their father's home.

It is not so many years ago that the cloth cap, now so universally worn, was a comparative rarity, being, indeed, what its then name denoted, a traveling-cap, and but little more. Of course, this popular adoption of the tweed or homespun cap by almost every class of the community (including one Englishman recently an M. P., who wore this head-gear even at Westminster) has enormously increased the number manufactured, and, at the same time, decreased the price. Still, if one goes to a first-rate London shop, and obtains first-rate materials and first-rate cut, one has to pay some five or six shillings for the article of attire in question. It was, therefore, with some surprise, that a certain hatter at the West End, on supplying an American gentleman with a golf-cap, was presented with eightpence in exchange. It appeared that the American had taken the size marked inside—7½—for the price. A head-covering may doubtless be obtained for the modest amount of fifteen cents, but scarcely in a fashionable London shop.

The heavy man, the man of large affairs, must necessarily have a respite from his hard work, and he seeks his rest by the sea-side or in the mountains where he may, by chance, pick up this issue. If he reads this paragraph and counts under the head of large affairs his experience as a general advertiser, or his desire to become one, let him make an indelible mental note that one of the best advertising agencies is the Lyman D. Morse Advertising Agency, of New York city, successor to J. H. Bates and Bates & Morse, of time-honored fame. Its *clientèle* proves this assertion, and its reputation has not been assailed or diminished, even by competition. It has kept pace with time. Its staff, in the departments of estimating, negotiating, placing, and checking advertising in all its ramifications, is so thoroughly organized as to absolutely guarantee to an advertiser most competent and faithful service.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

THE SONG "OYUCHASAN."

Concerning the verses entitled "Oyuchasan," which are again going the rounds of the press, the following appears in the last number of *Vogue*: "EDITOR *VOGUE*: The song, 'Oyuchasan,' published in your issue of eighth August, was written by the undersigned in 1887, while attached to the U. S. S. *Palos*, on the Asiatic Station.

"It was first published in the United States in the San Francisco *Argonaut*, in the latter part of that year. "Very respectfully, FRANK M. BOSTWICK. "Lieutenant United States Navy, U. S. S. *Thetis*, "Mare Island Navy Yard, California."

Commenting upon which note, *Vogue* has this to say:

"This communication is an interesting illustration of the migration of literature. These stanzas were published in *Vogue*, credited to the source where it obtained them, namely, an English weekly periodical. Where the English paper found them, *Vogue* does not know, but it does know that they were published by it as original, without any form of credit. With some regret, therefore, *Vogue* has now to acknowledge that it credited an English paper when the credit was in reality due the *Argonaut*."

So long a time has elapsed since the poem was printed in the *Argonaut*, that for the benefit of newer readers it may be well to reproduce it here:

OYUCHASAN.

(Which may be sung to the tune of "Rosalie.")

I call her the belle of Japan,
Her name it is Oyuchasan;
Such tenderness lies
In her soft almond eyes,
I tell you she's just ichi ban.

Artistic, indeed, is her pose,
And quaint is the style of her clothes,
From the ornaments rare
In her glossy black hair,
To the curls on her dear pigeon-toes.

Perhaps she's too thick at the waist—
You see, she has never been laced;
But her figure divine,
Would a Venus outshine,
And she dresses in exquisite taste.

She looks so remarkably sweet
As she waddles along through the street
With fan and umbrella,
Alas! for the fellah
By chance she may happen to meet.

I call on this dear little miss,
She welcomes me something like this—
Bows down to the floor
As I enter the door
Then draws in her breath with a hiss.

I try to make love, but in vain;
My language, I fear, is not plain;
Whenever I try
She says, "Gomen nasai,
Watakushi wakarimasen."

You call this a Japanese craze,
You say a weak mind it displays;
Just go to Japan,
See Oyuchasan,
You'll have it the rest of your days.

Find all the dear girls in Japan,
Go seek them wherever you can;
Yes, search the world over
You'll never discover
The peer of sweet Oyuchasan.

CHORUS.

I care not what others may say,
I'm in love with Oyuchasan.
Ichi ban!
In Japan!
I'm in love with Oyuchasan.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET,
cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

Man with awful toothache meets a friend and tells his woes. *The friend*—"Ah, I had just as bad a toothache as you yesterday, and I went home and my wife petted me and kissed me and made much of me, and the toothache disappeared. You take my tip." *The achee one*—"Is your wife at home, do you think?"—*London Sporting Times*.

What chimney to use for
your burner or lamp?

The "Index to Chimneys"
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Write Geo A Macbeth Co,
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No burner or lamp burns
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Pearl glass, pearl top, tough
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The Island of Ceylon, renowned for its spicy breezes, produces a tea as delicately flavored as any in the world. The higher portions of the Indian Empire produce a tea the flavor of which is nearly equal to that of Ceylon.

MESSRS. JOSEPH TETLEY'S blended Indian and Ceylon Teas are the choicest pickings of these two countries. The tender tips of the tea shrub are the most expensive and delicately flavored.

MESSRS. TETLEY'S Packets contain only the tender tips above referred to, and no lady's tea-table is complete without these teas.

For sale by all leading dealers or by M. HANKIN, Sole Agent, No. 506 Battery Street, San Francisco, at the astonishingly low prices of 75¢ per lb. No. 1 and 80 cents No. 2, in one-half and one-pound packets. Pure Ceylon, 80 cents per pound, in five or ten-pound boxes. The economy of these Teas is undeniably established.



"The Bugbear of stiffening is that they will cut through the skirt braids." She's mistaken, they can't cut through the

"S. H. & M."

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Send for samples, showing labels and material, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

"S. H. & M." Dress Stays are the Best.

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Wills drawn and taken care of without charge. Information and advice regarding trust matters cheerfully given.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An English lady is told of, in the *Spectator*, who complained to a shop-keeper that, in sending parcels to her, he would address her as "The Honorable." "Don't mention it, ma'am. It doesn't signify at all." "But it does signify. My parcels may go to the wrong person. I am not 'Honorable.'" "We, madam, have always found you so."

A shining evangelical light, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, was ascetic by temperament, hating long dinners, abhorring port wine, and appearing to his sons a sort of living "categorical imperative." "Did you ever know your father do a thing because it was pleasant?" Lady Stephen once asked one of her children. "Yes, once—when he married you," was the young courtier's neat reply.

George Forbes, the engineer of the Niagara Electric Company, says he once lived in a house belonging to one of the Porter family, who have long owned most of the property near the falls. A Miss Porter was once traveling in Europe, and, at the *table d'hôte*, her neighbor said: "Oh, if you are an American I suppose you have seen Niagara Falls?" She turned to her inquirer, and, fixing him with her eyes, she said: "I own them!"

Some writers of sea-soongs were poor sailors. "I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!" wrote "Barry Cornwall," as if life on the ocean wave were a joy. But it was his imagination that wrote the song, for he was the sickest of sailors and detested the sea. "I had it from Mrs. Proctor," says Saotley, the singer, "who told me that she used to tease him, humming a strain of his jovial sea-soog as he lay, a very long, huddled in shawls and a tarpaulin, crossing the Channel, with barely sufficient animation left to utter, 'My dear, don't!'"

The Earl of Stafford married at St. Germain, 1694, the eldest daughter of the Count de Grammont; in his will he thus expresses himself: "I leave to the very worst of women, who is guilty of everything that is bad, the daughter of M. Grammont, a Frenchman, whom I have unfortunately married, forty-five brass halfpence with which to buy a pullet for supper, a greater sum than her father could give her, he being the worst of men and his wife the worst of women. Had I only known their characters, I had never married their daughter nor made myself so unhappy."

Even in great houses, a quarter of a century ago, the art of frying whitebait was not generally understood. I well remember (writes James Payo) partaking of some flat, soft little fish at a dinner-party which I honestly believed to be a rarity. Sitting next to one of the young ladies of the house, I congratulated her upon the novelty of the dish. "They are sweet and rather pleasant," I said; "but what are they?" "Have you ever tasted whitebait before?" she replied, with quite a superior air. I hastened to conceal my unfortunate inquiry under the veil of ignorance thus provided for me.

The River Clyde, of which the Scotch are justly proud, was at the beginning of the century but a small, shallow stream, but by magnificent engineering at a fabulous cost it to-day floats the great ships of the world. An American sea-captain at Glasgow was listening to a resident dilating upon the Clyde, when he interrupted him rather contemptuously: "Rivers? Why, you haven't room enough in this country for rivers! The Mississippi, the Missouri, the Hudson, the Columbia, are what we call rivers." "I know that," said the Scotchman, perfectly undisturbed, "but God Almighty made your rivers; we made the Clyde."

At a shooting-party in the north of Scotland, a woman appeared clad in the orthodox sporting outfit hitherto monopolized by the sterner sex. Although she expended a considerable number of cartridges, she did not succeed in bringing down a single bird. The game-keeper, after the return of the party, expressed himself as follows regarding the lady's performance: "She apt the gentlemen at that she cud. She wore the same claes, she smoked, drank a nip o' whusky, ay, an' ance gied a hit swear laich in, bit as for shutio! she cudna hit a barn-door at two yards, and she oever ance said thaok ye tae masel. If only mair o' her kiod come about I'll throw up ma job."

Captain Ross, in "Sportscrapiana," tells, in illustration of the reticence of the gilt youth of England, how two brothers, traveling by coach from York to London, did not break silence till they got to Peterborough, though they really had something (as most people would think) to call for observation. There had been a hall at York, and the two young gentlemen had not been able to obtain separate apartments, but had slept in the same room with three heads to it. "Do you know, Jack, what was it that third bed last night?" asks

one of the other, after that long interval of silence. "Yes, I know," returned the other, indifferently, "it was a corpse." After which silence set in again.

When Dr. Dewitt, of the army, was stationed at a post on the Mexican frontier, his Mexican friends determined to do him honor. Accordingly, they arranged a great hall. Dr. and Mrs. Dewitt were invited, and they were indeed the guests of honor. The hall began early, and the surgeon and his wife danced to the first set. They danced to nearly every set, in fact, for politeness forbade refusal, and after a few hours of it they began to be very tired. Time wore on, and still the dance went on. It went on all night. Finally Dr. Dewitt called one of the men aside and asked him when in heaven's name the thing was going to be over. "Oh, señor," said the Mexican; "we have been waiting these many hours for you to give the signal for the last dance."

When Trollope was in the Post-Office Department, a man kept writing the most outrageous and violent letters of complaint about postal arrangements from some remote part of Ireland. Trollope was sent off to investigate, arriving there very wet and hungry one dark winter's night. He was met at the door in the most hospitable manner by a delightful old gentleman, who immediately ordered brandy and water—very hot. Then came dinner. Trollope must stay the night. A charming daughter joined in with the old gentleman. After dinner, Trollope reluctantly proposed business. The old gentleman was grossly affronted, and would not hear of it. The next day Trollope again pressed the old gentleman about his complaint. The old gentleman became very confused. "Well, you see," he said, "the fact is I have not any complaint; it's all a humbug. It is very lonely up here, and so—and so, as I like writing letters, I took to writing to the post-office just to pass the time."

On one occasion, during a parade of his Horse Guards, the Emperor Paul of Russia was extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which the troops performed their evolutions. At length, after a more than ordinarily stupid blunder on the part of the troops, the Czar could stand it no longer, and he determined to preside over the drill in person. The troops were well aware that the Czar's temper was on the verge of bubbling over; and the knowledge so unnerved them that things went from bad to worse, until at last a blunder supervened (a blunder in which officers and men shared alike) which proved the climax. Galloping up to the disorganized lines and reining up his charger at their head, livid with the fury which he no longer attempted to suppress, Paul gave vent to the following original and effective speech: "Officers and troopers of the Imperial Horse Guards. Right about face! Quick—march—to Siberia!" The entire regiment, with unbroke composure and dignity, wheeled to the right, and started off then and there upon their terrible march into exile. By the time they had arrived at a point lying some few days' march from the capital, the Czar's temper having cooled down, swift couriers were dispatched after the exiled Guards with news of the imperial clemency, and the troops were allowed to return.

Small Fry Swindlers.

Some of the meanest of these are they who seek to trade upon and make capital out of the reputation of the greatest of American tootics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by imitating its outward guise. Reputable druggists, however, will never foist upon you as genuine, spurious imitations of or substitute for this sovereign remedy for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, and nervousness. Demand, and if the dealer be honest, you will get the genuine article.

"What do you think of that?" said Mr. Taddels to his wife, as the two looked at an Egyptian mummy. "I think the gentleman must have been pressed for time," replied Mrs. Taddels.—*Judge*.

The Overland Flyer.

The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days.

Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change to Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

—A SLUGGISH GENERATION ACCOMPLISHES little. That sluggish feeling is at once dispelled by Verocia water. Verocia causes the liver to act and cleanses the system of prehistoric sediment which has been clogging the vital organs for years. Drink it and live.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.



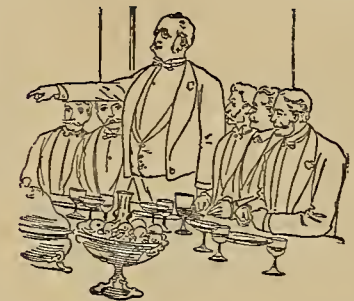
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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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SS. City of Sydney.....September 18th SS. San Blas.....September 28th SS. San Juan.....October 8th SS. Acapulco.....October 18th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA: City of Rio Janeiro.....Tuesday, September 24, at 3 P. M. City of Peking.....Saturday, October 12, at 3 P. M. China (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 22, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Tuesday, November 12, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rmsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	4.15 P.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and San Ramon.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.30 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Gnadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
† 11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Alameda Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.06 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
* 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. * Wednesdays only. † Mondays only. † Sundays only. † Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M.

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1895. Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 1 Belgic.....Saturday, November 2 Gothic (via Honolulu) Thursday, November 21

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 2, 17, Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 4, 16. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Sept. 27, 29, Oct. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, every Tuesday at 2 P. M. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 8 A. M., Sept. 29, 26, 30, at 9 A. M., Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Sept. 24, 28, Oct. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pomona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, last of season leaving Saturdays, 21, at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic.....October 2	Teutonic.....October 30
Britannic.....October 9	Britannic.....November 6
Majestic.....October 16	Majestic.....November 13
Germanic.....October 23	Germanic.....November 20

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic \$15 and \$20. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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SOCIETY.

A Dinner and Theatre-Party.

Miss Mamie Holbrook and Mr. Samuel Knight were the guests of honor at a dinner given at the Bohemian Club last Monday evening under the chaperonage of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey. The dining-table was a picture of beauty, having a large centre-piece of Papa Gontier roses surrounded by violets, both loose and in clusters. Corsage-bouquets and boutonnières of violets were at the respective covers, as also were handsome hand-painted name-cards done in colors by Mr. Solly Walter. After enjoying an elaborate menu the entire party was driven to the Baldwin Theatre and witnessed the performance. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss May Hoffmann, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Frank L. Owen, and Mr. H. B. Houghton.

The Merrill Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill gave an elaborate dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence, 1732 Washington Street, in honor of Miss Mamie Holbrook and her fiancé, Mr. Samuel Knight. All but two of the bridal party were present. Pink, the favorite color of the bride-elect, predominated in the decoration of the dining-room. Gracing the centre of the large table were two hearts formed of pink asters, and above them, suspended from the chandelier, depended a wedding-bell wrought of the same flowers. Little floral hearts and bells were distributed around the table, and at each cover was a favor of a pink heart. A delicious menu was enjoyed, and it was quite late when the pleasant affair came to an end. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Mary Dunham, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. H. B. Houghton, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. Henry Merrill, and Mr. John F. Merrill, Jr.

A Reception on the "Philadelphia."

The United States cruiser *Philadelphia*, which is the flag-ship of the Pacific Station, was in gala attire last Wednesday afternoon, when Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., and the officers of the vessel, gave a reception on board as a compliment to the army officers stationed around the harbor. The sides of the vessel were canvassed in, and above the deck were canopies of flags and varicolored bunting, while the guns were all handsomely decorated with flowers. The officers of the army and navy appeared in full-dress uniform, and their fair guests wore their most modish gowns. At the height of the reception, the scene on the vessel was an animated and picturesque one. Musical selections were played at intervals by the bands of the flag-ship and the Presidio, and dancing on the canvassed deck was enjoyed by many couples.

The guests were conveyed to the steamer on tug-boats and launches, and were received by a committee of ladies comprising Mrs. C. S. Cotton, Mrs. Joseph Trille, Mrs. George F. Winslow, and Mrs. William M. Graham, of the Presidio. Presentations to the admiral and officers then followed. About three hundred guests visited the vessel from three until five o'clock, and they enjoyed the visit greatly. The officers of the *Philadelphia* are as follows:

Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, Captain C. S. Cotton, Fleet Engineer Joseph Trille, Fleet Surgeon George F. Winslow, Fleet Paymaster William J. Thomson, Flag Lieutenant C. E. Fox, Flag Secretary M. C. Gorgas, Lieutenant-Commander R. R. Ingersoll, Lieutenant W. M. Wood, Lieutenant F. E. Sawyer, Lieutenant P. J.

Werlich, Lieutenant G. M. Stoney, Ensign H. A. Field, Ensign W. R. Shoemaker, Ensign E. H. Campbell, Ensign C. J. Long, Naval Cadets Lunning, McCormick, Johnston, and Hale, Passed-Assistant Surgeon F. A. Hesler, Passed-Assistant Engineer W. N. Little, Passed-Assistant Engineer P. H. Conant, Assistant Engineer H. B. Price, Naval Cadet Engineers Lennis, F. L. Rarus, and J. P. Morton, Captain Marines H. C. Cockrane, Lieutenant Marines A. S. McLemere, and Chaplain W. E. Edmonson.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mamie Holbrook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, and Mr. Samuel Knight, Assistant United States Attorney, will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, October 8th, at the First Presbyterian Church, on Van Ness Avenue. Rev. Robert Mackenzie will officiate. Miss Olive Holbrook, sister of the bride, will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Nellie Hillyer and Miss Minnie Houghton, of this city, Miss Jessie Coleman and Miss Ella Goodall, of Oakland, and Miss Myra Nickerson, of Montecito. Mr. Frank L. Owen will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Henry B. Houghton, Mr. Frank P. Deering, and Mr. Donald Y. Campbell. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, 1901 Van Ness Avenue, to which a limited number of friends have been invited.

The wedding of Miss Florence Herrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Herrick, of Oakland, and Mr. Mark L. Requa, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, will take place at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, October 2d, at the First Congregational Church in Oakland. Miss Annie Herrick will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Amy Requa, Miss Liuta Booth, Miss Edith Lillencranz, and Miss Ethel Moore. Mr. Granville D. Abbott will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Henry E. Miller, Mr. Arthur F. Allen, Mr. Henry K. Knowles, Mr. Frederick E. Magee, and Mr. W. O. Cullen. After the wedding there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Twelfth and Poplar Streets, in Oakland.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Emma Huntsman, daughter of Mrs. George Huntsman, to Mr. Grayson Dutton, son of Mr. W. J. Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Howard gave a dinner-party at The Colonial last Monday evening, and entertained Comte de Garrets-Quiras, of Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Batchelder, Lieutenant J. Reynolds Landis, U. S. A., Mr. Theodore Holland, of Denver, and Mr. W. P. Dalton, of Denver.

Miss Marie Voorhies gave a lunch-party last Saturday at her home on California Street in honor of the Misses Condit-Smith, who returned to Washington, D. C., on Sunday.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. R. McKenna have challenged any two Unionist members of the House of Commons to row a pair-oar race on the Thames.

An American photographer paid Mrs. Langtry fifteen hundred dollars for the privilege of taking her photograph. Mme. Patti received one thousand dollars.

William O. Grover, widely known as the inventor of the Grover & Baker sewing-machine, has just died in Beverly, Mass., at the age of seventy-two. He made a fortune out of his invention while still a young man, and at once retired from business, devoting his time to religious and philanthropic activities.

The Shahzada is now in Paris. He is understood to be much annoyed by the rudeness of the Parisians. Their curiosity, it seems, is quite unrestrained by any sort of reverence, and the result is anything but pleasant to the prince, who, thanks to the exigencies of state policy, was treated with exaggerated consideration in England.

Captain Hank Haff, the veteran skipper of the *Defender*, has a flowing beard that is not only ornamental but also of great practical utility in the management of the big single-sticker under his charge. To get the best results out of a sailing craft, the sails should be properly adjusted in the direction of the wind. It is said among yachtsmen that Captain Haff's whiskers are an invaluable guide to him in the performance of this important duty.

In addition to telling the American citizen where to buy good farms for a song, Secretary Morton can also tell men how to cure rheumatism. He suffered with it for many years. One day, twelve years ago, some one told him that rheumatism generally followed kidney trouble, and that this disease was largely due to the starch in potatoes. Thereupon Mr. Morton stopped eating potatoes. He has eaten none in twelve years, and it is just that long since he has had a rheumatic twinge.

The rise in prominence of the Gully family, the grandson of the founder of which is Speaker of the British House of Commons, illustrates the possibilities of democracy even in a kingdom. The

grandfather, John Gully, was a hatcher who, on losing his trade, became a prize-fighter, then a book-maker, and finally left the turf with a fortune. He was elected to Parliament in 1832, at the age of forty-nine. His son became a celebrated physician, and his grandson was a successful lawyer before he entered politics. The Speaker's salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and after retirement he has a pension for life of twenty thousand dollars.

The absence from Osborne of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg during the Emperor William's visit at Cowes excited a good deal of gossip. Mr. Labouchère says in *Truth* that they went abroad at this particular time because the emperor has always manifested his disapproval of the morganatic alliances of some of his English relatives, for they are so regarded at Continental courts. With characteristic bluntness, the emperor has positively refused to meet most personages in this category; but as he was obliged to be in the company of his aunt's husband while at Osborne, his majesty consoled himself by addressing Prince Henry of Battenberg only in his quasi-official capacity of governor of the Isle of Wight. In order to prevent a repetition of these various sights, Prince Henry absented himself.

During the recent review of the Second Army Corps paraded at Krakow, the emperor placed himself at the head of the Friedrich Wilhelm Grenadiers, and led them twice before the empress. The empress left her carriage after reviewing the Grenadiers, and in a short time made her appearance on horseback in public, for the first time since her recent illness. Her majesty wore the uniform of her own regiment of Cuiraissiers, and elicited every manifestation of admiration as she rode to the head of her regiment and took command. The empress then gave the order to advance, and galloped down the line at the head of the regiment, passing in front of the Kaiser. This movement provoked a deafening outburst of applause from the troops and the assembled on-lookers. The emperor seemed to be astounded when the empress came galloping down the line followed by her regiment, and when she came back at the same rapid pace, repassing the emperor, his majesty met her half-way and shook hands with her.

Champagne Sec.

The discerning judgment of the late Mme. Pomery in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. The firm of Veuve Pomery, Fils and Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pomery, Henry Vassier, the experienced director, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne, regardless of cost, that Pomery Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds, it being more the favorite of the refined and fastidious classes of Europe than that of the sporting fraternity. At the English wine sales Pomery always commands the highest prices.—*Ex.*

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A	It strengthens you before a hard days	I
R	tramp and refreshes you after any kind	S
	of exertion.	
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	Ghirardelli's	
	Cocoa.	
	DON'T ACCEPT THE "SUBSTITUTES"	

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed we find a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, *nee* Hobart, departed last Saturday for the Eastern States, en route to Europe, where they will travel for a year.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field returned to Washington, D. C., last Sunday after passing several weeks here.

Mrs. Pedar Sather has returned to her home in Oakland, after a visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord will soon leave to pass the winter in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Miss Anita Smith, of Santa Cruz, arrived in Paris last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone, *nee* Weihe, will return from their northern trip in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuhls have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. W. F. Whittier and Miss Whittier returned from Europe last week, and are en route home.

Mr. F. A. Greenwood has been visiting New York city and Philadelphia during the past fortnight.

Mr. C. F. Kohl, of San Mateo, arrived in New York city last Saturday.

Captain A. H. Payson has been in New York city during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Long have returned from Sausalito, and are at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have returned to the city after passing the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. L. H. Manning returned to Tucson, A. T., last Tuesday after donating a fortnight here.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue and Mr. W. Bradford Thompson left last Monday to fish for a week along the Truckee River.

Colonel W. D. Sanborn and Major W. H. Snedaker returned from Boston last Saturday.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg has recovered from his prolonged and severe illness, and is able to be out.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ford and Mrs. E. G. Ford have returned from a six month's trip through the State, and are again residing at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill have returned from Del Monte, and have taken rooms at the Hotel Richelieu for the winter. Mr. Hill leaves for the East this week, on a brief business trip.

Mrs. W. P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese Morgan will leave for the East on Monday. The latter will attend school at Farmington, Conn.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell has closed her Post Street residence, and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffman will leave for the East and Europe next Monday, and will be away several months. Miss Della Davidson will accompany them as far as Doh's Ferry, N. Y., where she will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Miss Edith McBean, and Master McBean have returned from San Rafael, and are staying at the Hotel Richelieu.

The Misses Cosby, of Sacramento, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Hall at their cottage in Sausalito.

Consul and Mrs. A. L. de Lalande will leave to-day for Europe, and will be away about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mamie Thomas are in Paris. They will leave there September 28th, and expect to arrive here about the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins and the Misses Juliet and Ethel Tompkins will return to the city next month, after passing the season at San Anselmo.

Mrs. E. Peckham and Miss Peckham will pass the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman has returned to the city, after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will soon return from San Rafael, and will pass the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. A. M. Burns and Miss Burns have returned to their residence on Washington Street, after a visit to Blythedale.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

The command of the army will probably devolve upon Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., now at Governor's Island, New York harbor, on the twentieth instant, when Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield goes on the retired list on account of age. General Schofield's enforced retirement will result in no promotions, as his advancement to his present grade was through special act of Congress last winter. If promoted, General Miles will be the youngest officer ever at the head of the army, with the exception of General Sheridan, who was but fifty-two when he died, and had been its commander since General Sherman retired. General Miles is now fifty-seven years of age, and has yet seven years of active service before he reaches sixty-four years, which is the limit allowed all officers to serve in active service. General Miles is probably better known to public men in Washington than any officer of the army, aside from General Schofield, whose friendship for the President earned for him his rank of Lieutenant-General. In a message to Congress last December, the President took especial care to recommend that General Schofield be honored by advancement, and the Secretary of War was active in securing the necessary legislation. General Miles is closely connected by marriage with Senators Sherman and Don Cameron, and it is predicted that they will see that he, too, is made a Lieutenant-General before his retirement. At the time General Miles was selected from the brigadiers, a great deal of opposition was developed, on the ground that he was entitled to the additional rank, but service were more entitled to a point of informing the President that no one else but Miles could be confirmed by the Senate, and the nomination was therefore made. General and Mrs. Miles are said to be the handsomest couple in the army, both being of imposing stature and of distinguished appearance. They have only two children, a young woman in society and a boy about sixteen years of age.

Lieutenant-Commander Frank Curtis, U. S. N., arrived here last Monday from the East, and on September 30th he will take charge of the Twelfth Light-house District.

Colonel J. G. C. Lee, U. S. A., is residing at The Colonial.

Dr. and Mrs. Louis Brechemin, U. S. A., are now residing in Baltimore, Md.

Captain Leonard Wood, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort McPherson, Ga., and ordered as assistant to the attending surgeon in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant Thomas Ridgway, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with Battery H., and at-

tached to Battery K, Fourth Artillery, at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Edward F. McGlathlin, Jr., Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty with Battery E, and attached to Battery H, Fourth Artillery, at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Frank P. Meriwether, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., will report after September 21st to the president of the army retiring board at Washington, D. C., for examination.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is away from duty on a six weeks' leave of absence owing to illness.

The following officers have been detached from the *Mohican* and ordered to the *Marion*: Commander D. W. Mullan, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander A. D. Wadams, U. S. N., as executive officer, Lieutenant E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., Lieutenant C. N. Atwater, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. B. Bligh, U. S. N., Ensign S. R. Hurlbut, U. S. N., Ensign C. J. Lung, U. S. N., Surgeon D. O. Lewis, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer R. Herwig, U. S. N., and Passed Assistant Paymaster F. H. Hicks, U. S. N.

Commander C. H. Stockton, U. S. N., arrived here last Wednesday from Washington, D. C., and will sail to-day for the Asiatic Station to take command of the cruiser *Yorktown*.

Medical Director A. L. Gihon, U. S. N., will be detached from the Naval Hospital at Washington, D. C., on September 26th, and placed on the retired list.

Passed-Assistant Surgeon J. E. Page, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, and ordered to temporary duty at the Mare Island Naval Hospital.

Assistant Surgeon E. K. Smith, U. S. N., has been transferred from the *Vermont* to the *Philadelphia*.

Chief Engineer H. Main, U. S. N., has been placed on the retired list.

Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., are residing at the Hotel Richelieu.

Ensign H. A. Field, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, ordered home, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Ensign A. Rust, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pinta* and returned to the *Philadelphia*.

Mrs. W. R. Shafter, wife of Colonel Shafter, U. S. A., was suddenly stricken with paralysis on September 17th, while she and her husband were celebrating the thirty-third anniversary of their wedding at their home on Angel Island. The entire right side is paralyzed, and she is unable to speak. However, she is improving under constant medical care, and hopes are entertained for her recovery.

TALL BUILDINGS.

An Ordinance Against Them in San Francisco.

The San Francisco supervisors recently amended the fire ordinance, limiting the height of fire-proof buildings to one hundred feet. This has brought forth opposition from various people having projects for erecting tall buildings. Among them is General W. H. Hart, attorney for the Blythe estate, which, it is stated, intends erecting a large and lofty building on the Blythe Block. General Hart has addressed a protest to the supervisors, in which he says:

"One hundred feet would not be more than sufficient for seven or eight stories, and the passage of such an ordinance would have the effect of absolutely preventing the construction of several new buildings in San Francisco.

"The cities of Paris, London, and such places ought not to be considered by your honorable body, or any one else, a pattern to follow in reference to the city of San Francisco, for all persons know who have visited Paris and London that the streets, with but few exceptions, are narrow and not of such a character as they are in the city of San Francisco, and that the ordinances in Paris and in London limiting the height of buildings have been brought about by reason of the sanitary conditions of those cities and the laws there which require that no man should shut out the sunlight or air from another man's building or property. Those reasons and conditions do not apply to San Francisco. Our streets are more commodious, wider, and sunnier; and, under the system of laws in this country, whoever owns a lot owns it from that point to the centre of the earth, and from that to the sky, and he ought to have the privilege of occupying any part of it."

We do not agree with General Hart. We do not think that "the passage of the ordinance would absolutely prevent the construction of several new buildings." It would result, in our opinion, in the buildings being erected, but of a less number of stories.

As to General Hart's remarks on the height of buildings in European cities being restricted there only by reason of the narrowness of the streets, he is mistaken. There are many wide and beautiful streets in European cities in which the height of the buildings is limited; in London, Northumberland Avenue, Queen Victoria Street, and many other of the newer streets are wide, yet the height of the buildings is limited. It is even limited on the Victoria Embankment, although that is a wide street with a wide river running by it. In Paris, the "grand boulevards" are nearly as wide as Market Street in San Francisco, yet the height of the buildings upon them is limited. In Vienna, the Ring Strasse is one of the widest and most beautiful streets in the world, yet the height of the buildings upon it is limited, and even, in some cases, their architectural treatment is prescribed, where they adjoin public buildings, with the result that Vienna is to-day probably the most beautiful city in Europe. In modern Rome, the streets like the Corso, the Via del Quirinale, the Via Plebisito, and the Via Nazionale are wide and spacious, yet the height of the buildings upon them is prescribed.

"San Francisco does not need sunlight,"—there is no city in the world that can get along without sunlight. San Francisco needs a great deal of it. Such is the humidity of the atmosphere here that in the shade of buildings of even such moderate height as the Flood Building and the Palace Hotel Market Street is damp from one year's end to another. If a few more buildings like the Mills Building were to be erected on Montgomery Street,

that thoroughfare would be like a deep, damp, and narrow gorge in the mountains, and would become almost uninhabitable.

As to a man owning his lot from the centre of the earth to the sky, so he does—theoretically. But he must use his lot in such a way as not to interfere with his neighbor's right to sunlight and air. If he does not do so, the law will make him. We have not yet reached that point in San Francisco. We are young here. They have reached that point in Europe. They have been in business longer. And even in Chicago such has been the number of tall buildings erected in recent years, that a law has been passed limiting their height. Aside from purely hygienic considerations, like those of health, sunlight, and air, it is being borne in upon the practical Chicago mind that the owner of a twenty-story building is practically putting three or four buildings on top of one another, and thereby depriving the owner of three or four other buildings of tenants and rent.

We hope that the board of supervisors will adhere to their determination to limit the height of tall buildings. There is everything to be said against them on the grounds of art, hygiene, beauty, and justice—therefore, of good morals. There is nothing whatever to be alleged in their favor except a sordid desire for inordinate gain.

Californians in South Africa.

The latest news regarding Mr. John Hays Hammond is to the effect that he had left Cape Town, South Africa, to examine the recent discoveries of gold in Griguland, a new mining district north of Cape Town. In a recent letter, Mr. Hammond reports that at Johannesburg there is a marked increase in the output of the Witwaters-Rand mines, the amount now reaching the enormous figure of two hundred thousand ounces per month. Mr. Hammond is the consulting engineer of the Consolidated African Gold Fields Company (Limited), which controls a vast area of the mineral districts of South Africa, and was formed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes and other prominent capitalists of that section. Last month Mr. Hammond received from the managing directors of the company a handsome recognition of his services in the form of a scarf-pin, shaped to represent a lion's head, and wrought from the first nugget of gold found at Mashonaland. It was sent to him from London. Mr. Hammond states further that almost all of the Californians who have gone to South Africa are prospering. Mr. Hal Tighman has been promoted to the management of the Primrose Mine. Mr. George Starr, formerly of Grass Valley, where he was manager of the North Star Mine, is now the consulting engineer of the Barnato Syndicate at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars per year.

Apropos of the foregoing, it may be mentioned that Mr. R. M. Catlin, who for three years was engaged in the Tuscarora Mines in Nevada and is the inventor of the Catlin-Carr repeating rifle, left San Francisco last Saturday under engagement to Mr. Hammond on a three years' contract at a salary of ten thousand dollars per year.

The melancholy death of A. J. Lewis, president of Shreve & Co., is widely deplored in San Francisco. The unfortunate gentleman took his life in a fit of sudden insanity, resulting from long continued nervous prostration brought on by insomnia. Mr. Lewis was a business man of the strictest probity and of the highest standing. He had spent all the years of his youth and manhood in San Francisco, had acquired a competence, and had won the respect of the entire community. He had everything to live for, and the untimely end of his useful and honorable life has come with a shock to a large circle of friends. He was a devoted husband and father, and was wrapped up in his domestic life. He leaves a wife, a daughter, and a son, who will have the sympathy of all in their great grief.

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"Once," she mused, "I felt as if all the world
were against me. Yes: the first time I fell off my
wheel."—*Detroit Tribune.*

"Tommy, the doctors is sayin' that kissin' is apt
to breed sickness." "I know. But we men have
to take risks in everythink."—*Life.*

Miss Model—"Do you need a model, sir?" *Old
Persimmons*—"No; I only paint flowers and fruit."
Miss Model—"Well, I'm a peach, see?"—*Truth.*

Johnny—"Papa, what does it mean when they
say a man is 'his own worst enemy'?" Papa—
"It generally means that he drinks like a fish."—
Puck.

"Madam, why did you not keep the last girl I
sent you?" "She was much too good-looking. I
told you I wanted a plain cook."—*Detroit Free
Press.*

Bixby—"What idiots girls are when they imitate
the men!" *Marie* (flattered)—"Do you think so?
That proves how excellent the imitation is."—
Truth.

Waiter—"Did you ring, sir?" *Club member*—
"Phew!—Yes, bring me an iced chair, and don't
look so beastly cool, confound you!"—*The New
Budget.*

She—"By the way, George, have you got any-
thing on this evening?" He—"Nothing what-
ever." She—"Then come and dine with us—and
don't dress!"—*Punch.*

"Do you think you could learn to love me,
Maud?" "I don't know, George," she answered,
softly; "I might. I learned German once."—
Philadelphia Telegraph.

He—"I'd like to see the father that would
frighten me. Wait until I meet yours; I'll make
him toe the mark." She—"Be careful where you
place the mark."—*Sketch.*

Percy (in Washington Park)—"I've noticed a
great many more bloomer girls without leggings
than with leggings." Harold—"I should think
you would."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dolly—"I told Mr. Nicefellow that I bet Reggie
twenty kisses our boat would win a race at the re-
gatta." Daisy—"Well, wasn't he shocked?"
Dolly—"No. I let him hold the stakes."—*Boston
Globe.*

There in the dust, footsore and weary, he fell.
"How sad, how unjust!" the world cried, "to
perish in the very sight of home!" But the um-
pire refused to reverse his decision.—*Rockland
Tribune.*

"Have your literary efforts brought you any-
thing in?" "Oh, yes. Once a manuscript was
lost in transmission and I received forty-two marks
compensation from the post-office."—*Leipziger
Tageblatt.*

Bishop Gullem—"You mustn't grieve too much,
my dear sister. Remember that though your dear
husband has left this mortal body, he is still with
you." "That isn't going to affect the insurance, is
it?"—*Life.*

Look out when the bell rings: *Briefster*—"Miss
Keytap, why do you always turn your head and
dodge at the end of every line?" *Miss Keytap*—
"Whenever that bell rings, I always think I'm on
my wheel."—*Puck.*

Young Ikenstein (to his father-in-law)—"Mis-
fortune after misfortune has overtaken me, but I
am not discouraged yet. I know dot you haf
blenty, undt—" *Old Schwindtebaum* (feelingly)
—"Yase, Ikey! Undt vile I haf blenty, ve shall
not both oaf us suffer."—*Puck.*

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the great detec-
tive; "I have 'em now!" For five days he had
been on the trail, and had neither eaten nor slept.
He had done nothing but drink. Under the cir-
cumstances, his joyous assertion that he had 'em
bore the similitude of verity.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The King of Dahomey shaded his eyes and gazed
across the breakers. "What's that?" His min-
ister-in-chief took the telescope. "It is" (he bowed
to the king) "an English man-o-war." As his
majesty entered the royal hole in the ground, he
spoke: "See that he does not trifle with the
Amazons."—*Ex.*

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—"Sure, an Oi hear there was
nigh a murder committed at Casey's party last
night." Mrs. Duffy—"Oho! Oho! An' what
started the ruction?" Mrs. O'Hoolihan—"Casey
sung 'There never lived a coward where the sham-
rock grew,' an' some one said they all came to
Ameriky."—*Puck.*

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The reunion of the veterans of the War of the Rebellion in the Chickamauga National Park should give the spur to the idea of making all the great battle-fields of the Civil War public property. Every one of them should be reserved as a national park. These acres are sacred ground. Their preservation is due to the Americans who fought in the bloody struggle for the life of the nation; the monuments erected would commemorate their valor and be a proper expression of the republic's gratitude. In the centuries to come these parks would be at once a memorial

and a stimulus to patriotism. To the Southern soldier of intelligence they can offer no affront. The South has no reason to be ashamed of its fighting, whatever may be the opinion as to the cause for which it marched to the field.

Europe gives us precedent for the parks, and also a warning. We should have lawns, and landscape-gardening, and monuments where our brave men fought and died, but there ought to be around American battle-parks none of the sordid accompaniments which degrade the field of Waterloo, for instance, into a fair-ground for touts and clamorous guides, and peddlers of medals and buttons, and a multitude of other small creatures of prey. Solemnity is the suitable atmosphere for a battle-park, and the hunter for the almighty English shilling or American dollar must be excluded. Trade and heroism do not harmonize.

The Chickamauga reunion has for the moment made real and vivid again the four years of blood that are, for most of the living, paling into history. Time, which cools passions, brought together in amity on the old battle-field men who met there thirty-two years ago as enemies in fight. Colonel Henry Watterson, an ardent Southerner and eloquent, yielding to the influence of the occasion upon his emotional temperament, shed tears while uttering sentiments of peace and good-will toward those who were once foes and invaders. He and the widow of General Logan shook hands. It was generous and touching. But it was not war. Others were less pregnable to the emollient effect of time and place. When the ex-rebels hang out the signals of desire for forgetfulness of the hatred and the bloody battles of the past, the men who wore the blue and fought for the Union will more cordially welcome them to comradeship. But facts are facts, and memory is tenacious. The men who fought knew what they were fighting for, and though the sword and rifle have been put away, the cause for which they were employed is yet held to have been a good cause. The South gave up when it was forced to, and not before. That it was whipped did not change its mind as to its justification in taking up arms. Governor Oates, of Alabama, and Governor Turney, of Tennessee, less emotional than Colonel Watterson, were quite frank in standing by their cause, though it had been lost. The latter declined to assent to the declaration of Governor Woodbury, of Vermont, that the Southerners, however fervid might have been their faith a generation back in the rightfulness of the South's position, "would have to teach their children that the South was wrong." Turney, standing on Chickamauga's ground, uttered these words:

"I believed I was right during the four years and nineteen days I served in the Confederate army, and, at the end of that time, I thought I was right. I still think I was right, and shall teach my children so."

Governor Oates delivered himself in a similar strain, and there can be no question at all that both gave voice to the minds and hearts of the veterans of the armies which did their best to destroy the Union. The old rebel spirit lives unimpaired in the South among the men who are gray, and it will not become extinct while these heaten warriors survive. It is not natural that it should. So, while the South continues to be largely unreconstructed, it will be just as well not to hid ex-Confederates to gatherings of Union soldiers, met to celebrate victories that were Southern defeats and to honor the memory of men who perished under Southern fire. The time has not yet come when the fighters of the war can be transformed into cooing doves. The triumphant cause was the cause of human freedom, the cause of the Union. Had it failed, this for a time would have been another Central America, for the Confederacy fought for disintegration and human slavery.

Governor Turney is the man whom the Democrats of Tennessee have fraudulently seated as governor by counting out Henry Clay Evans, the rightful governor. The Argonaut has before discussed this political crime, and has urged upon the newly elected Republican Congress that it should refuse to recognize Turney. We have already said that when Tennessee's representatives appear at the doors of the House of Representatives, the Republican majority in the

chamber should refuse to recognize them, on the ground that their certificates of election are signed by Peter Turney, instead of by Henry Clay Evans, who is the governor of Tennessee. We repeat this advice to the Republican House, and we urge it all the more strongly now that the man claiming to be Tennessee's governor has stated, publicly and ostentatiously, at a reunion of veterans of the war, that he was a rebel, that he is still a rebel, and that if he can do so, he will make his children rebels too.

The daily newspapers of San Francisco rarely agree. But they are as a unit in opposing the restriction of the height of tall buildings. Their favorite argument is that San Francisco would be alone in such a step, and that to limit the height of tall buildings would be "an evidence of our silurianism to the progressive people of the East," in the language of the *Call*. To quote the *Call* again: "This whole question of high buildings has been thoroughly discussed in Eastern cities, and firmly settled."

This is very true. So it has. But the *Call* and the other dailies are disingenuous in their treatment of the question. Their language implies that there is no restriction on the height of buildings in Eastern cities. This is an error—to put it mildly. The building ordinances of Eastern cities are numerous and stringent, and among them are many limiting the height of buildings.

We have already spoken in these columns of the limits placed upon the height of buildings in European cities. We have pointed out the fact that in cities like London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Rome, the height of buildings is prescribed; that not only upon the narrow streets of the older quarters, but along the broad and well-paved streets of the newer parts of those cities the buildings are limited in height. There is no lack of beautiful buildings in those cities; in both the residential and business quarters fine buildings abound; yet a man is not allowed to erect a hideous brick dry-goods box or a stone factory chimney in the heart of a great city because he happens to own land there. In the very centre of Vienna, on the Graben and St. Stephan's Platz, an American life insurance company has erected a building which is not only a tall building, but a beautiful one—had it been built in an American city, like San Francisco, with no regulations as to height, it would doubtless have been many stories higher and brought more rent, but it would not have been beautiful. The municipality of Vienna does not believe in letting land-owners make their city hideous in order to gain a few dollars more per year.

We might point out many other instances of a similar kind in European cities, but the average American citizen rather resents European parallels. Let us therefore abandon them. Let us take an American city. Let us take a Western city. Let us take Chicago.

Chicago is the apotheosis of what is hustling, of what is American. Chicago is imbued with the fine contempt for the old world of which we spoke but now. Chicago has more tall buildings than any city in the world, although New York is pressing her close these later years. San Francisco with her three or four tall buildings can afford to sit at the feet of Chicago with her three or fourscore. Is Chicago in favor of letting buildings go up without limit as to height? Not by any manner of means. Chicago has been in the tall-building business long enough to see that it has drawbacks. San Francisco has not. Chicago sees that other people have rights to sunlight and air besides those able to put up tall buildings. San Francisco does not. Chicago has so thoroughly realized the drawbacks of putting up buildings to an unreasonable height that she has framed regulations limiting the height to which buildings may be erected. San Francisco's newspapers and real-estate dealers, on the other hand, are abusing the supervisors for even contemplating regulation.

This certainly seems rather absurd. Shall there be regulations for everything else, and not for tall buildings? Shall a man be regulated in paving the street, in constructing the sidewalk, in connecting with the sewer, in erecting

or frame, and then not be regulated in the height to which he may go? Mr. W. E. Fisher, a real-estate dealer, is thus reported in an interview in the *Call*: "I am as much opposed to a law restricting the height of buildings as I am to a law restricting the amount of money I may invest in a suit of clothes or any other law restricting my personal liberties." Mr. Thomas McMahon, a land-dealer, is reported in the same paper as saying: "It would be a violation of a man's property rights to say how high he shall build his structure." Similar remarks run through a number of interviews with other real-estate dealers. Yet it does not seem to occur to these gentlemen that there are many other restrictions and regulations concerning buildings. A man is forbidden to erect a frame building on Kearny Street near Market. Is that a violation of his property rights? A man is forbidden to erect a building over a certain height without fire-escapes. Is that a violation of his property rights? A man (elsewhere) is forbidden to erect a building over a certain height. Is that a violation of his property rights?

It may be, in San Francisco. But it certainly is not in Chicago. We shall give some points from the building ordinances of Chicago to prove our case. We may premise by remarking that these points are taken from the latest text to hand of the Chicago ordinances, but that such laws are subject to frequent amendments. This is testified to by the fact that the San Francisco building ordinances have not been printed for eight years, and consist of a vast mass of amendments in scrap-books, which architects spend days in endeavoring to unravel.

The Chicago building ordinances not only prescribe the height of buildings, but the material. The maximum height for buildings is 150 feet; where streets are not more than 80 feet wide, 125 feet; where streets are not more than 40 feet wide, 100 feet. Exception is made in favor of spires, towers, domes, and cupolas, "the area of which shall not be more than fifteen per cent. of the ground area of the proposed building." All buildings are divided into classes. Buildings over 100 feet high must be entirely of fire-proof construction. Buildings over 60 feet high must be entirely of slow-burning construction. Buildings under 60 feet in height may be of ordinary construction. The slope of the roofs, the thickness of the walls, the material of staircase and elevator-shafts, the thickness and material of partition walls in residential buildings, the construction, material, and depth of the foundations, according to the nature of the soil—all of these and many other things are prescribed by the Chicago ordinances, in addition to the limitation in the height of buildings. Will Architect Swain, Real-Estate Dealer Fisher, and those agreeing with them, contend that it is lawful to regulate all of these details in buildings, and unlawful to regulate their height?

The *Argonaut* is not to be understood as supporting the proposed 100-foot ordinance. We are not drawing up an ordinance, and therefore are not discussing its details. But we are most emphatically in favor of regulating the height of buildings, and we wish to warn the people of this city that they had better heed Chicago's lesson, and regulate the height of tall buildings now.

To be rid of her skirts and yet not outside of propriety—that is the charm which the bloomer costume has for the reputable woman, particularly if she be young and susceptible to the thrill and delight of rapid motion. Hence the readiness with which feminine San Francisco has discarded drapery, put on trousers, and mounted the bicycle. San Francisco is in some ways favored by being so remote from other and older and more populous seats of civilization. We get our fashions just as they are going out in Paris and as they are growing a trifle stale in New York. But, on the other hand, we are equally late in learning that some things which are agreeable are not *comme il faut*. Bloomers are far more prevalent here than in Europe or the East—prevalent, that is, among women whose characters are as good as their pleasure in riding is keen, and there is no place on earth where they are worn in such innocency. We are, bicyclically speaking, in the Edenic stage, to say the truth, and are fated presently to hear the voice of condemnation, the voice of fashion's authority, which is to the sex quite as mandatory as was the voice of the Lord to Eve when she went pouting and aggrieved from the garden. That a modest woman may wheel in bloomers is not to be doubted, for modest women do it under our eyes daily.

But the reaction has set in. The wave is coming from Paris, which went bloomer-mad, and it is washing up against the sensibilities of New York and Chicago. If only modest women wore bloomers, bloomers would continue to be modest, hut, unhappily, not all ladies are chaste nor retiring. Paris has more than its share of females whose souls are the least part of their capital, and these,

with Gallic intelligence, have perceived the opportunity which the bicycle and the bloomer give for what a French gentleman aptly terms the "apotheosis of disclosure." Females whose bodies are their all have recognized the value of a spin on the Bois as an advertisement, hut, with the want of deep discernment which commonly accompanies brazenness, they have gone too far. Frenchmen, the least spiritual of men, have become alarmed. They are not anxious about morals, which in France must take their chances, but for their illusions. It is natural that Frenchmen should prize the illusions remaining to them. No hunter cares for game that will walk up to he shot, and the Parisian is discouraged by the *cycliste* who wheels within range, skirtless, assured, mannish, and devoid wholly of the charm of mystery imparted by robes and the distance which robes imply. The *cycliste* of this sort is precisely what she was before, but she has made the mistake of stepping from the stage into the auditorium and giving too near a view of herself—which disgusts the Parisian. He votes the *cycliste* unfeminine, and raises his unvirtuous and selfish, but, nevertheless, discreet voice against her.

New York has taken the alarm likewise. Ladies of society, ladies of the professions, and women generally who comprehend that without modesty the sex can have no high attraction for men, are foes to the bloomer. "Nothing," says Miss Grace Dodge, who is noted as the creator of clubs for working girls, "can be modest that is conspicuous; therefore, bloomers are objectionable." "They are not pretty," says Mrs. Theodore Sutro; "they don't look feminine." "If," says Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis, the dress-reformer, "a woman puts bloomers on simply to throw aside the femininity that goes with skirts, there is no hesitation in saying that they do seem immodest." "I am sure," says Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of the astronomer, "that no womanly woman would knowingly expose herself to such comments as bloomers bring down on their wearers from men."

In Chicago, opinion runs in the same direction. Of course many of the women whose views have been sought by the press are constrained to say good words for the bloomer on the score of convenience, hut when it comes to a conflict between convenience and propriety, only the very newest of New Women are willing to sacrifice the latter to the former. It is being discovered that bifurcated liberty has perils to manners. Women of no standing, and who wish it known that they have no standing, are as free of the streets and the wheel as are women of social position and decorous instincts. Men are not always delicately discriminating, and mistakes that occur with frequency are intolerable to women accustomed to respect and deference. Besides, the consciousness of trousers has its influence on the mind. Dr. Warford, of New York, hears testimony to this. "Mrs. Warford and I," he observes, "sometimes walk down the Boulevard nights and watch the riders. Look at the bloomer-clad women sitting on kerb-stones and swaggering around. Why, if any man had suggested a year ago to those same women that they would fall into such free-and-easy conduct, they would have thought the man was insulting them."

It is reported from Paris that the cardinal archbishop has issued instructions to his clergy to refuse the sacraments to women who bicycle in bloomers or knickerhockers, finding his authority, after the Roman Catholic fashion, not in contemporary facts and forceful reasons, but in precedent. The Council of Trent in the sixteenth century solemnly delivered itself of the judgment that "the female attired in masculine habiliments is accursed." In this country it will need no cardinal archbishops, or other heavenly authority, to abate the bloomer fad. American women, when they find that the disreputable are impassioned of the costume, will leave it to them, as a sign of their state. The bloomer will go, or at least be hidden by skirts; it may or may not be immodest, hut it is certainly unbeautiful.

About a month ago, we printed an article in these columns reviewing the first year of the Democratic tariff. The anniversary of that ill-starred law was celebrated on the twenty-eighth of August. It was not, however, celebrated with general rejoicings throughout the land. The celebration has principally been confined to labored attempts on the part of the Democratic organs to prove that the tariff has worked in the interests of the people.

These efforts have not been crowned with success. The New York *World* has been printing a series of elaborate tables to prove two things rather difficult to believe—that "most of the necessities of life are ten to thirty-five per cent. cheaper under the Wilson tariff," and that "wages are now ten per cent. higher than under the McKinley tariff." As usual, the *World* has been depending upon its imagination for its facts. It stated that wages had been reduced by the Illinois Steel Company under the Republican tariff,

and raised under the Democratic tariff. The manager of the Illinois Steel Company says in print that these statements are "hold lies." The *World* stated that the great Jones & Loughlin Steel Company, of Pittsburg, had reduced wages ten per cent. in 1891 under the Republican tariff, and raised them from five to ten per cent. in May, 1895, under the Democratic tariff. In refutation of this, the treasurer of the company states over his signature that "the only reductions during the past five years have taken place since 1893," and that "wages are considerably lower than they were in 1892."

But without taking up in detail the lying statements of the *World*, it is sufficient to say that nearly all of its assertions have been officially contradicted. At Fall River, Secretary Rounseville, of the Cotton Manufacturing Association, shows that "wages are ten per cent. lower than they were in 1892." The president of the Reading Iron Company shows that wages in his business "are much lower than they were three years ago." The manager of the Poland Paper Company says that three years ago "wages were higher and business better."

But it is useless to go over the elaborate tables of figures prepared by the New York *World*. They are false and lying figures. They are contradicted, as we have shown above, by the very men on whose business they purported to be based. But, waiving tables, statistics, and figures, it would be folly to attempt to convince the workmen of this country that their wages are higher under the Democratic tariff than they were under the Republican tariff. They know better. They know it by the hard, cold logic of facts.

Let us leave the question of wages, and take up that of imports and exports. Let us examine into the record, in this regard, of the Democratic tariff. The figures of the Bureau of Statistics show that during the fiscal year 1895—under the Democratic tariff—we imported from Europe goods to the value of \$383,686,842; the preceding year, 1894—under Republican tariff—we imported goods valued at \$295,077,865. We thus sent to Europe in one year for manufactured goods exactly \$88,608,977 more under the Democratic tariff than we did under the Republican tariff. That means that nearly ninety millions of dollars went to European workmen—under the Democratic tariff—which previously had gone to American workmen—under the Republican tariff.

If tariff experts and free-trade faddists should advance in reply to this their venerable paradox—that this increase in importations meant increased domestic prosperity—it is only necessary to confute their statements with these figures: During the fiscal year 1894 we exported to Europe goods valued at \$700,870,822—under the Republican tariff. During the fiscal year 1895 we exported to Europe goods valued at \$627,975,133—under the Democratic tariff. This is a decrease in our exports of \$72,895,689—under the Democratic tariff.

Thus, under the beneficent workings of the Democratic tariff, we import more and export less. We pay foreign countries nearly ninety more millions of dollars to manufacture goods for us, thus throwing our own workmen into idleness. And we so cripple our own industries by this Democratic tariff that we sell to foreign countries \$72,000,000 less of our own goods than we did before. Under the workings of the Democratic tariff, then, we buy more and sell less abroad. No wonder that the gold drain puzzles Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle. If the Democratic tariff continues in force, the gold drain will soon stop, for there will no longer be any gold to drain.

There seems to be an intense eagerness on the part of the Democratic press not to make the tariff an issue in the coming campaign. There are some weak-kneed Republican journals which agree with them, saying that "further tariff agitation will disturb business." But there are very few business men who will object to an agitation that would improve their business. Further than that, the Democrats are committed to free trade by their own platform, and Mr. Cleveland is pledged to further tariff reductions. If, under these circumstances, the Republican party does not make the tariff an issue, and continues to wear an agreeable and meaningless smirk while the Democrats are involving them in political and business ruin, it will irresistibly remind one of that courtier of whom Talleyrand said that you never could tell from his smiling countenance that some one was kicking him from behind.

The celebration by the Italian people of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the achievement of their national unity has given the Roman Catholic Church an opportunity, which has been seized, to make itself offensive and ridiculous. That the Pope and those immediately around him should mourn the loss of temporal power, and the offices and spoils

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which go along with it, is not remarkable, since His Holiness and his personal followers are human, and therefore greedy. But that American Catholics should have been required by the hierarchy to pray for the restoration of the Pope to his dominions—to pray, that is, for the dismemberment of the Kingdom of Italy, the disturbance of its peace, and the humiliation of its patriots by the undoing of their great work—is another proof of how essentially mediæval, stupid, and foreign the Roman Catholic Church is. The question of the Holy Father's temporal sovereignty is not a religious one at all. If he be the Vicar of Christ on earth, the detail of whether he owns real estate or not can not affect that awful fact. Landed or landless, he is still Pope—and it is perhaps well to remember that Christ was not noted for the richness of his temporal possessions. These prayers of American Catholics were as impertinent and absurd as would be prayers offered up in Italy for the intervention of heaven to transform this republic back into a dependency of the British crown. What would be the sensations of the people of the United States were the Italians to fix a day of prayer for the offering up of such friendly petitions? When American Catholics supplicate the Most High to give Rome back to the Pope, they are doing as sensible a thing as Italians would do should they beseech the Deity to restore the American continent to the Sioux, the Apaches, the Choctaws, and the other aboriginal inhabitants whom we have heretofore of their patrimony.

The Italian Government conquered Rome, and Rome has remained grateful. The exchange of ecclesiastical for secular rulers has been in every way beneficial. One of the best results of the fall of Napoleon the Third was the obliteration of the Papal States and the admission of the sunlight of modern thought and modern morals and modern government to Rome, which, under the Popes, was an anachronistic remnant of the Middle Ages. Dark streets, dirty streets, mendicancy, open vice, lawlessness, and the other characteristics of life as it was in the age of faith, have given place to clean streets, well-lighted streets, streets that are properly policed and not like the incurable wards of a hospital. Brigandage, which thrived at the gates in the old days, has been suppressed. Prostitution has had the mantle of decent concealment thrown over it, to the apparent regret of the hierarchy and the faithful laity who, on the twentieth of September throughout the world, fell on their knees and begged heaven to bring back the dear old days when everything ran as "wide open" in Rome as it ever did in a mining-camp on the American frontier.

But while the faithful in New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and other American towns were disgracing their citizenship with their grotesque prayers, a statue of Garibaldi was unveiled in Rome, and the citizens of Italy's capital, assembled to the number of one hundred thousand, cheered King Humbert. Roman Catholics of the sort who want the Pope to be equal in political, if not territorial, dignity to the governor of Kansas, are incapable of appreciating the generosity with which the Italian government has treated the Pope, and without the intelligence necessary to comprehend how great an advantage it has been to their church that the scandal of the Papal government has been extinguished. Premier Crispi, in his address at the unveiling of the Garibaldi statue, said, and said truly, that "in his spiritual autonomy the Pope possesses an unassailable fortress which may well be envied by all the powers of the world, even by Protestants." The Pope, he observed, "is now subject only to God; as a temporal prince his authority would be diminished, for he would then be only the equal of other princes, who might league themselves against him." This was enforced by the remark that "after 1870 the Pope was able to contend with Bismarck." Before that, His Holiness, as a petty potentate, the *protégé* of the tottering French emperor, could be defied by the German chancellor, and defied contemptuously, for Bismarck had behind him all the strength and enthusiasm of German patriotism. The "prisoner of the Vatican" is a pampered prisoner. He does not know when he is well off, and his craving for temporal sway over a people who gladly fought and voted to be free from his rule is neither rational nor dignified.

The talk of purchasing Rome from Italy and bestowing it on His Holiness—the money to be raised, of course, from Roman Catholics in all countries—is further evidence of the inability of Mother Church to understand that national feeling which has given Italy a place among the powers. An Italian government that should consent to be a party to so sordid a transaction would be sent packing, and perhaps the "prisoner of the Vatican" might be joined in the eviction. Men with pride of country, though that country be loaded with debt, are not safely to be insulted. Rome belongs to Italy, and Italy will keep it. Rome will remain Italian.

Catholics who, on September 20th, knelt and prayed for the disruption of Italian unity, the subordination of a foreign state to a foreign church, are not fit to be American citizens. They are enemies of civil government, believers in

the union of church and state, and of an intellectual grade that renders them a danger to the republic, in which, unfortunately, they have votes. They are not men of the nineteenth century, and they are not Americans.

Some weeks ago, when the Board of Equalization was in session, the *Argonaut* remarked that it did not believe the melancholy tales told by the county assessors. We said at the time that if these tales were to be believed, California would have to go out of business. But it seemed impossible to believe them, for the reason that California produces everything that can be produced in any other part of the Union, and some things that can not be produced elsewhere. We gave some statistics at the time, all of which were estimates, as it was difficult to obtain figures. Since then we have noted a larger estimate of the annual output of California, which is based on closer figures than we were able to obtain. Revising our figures, we may say of California that she receives yearly from her wheat crop about \$18,000,000; that she ships annually from the State about 6,000 carloads of vegetables, worth \$1,500,000; that she ships annually of deciduous fruits about 5,200 carloads, worth \$6,000,000; she produces annually a large amount of beet sugar, worth about \$500,000; she ships annually about 8,000 carloads of oranges and about 80,000 boxes of lemons, worth \$2,500,000; she ships annually about 1,500,000 cases of canned fruits, worth \$3,600,000; last year she shipped 103,000,000 pounds of raisins, worth \$1,500,000. In 1894 she shipped 14,031,405 gallons of wine and 801,577 gallons of brandy, worth \$7,000,000. In 1894 she shipped 126,470,000 pounds of dried fruits, worth \$5,000,000. In 1894 she shipped 882,580 barrels of flour, worth \$3,185,498. In 1894 she produced from her gold mines \$12,540,646. In forty-five years she has produced \$1,450,000,000 in gold. In the same time she has produced 1,700,000 flasks of quicksilver, valued at \$80,000,000. She produces annually, although she does not export, dairy products in the shape of milk, butter, and cheese, aggregating \$14,000,000. She exported last year 10,000,000 pounds of walnuts and almonds, worth \$800,000. She raises yearly barley, rye, and oats worth about \$8,000,000, and she raises annually about \$22,000,000 worth of hay. This partial list of the products of California, deducting her dairy products and her hay, which are consumed at home, leaves the sum of over \$62,000,000 paid by other communities to California for the products of her soil. If these are left on the list, the annual aggregate reaches the enormous sum of over \$100,000,000.

These figures are even more surprising than our very general estimate some weeks ago. We said then that Massachusetts had 8,315 square miles of sterile soil, while California has an area of 158,360 square miles, nearly all of it tillable land, with a temperate climate, with a coast line of 800 miles, and with vast mineral wealth in addition to her fruitful soil. We asked then whether California, under these conditions, could be going to decay, while Massachusetts had carved prosperity out of a rock-bound, ice-bound, and snow-bound sterile soil.

We do not believe it. We do not believe that the rest of the State believe the assessors when they say so. And we do not believe that the assessors believe one another or themselves.

There was held at Chicago on September 24th a so-called "Irish-American" convention. There was nothing American about it—it was pure Irish, and the Irish had better refrain from dragging the name of America into a convention which hints at assassination. Two of the prominent delegates were O'Donovan Rossa and P. J. Tynan. The first of these is that vicious demagogue who for so many years made an evil livelihood off the wages of poor Irish servant-girls. The second is the man who for years had no name—who was always called "Number One"—the man who was mixed up in the Phoenix Park assassinations, when two officials of the English Government were murdered in Dublin. J. J. O'Connell, the chairman of the Chicago committee, made an inflammatory harangue, in which he advocated the violation of American neutrality laws by "invading Cuba with one hundred thousand men and England with five hundred thousand men." A number of "cablegrams" were read, encouraging the "cause of Ireland," and when an indiscreet delegate asked why they were not signed, the chairman replied that "it was none of his business," and that those who sent them were afraid to sign on account of the English Government.

The recent defeat of the Liberal party in Great Britain, together with the fact that the Home Rule Irish in the House of Commons are split up into Parnellites, Tim Healyites, O'Brienites, and McCarthyites, has evidently inspired the Irish in America to renew the old agitation. The hat will soon be passed around again for "the cause of Ireland."

We had hoped that the long and criminal record of the Irish "home-rule" party in America had given its quietus to that organization. For several years we in America have been free from its pestiferous agitators. The revelations of assassination when Carey, the informer, betrayed the inside history of the Phoenix Park Plot, the intrigues of the Clana-Gael in America, with the horrible Cronin murder in Chicago, had, we hoped, freed us forever from further hearing of this gang of criminals. But it is evident that O'Donovan Rossa and scoundrels of his kidney are running short of funds. Hence the revival of the agitation. The only encouraging feature about this business is the fact that the convention was very slimly attended. Let us hope that sensible Irishmen throughout the land will frown down this movement, which has brought and can bring nothing but discredit upon them and on their race.

This week the prosecution rested in the Durrant case, and the defense began. The prosecution has forged around Durrant a chain of evidence of which every link seems to be complete.

This is the chain: On the third of April, 1895, about 3 P. M., Mrs. Vogel swears she saw him loitering around the Normal School on Powell Street, opposite her house; two of Blanche Lamont's fellow-pupils swear they saw him meet her about 3:15, and get upon a south-bound Powell Street car with her; a Powell Street car-conductor swears they rode together to Powell and Market Streets at about half-past three; Mrs. Crossett swears that she saw them in a Valencia Street car together; Martin Quinlan swears that he saw them out in the Mission district, near Emmanuel Church, about 4:15, which is about the hour that they would reach there; Mrs. Leek swears that she saw them enter the side-door of Emmanuel Church together about 4:30; George R. King, the organist, swears that he entered the basement of the church about five o'clock to practice; that about 5:15 Durrant appeared from the door leading to the helfry, in his shirt-sleeves, pale and exhausted; Durrant claimed that he had been overcome by gas escaping from some fixtures he was repairing; a gas-fitter swears that he had finished repairing all the gas-fixtures in the church on the second of April, so that there was nothing for Durrant to repair; Blanche Lamont's relatives swear that they never saw her again in life after the third of April; two detectives swear that ten days later they found the nude body of Blanche Lamont in the helfry, with the door locked and the door-knob broken off; Blanche Lamont's aunt swears that a diamond ring belonging to the murdered girl was sent to her in a newspaper, with several names scrawled upon it, apparently to divert suspicion to them; a pawnbroker, one Oppenheimer, testifies that a man tried to sell him a small diamond ring during one of the days in the interval between the murder and the discovery of the body; the pawnbroker swears that the ring sent to Blanche Lamont's aunt was the identical ring offered him for sale; he swears that the man who offered it for sale was the prisoner at bar, Theodore Durrant; one W. J. Phillips, a stranger in the city, was passing Oppenheimer's pawn-shop at about the time fixed by the pawnbroker; he swears that he saw a man coming out of the pawn-shop, and that the man was the prisoner at the bar, Theodore Durrant.

This is the chain that has been forged by the prosecution. There are apparently no links lacking. And the chain is strong. The defense have vainly attempted to break down the testimony of these witnesses. They have remained as firm as rocks. A curious thing, too, is that nearly all of them are unknown one to another. The pawnbroker, Oppenheimer, whose testimony was so strangely corroborated by Phillips, did not know Phillips, and never had seen him before. Neither of them knew Durrant. The two Normal School pupils knew Blanche Lamont only by sight, as she was a new pupil, and they did not know Durrant at all. Mrs. Vogel did not know Durrant, did not know Blanche Lamont, and did not know any of the other witnesses. Until the two reached the Mission district, where they both lived, their course was traced only by the testimony of strangers.

From the opening of the defense, it would seem as if Durrant's attorneys intend to throw suspicion upon Rev. J. George Gibson, the pastor of Emmanuel Church. But unless they can prove that Blanche Lamont was seen alive after five P. M. on the third day of April, 1895, or that the girl who entered the church with Durrant on that afternoon was not Blanche Lamont, we do not think that attempting to divert suspicion to others will help Durrant's case.

As these lines are written, the defense has not progressed sufficiently to determine how strongly entrenched they are. But the line of defense does not seem strong. It looks as though the hangman's noose were dangling over the head of Theodore Durrant.

A HAREM COQUETTE.

The Startling Experience of a European with a Persian Beauty.

When the Department of Fine Arts sent me to Persia to write up the Province of Irak-Adjemi, I began by taking up my quarters in Isfahan. At the end of three months I had finished my task, but if I had returned home at once, the department would never have believed that I was a man of any depth. I was just about hored to death, when luckily there was a change of governors. The Shah sent, in place of the former governor, his cousin Malcolm-Khan. He had traveled in France, accompanied by Mehmed-Aga, his officer of ordnance. Mehmed-Aga had the rank of general, or, rather, that of *serasp*, to use the Persian term.

I remembered him well—a young man of about thirty, a gentlemanly fellow, something of a swell, who dined with me several times in Paris. You can appreciate my joy in meeting him again away off there. In a week the Aga and I were inseparable.

One morning I was dreamily riding through the city, giving myself up for the hundredth time to the feeling that I was in fairyland. Imagine immense avenues, bordered on the right and on the left with arcades, and shaded by gigantic plane-trees at whose feet are streams of running water. I was nearing the Kiosk of Tcheshel-Soutoun, when I saw at the street-corner a woman in a litter. As a general thing, Persian women on the street are like nothing so much as huddles. They are veiled, of course, or, rather, they wear upon their heads a kind of striped curtain, which covers the face. Oddly enough, the woman whom I met did not entirely conceal her figure, which was slender and graceful, and I could see her large eyes gleaming like coals of fire. My horse was walking, and I made him follow very slowly the hearers of the litter. It seemed to me that the unknown looked back once or twice; but, after all, as adventures of this kind in the East are somewhat unsatisfactory, I paid only slight attention to the matter.

I had almost forgotten the occurrence, when, two days after, I again met the litter. This time I was not alone. Mehmed-Aga was walking with me. At the first glance, I recognized the veiled lady, and especially remembered those extraordinary eyes. As before, she looked back, but this time the action was more pronounced. I glanced at the Aga, but he pretended to have noticed nothing. We walked along in this way for about ten minutes, when the litter suddenly turned toward the Djoulfa Bridge. This bridge is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. It has thirty-three enormous arches, and spans that capricious stream, the Zend-Dehroud. The bridge is somewhat of a popular resort for evening promenades, and so I hesitated about following my unknown openly for fear of compromising her. But there was no hesitation on her part. Suddenly she leaned half-way out of the litter, and dropped her handkerchief upon the pavement. I picked it up.

During the rest of the walk the Aga was silent, hitting his mustache with a preoccupied air. When we reached the palace, he said, "Come in," and when we were alone in his study, he began:

"My dear friend, I made no comments a little while ago. But instead of keeping that handkerchief pressed tenderly against your heart, you must throw it into the fire."

"You wish me to do so?"

"I do not wish that you should have your throat cut and be thrown into the river. I am in charge of the police of the city, and I am responsible for you to the French legation. You are astonishing people, you Parisians! You think yourselves always upon the boulevards. We are in the Orient, my friend; and in the Orient husbands are not to be trifled with. At Paris it may be different. Your unknown is not unknown to me. Her name is Nissa."

"Nissa?"

"If the name is charming, the husband is not at all so. He is one Astoulla, a very wealthy merchant, famous for his violence and his jealousy. He occupies that house on the river-bank just at the end of the bridge. His mother was of English descent, but his own manners are wholly Oriental. He would kill you like a dog."

"And Nissa?"

"Formerly," said the Aga, "unfaithful wives used to be sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river. But we are civilized now. Once a live cat would have been put in the sack. When maddened by the water, the cat would tear the woman's face. This is no longer done. At least, the cat is left out. The influence of Europe," he added, dryly.

This little conversation somewhat dampened my ardor. Moreover, Mehmed-Aga had the good taste to drop the matter there. I dined with him, and in the evening he called in musicians who played for us Eastern melodies. But I was preoccupied. Constantly before my eyes that graceful figure was hending out of the litter, and a little hand was dropping a handkerchief. A persistent voice was singing in my ear, like the refrain of a ballad, "Nissa! Nissa!" Naturally, I suffered all that night from nightmare. I dreamed that some one had given me an immense cat, named Astoulla, which was trying to tear my face. I waked at eleven the next morning, completely disenchanted.

In the evening I was alone upon the terrace, in the rear of my house, when a horrible-looking old woman suddenly entered from the lower door.

"Are you brave?" she said.

I smiled with that self-conceit which a man always feels when asked such a question. She continued:

"I came to propose to you a walk. It is night. No one can see us. You are to follow me. When half-way I shall blindfold you, but you must swear to me not to attempt to find out where I am leading you."

I promised. The day, you see, had passed over my fears—the effects of the nightmare were, little by little, fading away, and I heard that persistent voice still singing in

my ear, "Nissa! Nissa!" The old woman evidently came from her. I hurried up to my room and got a small revolver. Five minutes later we were on our way. It was mad, absurd; I confess it freely. But there are follies about which one does not stop to reason.

When we had come to the Djoulfa Bridge, the old woman stopped and took from her pocket a thick handkerchief, which she proceeded very deftly to bind over my eyes. I could see no longer. Then she grasped my hand, and I allowed her to lead me. By the increased coolness of the air, I conjectured that we were crossing the river. In a few seconds the old woman turned to the right, but we were not quitting the banks of the Zend-Dehroud. I could hear its turbulent waters rolling by and breaking for an instant against the arches of the bridge. At last my guide paused, a key grated, and in a whisper she said:

"Go up."

Five steps only, and then I felt that my feet were pressing a soft, thick carpet. At the same moment she removed the handkerchief. I found myself in a small room, dimly lighted by a copper lamp. Incense was burning in a richly chased censer resting upon a table of red and green mosaic, and filling the room with those Oriental odors which intoxicate one like the fragrance of old wine. Against the walls, hung with yellow cashmere, were musical instruments, and here and there arms in the midst of pendant chains and necklaces. From below came the dull and regular murmuring of the river. By lifting a little drapery from the window, I saw that the water touched the very walls of the house. Almost immediately I heard a light rustling upon the carpet. I turned.

It was Nissa. I was transformed with astonishment. She could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen. Her thick, dark hair fell upon perfectly formed neck and shoulders, and her face, slightly amber in color, had all the changing lights of mother-of-pearl. But I was especially struck by the strange contrast between the exceeding whiteness of her teeth and the blackness of her eyes. The eyelashes, the tips of the lids, and her lips were painted. She smiled as she gazed at me with her still and burning eyes. I thought of the Aga's words, and said to myself that this woman could not easily be frightened. However, she took my hand and made me sit upon the divan.

"My husband has started for Teheran," she said, and smiled.

Then she struck a little gong with a copper rod, and coffee was brought in. She began to talk rapidly, telling me that her life was very dreary and that she had been interested in me at first sight. I was beginning to lose my head, when I heard a noise in the adjoining room. In an instant she sprang up and stood erect and trembling. Her welcome and her sudden fear had followed each other so rapidly that I had no time to analyze my feelings. She ran to the wall, took down a slender little dagger, and half-concealed it in her sleeve. She turned to me and, with an emphatic gesture, said: "Wait!" Then she vanished behind the heavy hangings.

A vague fear stole over me. I recalled the Aga's warnings. Possibly I had been imprudent. Suddenly I again heard a noise in the next room; there were sounds of voices, then a short struggle; at last, silence. At once the drapery was pushed aside and Nissa re-appeared. She was very pale—as pale as the pearls upon her neck.

She half-leaned against the wall, looking like a white statue against the background of yellow drapery. She was still smiling, and in her smile revealing teeth as sharp as those of a young wolf. She took a few steps into the room. Her knife and hands were red.

"Great God! What has happened?" I exclaimed.

"Nothing," she replied.

She tossed the dagger into a corner, and, with perfect calmness, said:

"It was my husband. He would have killed us. I preferred to anticipate him. Come, help me throw his body into the water."

I remained motionless, gazing at her in astonishment. Then she fixed her eyes upon me, with an expression of complete contempt, and, in a tone that I shall never forget, said:

"Oh, these Frankish dogs! What nervousness!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and called a maid whom she commanded to open the window. Then, as if they were doing the most ordinary of acts, they lifted the body and dropped it into the river. The adventure was becoming too Oriental for me. I confess that I was seized with a wild terror. Without waiting longer, I ran away like a madman. Where I went, I have no idea. In ten minutes I found myself in the city, and I ran through the streets as if pursued by a legion of devils. When I had reached my apartments I fastened myself in with a double lock, cursing Nissa and all the hours of the Orient.

What a night! I did not sleep till morning, and then my sleep was like lead. When I awoke the sun was high and streaming into my chamber. I was completely unstrung. What would happen? A man could not disappear without the law's taking cognizance of the affair. Nissa had not even made an attempt at concealment. The servant had seen and aided her. I should be implicated, and, at the very idea of being associated with a crime, I felt my hair standing on end with horror.

All that day I remained in the same condition, keenly anxious, and not daring to go out. The evening came and still I had formed no resolution, and no news yet of Nissa. Had she been arrested? What had become of her? I retired early, but could not sleep. On the second day I could endure it no longer, and decided to see my friend, the Aga. I arrived at his palace about noon. I was announced, and then entered. The Aga was reclining upon a divan peacefully smoking his *chibouk*.

"Ah, it is you," he said, when he saw me. "Have you heard the news?"

"The news—the news? No, I—I have heard nothing."

"You remember Astoulla, the rich merchant, Nissa's husband, whom I told you about?"

It was all over, the crime was known. I muttered an almost inaudible "Yes."

"The poor devil," continued the Aga; "my dear friend, he has suddenly disappeared."

And the Aga looked at me intently. I could hear it no longer. I was about to confess everything, when he said: "He was just setting out for Teheran. And suddenly—vanished. Nothing has been heard of him."

For the second time the Aga looked into my face. There was a short silence. Then, puffing out a long thread of smoke, he added calmly:

"God is great!"—Adapted from the French of A. Delpit.

OLD FAVORITES.

Sheridan at Cedar Creek.

Shoe the steed with silver
That bore him to the fray,
When he heard the guns at dawning—
Miles away;
When he heard them calling, calling—
Mount! nor stay:
Quick, or all is lost;
They've surprised and stormed the post,
They push your routed host—
Gallop! retrieve the day.

House the horse in ermine—
For the foam-flake blew
White through the red October;
He thundered into view;
They cheered him in the looming,
Horseman and horse they knew.
The turn of the tide began,
The rally of bugles ran,
He swung his bat in the van;
The electric hoof-spark flew.

Wreath the steed and lead him—
For the charge he led
Touched and turned the cypress
Into amaranths for the head
Of Philip, king of riders,
Who raised them from the dead.
The camp (at dawning lost)
By eye, recovered—forced,
Rang with laughter of the host
At belated Early fled.

Shroud the horse in sable—
For the mounds they heap!
There is firing in the valley,
And yet no strife they keep:
It is the parting volley.
It is the pathos deep.
There is glory for the brave
Who lead, and nobly save,
But no knowledge in the grave
Where the nameless followers sleep.
—Herman Melville.

In Memory of General Philip Kearney.

Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the Hand that made him.
Mortal love sweeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he can not know:
Lay him low!—George H. Baker.

Grant.

Great captain! glorious in our wars!
No need of praise we grudge to him;
We wreath about his brow the stars
That neither time nor chance shall dim.

But History, as she brooding bends,
Above the tablet on her knee,
The impartial stylus half suspends
Before she writes the cold decree:

The wisdom won in fiery air
Of siege and battle scarce availed
To serve him when he sought to wear
The civic laurels. There he failed.

In that to other brows they fall,
More fitting, let him read his fate:
In battle, great among the small;
In statecraft, small among the great.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The following poem, entitled "Garfield at Chickamauga," is brought to recollection by the Chickamauga celebration. It was published during the heated campaign of 1880, and was certainly not prophetic, as the lines "The shot falls short" and "The man will live" were shortly followed by Garfield's assassination:

Thou who didst ride on Chickamauga's day,
All solitary down the fiery line,
And saw the ranks of battle rusty shine,
Where grand old Thomas held them from dismay,
Regret not now, while meaner factions play
Their brief campaigns against the best of men;
For these spent balls of slander have their way,
And thou shalt see the victory again.
Weary and ragged though these broken lines
Of party reel, and thine own honor bleeds,
That mole is blind that Garfield undermines,
That shot falls short that hired malice speeds.
That man will live whose place the State assigns,
And whose high mind a mighty nation needs!

A TALL-BUILDING FIRE.

The Blaze in the "World" Building—Editors, Reporters, and Printers Imprisoned Two Hundred Feet up in the Air—Terror of Lofty Tenants.

Yesterday morning the *World* came out as a modest sized newspaper of eight pages, with no advertisements. This reduction in size was due to the fact that a fire had occurred the night before, shortly after ten o'clock, crippling the establishment. Although the fire was a small affair, which did only about two thousand dollars' worth of damages, it is a notable one in many ways. It cut off the men on the top of the building entirely from the floors below. It turned out the electric light and telephone wires and the speaking-tubes, so that the men on the top floors were ignorant of the location of the fire. As smoke was pouring out of the eighth and ninth-story windows, those on the eleventh and twelfth stories supposed that the fire was immediately below them. As a matter of fact, it was two hundred feet below. Another curious phase of the fire was the fact that the other newspapers offered their facilities to the *World* to help it get out its edition. Although this offer turned out to be needless, it is none the less remarkable, considering the bitter animosity which apparently prevails between the newspapers here. Another odd thing was the way in which the news of the fire was lightly dwelt upon. Very little space was given to it in any of the papers, and the Associated Press and United Press sent out only a few lines concerning it. In fact, many out-of-town newspapers received no dispatches concerning it at all. This is probably due to the fact that nearly all of the newspapers occupy tall buildings themselves, and they are indisposed to create any alarm in the minds of tenants and those who might possibly become tenants.

The fire broke out in the cellar, although it was first discovered by a policeman noticing smoke pouring from the gilded dome. He at once sounded the alarm, and presently Park Row was filled with engines and an enormous crowd of people. While the excitement was at its height, a chair suddenly crashed upon the pavement. To it was attached a piece of paper on which was written: "Help wanted. I am on the tenth floor." It was thrown from a tenth-story window by one Eppelsheimer, a correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper. The elevator and stairway shafts were filled with smoke of so stifling a nature that it was impossible to use them. In fact, all the elevators stopped running, as the attendants could not stand the smoke. After the fire had been partially extinguished and the smoke cleared to a certain extent, Mr. George Carey Eggleston, the chief of the editorial staff, was able to descend from his lofty eyrie to the press-room. When he found out what the matter was and whether the paper could be got out that night, he returned to the editorial rooms. In order to effect this feat, Mr. Eggleston was obliged to walk down twenty flights of stairs and then climb the twenty flights of stairs again. It is needless to state that when he had finished this heroic and athletic feat, the editor was in a state of collapse.

The actual loss by fire did not amount to much, as it consisted principally of waste paper in the press-rooms, together with a number of rolls of paper which were ready for the press. These, however, did not add much to the flames, as the tightly rolled bundles burned with difficulty, simply smoldering and becoming charred. The other damage done consisted principally in the burning away of the electric light wires and telephone wires, the smashing of windows by the imprisoned employees in the upper floors for the purpose of letting out the smoke and getting air, and the smashing of the sidewalk skylights for the purpose of flooding the engine-room. The presses were covered with tarpaulins, but the press-room was so thoroughly flooded with water that it was necessary to form a huckster brigade and bail it out after the fire was extinguished. Altogether, considering the trivial nature of the fire, the feverish excitement that it caused is striking. It was due to the fact that the men in the upper stories were in utter ignorance of the nature and locality of the fire, and therefore suffered from the most intense alarm. When it is considered that most of them were two hundred feet up in the air, that the fire was raging below them and pouring volumes of smoke up the elevator-shafts, that by neither elevators nor staircases could they reach the earth, their excitement is not surprising. It will doubtless cause some uneasy thoughts in the minds of those who occupy offices in the upper stories of modern tall buildings. When access to the earth is cut off, not by fire but simply by smoke, as was the case in this little fire in the *World's* cellar, it is calculated to startle tenants. There is no way by which the firemen can get water up to the top stories of these buildings, and they can not get their ladders up to such a height as to take the imprisoned occupants down. Altogether, men who occupy offices in lower buildings feel more comfortable.

A new question has arisen apropos of these tall buildings. The mayor and the sinking fund commissioners have been applied to for the purpose of increasing the water pressure. Now the water pressure along Broadway from Twenty-Third Street to the Battery is one hundred and fifteen feet. The owners of the lofty buildings want a pressure of four hundred feet. John H. Washburn, of the board of fire underwriters, said that New York has twenty-story buildings and only a four-story fire department. The chief of the fire department says that if one of the tall buildings should catch fire on top, the firemen would have to wait until the fire burned down to where they could reach it. The mayor and the commissioners demurred to the demands of the tall-building owners, and said that there were thousands of four-story buildings where there were tens of twenty-story buildings. Mayor Strong says there is no reason why the vast mass of the tax-payers, who occupy buildings of moderate height, should pay an increased water tax for the protection of men who have chosen to build buildings to an extraordinary height. He suggests that the

owners of such buildings should do as Orlando B. Potter is forced to do, namely, to pay twenty thousand dollars a year for pumping water to the top of his tall building. He said further that the aqueduct commissioners state that the present water supply of New York is sufficient to supply a city twice its dimensions, and considering that fact, it is absurd to urge the city to go to a vast expense in increasing the water pressure to protect a few tall buildings. The representatives of the tall-building owners were much surprised, and retired somewhat discomfited.

Altogether, the fire in the *World* building, although it is not making much talk in the newspapers, is making a great deal of talk among the people. The mass of the citizens do not think there is any obligation on them to provide extraordinary water pressure and extraordinary fire protection to protect the extraordinary buildings of a few extraordinary millionaires. They express themselves as believing that those gentlemen, having departed from ordinary rules, should be obliged to take more than ordinary precautions for their own protection.

By the way, it is a curious fact that in the newspaper reports of the fire in the *World* building not one of them mentioned it as the "Pulitzer Building." It is never so mentioned. Yet when Joseph Pulitzer built it he called it "the Pulitzer Building." He had his little son baptize it as "the Pulitzer Building." In the *World* newspaper it is always called "the Pulitzer Building." On the *World's* stationery it is always printed as "the Pulitzer Building." It is officially known as "the Pulitzer Building." It is assessed as "the Pulitzer Building." Every tenant is forced to sign an agreement that on his cards, bill-heads, and letter-heads it will be called "the Pulitzer Building." And yet no one else ever calls it "the Pulitzer Building." It is invariably spoken of as "the *World* building."

Great is Joseph. Mighty is Pulitzer. But he can not affix his name to a building so that it will stick.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1895,

FLANEUR.

THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

Where the Small Tradesmen and Department Clerks Rusticate—Tiny and Tawdry Cottages—Wicked Sights these Villages See in Winter.

The Parisian newspapers have once more raised the cry that "Tout Paris est aux eaux." Of old, "all Paris" used to be found in the summer months at Baden and Homburg. Now that these places of distraction have been put under the ban by French people since the Franco-German War, "all Paris" goes to Trouville, to Deauville, to Vichy, or to Royat. Strangers visiting Paris may, however, rest assured. "All Paris" consists of only about fifteen hundred or two thousand idle people who toil very hard to do nothing.

The Parisian proper is a creature of a peculiar nature. He does not love Paris, and yet he can not live anywhere else. The fish does not rejoice to live in the water, but he can not live out of it. The Parisian often speaks ill of Paris, but he never remains long absent from it. "The Parisian," says Alphonse Karr, "travels as a man dives, according to his breath, each one more or less, but this breath varies from half a minute to two minutes and a half, and rarely goes beyond that. Two Parisians recognize and welcome each other in a distant land, but they will not weary the echoes with their regrets of Paris, for they know that they will soon be back there."

The Parisian loves the country as it is depicted in the pictures of Raffaelli; he loves Auteuil, Passy, the cascade of the Bois de Boulogne, the lake at Enghien, and the donkeys of Montmorency. As he attains maturity, the Parisian of the *bourgeois* class likes the easy relations with suburban neighbors, and on Sunday he delights to have his city friends come down by the steamboat to admire his melons and his dahlias; to eat vegetables that have been grown in his own garden, and to drink with him under the lime-tree a bottle of white wine that has been put to cool in his fountain, to the great astonishment of the gold-fish.

To one who is familiar with the beauty, or at least the orderly decency, of the suburbs of the great towns of America and England, nothing seems more desolate and unpleasant than the suburbs of Paris. The moment you leave the broad streets and avenues of the capital, with their tall and more or less substantial houses, you arrive at a comparatively barren and neglected zone which stretches to a certain distance all around the fortifications of Paris.

In the grass-covered ditch, under the walls of the city itself, you will see here and there a party of half a dozen soldiers, learning the hugh or how to beat a drum. Beyond are cultivated fields, treeless and hedgeless. The crops seem sad and wizened, and the monotony of barrenness is rendered greater here and there by symmetrical heaps of potsherds, brickbats, broken bottles, and old shoes—heaps.

Along the dusty road you see a lone donkey hrowsing philosophically, and further on the broken-down dwelling of a *chiffonier* or a filthy wine-shop. A little farther out from the walls of the city you arrive at the zone of ordure. In this zone of suburban Paris the earth is he fouled with unsightly heaps of ordure of all kinds, and the soil is strewn with the refuse of the city, the miscellaneous offal of civilized life.

Viewed from the ramparts, the plains northward of Paris lie, marvelous and terrible, at the feet of the town. The horizon is pierced irregularly by long chimneys that vomit rolling clouds of smoke, while lower down little jets of steam escape with a sigh and a sigh from the narrow pipes that rise out of the iron or asphalt roofs of the factories. Away the barren plain stretches with its leprosy of rubbish-heaps, from the tops of which ragged urchins fly their kites.

Hard by the long workshops huge carts, with their shafts pointing skyward and their hanging chains, shelter here an idyl of rags and misery, there a mother careworn and feeble, giving to her rickety child the last drops of her exhausted breast. Further on, a goat, tethered to a stake, looks curi-

ously at a workman sleeping in the grass with his cap over his eyes.

An impressive silence covers the plain, for the roar of Paris ends at its gates and the rattle of the factories is lost in the wide expanse of country. Still, from time to time, the trains of the Northern Railway shriek from behind the stunted coppice of acacias and ash-trees; or, far away in the distance, the white, dusty, endless road winds on and on until it is lost to view. As the shades of night approach, the plain seems to grow vaster and sadder; the outline of the factories has grown indistinct, the goat has been led to his stall, the sleepy man has gone, and, alone on the dusty, endless road, the haggard, footsore, broken, and hopeless, toils along painfully, sucking an empty pipe and followed by his dog, accustomed, like his master, to every privation.

Beyond the plain, straggling huts, cottages, and houses gradually begin to agglomerate; the dusty, unpaved road little by little acquires a border of gutters; a few hens, a harking cur, a huckster's shop, and a *garde champêtre* are the signs of the existence of a village. You have arrived at one of the suburbs of Paris: Asnières, Courbevoie, Boulogne, Bellevue, Bas-Meudon, Saint-Cloud, Bourg-la-Reine, Joinville-le-Pont, or Nogent-sur-Marne.

These environs of Paris have a physiognomy of their own, a kind of Parisianism which makes them unique. Asnières, for instance, which the wags call "Asnières-les-Bains," is, as it were, a continuation of the Boulevard Montmartre and a branch of the Café de Suède. The town is inhabited by Parisian shop-keepers, men of letters, actors, and actresses; it possesses a theatre, a Trianon, and one of the attractions of the place is the villa of Thérèse, visible from the railway. Asnières also boasts several *hôtels meublés*, a music-hall, innumerable cafés.

Ville d'Avray and Saint-Germain-en-Laye are beautiful places, but very fashionable. At Ville d'Avray the ladies wear three toilets a day, and put on twelve-buttoned *gants de Suède* to pluck a rose. At Saint-Germain, where there is a large English element, everything, to use a familiar expression, is *à la pose*. There is a good deal of gossiping done at Saint-Germain, and the people who listen to the music on the terrace look as if they expected Louis the Fourteenth to arrive at any moment.

Vincennes has a fine natural forest, with artillery and infantry soldiers scattered picturesquely around. There are many restaurants at Vincennes, and in making out the bills, the waiters invariably upset the salt-cellars over them; in other words, prices at Vincennes are *salés*. At night there is a ball frequented by girls whose motto is the air of the Grande Duchesse: "Ah! que j'aime les militaires." Joinville-le-Pont consists of a clump of wine-shops and *cafés-chantants* on the banks of the river. The "swell" restaurant is on the island; in the summer the clients are *cocottes*, *bourgeois*, and third-rate *viveurs*, and in the winter, as one of the restaurant-keepers replied: "In the winter, monsieur, we have the adulteress."

It is in these villages, with their emaciated or stunted vegetation, that the *bourgeois* Parisian pitches his tent in the summer months; it is there that the retired grocer of the Faubourg Saint-Denis and the well-to-do tailor of the boulevards have their summer *pavillon* and garden.

The *pavillon* is, I believe, an architectural phenomenon peculiar to the French. It has all the defects which French artists persist in considering it necessary to perpetuate in the construction of dwelling-houses. They are utterly inconvenient, hideous, and unhealthy. Imagine a dusty lane paved with brickbats and ornamented with old hoots; on one side of it are potato-fields and market-gardens, and on the other a succession of flat-roofed, square, box-like buildings of rubble-stones and plaster, one story high, surrounded by a little garden, and inclosed within a low wall. Through the little gate, placed exactly opposite the door of the *pavillon*, which is elevated from the ground by a few steps, you see a wretched little garden with a few sad-looking plants pining away around a fountain, above which you will see a globe of blue or silver glass suspended. The *pavillon*, from the roof of which will be hung several other globes of blue or red glass, consists of two or three rooms and a kitchen, all on the same level and all of the smallest dimensions. At the back there will be more garden, perhaps another fountain, two or three water-butts, a hen-coop, a pigeon-cote, a dog-kennel, and a hut in which the garden-tools are kept. The *pavillon* and garden will occupy perhaps twenty square yards.

The *pavillon* is the favorite suburban dwelling of the Parisian. There are, besides, cottages and tenement-houses with slightly superior accommodations, and here and there a decent house with extensive grounds; but you will look in vain for those charming Gothic and Tudor villas, with their masses of shrubs and flowers, their fine trees, and their closely shaven lawns, sloping gracefully to the water's edge or to broad and well-kept avenues, such as you find in the suburbs of London.

The suburbs of Paris remain, with few exceptions, poor and cheerless. Why? Partly because no enterprising builders have yet arisen to show the Parisians how to beautify their suburbs, and partly because the Parisians prefer the half-civilized country of Auteuil and Asnières, that semi-Paris, with its trees like the trees on the boulevards, its restaurants like those of the Palais-Royal, its coco-sellers, its shooting-galleries, its swings and merry-go-rounds, its noisy and swarming population that talks *argot* and sings: "En voulez-vous des zhomards?"—the latest refrain of the *cafés-chantants*. The Parisian always longs, like Mme. de Staël, for his "ruisseau de la Rue du Bac." DORSEY.

PARIS, August 29, 1895.

We have received a communication suggested by the editorial in a recent *Argonaut* concerning securing electric power for San Francisco from the water-powers of the State. The writer tells us that a Wave Motor Company is engaged in "perfecting a demonstrating plant," which, if successful, will result in building a plant "that will give San Francisco power so cheap that we can compete with coal at fifty cents per ton and make money."

THE DUAL-DOSAGE SYSTEM.

Mr. Cutter's Experience with a Comprehensive Prescription.

The case of Thomas Cutter, of Red Dog, Calaveras County, was a puzzle to the doctors. He had such a variety of peculiar symptoms that medical opinion inclined to the belief that he suffered from a complication of diseases. To one doctor the liver seemed to be the chief organ at fault; to another, the great trouble appeared to be in the kidneys; while a third would say that intestinal indigestion was the main difficulty. And yet Mr. Cutter had been advised that his stomach was chronically disordered, and still another diagnosis found grave derangement of the heart's action.

What added to the troubles of the patient was his inconstancy with regard to treatment. He had such a distrust of medical science that he would not long adhere to the advice of any physician. He consulted doctor after doctor, and each expressed dissatisfaction with the previous treatment and diagnosis. There seemed to be so many things wrong with his internal organs that there was room for a great diversity of opinion, and yet none of the doctors need be wholly astray.

If Mr. Cutter did not get well, it was not because he failed to take medicine. He had a morbid delight in drugs. After completing the rounds of the doctors' offices in his town, he would sometimes take a course of patent medicines, of his own accord. He spent hours in reading the advertisements of the various nostrums, and occasionally he would find a recital of symptoms that appeared to coincide with his own. Then he would rush to the nearest drug-store, buy a bottle of the much-vaunted remedy, and faithfully take the doses prescribed. By the time he had exhausted the bottle, his fickle thirst for medication had found some fresh object of attraction, or he had repaired to some practicing physician, regular or irregular.

The wonder was, in view of the quantities of medicine he took, that he continued well enough to attend to his official duties as treasurer of Calaveras County. Moreover, he drank more whisky than he could well carry with entire equilibrium. Another failing was a fondness for faro, which gossips said had often cost him more than he could afford to lose. His drinking and gambling were the only things that served to divert his attention from his real or imaginary ailments. Were it not for cards and liquor, as he expressed it, his stomach would have been constantly upon his mind. But some of his cronies declared that there was nothing in reality the matter with him; that his maladies were imaginary, the truth being that he had become a hypochondriac, and had deceived all the doctors by describing symptoms which had no existence in fact.

In his restless search for novelty, Mr. Cutter originated what he called a dual system of treatment. In its application to his own case, this consisted in dosing himself for one ailment while following a medical prescription for another. He had a theory that the doctors failed to give him relief because they did not make their prescriptions sufficiently comprehensive, having an eye to only one disorder, while he was the victim of a number of diseases at the same time. It was shortly after the adoption of this new doctrine that Mr. Cutter called one day upon Dr. Silex for a consultation.

The doctor listened with the utmost professional gravity to the recital of a long train of distressing symptoms.

"I think your troubles," he said at last, "may all be attributed to the liver. It needs stirring up."

Mr. Cutter was secretly convinced that the fault was chiefly in the lungs, but he dutifully took the prescription which the doctor handed him, paid the fee, and went to the Red Dog druggist to have the medicine compounded. When the prescription had been filled, he decided that he would take some glycerine for the benefit of his lungs, and so he purchased a bottle of that substance from the sympathetic apothecary, who never failed to recommend whatever Mr. Cutter was disposed to try.

Mr. Cutter was a widower, and the only other occupant of his isolated dwelling, on the outskirts of the town of Red Dog, was an aged housekeeper. Her chief virtue, in his eyes, was that she never meddled with his medicine closet, whose shelves were filled with a wonderful accumulation of bottles, every form and size being represented. Despite the enormous consumption by the owner, the stock of medicines remaining, in quantity as well as in variety, would have sufficed for a ship's crew on a voyage around the world or for the supply of a county hospital.

His latest acquisitions were now added to this curious collection. And each time that he took a dose of the medicine prescribed by Dr. Silex, he followed it up with a spoonful of glycerine. He began to feel some rather curious effects from this combination treatment after a few days. But, as the sensations he experienced were rather agreeable than otherwise, he concluded that the dual system was working well, and persevered in it. In the course of another week he was conscious of a peculiar sort of exhilaration, and when he walked out of doors he seemed to be treading on air. This aroused his curiosity, and he made a second call on Dr. Silex.

"I am feeling much better, doctor," said the patient. "Do you mind telling me what was in that prescription you gave me?"

"That," said the doctor, much pleased to find his prescription so efficacious, "called for nothing more than nitric acid in solution. It is a very powerful remedy, and you must be careful not to exceed the dose prescribed."

"I didn't know whether it was your medicine or the glycerine that was doing me so much good," remarked Mr. Cutter, abstractedly, as if speaking to himself.

"Glycerine?" queried the doctor, whose quick ear had caught the word. "What glycerine?"

"I've been taking some, along with the medicine," Mr. Cutter explained, in confusion, knowing how medical men dislike any departure from the treatment they order.

There was a momentary twinkle in the doctor's eye. It might have passed for amusement, but there was every appearance of consternation in his manner as he jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"What? Glycerine and nitric acid! Great heavens, man, do you know what you have done? Thank God, I can not be held responsible for the consequences, no matter what may happen!"

"Why," cried his patient, in alarmed surprise, "what's the matter?"

"Matter? Why, man, you have saturated your system with nitro-glycerine. That's what's the matter. Don't jump like that! The least shock may make you go off in a twinkling. You must avoid a jar, as you would poison. Couldn't you see that the acid and the glycerine would chemically unite and make you explosive? How much glycerine have you taken?"

"About two ounces, I think," was the dismayed answer.

"Is it possible? You are positively dangerous to be at large. You must practice the utmost caution. Don't ride on the cars; the least concussion might be fatal. You must get rubber soles put on your shoes immediately. Be careful not to jump, even off a door-step. Of course, you must not shoot, or expose yourself in any way to shocks or explosions of any kind. Even the snapping of a cap might make you vanish in a second, and there would be nothing but a loud report to tell the tale of your disappearance."

"But, doctor," implored the trembling patient, "can your science do nothing for me? Can not you get this dreadful explosive out of my system?"

"Possibly I might render it less dangerous, at least," responded the doctor, thoughtfully. "It's a case without precedent, but I'll do what I can for you. The first step will be to change the nitro-glycerine into dynamite. That, you know, is far less apt to explode by concussion. In fact, it is nothing more than nitro-glycerine held in a solid form by an absorbent substance. I shall prescribe for you a little infusorial earth, to be taken three times a day. That will gradually draw out the nitro-glycerine from your circulation, change it into dynamite, and in the course of a few weeks you may be safe."

This assurance alleviated the fears of Mr. Cutter to some extent, but he repaired to the Red Dog druggist in an anxious frame of mind. The rumbling of a passing dray filled him with apprehension, and he made a long detour to avoid passing a new building where the carpenters were still busy with their hammers. His alarm was excited when the druggist began to pound up something in a mortar, and so his critical condition was explained to the pharmacist. Mr. Cutter went home by a devious route, in order that he might not be exposed to any jar from the anvils of a blacksmith's shop which he was accustomed to pass every day.

On the evening of the same day Dr. Silex attended a meeting of the Red Dog Medical Society. It was a private gathering, as usual, and sounds of unwonted hilarity were heard before the assemblage dispersed.

No one knew how the strange condition of Mr. Cutter became known, but the next day it was the talk of Red Dog. He noticed that everybody avoided him as though he were a pestilence, and even the clerks in his office shuddered whenever they had occasion to be near him. He cautioned them against sudden closing of the doors of the huge safe that contained the public moneys, and with his own hands he pinned upon the outer door of the office a placard reading: "Do Not Slam."

As the days went by, Mr. Cutter became more and more despondent. It was evident, Dr. Silex assured him, that the nitro-glycerine was as yet but imperfectly converted into dynamite. He began taking long and solitary walks over the hills near the town of Red Dog, partly to distract his mind and partly to escape the dangers incident to human companionship to a man who was loaded with nitro-glycerine.

One afternoon he was seen walking over the bill in which the Ground Hog Quartz Mining Company was boring a tunnel. There can be no doubt about the fact that Mr. Cutter was seen walking over the brow of the hill just before a blast was fired in the depths below. It was only a "shot," and did nothing to disturb the surface of the bill, although, of course, much rock was loosened in the tunnel. But the sound of the blast in the tunnel was followed by a peculiar muffled detonation from the hill. It was noticed particularly at the time, because the miners feared that some of the blast had been "slow in going off."

But the next day it was found that Mr. Cutter was missing. The clerks in his office waited vainly for him to appear and open the vault, of which he alone knew the combination. Days passed, and he did not come. He never came.

It is still whispered in the town of Red Dog that at the next meeting of the Calaveras County Medical Society, Dr. Silex read an elaborate technical, therapeutical, and pharmaceutical paper which indicated so dreadful an ending to Thomas Cutter that men yet speak of it with bated breath. It was only a theory, for there was nothing palpable to support it upon. There was no tangible evidence. There were no remains. Yet Dr. Silex's theory was believed.

Whether it was true or false, Thomas Cutter was never again seen in the flesh, living or dead. He had vanished into the void.

WILLIAM A. LAWSON.
SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

In Hyde Park, the dogs' burial-ground at the north end of the park has been closed by the Duke of Cambridge in his capacity as Ranger of Hyde Park. For nearly forty years certain persons have been allowed to bury their pet dogs there and to put up little tombstones over them. Now the cemetery is full.

It is a curious fact that a larger proportion of divorces were granted for intoxication and habitual drunkenness in Maine, a prohibition State, than in Massachusetts, where the license system prevails.

CYCLING TOURS IN EUROPE.

Experiences of Americans Abroad—Pauline Hall a-Wheel—A Family Party from Oakland—Two Men in Great Britain—Two American Girls in Belgium.

In these days returned wheelmen are relating to us narratives of their tours in Europe on their wheels. Unlike the usual European traveler—whom men avoid and whose stories cause his friends to flee—the adventurous bicyclists are listened to with the keenest interest. Miss Pauline Hall, who is now playing at the Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco, recognizes that fact, and in her interviews and other advertising matter in the dailies never fails to give an interesting narrative of her tour a-wheel. Miss Hall and her husband, Mr. G. B. McClellan, and her manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Harrison, made the trip together. They traveled through France, Switzerland, Germany, England, and Wales, wheeling some two thousand miles. They all say that their trip was a remarkably pleasant one. Miss Hall started out in bloomers, but speedily put on a skirt over them, and stated very frankly that she was of the impression that in many places she would have raised a riot had she worn her bloomers.

A California family has also just returned from Europe. Mr. S. T. Alexander, of Oakland, accompanied by his two daughters, made the tour, to which they devoted three months. They took to the wheel as soon as they reached England. They left Liverpool and wheeled to Chester, to Conway, and through Northern Wales. They visited Stratford-on-Avon, and passed through Derbyshire. Mr. Alexander says that the roads in England are good, but rather hard on tires. He states that the inner-tube tires are used there almost altogether. He agrees with Miss Hall in saying that the bloomer costume is almost unknown in the greater part of Europe. In England, he says he did not see more than a dozen women wearing bloomers. In Paris, on the other hand, he said that bloomers seemed to be the rule, and the women even wore startling garments of a very theatrical description. The party crossed the Jura Mountains into Switzerland, and were struck by the easy grades of the mountain roads in that mountainous country; they were able to wheel nearly all the way. They went to Geneva and the Swiss Lakes, and then journeyed down the Rhone and through the Pau Valley to the Pyrenees, visiting Lourdes en route. Altogether, they were thirty-six days on their wheels, and traveled eighteen hundred and four miles, averaging fifty miles a day. Mr. Alexander said that the French people took kindly to the American wheels, but that the Englishmen preferred their own heavy bicycles. He said that with their American wheels they were able to distance those whom they overtook. As to the expense of the trip, he said it averaged about two dollars a day—even less in France and Switzerland. He mentioned the fact that they met a number of parties of American students and others making tours a-wheel.

Two Eastern cyclists have just returned, and detail their experiences in a New York paper. They also speak, as does Mr. Alexander, of the magnificent roads found in England and on the Continent, and agree with him in saying that bloomers are practically unknown in England, except in London, where they are seen once in a while after dark. They say further that women appearing in bloomers there are frequently booed. But they differ with Mr. Alexander when he says that the American wheelmen ride more rapidly than the Europeans do. They note that a speed of at least fifteen miles an hour is the average rate among English riders. They speak of talking to an Oxford shopkeeper who was just starting out for a spin to London, which he said he would make that afternoon, starting at half after one and arriving there by six. The distance is sixty-five miles. The first thing they learned in England was the rule of the road, which is to turn to the left. All through London signs are placed, "Keep to the left." The American bicyclists were amazed at observing wheelmen darting around the crowded London thoroughfares like the Strand and Piccadilly. They preferred making trips around London on Sunday, when the vast city is almost deserted by vehicles. The pavement of most of the streets is so good that the bicycles run along as smoothly as on a rink floor. They found that the country inns were very modest in appearance, but always comfortable and clean. The average charge for lodging was three shillings a night, and the charge for meals varied according to the food served. Their expenses in England were about three dollars a day. The hostler at the inns took care of the wheels and cleaned and oiled them. He generally expected a shilling for his trouble. A curious thing they noticed was that the English wheelmen do not seem to notice the weather. They all carry a rubber coat strapped to their handle-bars, all of them have mud-guards on their wheels, and it is not at all uncommon to see them wheeling along through the rain and mud at the rate of ten and twelve miles an hour. The Americans found that their cyclometers attracted more attention than their wheels, although the absence of brakes was much remarked. Bicycles without brakes are rarely seen in England, and the use of the foot as a brake on the forward wheel caused much astonishment. They agree with the others of whom we have spoken in regard to the pleasure of the trip, and all say that it is impossible to see Europe except a-wheel.

The only discordant note that we have yet observed is in the narrative of two American maidens who started to do Belgium and Holland a-wheel and in bloomers. At their first stopping-place their bells were stolen. Later, one of them was thrown from her wheel and barked her shins. At a number of inns they were refused admittance, on account of their bloomers. They had much trouble with the customs officers over their wheels at the French, Dutch, and Belgian frontiers. They were badly scared at times by tramps. They frequently punctured their tires. They got stomach-ache from riding immediately after lunch. But still they say they had a good time.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Collectors pay one dollar and a half for President Cleveland's autograph.

Rnsa Bonheur, at seventy-three, is painting a large picture representing a fight between two stallions.

Mr. Gladstone has written such a vast number of letters during his life that his autographs bring only sixpence in the English market.

One of Senator Voorhees's sons is a sculptor, and has been paid eight thousand dollars for a bust of Vice-President Richard Johnson for the Senate-Chamber. Cramp, the shipbuilder, has also given him an order.

The latest popular story in Germany about the emperor is to the effect that he recently asked his brother, Prince Henry, what he (the emperor) could do to make another sensation. "Stay at home for three consecutive months," was the reply of Prince Henry.

When the Princess of Wales was married, the King of the Belgians gave her lace to the value of fifty thousand dollars. From that time on, the princess has gone on collecting, and now her collection is worth something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

One of the most picturesque figures in England is Lucy Lee, the now wealthy and celebrated gypsy, who lives near Brighton. She has told the fortunes of all the members of the royal family and most of the nobility. She is remarkably intelligent, dresses neatly, and lives in a house during the winter season. She is sixty-two years old and has eleven grown-up children.

Mrs. Clemmer, the State Commissioner of Dairy Inspection in Colorado, has a position that involves much work that would be difficult and unpleasant for a woman to do, and she has shown her cleverness by appointing her husband her chief deputy. He also has a power of attorney to draw her salary, and she is enabled to stay at home, keep her house, and take care of her children.

Two of the warmest chums in Washington are Postmaster-General Wilson and Controller Eckels. They breakfast together at the Arlington, dine together in the evening, and invariably drive together until bed-time. They are known to the cabmen and hostlers about town as the "light-weight statesmen," their combined avoirdupois being a little over two hundred pounds.

Mme. Marchesi has trained prima-donnas for the lyric stage for forty years, and is a fine-looking woman a few years past sixty. She trained Melba, Calvé, Eames, Sibyl Sanderson, and other artists of almost equally great fame. She gained celebrity as a concert-singer in 1850, and a few years later married the Marquis de Castrone, an Italian political refugee. She was a friend of the Abbé Liszt.

Miss Isabella Perkins, who is about to go abroad for a couple of years, chaperoned by Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, will, at the end of this period, come into possession of the seventeen millions of dollars left to her by her grandfather, Mr. Stephen Weld, of Boston. She is generally regarded as the richest of the Newport heiresses, as she is the only child of Captain and Mrs. Perkins, and the latter came into a similar amount.

Infanta Eulalia, the Spanish princess who made so many friends in the United States at the time of her visit to the World's Columbian Exposition, has for the last four weeks been hobbling about on crutches, having fractured one of the small bones of her ankle while playing lawn-tennis with her sister, the Infanta Paz, and the latter's husband, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, at the palace of Nymphenburg, near Munich, where she had been staying on a visit.

The six richest men in the world, according to the New York World, are Li Hung Chang, \$500,000,000; John D. Rockefeller, \$180,000,000; the Duke of Westminster, \$100,000,000; Colonel North, \$100,000,000; Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000; and the six richest women are Señora Isidora Cousino, \$200,000,000; Hetty Green, \$50,000,000; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, \$20,000,000; Mme. Barrios, \$15,000,000; Mary Garrett, \$10,000,000; Mrs. Woleska, \$10,000,000, whose combined possessions amount to \$305,000,000.

Sir Edward Malet, the retiring British Ambassador at Berlin, in refusing the peerage offered him by Lord Salisbury, declines the peerage because Lady Malet would lose in rank by his elevation. She now takes precedence of countesses as the daughter of a duke married to a commoner; but if her husband became a peer she would then rank as his wife. It is well known that a lady, in the same position as Lady Malet, was so angry with the late Lord Derby for giving her husband a peerage, that the first time she met the Tory minister afterward, she informed him that he had deliberately dishonored her, for now being regarded officially as a baron's wife, and not as a duke's daughter, she had to yield precedence "to all the rag-tag and bobtail of the peerage."

THE PASSING OF THE TRIBUNE.

A Lay Sung at the Banquet in the Capitol, on the day whereon Colonus, a second time Decemvir, triumphed over Laniganus, in the Year of the City MDCCCXCV.

"After his serious illness, largely due to strain caused by the impetuosity of office-seekers, Governor Budd has left Stockton on the house-boat *Pollywog*, and is somewhere on the lower river or on Suisun Bay, accompanied only by Mrs. Budd and his stenographer, Miss Todman. The river is lined with reporters, artists, and place-hunting politicians. They have not yet succeeded in locating the governor, but are hot upon his trail."—*Stockton paper.*

When o'er the Pontine marshes
September breezes blew,
When mallards quacked, as yet unshot,
When canvas-backs quacked too,
Still stole there through the marshes,
Men all unused to guns,
No poachers they, their weapons quills,
Their missiles, jokes and puns.
Yet each the other marked with hate,
And hid behind his log,
Waiting the long-lost barge of state,
The house-boat *Pollywog*.

"Ho, Spurius!" quoth an artist,
"Curse on this Chief of State!
To every man upon this earth,
Thirst cometh soon or late;
Yet how can man die meaner,
Or die a death more queer,
Than when there's water all around,
And not a drop of beer?
A thousand curses on this Budd!
Must one die in a hog?"
"Soft, soft!" replied his comrade scribe,
"Here comes the *Pollywog*!"

A harge swept down the Tiber,
And anchored in the mud,
A form appeared upon her rail—
It looked as if 'twere Budd.
Then o'er the Pontine marshes
A low-voiced murmur runs,
And from the logs rise muddy men—
Men innocent of guns;
Armed were they, but with kodaks,
They sprinted through the hog—
Alas! Alack! a cry arose:
"Tis not the *Pollywog*!"

Back to their logs they hastened,
September breezes blew
Through reportorial whiskers,
Through artists' sluggers, too.
Yet naught came to their anxious ears,
Save the mosquitoes' hum,
Still down the muddy Tiber
The Tribune did not come.
Night fell upon the marshes,
Night brooded o'er the hog,
Yet sleep came not to woo their eyes,
There came no *Pollywog*.

Far off on the horizon
There gleamed the city's fires,
Up-shooting toward the zenith
There rose the city's spires;
For that dim distant city,
They yearned from out their hog,
They yearned for light, and warmth, and cheer,
They yearned for rum, and food, and beer;
Aye, there was joy—but nothing here,
Not e'en the *Pollywog*.

But soon a sound of laughter
Broke on the startled night,
Through ranks of wind-blown tules
They saw a moving light,
Each muddy watcher straightway
Jumped lightly on his log.
They saw the Tribune's whiskers—
It was the *Pollywog*!

Through all the damp and sulky host
Straightway the rumor ran,
"Lo, now the Tribune cometh,
Let's catch him if we can."
Some polished up their pencils,
Some sharpened up their quills.
From east and west, from north and south,
Each politician tried his mouth,
Rusted by unaccustomed drouth,
Stiffened by marshy chills.
In clouds, fluted o'er mosquitoes,
They flattered o'er the hog,
And swarmed around the barge of state,
The hapless *Pollywog*.

Then the Tribune's brow was sad
And the Tribune's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the shore,
And darkly at the foe.
"By all the gods of Stockton,"
Roundly the Tribune swore,
"Now who will stand at my right hand,
And drive these brutes ashore?"

Then spake unto the Tribune
The Tribune's gentle bride:
"My Lord, my place, as ever,
Is at the Tribune's side.
Weak am I, and a woman,
And I'd much rather flee,
But I will stand at thy right hand
And hold the boat with thee."

Then up spake Caligrapha,
The Tribune's scribe was she,
Unused to war, her weapon
Remington No. 3.

"I follow when my Lord dictates,
Whate'er the end may be—
I will abide at thy left side
And hold the boat with thee."

Then smiled the whiskered Tribune
A smile serene and high,

He eyed the host of hustlers,
And scorn was in his eye.
"Haste, gentle Caligrapha,
Unto the kitchen go,
And note if there he water there,
And whether hot or no.
If it be hot, we'll scald the hair
From off each blooming hog
That dares to block the Tribune's way,
And stop the *Pollywog*!"

Why hahble of the conflict?
Why count the shrieks of pain?
Why talk of scared reporters
Fleeing to shore again?
Why tell of frightened artists
Baptized there in the hog—
Baptized in boiling water
Poured from the *Pollywog*?

Now in the nights of winter
Still is the story told
Of how the Tribune held his boat
In the brave days of old;
Of how he braved reporters,
Drove heelers to the hog,
And stood at bay, that fateful day,
On board the *Pollywog*. J. A. H.

The Regulation of Bicycling.

The supervisors of Golden Gate Park, and the councilmen of Oakland seem simultaneously to have arrived at the conclusion that bicycle-riding must be regulated. In Golden Gate Park an ordinance went into effect last week prescribing the carrying of bells or lights at night, and prohibiting a greater speed than ten miles an hour. Three persons were arrested for violating this ordinance last Sunday, the first one to be arrested being a female scnrcher from Oakland. It is significant of the front rank to which the New Woman has attained that she is first even in breaking the laws. The female scnrcher from Oakland was allowed to go with a reprimand.

An ordinance regulating bicycle-riding has been introduced in the San Francisco board of supervisors, but not yet passed. It prescribes the rate of speed at which bicycles may be ridden in various districts of the city, the limit being eight miles an hour, except in the outskirts; it further prescribes that speed shall be slackened on approaching a crossing, and that the rider, at a distance of twenty-five feet, shall sound a whistle, bell, or horn to warn pedestrians; it also requires that a light shall be carried up to an hour before sunrise and after an hour after sunset. There is no doubt that an ordinance regulating bicycle-riding in San Francisco is much needed, and while this may be faulty in some respects, it is better than none. Ex-Mayor Ellert, however, has requested the supervisors to delay the passage of the ordinance for a short time, in order that the wheelmen may make suggestions, and the request is reasonable.

In Oakland there are ordinances for the regulation of bicycle-riding, but apparently they have not been enforced until last week. Chief of Police Lloyd has now given orders that the ordinances be enforced. They require, among other things, that bicycle-riders shall carry lamps at night, and "shall ring a bell or sound a horn immediately before reaching and while traversing every public street-crossing." This is not an unreasonable requirement. It is a feature of the municipal ordinances of nearly every large city in the world, and even of villages in the Eastern States. But apparently California cities are more village-like than the Eastern villages, for the Oakland bicycle-riders have determined to resist the enforcement of this ordinance. On the first night after the order to enforce was issued they paraded through the streets, carrying enormous bells attached to their machines, and producing unearthly noises from loud fish-horns. This was their witty way of protesting against the enforcement of the law. We hope that the Oakland Chief of Police will arrest a lot of these humorists for disturbing the peace, and keep on arresting them until they obey the law. It will do such Yahoos good to put them behind the bars. Bicycle-riders must be taught that not the entire earth and the fullness thereof are theirs, but that there are a few other people on the planet.

A Match-Making Mamma.

In the book recently published, called "The Joneses and the Asterisks," there is a clever picture of London Society. The Vulgarian Mother, who is trying to marry off the Sweet British Maiden to the Dissipated Earl, is pictured at length. The form adopted is unusual—it is not dialogue, but monologue, and it is a difficult literary form which is well handled.

Harrison Millard, the popular song-writer, who died a few days ago at the age of sixty-seven, was the composer of a single song that brought him in many thousands of dollars—indirectly, if not directly; for when President Lincoln heard "Viva l'America," he was so struck by it, and by its immense popularity, that he sent for Mr. Millard and told him he would like to do something to show his appreciation of a composition that had done so much to strengthen the patriotism of the people. Mr. Millard suggested a position in the New York custom-house. Needless to say he got it.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Ripley Hitchcock, who occupies the position of literary adviser to Messrs. Appleton, is to edit a series that promises to have permanent value as well as living interest. It is called "Stories of the West Series," and each volume will deal with some special features of Western life—the Indian, the trapper, the miner, the cowboy, etc., and will be written by the person who knows the subject best. Mr. Grinnell, who writes of the Indian, has been adopted into two tribes, and he will make a truthful as well as a picturesque story. Gilbert Parker will write of the trapper, and Theodore Roosevelt may write of ranching. Mr. Hitchcock, who knows the West pretty thoroughly, will keep a general supervision over the series. The idea is a capital one, for the types treated of are rapidly passing away.

Mr. Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy"—including his correspondence with his wife's grandson, Austio Strong—are to be published in a young folks' magazine. "St. Ives" will not appear until the end of 1896.

There are at the present time three English poets, each of whom has passed his eightieth year, and is living in retirement and in the enjoyment of a reputation that is in the past. Says the Boston Herald:

"One is Frederick Tennyson, now near his ninetieth year, who has carried his art into old age, and is even now preparing a volume for publication. The time was when he seemed to be a greater poet than his brother Alfred, but the laureate long ago left him behind in the race. Another is Mr. Aubrey de Vere, whose father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was a friend of Wordsworth, and whose poetry is, in some sense, a reminiscence of the 'Lake poets.' He has written largely on Roman Catholic subjects, but his work has been better adapted for a small circle than for the multitude. The third is Mr. Philip James Bailey, who sixty years ago was famous as the author of 'Festus,' but who has so died out of recollection that few of the present generation have ever heard of him. Once he was rated far ahead of Browning in public estimation, and his admirers claimed that he would leave Tennyson out of sight."

One of the most important publications of the month is "Gustave Flaubert, as Seen in his Works and Correspondence," by John Charles Tarver, which the Appletons have just issued.

"Harper & Brothers have in preparation a uniform edition of Mark Twain's works. The first volume, entitled 'Life on the Mississippi,' will be issued before the end of the year." One wonders if this means all of Mark Twain's works, because the copyrights of some of the most important are held by a Hartford subscription house, which is not likely to part with them. "Innocents Abroad" and "Tom Sawyer" are too good property to be parted with lightly.

Mr. Braoder Matthews lately gave this sage counsel in the *Century*:

"Never destroy the paper cover of a book, even of the least important pamphlet. The integument is an integral part of the book; and if the book is worth keeping, so is its cover, which should be bound in always. The wrapper may contain advertisements or other information, or it may have a portrait or some other illustration not contained within the book itself; and then if you remove the wrapper, your book will never be perfect. To the expert it will seem always to be short of something, defective, incomplete."

A correspondent writes us: "As the name of the author of 'Degeneration' has given rise to much discussion, the facts of the case may not be without interest. Originally his name was Max Simon Südfeld, but for private reasons his father had it changed to Max Nordau. The peculiar feature of this nomenclative change is that Südfeld means south field and Nordau means north height."

Dr. Coan Doyle's "Stark Munro Letters" is published this month by D. Appleton & Co. They also put out a new edition—the seventh—of Dr. Doyle's "Round the Red Lamp."

The following articles are contained in *Harper's Magazine* for October:

An illustrated paper by Edwin Lord Weeks on the troublous phase of life in modern India, indicated by its title, "Hindoo and Moslem"; "At the Sign of the Balsam Bough," by Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, an account of camping along the banks of salmon streams in the pine woods of Canada; "Quecoo Victoria's Highland Home," illustrated by Joseph Pennell; the second and last installment of Richard Harding Davis's "Three Gringos in Central America"; "The Future in Relation to American Naval Power," by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; "The Gift of Story-Telling," by Brander Matthews; a romantic episode, "Ronzano," by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly; "Jamie the Kid," by Josiah Flynt; Poultny Bigelow's fourth paper on "The German Struggle for Liberty"; Thomas Hardy's novel, "Hearts In-surgent"; "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; "The Coupons of Fortune," by Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting; and "Alone in China," by Julian Ralph.

Mme. Taine, the widow of the historian, has about completed the preparation for publication of the memoirs and correspondence of her husband, in which work she has had the assistance of her daughter.

Peterson's Magazine and *Arthur's Home Magazine* were sold at auction recently by the assignee of Penfield Brothers, the publishers, who had made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. Carl J. Adams, of New York, formerly circulation manager of *Munsey's Magazine*, purchased *Peterson's Magazine* for five thousand dollars, which was seven

thousand dollars below the appraisement. *Arthur's Home Magazine*, which had been appraised at five thousand dollars, was sold to Dr. Hugh S. Kimouth, of Asbury Park, for three hundred and fifty dollars.

Margaret Hungerford, better known as "The Duchess," has recently given this account of how she came to assume the pseudonym:

Her name by her first marriage was Argles. Mr. Argles was convicted of forgery shortly after the wedding, and was sent to jail. His wife, thrown upon her own resources, turned to literature. "Phyllis" was the first production of her pen. She found a publisher for it, and it made a great hit. It will be remembered that the hero of "Phyllis" is named Marmaduke, and is called by the heroine "Duke." Hence the heroine herself, who is supposed to write her autobiography, becomes "The Duchess."

The use of this pseudonym in Mrs. Hungerford's title-pages is the device of her American and not of her English publishers. But it seems that in real life Mrs. Hungerford has been humorously known as "The Duchess."

"The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane, is awaited with interest. The author is the man who wrote those extraordinary "lines" which were neither prose nor verse, and were altogether original in matter and form. This new book, which the Appletons publish, is a war-story and described as very vividly told.

The "Century" and the "Examiner."

The *Examiner* recently said of the *Century*, "More Napoleon is promised for next month." Mr. R. U. Johnson, associate editor of the *Century*, thus writes to the *Examiner*:

"Will you pardon us for reminding you that there will not only be more Napoleon next month, but there will be more Napoleon next year? If you have given attention to the Napoleon, you will perhaps see that it is a history. With the November number the narrative will reach the Empire, and it will be something of an amputation to stop a serial of the life of Napoleon just at the beginning of his greatest achievements. We trust that you will not tire of the Napoleon life simply because you are not reading it."

Commenting on this, the *Examiner* says:

"The *Century* life of Napoleon is the literary disappointment of the year. . . . The *Century* history is not monumental. . . . It is not striking. It is most fatal of all, not interesting. Professor Sloane . . . does not understand Napoleon, and he does not know how to tell what Napoleon did. . . . There was long ago a serial life of Napoleon Bonaparte published in *Harper's* from the pen of John S. C. Abbott. Abbott lacked most of the qualifications of an historian. . . . yet we venture to say that a reader can get a clearer idea . . . and for the most part a truer, because clearer, idea of Napoleon's career, or at least of what Napoleon did, from the dash of Abbott than from the painstaking plodding of Professor Sloane."

It is rather unfortunate for the strength of the *Examiner's* remarks that it should have selected John S. C. Abbott as a contrast to Professor Sloane. Of the many hysteric histories that were written about Napoleon years ago, Abbott's is probably the most hysteric. The bubble of the Napoleonic legend has been pricked many times since then, but never more thoroughly than by Professor Sloane.

In the years that have elapsed since Abbott wrote, many manuscripts have been brought to light, and an infinitude of matter has been published concerning the life of Napoleon. Many histories have been written by Frenchmen who believed it better to tell the truth about Bonaparte rather than to keep up the national Napoleonic legend and the Chauvinistic traditions so sedulously cultivated by Thiers, Monthonlon, and Marco de St. Hilaire. Of these truth-telling historians, Edouard Lanfrey and Colonel Jung are the most notable. We are not quite certain whether Lanfrey's history has been translated into English; but he, like Professor Sloane, tells the truth about Napoleon. L. F. Austin, a reviewer who ranks in England about as Mayo W. Hazletine does in this country, says in last week's London *Illustrated News*: "In the *Century*, Mr. Sloane's history of Napoleon impresses me more and more as the ablest estimate of the Napoleonic régime."

Professor Sloane has had unusually favorable opportunities for acquiring new materials about Napoleon, and has utilized them well. It required much skill to disentangle the truth from the lies, for it is now certain that Napoleon was the most colossal liar that the world has ever known. Even the very question of his age was falsified, apparently for the purpose of enabling him to obtain admission to the military school after he had passed the prescribed age. It is now almost certain that his brother Joseph was younger than he. Further than that, after Napoleon had attained to power, an elaborate system of falsification was entered into concerning the records of the Napoleon family in Corsica. Napoleon was guilty of the incredible smallness of forging records concerning the family of his father and mother, in order to attribute to them a noble lineage to which they had no title. If the *Examiner* likes its history in the form of fables, it would naturally prefer Abbott's history; but if it would desire to have a clear, lucid, and methodical presentation of the facts of Napoleon's life and deeds as they are shown by documents, many of them manuscripts and most of them unpublished, we should certainly recommend Professor Sloane's life of Napoleon.

ON A YACHT.

How Women Learn the Ropes.

LADY No. 1—Now, captain, what is a sloop?
CAPTAIN—A sloop has but one mast.
LADY No. 1 [*pointing to a schooner*—Is that a sloop?

CAPTAIN—No, that is a schooner. A sloop has but one mast, a schooner has two, as you see.

LADY No. 1—Certainly. How many masts has a ship?

CAPTAIN—Three.

LADY No. 1—How many masts did you say a sloop had?

CAPTAIN—One. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

LADY No. 1 [*pointing to a sloop*—Is that a schooner?

CAPTAIN—No, that's a sloop. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three.

LADY No. 1—Oh, yes; I remember. [*Pointing to a ship*]. Isn't that a pretty schooner?

CAPTAIN—That's not a schooner—that's a ship. Don't you see it has three masts?

LADY No. 1—Oh, yes. Isn't that a big schooner?

CAPTAIN—Schooner! Now, how many masts has that vessel?

LADY No. 1—Three.

CAPTAIN—Well, what has three masts?

LADY No. 1—A—A sloop.

CAPTAIN—Sloop! Sloop has one mast, I tell you; schooner two, ship three.

LADY No. 2—Why, Jane, how stupid you are! A schooner always has one mast.

LADY No. 1 [*chatty, and quite oblivious of stupidity*].—What is a brig?

CAPTAIN—A brig has two masts, and is rigged like a ship with square sails.

LADY No. 2—Jae, look at this sloop.

CAPTAIN—That's a schooner; don't you see the two masts? Sloop one mast, schooner two masts, ship three masts.

LADY No. 1—Are those schooners there with three masts?

CAPTAIN—Yes.

LADY No. 1—But that schooner has three masts.

CAPTAIN—Well, it is a three-masted schooner.

LADY No. 1—Then a schooner can have any number of masts?

CAPTAIN—No. Sloop one mast, schooner two and sometimes more masts, ship three masts.

LADY No. 1—I'm sure I can't make it out. It's awfully puzzling. What is a bark?

CAPTAIN [*unable any longer to popularize nautical science, falls back on technical expressions*].—Vessels with two masts ship-rigged and one mast sloop-rigged; square sails on fore and mainmast, and fore-and-aft sails on the mizzen.

LADY No. 1—Mizzen! What's mizzen?

CAPTAIN—Last mast aft, madam.

LADY No. 1—Aft! What's the aft?

CAPTAIN—The stern, madam.

LADY No. 1—What are those sticks across the masts of that schooner, captain?

CAPTAIN—That's not a schooner. Schooner two masts, ship three, sloop one. That's a ship. Those are the yards which hold the sails.

LADY No. 1—Oh!

CAPTAIN [*discouraged*].—Now the first yard on the fore-mast is the fore-yard, the second is the fore-top-sail-yard, the third is the fore-topgallant-yard.

LADY No. 1—What is that yard sticking straight up out of that little schooner?

CAPTAIN—Great Scott! this—that's not a schooner; it's a sloop. Sloop one mast, schooner two, ship three. What you call her yard is her mast.

LADY No. 2—Certainly, Jane; how stupid you are! Captain, what are the names of the other masts on that schooner's yards you were pointing out to us?

CAPTAIN [*internally*].—!!!
LADY No. 2—Captain, where are the lubbers?

CAPTAIN [*Captain wishes he could tell*].—Up there on that ship's masts, near the tops.

LADY No. 1 [*looking attentively at a schooner*].—Near the top of the masts of that sloop?

CAPTAIN—No, no! Further down. Where the futtock shrouds are fastened. No, no, not that vessel. A schooner has no lubbers [*mentally*], except this one, and they're on deck.

LADY No. 1 [*whose interest in the locality of lubbers suddenly ceases*].—Isn't that a pretty ship sailing along?

CAPTAIN—Ship! That's an old tub of a schooner, ma'am. Schooner two masts, ship three, sloop one, I tell you.

LADY No. 2—How many masts has a ship, captain?

[CAPTAIN groans and is silent.]

The late Baron Tauchnitz once said that the most popular book in his famous library was Macaulay's History. The first volume is used in almost every German school-room. A feature of the baron's magnificent chateau near Leipsic is a room devoted to the Tauchnitz collection, now numbering four thousand volumes. Baron Tauchnitz was proud of the fact that although Leipsic has long been a hotbed of socialism, his employees had never struck for any cause.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Chautauqua Books for 1895-6.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, which was founded in 1873, is an admirable institution for the diffusion of culture. It is intended to give to those whose education must be carried on without the personal direction of teachers the benefits of much the same guidance as college students receive. Those who join it are required to devote forty minutes daily for nine months in the year to reading certain specified books, and, though there are no examinations, those who do the prescribed work are given certificates at the end of the four years' course. The reading covers history, literature, art, science, and so on, and special courses are mapped out for such as desire to pursue certain branches in greater detail.

Each year five volumes are chosen for the members of the circle to read; those for the present year have just been issued. The first is "The Growth of the American Nation," by Harry Pratt Judson, LL. D., head professor of political science in the University of Chicago, the plan of which is shown by the author's grouping of periods: "Explorers and Colonists," 1492-1763, thirty-five pages; "The Colonies become a Nation," 1763-1789, forty-five pages; "The Dominance of Foreign Relations," eighty pages; "The Epoch of Peace and Social Progress," eighty pages; "Slavery and State Rights," forty pages; and "The Indestructible Union of Indestructible States," thirty-five pages. The second book is in much the same line; it is "The Industrial Evolution of the United States," by Carroll D. Wright, LL. D., United States Commissioner of Labor; and the third is also on a phase of American life: "Studies in American Letters," by Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale University, an up-to-date reprint of his "Outline Sketch of American Literature," first published in 1887.

The two remaining volumes are in a very different line. "Some First Steps in Human Progress," by Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, is a consideration of some points in the culture history of the race, such as fire-making, food-getting, basketry and pottery, hunting, the cultivation of plants, metal-working, dress, houses, boats, carts, gesture and speech, writing, marriage and family, religion, and custom and law.

The fifth volume is a curious one, full of strange information on a new science, experimental psychology. It is the first book on this subject in the English language, except for the translation of Wundt's lectures, which is too technical for lay comprehension. Its title is "Thinking, Feeling, Doing," and it is by Dr. E. W. Scripture, director of the psychological laboratory in Yale University. For frontispiece it has a group of five American flags, printed in colors: one shows the red, white, and blue as most people see it, and the others show it in other colors, as seen by red-blind persons, green-blind, violet-blind, and totally color-blind persons. This gives an inkling of the character of the new science, and as one goes on through the book, one finds that it is devoted to observing and analyzing physically the mental processes arising from the action of the senses. Beginning with a mention of Houdin's highly developed powers of observation, by which after a single glance he could tell the name and position of each volume on a shelf of books, the experiments go on to the use of elaborate electrical apparatus, by which are recorded such unusual data as how rapidly a pugilist thinks and acts, a runner's reaction-time, a sportsman's unsteadiness, the change in one's pulse as a result of pleasure, anger, and other emotions, and other hitherto unregarded phenomena.

All of these books are illustrated and indexed, and they are bound uniformly in red cloth. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.; price, \$1.00 each.

One of the Scotch Successes.

The sudden rise of the Scottish novelists of the moment is one of the most remarkable phenomena of recent literature. J. M. Barrie wrote "When a Man's Single," and a few London critics patted him condescendingly on the back. He published "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums," and they went off like hot-cakes. "Ian Maclaren" was a second canny Scot who took the tide of fortune at the turn and launched a fleet of Scotch sketches that brought him in a pretty penny. The Rev. S. R. Crockett is a third, and, if we are not mistaken, the most successful of the trio. His first success was "The Stickit Minister," and he has since published "The Raiders," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," "The Men of the Moss-Hags," "Bog, Myrtle, and Peat," and a few others. We understand that, two years ago, he was a preacher, pinching along on a very small salary; now he has an almost princely income, and has already sold all the work he will be able to produce for three years to some. This should be a considerable amount, by the way, for he is a physical giant, measuring six feet three in his stockings, and he gets up to work at four in the morning, having completed a day's work by the time the ordinary man starts to look over the letters on his desk.

His latest book is "A Galloway Herd," the end of story in which Mr. Crockett is seen at his

best. Its most striking passages—and they possess a potent charm—describe home life on an old Scottish farm, where the lad whose ambition it is to become a Galloway shepherd comes as a babe and grows up to manhood.

His mother, Nelly Anderson, is the widow of the parish minister's prodigal son, and her life in London had been a dark one. But when she takes refuge with "Miss MacWhurr o' Drumquhat," he becomes the pet of the farm and leads an idyllic existence—from a sturdy little boy's point of view—with his mother, and his "gran," her husband Saunders M'Quhrr, and their three strapping lads to do his bidding, and a menagerie of ten cats, a pugnacious ram, and many other farm animals to divert his leisure. But life at Drumquhat is not all cakes and ale: there has been a wicked man in his mother's past, a man who goaded her into a frenzy, in which she tried to murder him, and this man turns up at Drumquhat, where he leagues himself with a gypsy poacher and steals the boy, Walter, from his mother.

The scene changes to Paris in the days of the Commune, before the tale is finished, and the ending seems lamely melodramatic, after the clean, fresh country scenes in which the author is at his best. Mr. Crockett can draw the Scottish farmer, and his farm, and his kirk, but he is out of his element among the barricades of Paris.

Published by R. F. Fenoo & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Bunch Grass Stories."

There are eight short stories in "Bunch Grass Stories," by Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, each of which is well worth reading. Mrs. Bates lived for several years in the Far West, and she has taken from it the human types and local color for most of her tales, though a few have other skies and other customs. "Inspiration at the Cross-Roads," for example, is the story of a French artist in the days of the *Grande Monarchie*, and "The Black Shell" goes even further back, its hero being one of the Greek army at the siege of Troy.

But the greater part of the stories are racy of the Far Western soil and of the transition period when the gold-hunters had settled down into steady-going miners, ranchers, and business men, though not yet free from the glamour of the old days. "Resurrection of the Umpqua" is a tale of a town succumbed to dry-rot: the inhabitants had become estranged from the associations of home ties in the East, and their "resurrection" is brought about by the response received to the letter a young fellow sends to the mother of one of the "old-timers." "The Mavericks of the Trail" gives an account of the driving of a herd of cattle from the breeding-ranches of Texas over the Long Trail to Wyoming in time of drought, presenting a picture that in its way reminds one of De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe." "Taken In at Oare's" has for its heroine a frontier girl—the daughter of a wanderer from Vermont who had married a Missouri woman and finally settled in the Puget Sound country—who, despite her waywardness, develops into a woman of lovely character.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

Elizabeth's Pretenders, an English novel by Hamilton Aidé, has been issued in the Hudson Library published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Lost Paradise," a novel by Marie Walsh, based on H. C. de Mille's drama of the same name, has been published in paper covers by the Mascot Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

The latest issue of the *Bibelot* is "Hand and Soul," by Daote Gabriel Rossetti, the only story that Rossetti ever completed, and a good deal of a literary curiosity. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

"Sir John Franklin and the Northwest Passage," by G. Barnett Smith, is particularly timely just now in view of the return of Lieutenant Peary from the frozen North. The discoverer of the Northwest Passage was one of the most intrepid of explorers, and Mr. Smith's account of his life is full of interest. The book is a small one and is enlivened by illustrations. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

The success of the "Masterpieces of American Authors" has been such that the publishers have issued a companion-volume to it in "Masterpieces of British Literature." The book does not profess to be a comprehensive survey of British literature, but such a compilation from the writings of story-tellers, poets, and essayists as may give an appreciative reader a generous draught from the well of good English. "Proceeding from the easy to the more difficult, from the contemporary to the more remote," the book opens with Ruskin, Macaulay, and Tennyson, and goes back to Lord Bacon, omitting Shakespeare, Spencer, and Chaucer. The extracts, which include both prose and verse, are preceded by biographical notes of the writers and are annotated. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

SERENADES.

Love's Greeting.

A troubadour came singing:
"I come from Palestine
Unto a maiden, bringing
Sweet comfort from Love's shrine.
A knight has sent the token
Unto his lady fair—
He keepeth still unbroken
The perfect faith he swore."
A thousand knights were dying
In dungeons far away,
A thousand maids were sighing,
While Hope lived day by day.
And each who met the minstrel
And hearkened to his song,
Held it her own knight's message,
And felt her heart grow strong.
—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Bazar.

His Message.

Moonlight and music seek the room,
Their silvery sweetness bringing—
To banish half the midnight gloom
Around her casement clinging,
To gently touch her slumbers bland,
And lift the latch of sleeping,
Until, like airs from fairy-land,
Through some calm gateway creeping,
Her spirit feels the spell of sound,
And thrills to each soft measure.
By harmony her heart is bound,
And filled with rhythmic pleasure!

Blithe are the songs that come and go,
Against her bosom beating—
Those music waves that ebb and flow,
Benignly fair and fleeting!

Pat, hark! swift fingers touch the flute
In clear, melodious fashion—
A lover's lips, no longer mute,
Are eloquent with passion!
She knows he lurks in shadows dim,
His tuneful message bringing,
And all her heart goes forth to him
In strains of silent singing!
—William Hamilton Hayne.

Tempo di Bolero.

Given a fierce hidalgo papa
In a hideous huge sombrero,
Given a youth with a gay guitar
And a song—tempo di bolero—
Given a kiss tossed down on a rose,
And a ladder of ropes, and 'tis plain.
Given a moon and away she goes
With the youth to a castle in Spain.
Ha, ha. A guitar ontwits a papa;
A bolero outdoes a sombrero;
A moon, and a kiss, and a rose, it is plain,
And a ladder, will build yon a castle in Spain!
—Marguerite Merington in Life.

Night Music.

In garden deeps a mandolin is singing!
Come to the bench which the green mosses hide,
Come with soft kisses in the fair spring-tide.
Into the garden come, with eyes of morning—
In garden deeps a mandolin is singing.
In garden deeps throbs the guitar in pleading—
Came before Eros where the leaves are greenest;
Swear that thou lovest me. To-day thou gleanest
Flower of my heart. Alack, my heart is trembling!
In garden deeps throbs the guitar in pleading.
In garden deeps the violins are crying,
The faun is mocking, peering through the trees,
The chilly moon has tinged the marble frieze.
All things are mortal! Hark! the hours are flying!—
In garden deeps the violins are crying.
—From the French of Charles Bérard.

"Rome" will be one of Zola's longest works, if not the longest. It will be published in *Le Journal* first of all, in serial form. The proprietor of that journal, Fernand Xau, offered Zola, during his stay in London, and before one of his "Lourdes" was written, one hundred thousand dollars, money down, if he would assign to him the entire rights of the trio of novels of which Zola is now writing the second volume. Zola refused; he did not care to bind himself in any way.

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Professor Hoffman, one of the most successful workers in the field of American ethnology, presents the first steps in the development of writing from tangible reminders like quipu and wampum belts, through picture writing to phonetic writing with an alphabet. These first steps are described especially as they are shown among North American tribes. Our native peoples made much use of reminders; they drew truly expressive pictures; they developed complicated systems of pictography; and some peoples of Mexico and Central America were passing from the use of ideograms to phonograms. This transition period is most interesting. In clear and popular language Professor Hoffman sets forth the latest results of scientific study, and his references are illustrated with many helpful pictures.

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It is believed that this work will supply a special want. There is no subject taught in the elementary schools that taxes the teacher's resources as to methods and devices to a greater extent than arithmetic, and none that is more dangerous to the pupil in the way of deadening his mind and arresting its development, if bad methods are used. The authors of this book have presented in an admirable manner the psychological view of number, and shown its applications to the correct methods of teaching the several arithmetical processes.

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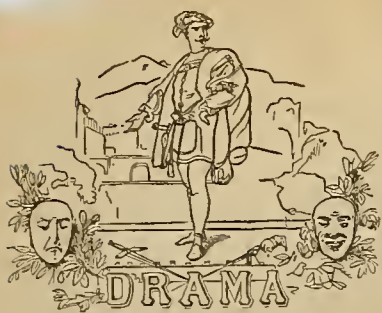
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OCTOBER NUMBER



To celebrate the first outdoor performance of Shakespeare in California, Nature put on her best looks, and Nature, looking her best, is splendid anywhere, but particularly splendid in California. In the golden autumn weather there was no haze and no fog-bank. From the top of the city's hills, the mountains across the bay showed like amethyst cut against a sky of turquoise. There was not a blurred line anywhere. In an atmosphere as transparently amber-clear as champagne, there were decisive outlines and sharp shadows, lucent tints clean as the washes in a water-color, mountains and sea all bright-hued and shining like a mosaic in gems newly polished.

The luminously yellow afternoon lent its beautifying touch to everything. The sand-dunes, with their long growth of coarse sea-grass bending one way, lost their air of a wan melancholy. The foliage of sage and lupin-hushes showed their soft greens against the sweeping undulations of the sand. Presently glimpses of the water appeared here and there through dips in the dunes, and the great, gaunt hills, with cool, violet shadows lurking in their hollows, loomed into view. In the clearness of the crystalline atmosphere they looked singularly close, with their bare slopes, seamed with many scars, brown and dry in the autumnal drought. The water below was streaked with the colors of shifting currents, purple, and blue, and green, with eddying tongues of brown cutting in now and then. Beyond, against the horizon, the sea was all one vast, white sparkle, melting into a glaring expanse of pale sky.

Toward the little hollow where of old The Sleeping Satyr was exhibited in the enjoyment of his nightmares, the crowd converged. It was mostly composed of women, and rustling in the crisp newness of silk linings and stiffened skirts, furnished to the watching eye a moving panorama of the autumn fashions. It was in general effect a dark crowd, touched here and there with the brilliancy of *bizarre* colors, the yellow of thick lace, dashes of grassy green, touches of solferino, and all the shades of the tailor-made tans and grays.

En route to the Satyr's resting-place it straggled out; approaching the goal it drew together, into a tightly packed phalanx, the faces peering curiously forward, one behind the other, crowds of them, swaying and spying ahead on craned necks. There were hundreds of them; for the most part faces that evidently claimed California as a birth-place—the pretty girl faces that show Irish blood in the splendor of their coloring, the coral tint in the cheek, the red-brown of hair and eye; the faces that suggest a Spanish ancestor in a pale, much-powdered skin, dead-black hair, and a midnight, melting glance; middle-aged faces absurdly made up, showing a hundred wrinkles under the paint; faces that have level-looking, steady eyes and suggest the blood of New England in their careless, honest ugliness; had faces, with eyes that seem to have been looking on at the world sinning for centuries; amiable faces that smile spontaneously; earnest faces, with lips that shut tight as if they were holding in important secrets; silly faces, with uncertain, slack mouths made to emit a constant habble of dreary commonplaces.

In front of all these faces stretched the Forest of Arden, the woods where wonderful things happen; where severed lovers meet never to part; where a noble father finds a daughter whose charm, warm and human, is felt across the dim, chill expanse of intervening centuries; where a world-wise Fool strolls about in the sun-dappled shade and exchanges thoughts with a world-soured philosopher; where the quarrels of brothers are forever healed, and each lover finds his lass, softly smiling, waiting for him under the mossy oaks. In the Forest of Arden, every one sooner or later comes upon the rainbow vision of Happiness, shining wondrously in the greenness of the woodland ways. Care and trouble have no place there; the world, with its falseness, its rancors, and its flatteries, is far from those whispering, leafy dells and sylvan solitudes.

Sometimes the glades, with lances of light piercing through the green dusk of close-growing houghs and flecking the carpet of coral-cupped moss, are still save for the forest voices. Leaves murmur, small animals hidden in the brake creep away with furtive rustle of stirred vegetation, perhaps the snake that later is to threaten the life of Oliver flashes its lithe length through the fine growth of fern and vines.

Then figures come and go, flecked with touches of the sun, under the quivering leaves. There is the haughty Phoebe, black-browed and black-

haired, flaunting her red petticoat and tossing her poppy-crowned head, a brilliant bit of color in the woodland scene. Celia comes and goes, generally laughing, a very amiable sylvan nymph, in her modest russet gown and thick country shoes. Touchstone saunters about lazily, lies under trees on cushions of moss, and, with his motley worn and frayed a little by contact with the forest's brambles, muses in the way the life of courts has trained him to muse.

Sometimes the notes of a horn reverberate softly from the distant places where the Duke and his retainers follow the chase. The pensive lover, hanging his sonnets on the trees, has no mind for this robust sport; but rather, in the fragrant silence of the forest, would dream of that tall, white princess, who, while she hung one chain of gold about his neck, forged another to his heart that bound him to her for all time. To hegule him of his melancholy, he sometimes passes a laughing hour jesting with the saucy boy, Ganymede—a pretty boy, tall and lithe as a young hirc sapling, with wit and music on his tongue and mischief in his eye; a boy, dark-skinned but of a singular beauty, petulant but sweet, full of caprice, merry and careless as a bird, and then showing a mood of clouded melancholy.

All these wonderful people that three hundred years ago a great wizard called up from the realms of dreams, were on Sutor Heights on Saturday to be looked at by the thousands of faces gathered there. The Forest of Arden was there with new additions. In Shakespeare's forest we know there were strangely conflicting products, antique and moss-grown oaks, linesses, poisonous snakes, and the green holly that Amiens sung about—but it being Arden nobody cares, for that is fairy-land where anything can grow that wants to.

On Sutor Heights the forest showed many different trees. Pines sighed with a murmurous melancholy and cypresses cut into the sapphire blue of the Californian sky with dark and jagged houghs. Orlando hung one of his poems on a eucalyptus. There were stretches of velvet turf, cropped close as a convict's hair, and pathways thick in dust through which Rosalind dragged her yellow damask skirts with the indifference of a real princess. Some pieces of the ground were a grass-green that would have put the turf of the Emerald Isle to shame. For the accommodation of the Duke's retainers there were tree-stumps about that had never felt the axe of any mortal woodman. Back of all, right in the heart of the forest, was a *hiok* that had come from the Midwinter Fair, and over against that was the *elite* of San Francisco, sitting on the grass and staring through opera-glasses.

It was a pity that the *elite* were not penned off a little more to one side. We have our spirits kept up by continually seeing them in the wear and tear of every-day life, but they were a little *de trop* in the Forest of Arden. Several hundred moderns with opera-glasses glued to their eyes are unromantic enough in a theatre, but out-of-doors, under the canopy of heaven, upon the commodious lap of Mother Earth, the overwhelming commonplaceness of the average man and woman is twenty times more apparent. The open air helittles the little human being. It is the place for the Olympian hierarchy and the creatures of a poet's fancy—for the great god Pan, and the nymphs, and the dryads, for Rosalind, and Orlando, and Touchstone, and Jacques.

The performers who strayed about in the hack-ground were not so lighting to the prospect. To see the Berkeley boys, in the russet and green of jolly foresters, playing leap-frog down a garden walk was not so incongruous as the vision of a young lady, in a checked bodice and a black hat tipped over her eyes at a modish angle, leaning against a tree not twenty yards from Orlando and ogling him through a lorgnette.

In the glare of sun that brought out all the jade-green richness of the velvet turf and made the cypress-houghs look black against the sky, the three little white-clad pages, fluttering about in their flimsy draperies, were delicately picturesque. No one knows how singular a female page looks till he sees her against the green heart of Nature. Now and then a court lady, holding up a drooping train, sped across the expanse of sun and shade, and was lost among the tree-trunks. Wandering soldiers loomed up through the trees, took a view of things generally, and wandered off, their metal helmets, as they passed into sunlight, sending beams abroad as brilliant as those which gleamed upon the crest of Hector.

Silvius, the gentle shepherd, who must have felt the lambskin hung on his back quite a boon against the wandering breezes, came and went many times—now in converse with a gayly clad courtier with a piratical beard, again making himself agreeable to a brilliantly bedizened nymph of the court, whose side combs would not keep her rebellious hangs in order. At one time a strange and startling apparition, with a long, gray beard and sweeping, sad-colored garments, appeared at the top of a hillock smoking a cigar. If it was old Adam, he was conscious that his conduct was not what one could expect in a person who bragged so much about his good habits, for, after that one fleeting glimpse, he disappeared. The second glimpse one got of him was in earnest converse with one of the foresters, who, lying on his back

on the grass, with his russet booted legs crossed, was comfortably smoking a cigarette.

The breezes, warm but continuous, and the perpetual coming and going of the people—late people who could not find their seats, people who had to go early, people who were just tramping up and down to see and he seen—made it difficult to hear the players, unless one sat directly in front of them. Both Miss Coghlan and Mr. Beach have admirable voices, and know how to recite Shakespeare—a great art. But even their full and melodious elocution could not rise superior to the rustling of cypress and eucalyptus boughs, mingled with the rustling of autumn millinery and the plaints of importunate women who had it on their minds that there was a conspiracy abroad to rob them of their seats.

The melancholy Jacques got sufficiently over his melancholy to speak up in a tremendous big voice that shamed the rustling trees into silence. The two Dukes also showed a determination to make themselves heard. The Banished Duke lost his hearings once, and could not quite make out what Shakespeare meant when he said there were sermons in stones. The Duke, in fact, changed the famous line, making it more to his liking, and announced in his stentorian tones that there were "sermons on the stones," as if he thought a member of the Salvation Army had strayed into Arden and had been painting a few of the army's most telling texts on the rocks and the tree-trunks.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Greer Harrison's Play.

There is much pother in local critical circles over the flat failure of "Runnymede" in the East. The play here was generally spoken of with eulogy, and it was therefore believed that its place upon the scroll of fame was assured. The local dramatic critics said, and believed, that anything winning the critical verdict of San Francisco was sure to win the verdict of the effete East. But the effete East paid no attention to San Francisco's verdict, and made up its own mind. Its mind was apparently unfavorable to "Runnymede."

This is lamentable, but not unheard of. Other times, other manners. Other cities, other views. If "Runnymede" is not liked by the effete East, probably that is the kind of play that the effete East does not like. We can only pity, and condemn.

There is no doubt about it—when a dramatic, literary, or artistic handling wants to fledge its wings, it had better go from home. The harsh blasts of the cold and unfeeling outer world are more tonic than the halmier breezes that breathe around the dove-cote. But if "Runnymede" has the right stuff in it, it will poise itself for long-sustained flights, whatever be the harshness of the Brooklyn breezes. San Francisco's "critical verdict" can not make a play, neither can Brooklyn's damn it.

We state it with pain, but the effete East pays no attention whatever to the verdict of San Francisco. Dion Boucicault recognized this fact to such an extent that when he played "The Jilt" here, immediately after he had written it, he kept its San Francisco production sedulously concealed. He put it on in New York a few months afterward. But he did not announce that he had "tried it on the dog" here by the Golden Gate. He killed it "first time on any stage." Perhaps he was right. New York always resents a prior verdict from another town. It sat upon "Robin Hood" when it was first produced there, because it had already succeeded in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco. But it afterward revised its judgment, and "Robin Hood" had a phenomenal run in Gotham.

Plays and playwrights, like women, are "kittle cattle." You never can tell what they are going to do. Augustus Thomas is a most successful playwright. Yet he wrote a play not long ago, "New Blood," which he himself says was a failure. And he has just produced a play in New York, "The Capitol," which seems by report to be another failure. And his play, "Alabama," which succeeded all over the United States, failed to draw in London. Yet he is a man of the world, a man of much experience with the stage, and a brilliant writer. Still he has failures to his record.

Two of the most successful playwrights in the world are Victorien Sardou and Alexandre Dumas. Yet both of them have scored failures within the last ten years. If both of them, with their prestige and long line of successes, may fail, why not lesser men?

No one can tell anything at all about a play—playwrights, managers, stage-managers, or actors—until it is played. Sometimes they can not tell then. It frequently takes time and change of habitat to test a play. Mr. James Davis, or "Owen Hall," as he calls himself, the successful author of "A Gaiety Girl," put on a play in London, recently, called "An Artist's Model." It was a most colossal failure. It was damned—with that brutal frankness which always characterizes an English audience, it was crushingly damned. However, as Mr. George Edwards, the purchaser, had spent upon it for music, scenery, costumes, etc., some ten thousand pounds before the curtain rose, something had to be done. "An Artist's Model" was ruthlessly hacked, hewed, expurgated, trimmed, and revamped, with the result that it was made to go. It limped a little, but it went. It is running still.

If "Runnymede" has the right stuff in it, it will go, despite the unfavorable views of the Brooklyn critics. It may go, even despite the praise of the San Francisco critics. But if it has not the right stuff, saltpetre can not save it. And "dramatic criticism," favorable or unfavorable, never can. The public makes up its own mind.

Balfe and "The Bohemian Girl."

"The Bohemian Girl," which is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House next week, is one of the few older English operas—Balfe was born in Dublin, but that does not signify—that have been produced on the Continent and have met with success. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas have had that honor many times over, but until their time Balfe was in this respect practically unique among British composers. Balfe was himself a singer and violinist, and while studying in Italy wrote some operas which were produced there; but they are forgotten in sixty-five years, and he is remembered for his "Bohemian Girl," his "Rose of Castile," "The Puritan's Daughter," and "Satanella." "The Bohemian Girl" was adapted from a Parisian ballet, "The Gypsy," which in its turn was founded on a romance by Cervantes, and, after its production at Drury Lane, in 1843, it was taken to Germany, Italy, and France. In Paris he added several numbers and enlarged it to five acts, gaining thereby the cross of the Legion of Honor. It and "Satanella" have been two of

the most popular operas the Tivoli has ever given, and it will be well presented next week. The rôle of Arline will be taken alternately by Laura Millard and Alice Neilson, Mabella Baker will be the gypsy queen, Martin Pache the Thaddeus, Raffael the Arnheim, W. H. West the Devilshoof, and Mesmer the Florestein.

"Tribly" at the Baldwin.

It looks as if "Tribly" were going to be as popular in San Francisco as it has been in New York and Chicago. The sale of seats has been unusually large, and everything points to a very successful engagement. Paul M. Potter, who was at one time editor of *Town Topics*, has produced an admirable acting play from the book, and is making a small fortune out of it. They say that George du Maurier's royalties amount to eight hundred dollars a week, and if this be so, Mr. Potter must get a pretty penny out of it too. The company is headed by Wilton Lackaye, whose striking rendering of the rôle of Svengali made him at once the star of the play. As Tribly, instead of Virginia Harned, we are to have Edith Crane. The remainder of the parts are cast as follows:

Taffy, Charles H. Riegel; The Laird, Charles Canfield; Little Billee, Brenton Thorpe; Gecko, E. W. Morrison; Zou Zou, Ignace Martineti; Dodor, E. Romaine Simmons; Antony, Victor M. de Silke; Lorimer, Edwin Brandt; Rev. Thomas Bagot, William Herbert; Manager Kaw, Frederick A. Thomson; Philippe, Morel Beane; Mrs. Bagot, Rosa Rand; Mme. Vinard, Jennie Reiffarth; Angele, Alice Evans; Honorine, Lucille Nelson; Mimi, Monta Elmo; Musette, Josephine Bennett.

Milton Nobles at Morosco's.

Milton Nobles has been drawing full houses at Morosco's during the past week. He has a large following who enjoy his vigor immensely, and his plays are as vigorous as his acting. "Love and Law" is certainly not a psychological study or a society play, but it is as certainly a drama of action. It will be continued until Monday night, when "From Sire to Son; or, In the Shadow of Shasta," a four-act California play by Milton Nobles, will be put on for one week, with the following cast of characters:

Alfred Armitage, Milton Nobles; Mabel Armitage (mother and daughter), Maud Edna Hall; Mrs. Amanda Stockup, Julia Blanc; Aurelia Stockup, Florence Thropp; Mrs. Waldaur, Sarah Stevens; Anna, Josephine Davis; Dr. Marmaduke Mandrake, Frank Hatch; Hamilton Mandrake, H. Coulter Brinker; Peter Grimes, Charles W. Swain; Jonas Hardy, Edmond Hayes; Joh Cadwalader, Fred J. Butler; August Waldaur, J. Harry Benrimo; Abe Isaacs, Frank Wyman; "Bud" McKinstry, George Nichols; Parsons, William Henri; Bill Yocum, Sam Cole.

Irving's Opening and Julia Arthur's Success.

Henry Irving—he prefers to drop the knightly title during his present American tour—opened his season in Montreal, a few nights ago, in "Faust." The house was a brilliant one, so far as it went: the beauty and chivalry, so to speak, of Montreal was there in its best hilt and tucker. But it didn't fill the house, and the general public positively refused to huy of the speculators who had bought up most of the good seats. Consequently, at nine o'clock they were offering orchestra chairs at fifty cents each, and no one would huy. But the house, though small, was enthusiastic, and the performance was an artistic triumph for the actor-knight and Miss Ellen Terry. On Thursday night, when "King Arthur" was given its first presentation on this continent, a third who came in for a share of the honors was Julia Arthur, who had the rôle of Elaine. Miss Arthur is a Canadian by birth, and her neighbors do not think to bear such good accounts of her so soon. It is only a few years since she left her home for the theatrical career, and yet she has already won for herself by hard work and native ability a leading place in the most prominent company of English-speaking actors. Naturally the Canadians were proud of her, and gave her an ovation.

Broad Farce and Specialties.

"A Chip of the Old Block," which has been the attraction at Grover's Alcazar during the week, is a comedy on broadly farcical lines; indeed, the plot, which turns on the efforts of an elderly villain to deprive his niece of her fortune, is little more than a vehicle for the introduction of a number of specialties by the various members of the company. Notable among these is Gracie Plaisted, who sings several songs in a manner that elicits hearty applause. R. L. Scott does some clever imitations, three little girls dance very prettily, and, in fact, the performance is one that sends the audience away satisfied. Next week, "Rosedale," the romantic play in which Lester Wallack made one of his greatest successes, will be revived. Mrs. Edith Price will then make her début.

"Svengali" Married.

Wilton Lackaye, who is now known to the press as "Svengali" Lackaye, was married last Wednesday at Council Bluffs to Miss Alice Evans, a member of the Palmer Company who plays the minor rôle of Angele in "Tribly." The manager of a company in which Mrs. Lackaye's sister is playing says that the romance is of some eight months' standing, but the ceremony was very quietly conducted. It took place in the Council Bluffs courthouse, and the only witnesses were two county officials. His age was given as thirty-three and

hers as twenty-two. The press dispatch said Miss Evans was the Musette of "Tribly," the cast of the play calls her Angele, and her sister's manager describes her as "the vivacious blonde, with the pretty, babyish face, who leads the merry dance in the scene in the Latin quarter."

The Columbia Theatre.

Next week will be the last of the Stockwell company's engagement, and "The Magistrate" has been decided upon as the play to be given. It is Pinero's best comedy, and will doubtless be as popular as it has been whenever it was given heretofore. There will be several benefit nights during the week, and on Thursday many members of the Associated Cycling Clubs of California are to attend. The Stockwell company will begin their Eastern tour at the end of the week.

Three London Successes.

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights in the three leading comedy successes of the year in London. They are "His Excellency," a comic opera with words by W. S. Gilbert and music by Dr. Osmond Carr, of Oxford; a musical comedy, "An Artist's Model," by Owen Hall and Sidney Jones; and "The Shop Girl," a comedy opera on the lines of "A Gaiety Girl," written by Harry J. W. Dam to Ivan Caryll's music. The last-named piece was put on at the Gaiety Theatre last September, and is running still. It is to be brought to America and produced at Palmer's, in New York, some time in November.

Notes.

The students of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art will give an entertainment at Vallejo next month for the benefit of the Good Templars' Orphans Home.

"La Traviata," with Ida Valerga in the rôle of Violetta, will follow "The Bohemian Girl" at the Tivoli, and after it come "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Rigoletto."

Messrs. Schaefer & Son, the scenic artists, have nearly finished a new drop-curtain for the Columbia Theatre. It is modern—a scene from the Yosemite—and will be shown for the first time on the opening night of "Robin Hood" with the Bostonians.

Paul M. Potter returned to New York last Saturday from London, where he had been superintending the English production of "Tribly." By this time he is hard at work on the comedy of sporting adventure in the Adirondacks, "A Stag Party," which he and Bill Nye are writing in collaboration.

The leading people in the Bostonians, during their season at the Columbia Theatre, will be H. C. Barnabee, W. H. McDonald, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Helen Bertram, Gerome Sykes, Elizabeth Bell, and two new tenors, Harold Black and Frank B. Pollock. S. L. Studley is the musical director, and the chorus numbers fifty trained singers.

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VANITY FAIR.

In a recent syndicate letter several columns long, a bright writer discusses the *pension* or boarding-house question in Europe. Few American women can afford to pay hotel prices for long stays in Europe, but are forced to live in boarding-houses when they are abroad, a thing at which they turn up their noses when they are at home. The correspondent says that the *pension* prices in Paris range from seven to fifteen francs a day. It is well to give up the idea of getting into a "swell private family." Swell private families in Paris do not keep boarders. There is a swell *pension*, however, in Paris which has many well-known Americans under its roof all the time. Among others, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, when she was Miss Mattie Mitchell, of Oregon, lived there with her mother. This boarding-house is near the Arc de Triomphe, and the landlady has made a fortune out of her American boarders; she says her daughter's *dot* is two hundred thousand francs. The food is not any too good—one gets rather too much veal there, but the cooking is excellent. There is another large *pension* in the Champs-Élysées quarter, where rooms the size of a packing-case are seven francs a day, more comfortable ones twelve. Light, fuel, towels, etc., are extra. All the servants have to be tipped all the time, as the landlady pays them starvation wages. You will see at this *pension* at the *table d'hôte* decayed Spanish gaoodees, Portuguese marquises, Greek diplomats, Belgian harons, queer French counts and queerer French countesses, South American heiresses, Persian generals, and any number of American mammas and daughters. At this place the food is good and well cooked.

In Italy, the boarding-houses are bad. The hotels are many of them good. In Florence, however, there is the best *pension* in Europe, if not in the world—the Villa T—. It is kept by a Brooklyn woman who has acquired wealth at it. Now she enjoys the fruits of her genius in luxurious surroundings, a handsome private carriage, and the respect of her guests. Every evening you will see a hundred people in evening-dress dining at seven o'clock at the Villa T—. Among them are diplomats, princes, officers, abbés, artists, authors, millionaires, and hells from New York and London. The house is handsomely furnished, and the old villa has spacious and lofty drawing-rooms and corridors. This is the palace in which George Eliot wrote "Romola." In Vienna, the best-known *pension* is in the Ringstrasse; it is kept by a reduced Austrian hanker and his family. Among its patrons are well-known Americans like General Porter, ex-minister to Italy, and Mrs. Sylvanus Reed and family, of New York. The food is excellent and well cooked. Prices, however, are high; Vienna is an expensive city. In Berlin, the *pensions* are much like American boarding-houses, and they run from five marks, or one dollar and twenty-five cents, a day upward. They make a specialty in Berlin of serving American dishes in boarding-houses frequented by Americans, and it seems rather odd to have a pretty peach-faced German *madchen*, who speaks little English, hrioting to you, in her cotton-gloved hands, oatmeal and cream, corn bread, hominy and syrup, fried-egg chicken, mince-pie, corn cooked in cream, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, strawberry short-cake, and the other indigestibles indigenous to America. In Switzerland, the hotels are the finest in the world and the *pensions* are excellent. They are inhabited, however, by decayed English gentlemen and queer English widows with daughters whom they are trying to marry off. All of them are first cousins to Lord Spindlelegs or the Duchess of Toots, and they give you rather too much "Burke's Peerage" to be pleasant. In Brussels, the *pensions* are very good, but dominated by the English element rather than the American. In London, there are no boarding-houses that are fit to live in. One must live there either in lodgings or at a hotel.

It is still the rule in most of the English hatching towns that men and women shall not be allowed to be beside each other in the water; yet men all but absolutely without clothing are allowed to disport themselves in the surf at the most accessible and populous parts of the beach. Nowhere else in the world, except among savages, is such an exposure to be witnessed, says the *Illustrated London News*. Elsewhere, at the "fastest" French and American watering-places, for instance, all men bathers wear a respectable costume, extending from the neck to the knees. Then there is no real and valid objection to water-parties of both sexes. But in England they strain at the gnat of properly dressed men being in the water near fully costumed women, and are perfectly willing to swallow the camel of fat men of fifty sauntering about practically unclothed a few yards from the surf-line on the sands where mothers and nurses with their companies of young girls are sitting. If town councils would abrogate the by-laws that forbid men and women to enter the water within so many hundred yards of each other, and would instead construct rules compelling all men bathing near the populous parts of the beach to don a proper costume, it would be more decent, and at the same time would be advantageous

to Englishwomen by giving them opportunities of learning to swim with fathers and brothers with a sense of security. It is surprising to see how few Englishwomen, even yet, attempt to swim when bathing in the sea. Middle-aged women can remember when all "ladies' bathing-machines" were provided with huge overhanging hoods at the back, and it was considered a very hold and forward female who ventured thoroughly outside that protection into the gaze of the idlers on the beach. The only proper way of bathing then was to hoh up and dowa in the four superficial feet or so thus inclosed. At the same time the orthodox bathing-dress was a lose sack of heavy blue serge that was so weighty when soaked with sea-water that even a strong man would have been exhausted by swimming in it for ten minutes, and which had the further drawback that when its wearer did swim, it floated up round her limbs. There was much commotion when some ladies began to wear the truly proper "divided" costume, just as there now is over the similar dress for bicycling; hut, having reason on its side, it made its way.

An unmistakable evidence of passing youth in a woman (says the *Evening Sun*) is attention to those a trifle older than herself. It matters not how infinitesimal the trifle may be—indeed, the less it is the more evident are the attentions. The passing youth is, also, that much more evident. Whoever saw a young woman of eighteen pretending she wasn't tired when she was, and insisting upon a woman of twenty being made comfortable at her expense? As she gets "oo" in years, however, it's astonishing how her courtesy and alacrity in such matters are developed. She can't do too much for the woman a bit older than herself, and with what a gladness, virtuous air does she do it, too. So universal is the trait among women that it has become a uomistakable evidence of passing youth.

A defunct magazine of the year 1863, entitled *London Society*, contains an article which is strangely apropos of the recent hicycle movement. It is entitled "The Latest Parisian Whim—Velocipedes." Twenty-seven years ago bicycling was suddenly raised from its humble position to a society hobby. The following extract from the article strongly resembles all that was written when the hicycle lately received social recognition: "At the present moment," writes the chronicler, "velocipedes are a mania with all classes, and count among their most fervid partisans princes, dukes, and other titled personages, several high functionaries, and even one staid member of the French Academy. Mouted upon these flying horses, amateurs dash along the crowded thoroughfares of the capital, while adepts, at the risk of their lives, drive their velocipedes of two wheels—one directly in front of the other—along narrow stone parapets by the Seine." This description would really stand good for to-day, although, if the modern rider in the Bois could see the iron steed which first caused bicycling to become fashionable, he would be surprised. The magazine contains a picture of a fashionable couple riding, and the machines heloo to the period when the hicycle and tricycle were innocent of pedals. The lady is depicted upon a three-wheeled machine suggestive of a skeleton hath - chair, and her costume is anything but "rational"; in fact, its want of suitability to the exercise would, at the present day, be regarded as immodest.

One consequence of the knickerhocker bicycling mania in Paris is the new style of bathing-suits worn by French ladies. *Vogue's* correspondent thus describes it: "Last year's dark serges and short skirts are a thing of the past, for the costume adopted for bathing by the pretty sex is a rather thick silk jersey, made all in one piece like those of the men, in dazzling colors, and sewn from one end to the other with correspondingly shaded crystal heads representing fish-scales. Around the waist is tied a remarkably broad silk sash, the ends of which fall both in front and behind, thus, in a measure, replacing the absent skirt. This sash matches in hue the coquetish *foulard* tied on the head. A well-made woman looks to great advantage in this garb." We should smile.

No matter how confident of her own good taste in dress a woman may be, she often defers to the taste of the husband, the lover, the intimate friend, or even the brother. This is in a measure due to the fact that the masculine eye sees and judges from the effect produced, and a verdict is passed accordingly, whereas the feminine mind is often distracted by choice of color and material, trimming and style offered. Also, no matter how excellent a woman's taste may be, it is frequently dominated by the will of another actuated by self-interest, and thus good judgment is for the moment overpowered. Again, the desire to confine expense within a certain limit frequently results in the sacrifice of good taste. Still, the fact remains that a man intuitively knows what suits a woman better than she does herself. Take the question of whether men prefer to see women in black or not. When men assert that women look best in black—Frenchmen, Russians, and Englishmen alike—they do not make the rule

absolute. Thus it is an understood thing that this unwritten dictum refers to public places of amusement. At St. Petersburg, a Russian will refuse to take a woman who is not dressed in black for a promenade between the acts at the opera-house, and will leave her to sit in the opera-box while he conducts another of the party, attired in black, in preference, solely on account of her being dressed in better style, according to his taste. Again, a Frenchman will insist on his fair companion exchanging a pretty gray dress for a black one before taking her to join a dinner-party at a fashionable restaurant. Most Englishmen follow the same line of thought. They consider that a woman is less conspicuous in black, and therefore think that it should be worn in public places, where to be conspicuous would be had style. On the subject of wearing white, men have hardly two opinions, so generally is it approved; its very simplicity commends it to them, and they pronounce it to be almost universally becoming; painters and poets regarding it as the ideal attire of woman. Why some women often acquire the reputation of being badly dressed is from inability to select the color or colors that best suit them. Every woman has a color or colors that are hers by right of suitability, and, however much her eye may be captivated by other tints, she should not be led astray by her fancy. Again, certain shades of a particular color are often as unbecoming to a woman's complexion as others are the reverse. There is a prevailing idea that men lean much toward the plain, tailor-made style of dress. The plainer the cut of a hodie, and the less elaborate in make, the more becoming it is to the figure of the wearer, and the more it appeals to the masculine taste. Many men go a step further, and absolutely taboo the tea-gown, dear to the hearts of women. From their point of view, the tea-gown, concealing the waist, destroys the symmetry of the figure, and therefore should be worn only in the bedroom.

DUNRAVEN.

Ah! distinctly we remember,
It was in this same September
That he took his fin-keel racer
Down off Coney Island's shore.
When Defender, always ready,
Took the wind and got ahead, he
Said that really, on the dead, he
Thought that racing was a bore—
Sat down on the deck and muttered:
"Racing is a deuced bore!"
Quoth Dunraven, "Deuced bore!"

Oh! my lord, why are you weary?
Won't you let the fair Valkyrie
Spread her baby jib and topsails
And sail down the bay once more?
Time is precious and is flying,
For a race the crowd is sighing,
And that same crowd, sir, it is geying
You because you feel so sore.
There's a spanking breeze to-day, sir,
Not a tug has gone before—
Quoth Dunraven, "Nevermore!"

Oh! my lord, come off your perch, sir,
Do not leave us in the lurch, sir,
Take your pretty boat and race some
Ere you leave for home once more.
If you can not beat Defender
We have other boats to tender;
Don't, my lord, get on a bender
Just because you feel so sore!
If you must get half-seas over
Let us watch you from the shore—
Quoth Dunraven, "Nevermore!"

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Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Socrates was asked whether it was better for a man to marry or remain single, he answered: "Let him take which course he will, he will repent of it."

The doctor had been called in consultation, but on his arrival found that his homeopathic brother had prescribed and gone. "What's this?" said the doctor; "oh, yes, sugar pills; well, I'll just eat them to save you the trouble," and he did, but they proved to be strychnine granules, and now he sleeps peacefully on the hillside.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cronwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the Protector; "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner, and, before giving him any, prayed for three hours.

From a French journal comes this little anecdote of a tutor and his royal pupil: The lesson was in Roman history, and the prince was unprepared. "We come now to the Emperor Caligula. What do you know about him, prince?" The question was followed by a silence that was becoming awkward, when it was broken by the diplomatic tutor. "Your highness is right," he said; "perfectly right. The less said about this emperor the better."

Henry Guy Carleton, the dramatic author, stammers badly. One day a lady said to him: "Mr. Carleton, you were born with that stammer—if I may ask the question without impertinence?" "No, madam," was the reply; "I did not begin it until I began to talk." When he first met William R. Travers, also an inveterate stammerer and a wit, Travers said to him: "Mr. Ca-Ca-Carleton, I see that you and I speak English with the same accent."

Mgr. Dillon, a French sporting bishop of the seventeenth century, was fond of convivial company. On a Sunday, after a perfunctory mass, to which his worldly congregation listened vaguely while perusing the lightest of novels, the horns were gayly tooted and the horses were led into the chateau yard. When Louis the Fourteenth remonstrated, saying, "My Lord Bishop, how is it that you hunt of a Sunday, and yet forbid your curates to follow your example?" he answered: "Because, your majesty, they have but their personal vices, but I have those of my ancestors."

An exchange tells a story of a Scotch minister whose physician ordered him to drink beef tea. The next day, when the doctor called, the patient complained that the new drink made him sick. "Why, sir," said the doctor, "that can't be. I'll try it myself." As he spoke he poured some of the tea into a skillet and set it on the fire. Then having warmed it, he tasted it, smacked his lips, and said: "Excellent, excellent!" "Man," said the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?" "Of course; what other way should it be suppit? It's excellent." "It may be gude that way, doctor; but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man. Try it wi' that and see hoo ye like it."

A drunkard, who knew his weakness, took the precaution the other day (writes James Payn) of attaching a label to himself with a name and address on it. "I am out for the day," said the label; "when I am boozed, tie this to my button-hole and send me home." What was very ingenious—the magistrate before whom he was summoned thought it too ingenious—he did not write his own name and address on the label, but that of his employer. This reminds one of the presence of mind, but absence of principle, exhibited by Sheridan, who, being picked up drunk in the gutter and asked his name by the constable, replied, with a stutter, "I am the great and good Mr. Wilberforce."

A lecturer used to tell of two compliments he had received, each of which was, as he said, a "gem" in its way. One day a friend met him on the street, and said, cheerfully: "I see that you lectured last night. Sorry I wasn't able to be there. Hope to hear your lecture when it passes into literature." This was different from the tribute paid him by a young man, who, with a grave face and business-like air, stepped up to the lecturer one night, as he left the platform, shook his hand solemnly, and remarked, with the air of one making a dry statement of facts: "I merely wished to say that you are my favorite writer and speaker," after which he bowed and abruptly disappeared.

The late Sir Charles Napier had the credit of not being very partial to ablation. Wicked men say that when he went out to take the command-in-chief of the army, after the reverse of Cillian-wallah, he proceeded, immediately after landing at Calcutta, to see Lord Dalhousie at the Government House. He was, of course, cordially received. "I am very glad to see you, Sir Charles," said the

governor-general; "you have not come before you were wanted. We must have a long talk together. But in the first place we must have dinner, which will soon be ready, and there is just time to get a bath first." "Thank you, my lord," responded Sir Charles; "I shall be quite ready for dinner, but I don't want a bath—I had a good wash at Alexandria!"

About twenty-five years ago, a certain Southern man brought a suit against the South Carolina Railroad for damages to his property. He lost the case in the superior court, but insisted upon carrying it to the supreme court, where he represented his own cause. He began his argument by saying, whimsically: "May it please the court, there is an old French adage which says: 'A man who is his own lawyer hath a fool for a client.'" The next week the supreme court pronounced its decision, which was adverse to the Southerner. He was in Augusta at the time, but received the announcement of his second and final disappointment by means of a telegram sent him by a prominent judge, who was an intimate friend of his. The telegram read as follows: "Judgment for defendant in error. French adage affirmed by supreme court."

An English officer, being moved from one station to another, sent in a bill in which was an item for "porter." The item, after having exercised the intellects and received the indorsements of five successive officials at the War Office, was disallowed on the ground that "porter" could only be allowed if taken under medical advice. The officer respectfully informed his superiors that the "porter" charged for was not drink, but the individual who had carried his baggage. The reply was that this should have been entered as "portage," whereupon the officer ventured to inquire whether, if he took a cab, this should be put down as "cabbage." The officer to whom the "cabbage" joke was addressed was so incensed that he preferred a formal complaint against the jester for his misplaced flippancy. The usual amount of red tape having been spun, the offending officer was summoned to London from a distant station to receive a wiggling. He appeared before the then adjutant-general, but that functionary spoiled his rebuke by bursting out laughing as soon as he approached the subject, and ended up by asking the culprit to lunch. Having returned to his station, the officer next proceeded to send in his bill for the expenses of his journey to and from London to receive his wiggling. It came to a good many pounds, but it was paid this time without a murmur.

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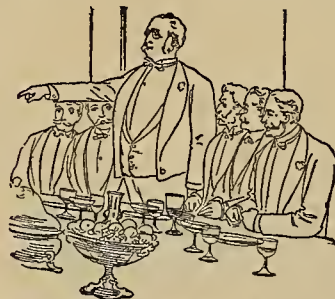


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PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Eureka, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	2.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
7.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Sacramento.....	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.45 A.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
†† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	†† 12.00 A.
		* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.		
* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	†† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.05 P.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.45 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. †† Mondays only. ††† Sundays only. ††† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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SOCIETY.

The Mackay Diner-Party.

Mr. John W. Mackay gave an elaborate dinner-party last Saturday evening. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the dining-room was handsomely decorated. During the evening musical selections were rendered by a trio consisting of Mr. S. G. Fleishman, pianist, Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, and Mr. Carl Gruenauer, cellist. An excellent menu was served. Mr. Mackay's guests comprised:

Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. W. W. Foote, Mr. J. A. Fillmore, Mr. W. E. F. Deal, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Edmond Godchaux, Lieutenant W. M. Wood, U. S. N., Mr. William S. Wood, Senator John P. Jones, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Thomas B. Bishop, and Mr. E. A. Pesoli.

At the Burlingame Club.

There have been quite a number of pleasant meetings at the Burlingame Club recently.

Mr. Walter S. Hobart gave a coaching-party from this city to Burlingame last Saturday in honor of his cousin, Miss Jessie Hobart. A delicious luncheon was served at the club-house. The party returned by rail and partook of dinner at the Palace Hotel. The others in the party were Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Sophia Pierce, Miss Flora Dean, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. King.

Mr. F. S. Whitwell gave a pleasant lunch-party at the club last Sunday, having as his guests Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, and Major J. L. Rathbone.

There was another enjoyable lunch-party on the veranda last Sunday, the participants being Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. George Almer Newhall.

Another pleasant luncheon given recently was that of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard to Mr. and Mrs. Slater. The other guests were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Mrs. A. Page Brown.

Notes and Gossip.

Information has been received from Newport, R. I., of the engagement of Miss Mollie Hunter, of that place, to Mr. Oscar Shafter Howard, of this city. The groom is the son of Mr. Charles Webb Howard, President of the Spring Valley Water Works. He is a graduate of Harvard and a member of the University Club and the Harvard Club of this city. The bride-elect is a daughter of Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter, of Newport, a niece of Captain Charles Hunter, U. S. N., and a cousin of Senator George Peabody Wetmore.

Mr. Charles F. Reed has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Florence Elizabeth Reed, and Mr. John Hodges Toler, which will take place at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 5th, at St. Luke's Church in Auburn, Cal.

The wedding of Miss Grace Ruth Taft and Mr. A. Starr Keeler will take place on Thursday, October 10th, at the home of the bride, Whitinsville, Mass.

Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper, gave an enjoyable lunch-party recently as a farewell compliment to Miss Therese Morgan, prior to her departure for the East. The others present were: Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Eva Moody, Miss Gertrude Bates, Miss Violet Carey, Miss Leontine Blake-man, Miss Flora Dean, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Jessie Hobart, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Alice Findley, Miss Jessie Fillmore, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Gertrude Forman, Miss Mamie Polhemus, Miss Hilda Jacobs, Miss Lola Davis, Miss Bertha Dolbeer, Miss Mary Kip, and Miss Mae Murphy.

The twenty-fifth anniversary ball of the General

German Ladies' Benevolent Society will take place at Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday evening, October 5th. The tickets of admission are three dollars. This is a notable event in German society circles, and, as it aids a most worthy charity, it should be well patronized. Tickets may be obtained from the board of directors, which comprises Mrs. J. S. Bowman, Mrs. B. Broemmel, Mrs. C. Bundschu, Mrs. D. Duerig, Mrs. L. Gottig, Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. Frederick Hess, Mrs. W. C. Hilderbraadt, Mrs. D. Kreutzmann, Mrs. J. C. Meussdorffer, Mrs. A. Michalitschke, Mrs. J. A. Prober, Mrs. Martiu Regensberger, and Mrs. F. Stadtmueller.

American and German Girls.

"They were such curious, stiff, shy young creatures, the German girls," said an American girl, just returned from Germany. "Afraid to say a word for themselves while the *mutter* or *gros-mutter* was around. Their frankness upon some subjects was overwhelming, however. The family with whom I stayed was very poor; and the daughters were each studying some profession—one music, another art, and the third was preparing to be a teacher. 'That is,' they each and all added, with a sweet smile, 'if we do not succeed in getting husbands in the meantime.' In spite of their poverty, they prided themselves upon their aristocratic connections. Owing to the father's having held some judicial position, 'Hochwohlgeborn' was before the *mutter's* name. The *mutter's* sister, having married a merchant, was only 'Wohlgeborn.' Once when the *mutter* was visiting this sister, they went out shopping together. The *mutter* bought one little mite of a package, the sister made a lot of purchases; but the one small bundle bore the magic 'Hochwohlgeborn,' while the more imposing ones were merely marked with 'Wohlgeborn.' In relating this touching incident, the *mutter* added, with mingled pride and modesty: 'I was really quite embarrassed at my sister of inferior rank buying so much more than I did.' One day the daughters said to me, 'And so in America you really shake hands with young men!' 'Of course we do,' said I; 'don't you?' 'Of course we don't,' said they; 'such a thing would not only be highly improper, but most unnecessary.' 'Why unnecessary?' I asked; 'pray, how do you greet a young man when he calls to see you?' 'Oh, we are never called upon to greet him,' was the answer; 'for unless either *mutter* or *gros-mutter* were able to receive him, he would go away—we should never think of receiving him alone.' Then I said, 'Well, how in the world do German girls ever get engaged?' But they only laughed and said, 'That's what all Americans ask.' And that was all the satisfaction I could get. Even when a couple become engaged, they never meet except in the presence of a third person. Convention hasn't entirely crushed the romance out of the situation, however, and this third person is, therefore, dubbed 'The Elephant.'

An Englishman who could not speak a word of French had a hard time getting about in Paris, until, one day, a friend told him to buy a pocket-handkerchief on which was printed a map of the city. He did so, and was delighted with the result. One afternoon, however, his friend came across him, seated on the steps of the Bourse and weeping most bitterly. He was surrounded by an interested crowd of natives. As soon as he saw his compatriot he jumped up, and, throwing his arms round his neck, cried: "Thank heaven! Thank heaven!" His friend demanded an explanation. He drew out the map-handkerchief from his pocket and tore it savagely into little pieces. Then he explained. It seems he had started out early in the morning, relying implicitly on the map-handkerchief. Then suddenly he had developed a violent influenza cold, and—well, the wretched thing was not printed in fast colors, and he was lost.

Mark Twain is a close-knit, profuse-haired man of quiet manner, with shaggy, protruding eyebrows and a drooping, sandy mustache tinged with gray. He speaks slowly and measuredly, sometimes lingering over a word and then accelerating the speed of the next few so as to make up for the delay. He has a habit when talking of staring fixedly at some imaginary object, as if he had got hold of an idea and was determined to keep in sight of it. When at home he lives next door to Harriet Beecher Stowe, at Hartford, Conn. He is fond of walking, smokes a corn-cob pipe, and wears glasses. He is married to an accomplished wife. He is just sixty. As is well known, his real name is Samuel L. Clemens.

While Mr. Walter S. Hobart was practicing at polo last Sunday at his San Mateo ranch, his horse collided with Mr. H. N. Stetson's horse, with the result that Mr. Hobart was unseated and fell violently to the ground, striking on the crown of his head. It was ascertained that he was seriously injured, so he was conveyed to his residence in this city, where, under constant medical care, he is steadily improving and will be able to be out in a few days.

Prince Edward of York will have a little brother or sister before long.

William Norris.

The death of William Norris recalls the fact that he was one of the stalwart band who stood steadfast for the Union in those dark days when California seemed wavering between loyalty and secession. He was one of the devoted adherents of Thomas Starr King, that patriotic clergyman whose fiery eloquence did so much to save this State from disunion and dishonor. William Norris was one of those who upheld the hands of Thomas Starr King when that great-hearted man was wearied in the heat and burden of the conflict. That band of loyal men succeeded; California was saved to the Union; how much that means only those may know who lived through those troublous days. With the death of William Norris there has come to an end a loag, a useful, and an honorable life; he lived more than the allotted span, and he dies regretted by all who knew him. But in his long and honorable life there is nothing that does him greater honor than his valiant struggles for California's loyalty in the days when she was wavering, and when at times she seemed to be lost.

A Treat for the Critics.

Le Précurseur, an Antwerp-Belgium paper just to hand, announces that M. Albert d'Huyvetter, the well-known art commissioner of that city, has just shipped to this country, by the steamer *Berlin* of the Red Star Line, sixty-four choice canvases, the work of the brushes of the best European artists, most of whom have taken numerous medals at the art centres abroad, and many of whom have been knighted by the King of Belgium.

Many of these paintings are now en route to this city, consigned to the firm of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street. Lovers of fine paintings should avail themselves of this opportunity of selecting, to adorn their homes or to add to their collections, genuine works of art of undoubted merit and from the ateliers of artists of well-known and established reputation.

Among the artists who contributed to this collection can be found the names of the following: Evariste Carpentier, Léon Herbo, Joseph Julien, Cornille Van Leemputten, Ed. Moerenhout, Van Severdonck, J. Carahain, J. Rosier, Th. Gerard, P. J. Claeys, Eysman Seminsky, Frans Courten, A. Plumot, E. R. Maes, les trois Portielje, Franz Verhas, Charles Van den Eycken, Th. Van Sluys, Jean Robie, C. Petit, David Col, A. Van Antro, E. Quittion, Jan Van Beers, Gustave Den Duyts, etc., etc.

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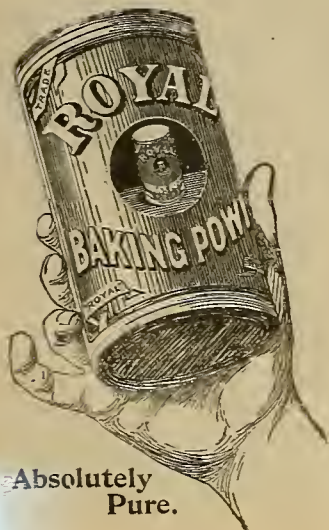
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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, *de* Hohart, who are now in New York city, will leave there October 2d on the steamer *City of New York* for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have returned to New York from their European trip, and are expected here about October 5th.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her son, Mr. Philip S. Baker, have gone East, and are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Scott arrived in New York city last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powning and Miss Harriet Hall, of Oakland, are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot are at the Holland House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger have passage engaged for the White Star steamer *Tenonic* to sail on October 2d, to make a flying trip to London, Paris, and Southern France. They expect to return about the end of November.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mamie Thomas will leave Paris to-day en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin have engaged rooms at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington are en route from New York, and are expected to arrive here in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Della Mills have returned from a visit to Shasta County.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Preston and Miss Preston have returned to the city after passing the summer at their country villa, Portola Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regna, of Piedmont, and Miss Julia Crocker, of this city, expect to leave for the East soon, to remain during the winter.

Mrs. H. G. Kennedy, sister of Mr. J. H. Sharpe, of the Southern Pacific Company, arrived in Oakland last Saturday with her family, and will reside there permanently.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin came up from Santa Cruz last Tuesday, and have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Peterson and Miss Carrie Peterson will receive on Fridays at their residence, 1736 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffman left last Tuesday for the East, en route to Europe.

Mrs. John E. de Ruyter has gone East to visit relatives for a couple of months.

Mrs. John R. Jarhoe and Miss Kathryn Jarhoe have returned from the East, and are occupying their cottage, Concha del Mar, at Santa Cruz.

Right Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols is attending a religious convention in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing is en route home from Europe after an absence of several months.

Mr. C. A. Spreckels was at the Plaza Hotel in New York city last week.

Mrs. William P. Morgan and the Misses Ella and Therese Morgan left for the East last Monday.

Dr. Redmond Payne, who has been studying in Europe during the past three years, is at the Hoffman House in New York city. After a brief stay in the East, he will return to this city.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger are at the Hotel Gerlach in New York city.

Mr. Charles E. Green has gone East, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. W. Frank Whitier and Miss Whitier have returned from their European trip.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue and Mr. W. Bradford Thompson have been at Welher Lake during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Schloss have returned to the Hotel Richelieu, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Albert E. Castle will receive on Wednesdays in October and November at her residence, 2442 Jackson Street.

Mr. R. H. Sprague left last Monday for Louisiana, and will return late in October for Mrs. Sprague to take her to their future home. Mrs. Sprague is now entertaining her sister, Miss Romietta Wallace, at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin have returned from a visit to Victoria, B. C., and have leased the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, 2548 Jackson Street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will pass the autumn and winter at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Miss Mary Bell Gwin is visiting Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at Stag's Leap in Napa Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will return from San Rafael next Monday, and will reside at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss McAllister are now residing on the corner of Post and Buchanan Streets.

Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Sara Collier came down from Clear Lake early in the week to visit their friends.

Miss Emily Potter, of Philadelphia, will pass the winter here with her aunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green will pass the winter in San Rafael.

Mr. Everett N. Bee, who has been passing the summer in Sansalito, will return to the city early in October.

Mrs. William F. Bowers is making a prolonged Eastern trip, and will not return until about the middle of December.

Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, president of the San Francisco Gas Light Company, returned to the city last Wednesday after a brief business trip to Europe.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. E. A. Bruguere and his two sons, Mr. E. A. Bruguere, Jr., and Mr. Francis Bruguere, left for the East last Monday. Mr. Emile A. Bruguere, Jr., is to enter Harvard, and Mr. Francis Bruguere will attend school in Philadelphia.

Mrs. S. L. Bee has returned from a visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead, of Byron Springs, left last Tuesday for New York. Mr. Mead will return late in October, but Mrs. Mead will remain away a month longer visiting relatives in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Treat have leased the residence, 2514 Octavia Street, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss have returned to the city, after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Miss Birdie Collins is visiting friends at The Colonial. Dr. Grant Selfridge left for New York city last Saturday, and will be away four or five weeks.

Signor G. B. Galvani has returned from a visit to St. Helena, and is residing at 609 Ellis Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General Schofield, U. S. A., has decided to reside permanently in Washington, D. C., after his retirement from active service.

Major Clarence Ewen, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been transferred from Fort Walla Walla, Wash., to Fort Bliss, Texas.

Major J. B. Girard, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence to take effect about October 5th.

Captain James Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned from Europe, and is discharging his duties as senior instructor of cavalry tactics at West Point, N. Y.

Chief-Engineer Absalom Kirby, U. S. N., has been detached from duty on the *Texas* by reason of prostration from overwork. He is the fifth chief-engineer to give way this year under the terrible physical and mental strain to which engineer officers are subjected.

Chief-Engineer P. Inch, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Independence*.

Lieutenant Carl W. Jangeo, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Constellation* and ordered to the *Maine*.

Lieutenant H. Winslow, U. S. N., will be detached from the navy-yard at Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty as executive officer of the *Monocacy*, per steamer of October 12th.

Lieutenant E. M. Blake, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned from the east and joined his battery here.

Lieutenant G. W. Stevens, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is making an investigation, on the bicycle, of the roads in Virginia, near Washington, D. C.

Ensign C. J. Lang, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and ordered to the *Mohican*.

Mrs. W. R. Shafter, wife of Colonel Shafter, U. S. A., is slowly recovering from the effects of her recent paralytic stroke.

Passed Assistant Surgeon W. F. Arnold, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Petrel* and ordered to special duty in investigating the plague in China and the cholera in Japan.

Passed Assistant Surgeon P. H. Bryant, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Baltimore* and ordered to the *Petrel*.

Lieutenant C. F. Norton, U. S. N., when discharged from the Mare Island Hospital, will be ordered home and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Navy Yard, at Washington, D. C., to undergo medical survey.

Lieutenant N. J. L. T. Halpine, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Boston* to undergo medical survey.

The order detaching Lieutenant H. A. Field, U. S. N., from the *Philadelphia* has been revoked.

Three new plays were produced in as many American cities on Thursday, September 19th. In New Loodoo, Stuart Rohson produced "Government Acceptance," by Daniel L. Hart, a melodrama full of effervescent comedy and tender sentiment. To Newark, Louis James brought out a dramatic version of Scott's "Marmion," by Percy Sage, which was practically a failure. Finally, Gus Thomas's "The Gay Parisians," adapted from the French of Feydeau and Desvalliers, was tried on the dog in Buffalo, previous to Monday night's New York production, and scored an emphatic success.

S. A. B. writes to us from Pasadena, Cal., and asks if the statement in last week's *Argonaut* about the length of the yacht-course off New London was not an error. The course we referred to was across Block Island Sound instead of Loog Island Sound, and it should have been so printed. The waters in, around, and between the mainland and Block Island, Gardiner's Island, and Mootauk Point afford plenty of sea room.

Zola has just won a lawsuit about "Lourdes" against the *Gil Blas*. The newspaper had agreed to pay him ten thousand dollars for the story for its *feuilleton*, but refused to keep the agreement, so the ground that the novelist had at the same time allowed the story to appear in foreign papers, and that it had been published in book-form a month before it could be completed in its columns. As there was nothing in the contract to prevent this, Zola got his money.

American students have long been admitted to the higher courses of instruction in France without being able to obtain degrees unless they had already a French bachelor's degree. A movement is under way to admit to the higher degrees graduates of foreign universities of good standing, like Harvard and Yale, as is done in the universities of Germany.

A Point for Investors.

No person should purchase real estate without having the title insured. Property which does not have a perfect legal title can not be sold with facility. Besides, it is a constant source of annoyance and expense. All trouble is obviated by taking out a policy of insurance upon a title in the California Title Insurance and Trust Company. This corporation has a capital of \$250,000 and a cash reserve fund of \$25,000 with which to defecit its policies. For a single premium, which is generally less than the cost of an abstract and lawyer's opinion, it guarantees a perfect title and becomes liable in case defects are afterward discovered. The company owns the best abstract plant west of the Rocky Mountains. It is thus enabled to make abstracts for purchasers who may prefer them. It is also authorized by law to loan money on real estate. The office of the company is in the Mills Building, and L. R. Ellert is the manager.

—THE LATEST THING IN CAMERAS—\$5.00 Pocket Kodaks. Henry Kahn & Co., Chronicle Building.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

The Return of the Native.

"Uncle" George Bromley, who has spent so much of his life on this side of the world, has just returned to the East, after an absence of many years. He was brought back to his old stamping-ground by the yacht *Ramona*. After taking "Uncle" George to see the inter-oceanic yacht-races, Commodore Gillig, after the Dunraven-Iselin fiasco, cleared at once for the port of New Loodoo, which "Uncle" George said he believed was a friendly port. He shipped from there in 1831 as cabin-boy on a seventy-five ton schooner bound for Africa on a trading voyage. After this brief lapse of sixty-four years, he returned to his native shipping ground at the helm of the stately schooner *Ramona*, with all sails set, flags flying, and guns booming. Commodore Gillig and his co-conspirators had "doed up Uncle George." He was under the impression that he was approaching New Loodoo secretly, but Harry Gillig, Ned Townsend, Frank Unger, and George Knight, who were all on board, had carefully posted "Uncle" George's numerous relatives and friends by wire, and when the old pirate went over the side of his loog, low, black schooner, intending to soak ashore, he was hailed from the landing, and a brass band struck up. Signals were flown from the mast ashore, and on investigating them carefully through powerful binoculars it was found that the signals on the starboard spreader read "The natives are friendly," and those on the port spreader "Come ashore and take a drink." It is said that "Uncle" George was at first much irritated at this failure of his attempt to surprise his relatives in New Loodoo through the treachery of his associates, but subsequently, when he had met the natives and introduced them to his Californian friends, he became appeased.

The Study of Foreign Languages.

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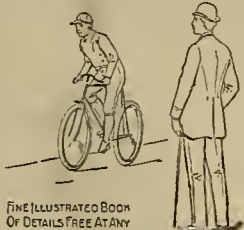
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He—"And you won't give me a little kiss?"
She—"Impossible! I don't keep that kind."—*Ex.*

"Here is the account of a man who had four wives, and he is to suffer for it." "What, again?"
—*Life.*

He—"And did he tell you he saved me from a watery grave?" She—"He said he saved you from a worse place than that."—*Ex.*

Harry—"Now look at me as if you thought I were the only man in the world." Maude—"My face is incapable of expressing such deep grief."—*Truth.*

"There is a difference of opinion between Hen Peck and his wife." "Ah?" "Yes; she thought one way, and he thought she thought another way."—*Puck.*

He—"Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to." She—"Why so?" He—"They are always cool in the time of greatest danger."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Passenger—"Why didn't you tell me there was a block ahead before you took my fare?" Conductor—"I didn't dare, sir! That was one of the directors of the road who sat next to you."—*Puck.*

"Did I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?" "Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that, did you?"—*Beatrice Democrat.*

The philanthropist—"In giving you that quarter, sir, I'm afraid I've befriended a hard drinker." The beneficiary—"You're mistaken this time, sir; drinking is one of the easiest things I do."—*Puck.*

Customer—"What has become of your assistant?" Barber—"Started for himself. He is tired of working by the day, I suppose." Customer—"I thought you paid him so much a thousand words."—*Life.*

"They say," said the prudent man, "that a man who never drinks, nor smokes, nor stays up late at night, always lives to a great age." "Yes," replied his very blasé friend, with a yawn; "that's his punishment."—*Washington Star.*

One kind of crank: *Angry pedestrian* (picking himself up)—"The next infernal scoundrel—oh, I see! It was a man on horseback. Never mind, sir. It didn't hurt me. I thought it was one of those darned bicyclers."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Short story: I—"I think you are just the best, best, goodest husband in all the world!" II—"I wonder how much she wants?" III—"And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Cholley—"Thought you were going to marry Miss Kostique?" Gussie—"Going to ask her to-night. My chances are about even." Cholley—"How so, dear boy?" Gussie—"She must say either 'yes' or 'no.'"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mrs. Knayber—"Can I have a cupful of sugar this morning, Mrs. Neggsdore? I've been intending to buy some, but keep forgetting it. Sugar's gone up a little, hasn't it?" Mrs. Neggsdore—"Yes, it went up three months ago. Hadn't you heard of it?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

The missionary stood before the cannibal king as the cook built the fire in the kitchen stove. "I am greatly disappointed in you," remarked the missionary to the king. "But, my dear boy," replied the king, playfully, "you are not in me yet"; and the missionary turned away and gazed out yearningly over the placid bosom of the Pacific. —*New York Sun.*

New boarder—"What do we get for dinner tonight?" Old boarder—"This is the night we usually have chicken." New boarder—"That's not half bad. Do we often get chicken?" Old boarder—"Oh, about three times a week." New boarder—"Well, by Jove! that's pretty fine; but I don't see how Mrs. Skimper can afford it." Old boarder—"Oh, it's the same chicken."—*Brooklyn Life.*

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Amid the floods of political gossip concerning the Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination, there can be no doubt that Governor McKinley's name has assumed unusual prominence during the past few months. It is not to be denied that a year ago McKinley's name had ceased to inspire enthusiasm in the Republican ranks. The defeat of the party in 1892 was ascribed by the Democrats to the McKinley tariff, and many Republicans were disposed to agree with them. The result was a general indisposition on the part of Republicans to talk much about McKinley,

while the McKinley tariff was looked upon, as a conversational topic, very much as rope is in the family of a gentleman whose father has been hanged.

But this feeling is disappearing. The silver question, which threatened six months ago to be the great issue of the next election, seems to be fading away. The silver question will settle itself if the silver men will soher up and the gold men take the gold cure. The utter and ignominious collapse of the Democratic tariff has forced the tariff as an issue. It is all very well to talk about "no more tariff agitation." But until some other method of paying the government expenses is devised, there must be "more tariff agitation." The Democratic method of raising revenue by bonds has not met with popular approval.

We speak of the "utter and ignominious collapse of the Democratic tariff." The words are justified. This collapse is shown by the monthly reports of the Treasury. It will be further shown when Secretary Carlisle makes his annual report to the incoming Republican Congress. Drawing up that report will be a bitter task for the Secretary of the Treasury. He will have to make many confessions which are humiliating to himself, discreditable to the administration, and damning to the fiscal policy of the Democratic party.

Secretary Carlisle will have to admit that money has been borrowed on hoods at an exorbitant rate of interest. Secretary Carlisle will have to admit that while this money was ostensibly borrowed to maintain the gold reserve, much of it has gone to pay the running expenses of the government. Secretary Carlisle will have to admit that the Democratic tariff has broken down utterly, and does not raise sufficient money to pay the ordinary expenses of the government. And President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle will be forced to apply to a Republican Congress to devise means to extricate the country from the financial quagmire into which a Democratic administration has plunged it.

The Democrats claim that the McKinley tariff was a failure. It certainly produced revenue sufficient for the purposes of the government, which the Democratic tariff has as yet failed to do. But let us examine into the Democratic charges. The McKinley tariff went into effect October 1, 1890. For the year ending June 30, 1891, the excess of receipts over expenditures was \$26,838,542. For the following year the excess was \$5,299,482—certainly not the swollen amount of receipts over expenditure that we would expect from the Democratic denunciations of the McKinley tariff. The following year came the Democratic panic—that of 1893, resulting from the Democratic successes at the election of 1892, and Democratic threats against American industry. The result was such an industrial and commercial crash that for the year ending June 30, 1893, there was a deficiency of \$1,766,994, and for the following year a deficiency of \$72,325,448. At this time, however, the Democrats had been in entire possession of the government for about a year and a half, were chargeable with the expenditures, and were responsible for the laws, as they were capable of repeal months before. When they did put their tariff into effect, on August 28, 1894, it resulted in a deficit for the first year of \$65,594,491. There is but one month out of the twelve since the Democratic tariff went into effect when the receipts have equaled the expenditures.

We are justified, therefore, in saying that the Democratic tariff has ignominiously collapsed. That fact will be demonstrated when the Democratic President and his Treasury Secretary are forced to apply to a Republican Congress for aid in their extremity. And, as we said in the beginning of this article, the collapse of the Democratic tariff has done much to rehabilitate the Presidential aspirations of William McKinley.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, an eminent London alienist, who is visiting this country, has drawn down upon himself the storm of tin thunder and harmless lightning which the newspapers hold in reserve for any critic who questions the righteousness of their high privilege to publish anything that will sell. In his recent address before the Medico-Legal Congress, Dr. Winslow

stated that "the epidemic of suicides this year is due chiefly to the great publicity given by the press to details of crime and suicides."

This statement has been challenged by the New York Herald. But all it really has to say is that suicide is also prevalent in countries where the press is not free. That is evading the point. It is not many months since the New York World began publishing a series of articles on the moral right of people to take their lives. Suicide was veiled under the euphuism of "euthanasia." The consequence of these articles was a large increase in the number of suicides daily throughout the State of New York. This was more eloquent as to the World's circulation and influence on impaired and dejected minds than of its sense of responsibility, or its capacity to judge between the relative value of human life and nickels. The Herald defends the right of a newspaper to publish "legitimate criminal news of the day, giving all necessary particulars." The Fourth Estate, a newspaper for newspapers, says: "A widely circulated journal which would fail to report fully all the news of the day, criminal as well as non-criminal, would fail to give its host of readers what they want, what they take the paper for, and what they have a right to expect. To give proper publicity to crime is not only a legitimate journalistic function, but a public duty." This we do not believe, taking the word "proper" in the meaning which the facts of newspaper practice give it. It is our opinion that the sensational and minute reporting of crime and the printing of details about criminals leads to further crime. The newspapers confer a dangerous prominence upon the criminal.

It is impossible to measure the harm that has been done to the youths of California, for example, by the glorification of Evans and Sontag by the San Francisco Examiner. For months that journal, which is as energetic, and apparently as free from conscience, as a steam-engine, made picturesque heroes of a brace of vulgar thieves and murderers. When their history, as dressed up by the Examiner, was dramatized and presented on the stage of a low theatre, everybody perceived the wickedness of it and the evil to be expected from the representation. Yet the stage could not make more vivid to corruptible young minds the pictures that the Examiner had industriously offered from day to day. The years to come, with their crops of highwaymen and homicides, will reveal how deeply the Examiner's poison has sunk into the characters of the growing generation.

There is no justification for such deadly work. None of the stock arguments of the guilty newspapers will stand investigation. The Fourth Estate has them all at its pen's end. It puts the strongest when it says that "the value of the aid rendered the police and prosecuting authorities in the solution of mysteries, the detection of criminals, and the securing of evidence by enterprising newspapers is universally recognized and can not be overestimated." This is the strongest argument, because it is the one most generally believed; but it is only an illusion, fostered by the newspapers until they have come under it themselves. There is nothing "the police and prosecuting authorities" dread more than the "assistance" of the press, whose motive in collecting evidence is not to aid justice, but to publish it, usually to the embarrassment of the police and the advantage of criminals.

It is always safe to apply the test of the knowledge gained in one's own neighborhood to any general proposition of the sort. What good has the press done in the famous Durrant murder case? Has anything of value been independently discovered by the reporters? Their "detective ability" has been expended in industriously ascertaining what the police had found out, and then giving this information publicly, to the annoyance and increase of the labors of the prosecution and the grateful satisfaction of the defense. When they have not been printing what the police preferred should be kept quiet, the newspapers have filled their columns with reckless inventions, the one purpose of whose publication was to give matter that should increase sales. Everywhere the police when unraveling a crime are sedulous

in thwarting the curiosity of the reporters. To work with them is equivalent to hooting with a brass band. Ordinarily the first surprise in the trial of any conspicuous criminal is the difference between the evidence of the witnesses and the stories of the crime furnished the public beforehand by the newspapers. The reporter, instead of being the chief aid of the detectives and the prosecuting authorities, is, on the average, the chief nuisance with which they have to contend. It must be so. The reporter is but a salaried gossip, and the village constable and magistrate who should seek the cooperation of the voluble female whose recreation it is to talk across the fence to her neighbors, would be as wise as the detective and district attorney who should rely on the press for help.

Dr. Winslow is right. A press which is restrained by no moral scruple, and whose only motive in publishing news is to increase its receipts, is a modern evil of the first magnitude.

On Tuesday of this week, the first day of October, the

THE DEMOCRATS
INCREASING THE
NATIONAL DEBT.

Treasury Department issued its usual monthly statement, by which we learn that the public debt of the United States was increased during the month of September to the amount of nearly two millions of dollars—\$1,834,847, to be exact.

Why is it that, during a time of profound peace, the public debt of this country should be increased nearly two millions of dollars? The answer is simple—it is because the country is in the hands of the Democratic party.

The public debt of this country was incurred in putting down a bloody rebellion, which was due to the Democratic party. We do not say that all the Democrats were rebels, but it is very certain that all the rebels were Democrats. This war, therefore, which cost the country so many millions, was directly due to the Democratic party and its false doctrines. The Republican party, when placed in power by the people, proceeded to crush the rebellion. When the rebellion was stamped out, the Republican party took measures to pay off the enormous debt incurred in crushing the rebellion. For a quarter of a century, through storms of Democratic calumny and slander, this task proceeded. For a quarter of a century, amid Democratic accusations of extravagance, jobbery, corruption, and worse, the Republican party calmly continued to its fixed and unalterable purpose of paying off the public debt. It is reserved for the Democratic party, at this late day, twenty-five years after the close of the war, to stop that work, to cause a check in the payment of the national indebtedness, and finally, instead of reducing, to increase the public debt.

By the Treasury statistics we learn that in October, 1892 (when the Republicans were in power), the public debt amounted to \$966,518,164. Up to the time when Mr. Cleveland and his Democratic administration acceded to office, the public debt continued to decrease. On October 1, 1894 (when the Democratic party had been in power for eighteen months), the public debt had been increased to \$1,017,566,336. On October 1, 1895 (when the Democratic party had been in power for about two years and a half), the public debt had been increased to \$1,126,495,099.

The result may be summed up as follows: For a quarter of a century after the Civil War, the Republican party gradually and steadily reduced the public debt from about 2,700 millions to about 966 millions. In three years, the Democratic party have added to the old debt the sum of \$106,467,390, and have created a perfectly new bonded debt of \$162,000,000. This makes a total of \$268,000,000 added to the public debt of the United States by the Democratic party in three years. That is at the rate of about ninety million dollars a year. The Republicans in twenty-five years reduced the public debt about 1,735 millions of dollars. The Democrats in three years have stopped that reduction, and have increased the national debt about 268 millions. By a simple application of the rule of three, it is found that if the Democrats should remain in power for twenty-five years, the public debt at the end of that time would amount to 4,376 millions of dollars, or nearly twice as much as it was at the close of the Civil War, thirty years ago.

We submit that these figures are perfectly fair. They are taken from the statistics furnished by the Democratic officials of the United States Treasury. As for the forecast for the next twenty-five years, it is certainly defensible to take the past record of a party as an index of its future record. If the Democratic party were to run this country for the next twenty-five years as it has for the last three, the national debt of the United States, at the expiration of that time, would be four billion three hundred and seventy-six millions of dollars.

At a mass meeting in New York last week the German Catholics protested against the act of the Italian Government, a quarter of a century ago, in "depriving the Pope of temporal power," and sent an address of condolence to His Holiness. Archbishop Corrigan spoke, and also Bishop Messmer, ap-

proving this action of the mass meeting. Waiving the question of the propriety of foreigners coming to the United States of America, accepting its hospitality and the protection of its laws, and then taking advantage of this protection and hospitality to protest against the domestic action of a government friendly to the United States, let us analyze the claim made by Bishop Messmer that "Rome is Papal by God's ordinance"—which is the claim of the Roman Catholic Church everywhere, and the foundation for its pretense that United Italy is a mortal sin. It is so well known that the so-called "donation of Constantine" is a forgery, that the fact is admitted by all Roman Catholic writers with historical knowledge, though Bishop Messmer necessarily had it in mind when he declared that "Rome is Papal by divine ordinance." Failing that holy charter, the Pope's title is traced back to King Pepin of France, who, godly man, took by force a portion of the dominions of the Lombard king and handed the booty over to Pope Stephen. Later, this title, which it was sacrilege for Victor Emanuel to disturb in the present century, was confirmed by Charlemagne, another crowned robber. Other robbers, Roman nobles this time, bereft the Popes of the "patrimony of Peter," and drove them to Avignon, in France, where they remained for seventy years. At the close of the last century, the French, who, under Pepin, had stolen Rome from the Lombard king, took back the stolen goods from the "fence"—the Pope—to whom they had confided it. It was made a part of France. The allies stole it from the Romans and returned it to His Holiness. In 1848, the Romans themselves drove out Pius the Ninth and erected a republic. The French put down the republic and replaced the Pope in possession of the sovereignty which, according to Bishop Messmer, is his by "God's ordinance." In 1870, the Romans took it to themselves once more, and have kept it up to date. If anybody has a right to Rome, surely it is the Romans.

The Pope's title, "by God's ordinance," would not stand investigation in any real-estate searching bureau in the world, and Bishop Messmer knows it perfectly well. If he possessed the slightest faith in its validity, he would boldly have cited the "donation of Constantine," and also the Isidorian Decretals, which once were universally accepted. These Decretals were fabricated in the west of Gaul in the middle of the ninth century. They were a forgery, containing a hundred or more pretended decrees of the early Popes, besides spurious writings of other church dignitaries and acts of synods. This forgery produced an immense extension of the Papal power. It prepared the way, as Bishop Messmer is aware, for the great attempt to convert the states of Europe into a theocratic priest-kingdom, with the Pope at its head—an effort to transform everything in sight into a "patrimony of Peter." The Decretals and other invented records furnished the needed instances of the deposition and excommunication of kings—supplied the required proof that they had always been subject to the Popes. These forgeries were put upon a par with Scripture by the church. As for the "donation of Constantine," Draper says of it:

"Another fiction concocted in Rome in the eighth century led to important consequences. It feigned that the Emperor Constantine, in gratitude for his cure from leprosy and baptism by Pope Sylvester, had bestowed Italy and the Western provinces on the Pope, and that, in token of his subordination, he had served the Pope as his groom and led his horse some distance. This forgery was intended to work on the Frankish kings and impress them with a correct idea of their inferiority, and to show that in the territorial concessions they made to the church they were not giving, but only restoring what rightfully belonged to it."

The reason that Bishop Messmer refrained from going into particulars on the subject of the "ordinance of God," on which the Pope's claim to temporal sovereignty rests, is that his grace, like all other Roman Catholics who are acquainted with the facts, knows that the particulars reveal a succession of frauds, committed in the interest of Mother Church, which are quite unique in their pious and deliberate villainy. A title to real estate resting on good plain robbery is respectable in comparison. Though Pepin was a robber, he did his stealing like a honest rogue of his time, sword in hand and with no thought that he was not engaged in a legitimate industry. The circumstance that King Pepin was able to steal the land from his majesty of Lombardy, Bishop Messmer will admit, was self-evident proof that Heaven was back of him in the enterprise, else he would have failed. Hence the robbery was manifestly in pursuance of an "ordinance of God." This argument is not only unassailable theologically, but has the happy advantage of being capable of wide application. For example, when in 1155 Pope Adrian the Fourth gave, by bull, the Kingdom of Ireland to Henry the Second of England, no Roman Catholic dare deny that he did the will of the Almighty. That Ireland has ever since remained subject to Great Britain demonstrates that the bull was an "ordinance of God."

It is to be regretted that Bishop Messmer did not touch

upon one other aspect of the question, which has caused much bewilderment to thoughtful and reverent minds. Why is it that the Roman Catholic Church, which everywhere performs miracles to order and sends out wonder-working relics to all the world, including our own favored land, did not go up against Victor Emanuel in 1870 with the thigh-bone of a saint, put the invader to flight, and so have saved Rome to the Papacy? And, similarly, why is it that if Pope Leo the Thirteenth objects to being a prisoner in the Vatican, he does not point his infallible finger at United Italy, and, by the utterance of a suitable Latin formula, send Humbert thence to the Fiend and crumble his sacrilegious kingdom?

During the last few weeks the San Francisco *Call* has been engaged in printing articles on the advisability of a new water-supply for San Francisco. The source to which the *Call* goes for its new water-supply is in the "artesian reservoir," which it says lies beneath this city. In the pursuit of its crusade, the *Call* has sent around reporters and artists, and has discovered several disused artesian wells, rusty pumps, and decaying pump-houses in various portions of the city. These it has raked up in order to show the possibilities of the "artesian reservoir" lying under the peninsula of San Francisco.

It is old chaff which the *Call* is thrashing over. This question has come up in San Francisco scores of times before. That the "artesian reservoir" has been exploited is evident by the disused wells and rusty pumps which the *Call* has found. That the "artesian reservoir" has not been suited to the uses of water consumers is shown by the fact that these "artesian pumps" are rusty and these "artesian wells" are disused. The reason is easy to find. The reason is the "artesian water." At the present juncture, when San Francisco is quarantined against numerous ports scourged with cholera, it is not an encouraging time for the *Call* to exploit its "artesian reservoir."

As we have said, the question is old in San Francisco. The fact that manufacturers and others in San Francisco have bored wells and secured water has impelled many to believe that the supply is unlimited and that the water is pure. Neither of these beliefs is based upon fact. The wells in San Francisco called "artesian wells" are most of them only from two to three hundred feet deep. They are practically surface wells. They percolate only the surface strata, which are impregnated with the filth accumulations of a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants. These dissolved and putrefying organic matters seep through the soil of the hills of the city, and percolate into the valleys, where the borers of the "artesian wells" have sunk their tubes through the superficial soil. The so-called "artesian water" obtained on this peninsula is not fit for drinking purposes.

This city is fifty years old. Its soil is impregnated with the filth of half a century. The sewers and offal carts by no means remove all the filth of the city. There are still thousands of earth-vaults in use throughout the city, many even in the public schools, as has been shown by the recent investigations of the board of health. If this be the case in public buildings, imagine how many thousands of buildings out under the eye of public officials must still be provided with these primitive sanitary appliances. In addition to that, many of the sewers of the city are constructed of loose, porous, brick masonry, laid with common mortar of very bad quality, and in some cases, through the villainy of contractors, with no mortar at all. Other sewers are constructed of planking, and, in the course of years, they have rotted away. It is a notorious fact that many sewers in this city, both brick sewers and plank sewers, have broken and discharged their contents into the earthen channels excavated for their reception. It is through a soil impregnated with all these horrible accumulations of filth that the bore of "artesian wells" must be sunk. When it is considered that practically all the so-called "artesian wells" of San Francisco are but surface wells, and that their water-supply is poisoned by the seepage and percolation from the filthy superficial strata of soil under a large city, it can be conceived how dangerous to human life and health such water must be if used as drinking water.

We have said that the wells in San Francisco are not true "artesian wells." It may be asked what is a true artesian well. The distinguished engineer Humber, in his "Treatise on Water Supply" (edition of 1876, page 95), says:

"Surface or shallow wells are those which are sunk comparatively but a short distance into a superficial water-bearing stratum, and are supplied by the infiltration of rain and other water. In the great city of London hundreds of such wells, both public and private, are to be found. Until the ravages of disease and death were traced to the drinking of the water which these wells were known to yield, they were classed among the greatest boons the inhabitants enjoyed."

"True artesian wells are water springs rising above the surface of the ground by natural hydrostatic pressure, on boring down to a con-

siderable depth through a series of strata to a water-carrying bed inclosed between two impervious layers."

The phrase "considerable depth" used by Mr. Hummer is justified when we give the following brief list of some genuine artesian wells: Well at Grenelle, France, 1,798 feet; well at La Chapelle, France, 1,811 feet; well at Kissingen, Germany, 1,878 feet; well at Passy, France, 1,923 feet; well at Louisville, Ky., 2,088 feet; well at Neusalwerk, Germany, 2,288 feet.

From this it may be seen that the great artesian wells of the world are deep wells, and not like those of San Francisco, which in the language of Hummer are surface or shallow wells. These surface wells must necessarily be foul. In this, as in other cities, the soil is contaminated by the impure gases leaking from gas, sewer, and drain-pipes, from the ammoniacal and other excrementitious deposits in the earth, from the leakage of stables, vaults, house-drains, and sewers. The wells of this character in London and other large cities were proved by scientists to have been fouled by the presence of adjacent cemeteries. There are half a dozen large cemeteries within the city limits of San Francisco, all of them on the tops of hills. It is inevitable that the rain-fall upon these large areas of land, thickly sown with human bodies, must percolate through the soil and into the valleys beneath. Even if we were to admit, for the purposes of argument, that the strata immediately underlying this city were of a nature utterly impervious to water, something almost preposterous, it still would follow that the smooth exterior surface of the iron pipes of these "artesian wells," running down through these strata, would furnish a ready conduit to the poisonous surface water which had percolated through the surface soil, and would lead it direct to the "artesian reservoir" discovered by the Call.

Marin County has had, and is having, an experience which illustrates the difficulties encountered by all attempts to set convicts at work upon the roads of this State. For years the people of Marin have been endeavoring to procure the construction of a highway by convict labor, and to that end have made private subscriptions of money, donations of land, and even procured acts of the legislature, but still the road remains unbuild. What was desired was a highway leading from San Rafael, and the other highways now terminating there, to Point Tiburon. The legislature in 1891 provided for the employment of convict labor to aid in its completion. This statute was permissive only, but it is affirmed that Warden Hale, of the San Quentin prison, assuming to speak for the directors, assured the county supervisors that they were ready to proceed. Thereupon the supervisors caused surveys to be made, and constructed a draw-bridge over Corte Madera Channel at a cost of five thousand dollars. Nothing else to speak of was done, and in 1893 the legislature passed an act making, as Marin County claims, the coöperation of the prison authorities mandatory. The citizens collected about five hundred dollars, which was turned over to Warden Hale for wheelbarrows and other tools. Some work was done, and then it stopped when the money gave out, and it was found that a good part of it had been expended for stage-fare, at twenty-five cents a head, for conveying the prisoners to and from their work. The citizens thought the coin could have been better spent, and do not see why these striped gentlemen of leisure should not have walked instead of traveling luxuriously by coach. They affirm that such work as was performed under the circumstances would have been less expensive had free workmen been employed. They also claim that the warden is half-hearted in the enterprise, and that if he wished to continue it, it could be done. The warden, on the other hand, professes to be entirely in favor of working his convicts, but can not see his way clear to do it without a special appropriation by the legislature. There has been a voluminous and acrimonious correspondence, and appeals by the district attorney and the assemblyman of the district to the prison directors in behalf of the supervisors and the Citizens' Committee, and the situation is so tangled that it would hardly be just in an outsider to pass judgment on the warden without a further hearing.

The matter has, of course, a much wider application than to Marin County. If convicts can not be worked without special legislative appropriation as well as authorization, it is hard to think of a manner in which the State's money could be more profitably used than in supplying the convicts with tools and extra guards. How prisoners shall be employed is a problem that puzzles alike the penologist and the politician. The former wants it done in the moral and reformatory interest of the convict, and the politician would fall in with the penologist readily enough were it not for fear of the "labor vote." But the building of roads is an ideal compromise. Whatever can be said of the inadvisability of working convicts at avocations where their labor will compete with that of men outside the prisons—and whatever

may be the absurdity of forbidding convicts in California to manufacture furniture, for example, when furniture from the Illinois penitentiary is undercutting that manufactured here by free labor—the arguments do not apply to road-building in this State, for there can be no competition between convicts and free workmen. Such roads as are needed in Marin and many other parts of the State can not be made except by convict labor. California is not rich enough to build them otherwise.

Two things will not be disputed—the extreme desirability of good roads, and their infrequency in California. Good roads can be had if the labor lying idle in our prisons can be applied. Not only should the able-bodied criminals in the penitentiaries be thus employed, but also the lazy and overfed inmates of the various county jails. Industry would be good for these men, and reduce their number speedily, for the conjunction of hard work and imprisonment is the best deterrent of crime. It is preposterous that the roads we already have should not be improved and needed new ones constructed while we have the muscle at hand, to be had without wages, to do the labor. Every farmer, every merchant, every producer, and every consumer is directly and financially interested in the state of the roads and their number. So is every man who owns land in the interior. Good roads mean the cheapening of transportation and the facilitating of travel, in themselves and as they bear on railroad charges. The condition of a community's roads is an index to its intelligence. Bad roads and insufficient roads are not compatible with a creditable degree of civilization, and, judged by her roads, California has reason to be ashamed.

The *Argonaut* trusts that the people of Marin County will not relax the energy they have already shown in their efforts to obtain penitentiary labor. In securing some of that labor for the construction of a modern highway from San Rafael to Tiburon, they will open the doors of the prisons for the service of other counties which stand in need of road-builders as much and even more than they do. The prevalence of the bicycle has awakened new interest in California, as elsewhere, regarding roads. This is a force which is not to be ignored. The bicyclers, the farmers, and every other element specially concerned should be organized by the time the next legislature meets for a movement to secure authorization and appropriations for hiring the army of jail-birds out of their comfortable hunks on to the roads, where they should have been at work years ago, notwithstanding the stupidity of the trades-unions and the cowardice of politicians.

We have received a communication from "An Army Officer" concerning the peculiar status of United States soldiers before the courts of the States. It is suggested by incidents connected with the railroad strikers' riots of July, 1894, the erection of the monument in the Presidio cemetery to the dead soldiers with the inscription "murdered by strikers," and the determined stand taken by General Graham in regard to the maintenance and protection of the monument. We shall hope to find room for all or a portion of "An Army Officer's" communication in the next issue.

In the meantime, we note with pleasure that General Graham remains unaffected by the threats of the scowling strikers of the American Railway Union. Even the covert and cowardly menaces of a daily press which truckles to the mob have not affected him in his firm stand. Last week two of the strikers, C. Crandall and H. Appelman, were observed slinking around the Presidio cemetery. Appelman is one of the men tried for the murder of poor Clark, the unfortunate engineer who was killed by the strikers ditching the train near Sacramento. General Graham says, as reported:

"These men asked the sentinel on duty at the monument how many men were on guard, and also asked him if the guard was doubled at night. The sentinel refused to answer their questions, and suspecting their inquiries were made for ulterior purposes, reported the matter to Captain George H. G. Gale, of the Fourth Cavalry, who in turn reported it to me, and I ordered the men arrested and brought before me. It is my belief that those men went there to see whether that monument was guarded, and to see what the possibilities were of their injuring it."

General Graham interrogated the two men as to their business in the cemetery. They replied in an insolent manner that they were "looking around." General Graham then ordered them to be marched off the reservation, saying: "I don't propose to have any of you murderers trespassing here, and if I find you here again I shall put you in the guard-house." The two worthies were then marched off the reservation, suffering much humiliation, as they averred, because they were seen by the cable-car passengers. They at once flew to the offices of the dailies to relate their tale of woe, and it was set forth at great length in those sympathetic sheets. Reporters were dispatched to General Graham, and solemnly asked him "if he had anything to say?" General Graham, to the amazement of the

reporters, did not attempt to deny or explain anything. He said briefly that the story was substantially correct, with the single exception that he did not call Crandall a murderer.

Egged on by the dailies, both Crandall and Appelman announce that they intend to bring suit against General Graham for ejecting them from the Presidio. They may succeed in getting some shyster to take their case, but that is all they ever will get. There will be no "damages" for these gentry. The officers of the United States army in charge of military reservations certainly possess police power over those reservations. They possess plenary power to eject any persons from such reservations. The fact that they regulate the days and the hours of visits, and the parts of the reservation which may be visited by civilians, carries with it the power to exclude entirely.

In this case, there can be no question that General Graham was perfectly right. Threats have been made that the monument erected to the soldiers of his command, murdered by the railroad strikers, would be destroyed. Veiled insinuations to that effect have appeared in the San Francisco daily press. A week ago, two men were detected at night climbing over the wall near the monument, and, when challenged by the sentry, fled, and were fired upon, but escaped in the darkness. When, therefore, two men were found near the monument, questioning the sentry about the guard, both of them strikers, and one of them tried for the murderous train wreck, the general was justified in arresting and ejecting them.

The soldiers at the Presidio military reservation share the sentiments of their commander in his attempt to protect the monument erected to the memory of their murdered comrades. Already, as we have said, a sentry has fired without result at some night-prowlers fleeing into the darkness. It is entirely probable, if the strikers continue their attempts upon the monument, that the sentries will fire with effect. And if they should kill enough of them to balance the account of their murdered comrades, there will be no mourning among the blue-coats at the Presidio military reservation.

Despite the unanimity of the daily papers of San Francisco in demanding that there shall be no regulation of the height of buildings, the supervisors still hesitate about passing the new building ordinance with all limits as to height left out. If the daily papers are agreed upon this subject, other people are not. The San Francisco Chapter of the American Institute of Architects have been discussing the matter, and have not agreed. Architects have every reason to encourage the erection of new buildings, of many buildings, of tall buildings. If, then, even they can not agree that buildings should be erected without limit as to height, it is evident that there is little to be said for the no-limit proposition. We may remark that this is a question that does not concern the proprietors of the daily papers alone, or other real-estate owners who may intend to erect tall buildings. It concerns the municipality itself, and all of the dwellers in San Francisco. Other questions are involved beside the ownership of land and the right of a man to "do what he pleases with his own." The conservative action of the San Francisco Chapter of Architects shows that. We advise the board of supervisors to appoint a commission, consisting of architects, fire-insurance experts, fire-department officials, physicians, and lawyers, to pass upon the questions involved, and request them to act without compensation, in their own interests and the interests of the city. The matter should be settled at once, and settled definitely. Not only æsthetic and hygienic questions are involved, but also the more prosaic question of land values.

Mr. H. J. McCoy, "Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco," met recently Mr. I. J. Truman, a juror in the Durrant murder trial. To him said Mr. McCoy: "If you do not hang Durrant, we will hang you." When this remark was reported to Judge Murphy, he summoned Mr. McCoy to appear before him for contempt of court. Mr. McCoy then stated that the remark had been made "as a joke." The gentleman may shine in other directions, but he certainly does not shine as a humorist. Judge Murphy, having an imperfect sense of humor, fined Mr. McCoy two hundred and fifty dollars, and it was the general impression that he was lucky to get off at that. We commend to the consideration of Mr. McCoy some words in a book with which he may be familiar—"The tongue is a little member . . . it is an unruly evil." There is much else in that book which Mr. McCoy might profitably study. It is difficult to understand how a man at the head of such an institution could make such a remark to a juror. Can it be possible that Mr. McCoy is a type of the young men over whom he presides? If so, it is melancholy to think what very curious Christians those Christian young men must be.

GIVE CONVICTS
PICK AND SHOVEL
EXERCISE.

GENERAL GRAHAM
AND THE
STRIKERS.

THE TALL
BUILDING
QUESTION.

A
CHRISTIAN
HUMORIST.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

How the Captain's Wife Flirted and her Prophecy Came True.

One thing upon which the entire feminine portion of the garrison was agreed was that "that woman" (with the proper inflection) was the worst flirt in the regiment, if not in the department. But the camp was divided thereupon, for the men were disposed to be too charitable. They went so far, even, as to pity her and to defend her covertly, which was the one proof of the woman's unworthiness needed. A champion of the opposite sex, in a matter of this sort, does more harm than good.

There were no definite charges that might be brought up against her, but the court-social does not ask for facts. It judges at a glance and its edicts are irrevocable, more particularly in the service, where that which would be winked at elsewhere, or pass unnoticed, is not for an instant tolerated. The wives of these Cæsars must be above suspicion. And suspicion can be founded on so small a thing.

Mrs. Bolton's offenses consisted of a fashion of raising her appealing, tawny eyes that was melting to the heart masculine, of a tendency to the wearing of gowns of an unusually frivolous and giddy pattern, and of making her front porch in summer and her sitting-room in winter the most attractive in the post to the male element. Then there was the matter of Wainright. Wainright was an accepted fact, and filled in the intervals when Captain Bolton was at the barracks, at guard-mounting, doing office of the day duty or stable duty, with unfailing regularity. When Bolton was on scouts, Wainright played suitor-in-chief to this Penelope. Bolton appeared to be the only one oblivious to the state of affairs; certain it was that it seemed not to trouble him that Wainright should be so very evidently in love with his captain's wife, yet the captain was not a fool.

It was surmised that he drew some comfort from the fact that the infatuation was all on Wainright's side. Eleanor Bolton accepted, but did not encourage the man; her manner with him was of a part with that which she assumed toward men and things in general—one of sweet, pathetic indifference, lightened with a smile. Her very indifference goaded her maligners on. She so rarely rewarded their attacks by winking at the stings. Just at first, she had grown a little nervous, had made one or two attempts at conciliation, and had raised her eyes, misty with tears—pleading, yellowish eyes like those of a brown water-spaniel—to those of some dazzled swain, thereby ensnaring him still further. But of late, within the last few months, she had taken no notice of such small slights as were put upon her, and had shown no disposition to tears or humility. There is no nature so pure that, by degrees, it can not accustom itself to falling lower than, at first, it would have deemed possible. What, with Mrs. Bolton, had begun in a desire for amusement and pastime, was growing constantly more serious and more necessary. Having learned the power of her charms, she used it, and, as it grew apace, it needed more food to subsist upon.

Having won the submission of the many, she next required the adoration of the one. Wainright was of goodly mien, with more mustache than morals, understood her perfectly, and pretended that he did not. He found favor in her eyes, above all others. She set herself to please him, and in very little time he was at her feet. Then she did not know what to do with him. She knew that to have him forever at her side was not wise, but she hesitated to dismiss him. She was wont to think of him in the light of an opium habit, but not to be dispensed with. When he began to time his visits to the hours when his captain would be from home, she saw that she was on the edge of the precipice, yet she continued to walk beside it, and Wainright with her. Wainright was useful, moreover; he rarely left official duties keep him from carrying out his part of *cavalier servante*, and he earned his one hundred and fifty dollars a month easily and with as little trouble to himself as possible.

Sometimes, in the rare moments when she allowed herself to think, Eleanor would wonder why she permitted this man, toward whom she was absolutely indifferent, to influence her life for evil, when she had refused to be influenced for good by the man to whom she had by no means been indifferent in the past. Yet had he not influenced her? For two years his memory—not that he was dead in the flesh, but worse, dead to her—had been her moving spirit for what of good she had done and felt; having known him, she was better. Then the realization that all this was but part of a hazy past, a sort of dear "aside" in the drama of her life, had caused a reaction. Why should she—she who was so young—spend her best years in regretting? There was much ahead, a great deal yet to be enjoyed; and she began to live a life that she told herself was pleasant. When an importunate "What would be think," rose before her, as it often had just at first, she drove it back with a further bit of waywardness. It was at such a time that she had married Captain Bolton, and had given a gasp of dismay when it was all over and she was torturing herself with vain "what might have been"—sweet punishment. She had fancied that she had ceased to hope; but when she saw how irrevocable was the step she had taken, she was frightened and a little desperate.

She was thinking of this now while Bolton was at stables, and she awaited without anxiety Wainright's certain coming. She was looking over the last *Army and Navy*, which the mail orderly had just brought. The outside sheets were still wet from the snow that had fallen on them. She read over the personals:

"Lieutenant John A. Strickland, 1st Cavalry, has been ordered to rejoin his troop at Fort Keogh, Mont. Lieutenant Strickland has been absent on sick leave and recruiting service for over three years."

Mrs. Bolton read it over several times, not quite grasping the words, yet conscious of the meaning. Her lips felt cold and the blood hummed in her head. Then Wainright came,

and was greeted with a smile even sweeter and gayer and happier than usual. Only twice she seemed a little absent-minded and did not answer a question, but she caught herself with a laugh. Wainright thought he had never heard her laugh so easily. He asked her if she had had good news.

"Very. The resurrection of one's youthful pleasures is always so sweet—intensely sweet; don't you think so?"

This time Wainright did not understand her.

Mrs. Bolton wondered what Strickland would have thought of her now, if he could have overheard what this brass-buttoned Adonis was saying to her, and what she was allowing him to say. Yet when Bolton came in from the cold, snowy, windy, outside world, his brother-at-arms and his wife were languidly discussing the outcome of the rifle contest, a topic which it did not occur to him was slightly threadbare.

And the affair went on apace, steadily developing. Even the men began to wonder what was coming. Strickland arrived. The day he drove into the post, the mules of his ambulance drew up, panting, in front of the commanding officer's, beside a sleighing-party about to start off. Strickland recognized among the fur-wrapped figures that of Eleanor Bolton. She was humming "Jingle Bells." He wondered why her lips were so tightly drawn. He ascribed it to the cold; but it was not becoming. They had not been so of old. Of old . . . he shook himself impatiently, that was what he was going to forget, as that merry woman in the sleigh evidently had.

Eleanor stopped her song to greet him. There was nothing more than the ordinary exchange of civilities, not even a covert glance nor the tremulous smile of fiction. Strickland replied to her spoken hope that she should see him soon, that he would surely call upon her at the earliest possible moment.

"I didn't know you knew Mr. Strickland, Mrs. Bolton; why didn't you tell us?" asked the woman in the seat in front of her, turning around.

"Yes, I knew him several years ago, before I was married."

"What's he like? Will he be an acquisition?"

"Oh, I think so. What's he like? Well, the motto of the Chevalier Bayard will tell you that."

Strickland found Wainright with Mrs. Bolton when he called on the following day; Bolton was at the troop quarters. After a time, Wainright went away. When the Navajo blanket portière had fallen behind him, there was a moment's pause—only a moment's—a look of inquiry on both sides, an understanding and resolve, then the ball of frivolities rolled on.

After Strickland had gone, Eleanor stood looking out over the snow-covered parade-ground, watching the shadows that the flag-staff and flag threw in the straight, white rays of the setting sun. First call for retreat was just sounding. She listened to the notes that shrilled out across the white prairie in a wailing, defiant challenge, and followed the trumpeter with her eyes as he went into the adjutant's office, with one of the post curs at his heels. Then she drummed on the window-pane with her finger-tips and tried not to think.

But in the next few weeks she thought a great deal, for two people. For Strickland's reasoning powers had left him, and he was back under the spell of years before—a noxious spell now. There was only one thing of positive, unassailable good left to Mrs. Bolton, it was Strickland's respect; only one unshattered ideal, Strickland himself; beside these, his love was as nothing to her. She must keep them at all costs, but to do that she must give up his love, and it was very dear. He had said nothing as yet, but she knew that he soon would. The one man whom she had endowed with superhuman strength was about to show himself weak; and because of her. To stop his fall and her own would cost her much; but she would do it. Whatever the regiment thought, Strickland should always believe her to be a noble woman.

The moment when Eleanor Bolton put out her slender arm to stop the downfall of two desperate creatures, came sooner than she had expected. She walked beside Strickland, keeping step with his regulation stride, for she was tall enough to do it with ease; they had been strolling in the keen night air. Her hands tore the lining from her muff, but her voice was low and even:

"I am sorry you said that, Jack; but I knew you would. Perhaps it's just as well to have it over with. Oh, Jack, if you only could know, if you only knew! You have been unhappy, you say; but I have been happier. I've been a flirt, I know it; but I wasn't always so, was I? I didn't flirt with you, Jack, and you know it. I honestly fancied I was not worthy of you; I thought I was doing a painful duty. I was only seventeen then, remember, and I worshiped you more than I loved you. Now—I love you more than I worship you. I thought you had forgotten me, that's all. Do you know what I've done, Jack? One is not a charming woman for nothing. The powers that be are like other men. One of the powers took a fancy to me once, and I have made use of it. Fred will be ordered away from here within a few days. I asked the Power, as a special favor, to be taken away from this purgatory as soon as possible; he granted my petition. Of course I didn't tell him why. I suppose he will think it's the climate. It's best so. But it is. You'll see it some day. There are others besides ourselves, a future as well as a past. The past is ruined; let's not ruin the future. Sometime it will all be over; we shall have outgrown it, I suppose. Do you hope so? I don't. Take me home now, and don't come to see me again. Look what I've done to my muff. I've torn out all the lining; here's a handful of feathers. There! one has blown on your coat. Are you going to keep it? All right. Some day you'll find a little old white feather among your papers, and you will laugh and blow it away. When you can do that, we can meet again. Jack! say good-bye."

And the years passed and the regiment still talked, and

Mrs. Bolton's name was lightly handled even then, and Strickland was promoted to greater rank and pay. One day the wind found a little down feather among the papers in his desk and blew it away. And the feather was never missed.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1895.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

The Voice at Buzzard's Bay.

By CLEVER GROVELAND.

Once, at Buzzard's Bay, while fishing,
I sat musing, wondering, wishing
That the Presidential mansion
I could hold till life was o'er;
As I pondered on the matter,
Suddenly I heard a clatter,
An interminable chatter,
From the sloping, pebbly shore.
"Some intruder!" then I muttered,
"Wants official bread, well buttered;
Some intolerable bore,
Seeking office, nothing more."

As I sat in deep reflection,
Thinking of the next election,
I experienced such dejection
As I never felt before;
Turning, I beheld a lowly
Buzzard, it was walking slowly
Up and down the gravel floor;
On my Trilbies proudly standing,
Spoke I then in voice commanding:
"Tell me truly, as a prophet,
What the future has in store,
What for me it has in store."

"In convention consequential,
In the campaign Presidential,
Will my efforts be potential,
And my power influential,
To secure the place once more?
Bird of death! Oh, bird of evil,
Traversing the sandy level,
Be thou angel or grim devil,
Soothe my spirit, sad and sore;
Will again this noble nation
Call me to that honored station?"
Quoth the buzzard, "Nevermore!"
—*Nebraska State Journal*

Views of a Pessimist.

The day will come
When women will care naught for dress,
When spinsters will their age confess,
To its full sum;
When Kaintuck's Colonels, brave and true,
Their illegitimate mountain dew
Will cease to drink;
When Ingersoll will turn devout;
And such a day will come about,
I do not think.

The day will come
When Congressmen won't chin all day,
But really work to earn their pay,
Too large a sum;
When Simpson, with the unclothed feet,
Down in the Presidential seat
Will softly sink;
When farmers won't blow out the gas;
And such a day will come to pass,
I do not think.

The day will come
When lovely maids won't care to read
The books of Zola and his creed,
And won't chew gum;
When graduates will not repeat
The "standing with reluctant feet,"
On life's broad brink;
When green-goods men no prey can find;
Will such a day the years unwind?
I do not think.

The day will come
When foot-ball men will cease to wear
Their hair as does the gifted player,
Pianos to thrum;
When pugilists will not delight
To bluster, and from offered fight
Will scorn to shrink;
When politicians straight will be,
And such a day we yet will see
I do not think.—*Charles J. Colton in New York Sun.*

The Ruddy Duck's Avenger.

The Ruddy Duck sailed through the marsh on her sweet placid way,
And little thought the huntsman hold had ventured out that day;
She fluffed her feathers up with pride, she polished up her bill,
Not dreaming that the world so wide held aught that hoded ill.

She never guessed how popular with mortals was her kind;
She'd never heard that cluhmen on her species often dined.
She was so unsophisticate that, like a very hoy,
She paddled curiously to where there sat a hold decoy.

Alas, poor duck! she'd hardly had a chance to say "good-day"
To that vile zinc deceiver that was floating in the bay,
When, hang! the hunter's gun went off, the shot had pierced her side,
And with her bill wide open she turned three times round—and died.

And, oh, the huntsman's glee was great to note the duck was fat!
His mouth did water copiously when he had noted that,
And paddling to the shore, he took that bird so rich and sweet
And cooked her, and then sat him down in ecstasy to eat.

But he was unsophisticate, just as that duck had been:
He thought no more of bullets than had she, the Ruddy Queen;
And in the haste with which he ate the juicy, fruity bit,
He overlooked the hidden shot, and straightway swallowed it.

And it avenged that Ruddy Duck, so murderously slain;
It laid that huntsman low, and he ne'er left his bed again,
For on its travels that fell shot, that tool of death and storm,
Did lodge within that hunter hold's appendix vermiform!

—Bazar.

The *London News* says: "One is hardly able to believe that the Earl of Lonsdale spent, as is reported, £80,000 on the entertainment of his imperial guest, the German emperor, at Lowther. There are some noble families which have been crippled by lavish expenditure in days gone by, on behalf of their sovereign. Surely there is some mistake about such an enormous sum as £80,000, spent within such a short period."

THE SWEET BRITISH MAIDEN.

An Amusing Sketch of London Society—How a Socially Ambitious Matron Stalked a Titled Son-in-Law—A Human Comedy Told in Monologues.

The short-story writer is making a good thing of it in these days. Twenty years ago the man or woman who wrote fiction was not content with producing anything less than the three-volume novel that took several nights to read; if they wrote short stories, it was only for need of a little ready money or as a literary *tour de force*. But now the public wants short stories, and writers of ability are turning out quantities of cleverly narrated episodes which one can read and he through with in a quarter of an hour. The *Argonaut* was one of the first American journals to recognize this fact, and it has had many followers in the policy of making each issue complete in itself.

But in England the writer of short stories was not satisfied with the financial return from payment for newspaper publication and a possible small royalty on the sale of the collected tales, and the fashion has been started of reconstructing such a series so that, in hook-form, they constitute a continuous novel. Virginia Hunt did this in "The Maiden's Progress," "Anthony Hope" Hawkins followed with "The Dolly Dialogues," and now Gerald Campbell has collected a similar set of sketches, and prints them in a hook entitled "The Joneses and the Asterisks." The first two consisted of dialogues, in which the various personages of the story converse; "The Joneses and the Asterisks" is made up of monologues only. A few of them have been reprinted in the *Argonaut*.

The story of "The Joneses and the Asterisks" — a wretched title, by the way — concerns the efforts of Mrs. Jones, wife of a London alderman and hitherto with the poison of social ambition, to marry her pretty daughter Maud to a man of title. The candidate she has in view is the dissipated young Earl of Asterisk, whose mother is driven to hard straits to make both ends meet. But his sister, Lady Gertrude Blank, wishes to save Maud from the marriage, and Maud herself is in love with Captain Lambert.

The mother's character is well shown by her own chatter in the chapter on "Her First Drawing-Room." She says, as they ride to the palace:

Goodness, what a crowd! How they stare! And, of course, there isn't a policeman. Make haste into the carriage. They ought all to be struck blind, like Peeping What's-his-Name, you know, in Tenyson. Now, do be careful of my dress. Thank goodness, we're off at last. What was I saying? Oh, yes; whatever you do, don't get nervous. The only way is not to think about it. I remember when I was presented, when your father was made an alderman, I wasn't a bit nervous; so you oughtn't to be now. It's almost a pity, you know, that I am taking you myself. Miss Jones, by the Countess of Asterisk, would have looked so much better in the pavers.

How cold it is! I would have brought a shawl or something, only for the people. They do enjoy looking at us, poor things. What are those people cheering for? And they are laughing, too. At us? How absurd you are! Why should they — unless — perhaps — they take us for royalty. That nice Mr. Doubleface said I was just like the queen, only not of course so old; and you are a little like the Duchess of York, too.

What is that man saying? "Where's your dickey?" What does that mean? What is a dickey? "Go home and finish dressing." What can he mean? My dress? Oh, Maud, has anything come undone? Mrs. Parkins would insist on lacing me too tight. Gracious, what a fright he gave me! Poor man, I daresay he has never seen a lady in full-dress before. Why aren't all these people working, instead of idling here all day? Poking their dirty faces right into the carriage. . . .

Here we are at last. Now, remember, don't get nervous, whatever you do. Did you give the coachman the card? Well, then, you follow me. Don't stand dawdling there, child. Go on in front. Gracious, what a crowd! I thought this was to be a select drawing-room, and there are the Haycocks and those dreadful people from Earl's Court.

How rude it is the way these people push. The only thing is to push, too. It's a perfect scandal keeping the doors shut so long. I'm sure the dear queen doesn't know about it. We must get up to the front, though. I'm not going to stand here all day. It doesn't do to be always thinking about politeness. There's a time for all things.

There, at last. Quick, Maud. What does it matter if you did kick her. You can't stand there apologizing all day. Would you kindly not push, madam, and let me pass? There! I was determined that old thing shouldn't get before me. What? The Duchess of —? Are you sure? So it was. Dear me; yes, I remember now, at the bazaar. How provoking! Here she is again. Perhaps I ought to — I'm sure I beg your grace's pardon. So stupid of me. If I'd only — Well, really! Did you see that, Maud? Never even looked at me. No wonder people want to do away with the House of Lords. Probably, though, she was one of those horrid Americans. Yes, I'm sure she was. Our aristocracy are so different.

They really ought to arrange things better. Making us all so hot with pushing and scrambling, and then standing in this dreadful draught. How many more of these rooms are there, I wonder? The next the last? Oh, thank you very much, indeed, I'm sure. I must say it's high time. I wonder who that was, Maud. Nonsense, child, it couldn't have been an American. She was so polite. Now try and not feel nervous. Oh, dear, I quite forget — which glove ought one to take off? Or is it neither? Well, it's too late now, anyhow. Have you got the card? Well, have it ready. There, now, give it to that man, and he'll arrange your train. And don't forget you must kick her.

Lady Gertrude Blank is a "New Woman," and she takes her sister-in-law never-to-be to her club to have a talk with her. On their arrival there, she says:

No, I'm not going to show you round the club. It's the orthodox thing to do, and that's a very excellent reason for not doing it. We'll go straight up to the smoking-room. It's rather high up, but you must excuse that. We're not quite emancipated yet. You won't mind my having a cigarette, will you? Of course you don't. What? With your brother Harry, I suppose? Well, you are a wicked little girl. Try one of these gold-tipped ones. . . .

Now, then, I'll tell you all about the celebrities; for we all are celebrities here. At least we think so, which is the same thing. Some of us write books and things, and lecture on the topics of the day. First allow me to make a courtesy and introduce you to myself, and then you'll have some one to talk to. Miss Jones, Lady Gertrude Blank (sister of that dreadful Lord Asterisk, you know, my dear; doesn't get on at all with her poor dear mother. So sad!), occasional contributor to various high-class journals, a middle-aged young lady with a tongue; rather selfish, and spiteful, and fast, and — It's not nonsense, Maud. It's a solemn and deplorable fact; and if you don't believe it when I tell you myself, I — Man, my dear, in the temple of the Vestals? Oh, that I behind the table? That's our stock joke. Yes, of course the Norfolk jacket is a little odd, and the

short hair and stick-up collar and all that. But when she gets up, you'll see she wears petticoats. She's one of our leading lights, great on deceased wives' sisters and that sort of people — really a very good sort, and she is supposed to be religious, too. Oh, no, I don't mean to say she isn't. I believe she is, really — only I'm not, so I don't profess to judge. Of course, yes. I say my prayers most mornings. But, then, I wash my teeth too when I've finished dressing; and if I'm late and there's only time for one function, I'm afraid it's the prayers that go. No, I'm not religious.

Look! do you see that woman who came in just now? Rather pretty. There! She's talking to the Norfolk jacket. That's the great Martha. What! you don't know who Martha is? Why, she wrote "The Day After." Yes; that's she. Oh, mamma wouldn't let you read it, wouldn't she? Perhaps it's as well. It is rather *fin de siècle*. Horrible word, but it's useful. Personally I rather admire her for writing it. Most women put their fingers over their eyes and look through the chinks and say nothing. She didn't pretend to shut her eyes, but just put down what she saw. It certainly can't hurt the men, and it might help some of us. But I can quite fancy Mrs. Jones thinking it hardly the hook for the young person. Oh, yes, you are, Maud. That's why I like you. You're so rare, and you remind me of buttercups and daisies, and the days of my youth, and all that. My dear, I am. I shall be twenty-six next month. It's frightful to think how old I am getting. I'm seriously thinking of asking mamma where she gets her enamel.

Yes, now, she really has got an interesting face. I'll introduce you to her some day. She's the new actress at the Pall Mall. Yes, she's a great friend of mine, and I call her the "Standing Dish," because every man who takes me down to dinner asks me if I've seen her. It's always the second remark, you know; comes in with the fish, when they've said what a heavenly day it is with the soup. When I say "yes," they tell me that they happen to know what her real story is. It's always a different story, and it's always nasty, and it's always wrong. Of course I don't tell them so. It wouldn't do any good, because her real story happens to be that she's a good woman; and if I told them that, they wouldn't believe it, and if they did, they would repeat it.

That, dear, with spectacles? She's the embodiment of women's suffrage and sufferings. I like her, if she wouldn't write verse. When she recites, I feel as ashamed as if I'd written them myself, and want to go through the floor. And she lectures, too. How? Oh, like a woman. She puts forward theories in an aggrieved sort of voice, as if she knew you would disagree with them, instead of stating facts like a man and expecting you to believe them. . . .

Did you see that little woman nod to me as she went out? Most people loathe her. Miss Vera Candid. She goes to all the shops and crushes, and stands about in the Row after church, and writes paragraphs in the society papers. And so she's supposed to be the most spiteful woman in the club. No, poor thing. She isn't a bit, really. She only does the puffs — shops, and dresses, and things, you know. All the really spiteful paragraphs are written by people in society who go about staying at houses. She supports an aged "parent" who drinks and throws things at her. And she won't marry the man she wants to because of the aged "parent." Oh, I know, because I've been to their house once or twice to — Maud, swear you won't tell. There's a paragraph coming out next week about Asterisk, and I — well, I got her to write it. It's something for her, poor thing; and it's no good my telling your mother what sort of a man he is. You see we are in the Stud Book, and you can trace our pedigree back to Charles the Second, and she simply wouldn't believe me. But she does believe the society papers; they are her Bible. Maud, promise me you won't marry him, will you? I've wanted to say this to you for ages, and I only got you here to-day because I promised your mother I would talk to you about him. She thinks I want you to accept him because of keeping up the old place. I am selfish and had, I know, but I'm not as bad as that. I'd do anything to save it. But not that. He isn't fit to marry you, or any one else, unless he reforms; and God knows when that will be, poor boy. Oh, if only there was some one else! What? Turn round, Maud. Now, look me in the face. Is there? What? Is it Captain Lambert? Oh, I'm so glad. Has he — but you think he will? Oh, you wicked girl! Fancy you, of all people. Why didn't you tell me? But you won't find it so easy to stand out against your mother. Oh, I haven't been so happy for ages! Kiss me, darling. Now, I'm going to put you in a cab and send you home. Good-bye, darling; and remember I'm on your side, though I am fast and selfish. And if aunt-in-law as will never he asks, you can tell her that I did talk to you about Asterisk.

The character of Lord Asterisk is shown in his two monologues, "The Nip that Blears but not Inheriates" and "The New Man-ners." A portion of the first runs as follows:

Waiter, bring me a small Polly and a large whisky, same as before, and look sharp; and tell the porter if Mr. Claud Flamhorough comes, to show him in here, and if a Captain Lambert asks for me, say I'm not in. Here, boy. Boy! Why the mischief don't you come when I call? Bring the cigars at once. Captain who? Damn that porter. Hello, Lambert! How are you? Awfully glad to see you. Take a paw. What'll you have? Well, old chap, how are you? That's right. Devilish dull day, what. Not a soul left in town: every one is at Sandown. Give you my word, I walked up St. James's Street just now and only saw two nien I knew, and one of them was a Jew. 'Nother whisky, waiter — but he's been useful to me, so I have to be civil. Gad, I wish you'd had the whisky he gave me at the Universal. Had to have three peach-brandies to get the taste out of my mouth.

Never saw such an extraordinary collection as they've got there at the Universal. Jews, Turks, and Infidels — the whole jography hook. Fact. But I said I'd join. Tenner, I suppose. Didn't ask. My dear fellow, I don't know how many clubs I belong to; five or six, I suppose. Matter of fact I never go near any of them, har this and the Orchid. But young Moses offered to put me up, so I thought I'd better join. I'm told he's a bit easier with the shekels if you belong to his pot-house. Likes introducin' his friend the Earl of Asterisk to his pals, you know. Those sort of Johnnies always will trot out the earl. Poor devils! They don't know any better. Finish that and have 'nother. Oh, bosh! Here, waiter! two more whiskies.

How do you like me without my mustache? No, really? Most people hate it. I was dining at my mother's, the other day, and she said I looked sillier than ever without it. You know her affable little way. She's got a parson cousin of mine in tow just now. I can't do with parsons. I wouldn't mind so much if they'd stick to the pulpit. But this fellow had the cheek to ask me if I didn't drink too much. I suppose the *mater* put him up to it. Such damn nonsense. I'm not a cock-saint, I know; but I'm no worse than other fellows. Besides, nobody gets drunk nowadays — not like our grandfathers. You've never seen me drunk now, have you? Oh, yes, a bit squiffy. Of course you have, lots of times; but that's nothing. No, nien don't get drunk nowadays; it's the women, dosing themselves with brandy, and cognie, and stuff up in their headrooms. I expect that old Mrs. Jones works her elbow pretty freely.

No, I haven't seen any of them lately. I shall have enough of them when I'm engaged. What! didn't you know? Oh, yes. No, I haven't asked Maud yet; but the old woman and Mrs. Jones have fixed it all up. Fact is, I've run through such a devil of a lot of money, I must marry or do something, or we shall have to sell the place. Damn nuisance, though. The *mater* says I'll have to turn over a new leaf. But I'll see her further. I told her I thought she was beastly inconsistent. If a thing's right before marriage, it's right after; that's my view of the case. Oh, of course she'll say "Yes." Lay you twenty to one she jumps at the coronet. Must you really be going? Won't you have another? Well, ta-ta.

One of the functions of the London season is the Royal Academy. That it exists not for its artistic qualities alone may be inferred from this scene. It is Mrs. Jones who has the floor:

No, Maud. You are not to go into the sculpture room on any account. You are much too young for that sort of thing. There are plenty of statues in Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey for you to look at, with clothes on. We'll begin in this room on the right

and go straight round. I can't help it if it is the last room. I suppose I am old enough to go which way I choose. People must get out of the way, that's all. Oh, look at this picture — nine-twenty. What is it called? "Gentlemen, the Queen." Oh, yes. You see what it is; a lot of officers in the ante-room — it is the ante-room they dine in, isn't it? — drinking the queen's health. Now that's what I call a really fine picture. Look at the fruit and the gas and the plate, and he hasn't even forgotten the liqueur-glasses. Well, I do call that clever. And look at that man's eye-glass. You can see right through it. Very clever, indeed. And some of them are drinking port. You see, Maud, port is fashionable, though your father says it isn't. How natural it all is! And what's that up there? We're too close to see it properly. I must get farther — Maud, how careless you are, getting right under my feet! Do look where you're — Why, if it isn't you, Lord Asterisk! Did I hurt you? I'm so sorry; but if they will put the pictures up so high, one must step backward sometimes, mustn't one? No, we've only just come. Yes, dreadful crush, isn't it? and such pictures! Maud is longing for you to show her the good ones, dear Lord Asterisk, and then we needn't waste time over the rubbish. You know so much about pictures, don't you?

Well, I can't say I think much of the pictures so far. I don't see anything else here worth looking at; but I do so want to see that one of Mrs. Patrick Campbell every one is talking about.

Maud, darling, what are you looking at there? What room are we in now? Oh, number five. Let me look at your catalogue. Let me see. Three-seventy-one, Worcester Cathedral. And by Leader. Just go and look at that for a little — you're so fond of Leader — while Lord Asterisk shows me this one of Professor Blackie.

Here it is. Three-four-three. That's his plaid? Isn't it? And what's this one next? Oh, by Herkomer. All beautiful in — Yes, yes. To the pure all things are pure. Wasn't it Shakespeare said that, or somebody? So true. But, of course, with Maud it is different; and I didn't want her to — one can't be too careful. Now I am going to desert you for a little, if you'll look after Maud while I go in here for a bit. I'm so fond of sculpture, I'll join you in the Big Room. Dear child, I don't mind leaving her alone with you. . . .

Ah! here you are. I haven't left you too long, have I? I thought you would take care of each other. There were some very interesting things in — where I was. Now, I think we really must be going. Oh, would you, Lord Asterisk? That would be kind of you. He'll be waiting outside in a brown livery and our crest and a cockade. Mr. Jones is in the Blankshire Yeomanry, you know. Yes, that's him. Thank you so much. Can we drop you anywhere? Going to the Blue Posts, are you? Your club, I suppose? You men are never happy except at your club. Oh, I know you. Well, good-bye, then, dear Lord Asterisk. Yes — home, please. Good-bye.

A second view of Lord Asterisk is at the Joneses' country house, whither he has had his friend, Claud Flamhorough, invited. He is speaking to that individual:

Try one of Jones's cigarettes, old boy, and some of Jones's whisky. I ordered them myself — no, not the whisky, the cigarettes. But I shall soon, I expect. You know that wine-merchant fellow, Barker. On the committee of the Orchid. Yes, that fellow. I put him on to a couple of winners, the other day, and in the gratitude of his heart he said if I wouldn't be offended he would allow me twelve per cent. on any orders I could plant for him. So if I can get Jones to spend five hundred a year, there it will be something in my pocket.

Of course you've brought your guns. That's right. Well, it isn't much good; but it's better than talkin' to those girls. Jones shoot? Not he. The keeper told me he saw him shoot a hen-pheasant — sittin' — when he thought no one was lookin'. I expect the whole party are just as bad. I do despise a fellow who can't shoot.

Ah, Jones, where have you been? Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Claud Flamhorough. Time to dress, is it? You'll have a sherry and bitters before dinner, won't you, Claud? Oh, don't you bother, Jones. Very good of you.

I was tellin' our host of that sherry of Barker's, Claud. You really ought to get some, Jones. Comes out of the cellar of some Austrian prince. My mother goes to him, and the duke, and lots of people. I'll tell him to send you down a few dozen, and you'll find it better than this stuff — though it's not had, mind you. Only it wants keepin'. Oh, it's no trouble. I'll write to-night, and while I am about it I'll ask him if he's got anything out of the common in the way of champagne. Don't mention it — that's all right. By George! there's the gong. I s'pose we ought to go and dress. . . .

Would you mind passin' the port? Not had tippie of yours, Jones. But you ought to get some of Barker's. I'll make a note of that when I write. He's got some first-class port, hasn't he, Claud? We ought to shoot well after this, though. Talkin' of shootin', I was stayin' at a place the other day, and our host couldn't shoot a bit; never touched a feather all day. After lunch, when he thought no one was lookin', he shot a hen-pheasant — sittin', if you please. Not had that, was it? Unluckily for him, the keeper just came round the corner, and — Going to join the ladies, Jones? Well, I think, if you'll excuse me, I won't come in.

In "An Entr'acte," Mrs. Jones and her daughter are at the opera, and the old lady speaks:

I don't think this can be a very good night. Not a soul one knows. Yes, of course, I see them; I'm not blind yet; but they aren't royalties, only some of the court. Look how dowdy they are. I always wish I — Who are you staring at?

My'es. They look rather nice people. Quite distinguished. And — Yes, the man is looking straight at us. Friends of Lambert's? Oh, dear, no. They look too — quite a different style, you know. You couldn't have seen him there. You think every nien with a — Why, here's that stupid orchestra coming back, and those tiresome men will be treading on my — Well, I declare! Yes, it's us, Captain Lambert. Quite an unexpected pleasure. The next seat? What a strange coincidence.

No, we've only just come. I suppose you didn't have any dinner. Have you seen any one you know? I suppose you can't tell me who those people are in that box on our right — that man standing up with the glasses. The Blackberrys? What, the Marquess of Blackberry — or is he only an earl? Really, that's very interesting; and it just proves what I said when Maud declares she saw you in their box. Oh, you were there? Do you hear that, Maud? It was Captain Lambert in the Marquess of Blackberry's box. I didn't know you knew — Oh, you're cousins! Really. Lady Blackberry, I suppose. No? Well, I suppose we oughtn't to talk any more. . . .

Only one more act now, isn't there? That's a — pity. Maud, darling, don't yawn so. It always makes me yawn myself when I see other people. Do you know that woman in black with the diamonds? Lady who? Oh, Hersham. Yes, I thought you said Horsham. Poor dear Lord Horsham is so ill, you know. Gout, they say. But, then — No, I don't really know him well. I was talking to Lady Asterisk about him the other day. But I must be careful in case he's your cousin, too. Every one seems to — Oh, be — Give me my fan, Maud. It's so very hot to-night. Quite summer weather. And really the ventilation is — I wish I could remember who that young man is in the royal box. I know him quite well, but I can't remember where I — There! he's looking straight at us now. I suppose I ought to howl. And be's — yes, he's beckoning to us. I wonder — Are you going? Really? Prince who did you say? Oh, in your regiment. Well, good-bye, Captain Lambert. I don't suppose we shall see you again now.

I had no idea he knew any royalties. But, of course, it hardly counts, as they're in the same regiment. Still he's more of a gentleman than I thought. I must look up the Blackberrys and Lord Horsham, and see if he's speaking the truth. I always thought he had no relations to speak of. We might get him to ask some of them to our dance. I wish you wouldn't grin in that idiotic way, Maud. You annoy me. It's so like your father. Really, it's very difficult to get on in society when one's tied to a man like him.

We shall not anticipate the reader's pleasure by giving the outcome of the story. It is enough to say that the other scenes are as clever as those we have quoted.

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"TRILBY" ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

It First Sees the Footlights at Manchester—Makes a Hit—Beerbohm Tree as Svengali—Dorothea Baird as Trilby—A London Hegera to See It.

It is perhaps needless to say to American readers that the vogue of "Trilby" has been much less in England than in the States. It is, in fact, quite probable that many people here will first hear of it by its production on the stage. It was the success of Mr. Paul M. Potter's version of "Trilby" in New York that inspired Mr. Beerbohm Tree to produce it in England, and it has made quite a hit. It is true that it has not yet been produced in London, but all the dramatists, critics, and managers who have seen it say that its success is assured.

It is well known in London literary and artistic circles that many of the characters in Trilby, in addition to that of Whistler, are taken from life. Whistler threatened Du Maurier with a libel-suit, so he was left out the book. But there are many remaining characters which are or were real. Calderon, the well-known Royal Academician, sat for the picture of Taffy, Tom Armstrong, of South Kensington, was the Laird, Jimmie Whistler was Joe Sibley, and Zou Zou is a study of Du Maurier's own brother, who was a private in a Zouave regiment in the early fifties, when his brother George was a needy artist in the Latin quarter. Mrs. Bagot is drawn from Du Maurier's mother.

Mr. Tree put on the piece first to Manchester. The colony of critics, dramatists, managers, stage-managers, and well-to-do actors in London is large enough almost to make an audience of itself. When it was known that Mr. Tree was going to put on the American success of the year at Manchester, all of this colony who could get away hid them at once to Manchester. The event was of sufficient importance for the leading metropolitan newspapers, like the *Times* and *Telegraph*, to give nearly a column to it, something almost unheard of. It is rarely that the "Thunderer" interests itself with Manchester theatricals.

The general tone of the criticisms is that Mr. Potter, while not a great playwright, is certainly a skillful literary workman. He has taken the most picturesque character of the play, that of Svengali, and made the plot revolve around him. Then he has picked out the picturesque types in the book and made them the leading characters in the play. While the book itself does not very much resemble the play, it is the general opinion that it is better as a play than the book was as a novel. As an author, Mr. du Maurier is not rated quite so high here as he is in the United States.

Mr. Tree has made a hit in the rôle of Svengali, although it is the universal opinion that any fair actor would make a hit in such a rôle. The critics all say that it is beneath Mr. Tree's abilities, but there is no doubt that he has made a strong and striking stage picture. He has been very successful also in his selection of an actress for the rôle of Trilby. The one whom he has intrusted with that part is Miss Dorothea Baird, who is scarcely more than a débutante. In fact, she has only been a year upon the professional stage. Mr. Tree first saw her in an amateur performance of "Galatea," and was struck by her winning grace. Shortly afterward he made the opportunity of giving her a leading rôle, when an actress found it impossible to appear through illness. Miss Baird took her place as Rosalind, and scored an immediate hit. Since then Mr. Tree has pushed his *protégée* forward, and she is winning golden opinions. The rôle of Trilby, however, is not an exigent one. About all the actress has to do is to pose, to look winsome, and to look sorrowful, all of which things Miss Baird can do, and do very well. Manchester was delighted with Miss Baird, and Mr. Tree is delighted at her success. He said, in an interview after the performance, that he could not tell her what to do in playing Trilby, but he could tell her what not to do, and he impressed upon her "not to be genteel." As a result, she was frank, unconventional, and delightful.

The other characters are not very strikingly rendered, although they may improve as the actors fit into their rôles. The best of them is Mr. Morris's Taffy. He is a perfect realization in height, breadth, and facial type of the Taffy Du Maurier drew with pen and pencil. Mr. Evans does not succeed as Little Billee, but that is not to be wondered at. Little Billee is such a preposterous prig that nobody could represent him, and it is eminently fitting that he should die young, as all good little boys do. Mr. Potter has not wasted many lines upon Little Billee, and recognizes the fact that dramatically he is impossible. Taffy's companion, the Laird, is played by Mr. Lionel Brough, or "Lal" Brough, as he is known to his friends. Mr. Brough makes the Laird funny, but his dancing in the studio scene is rather vulgar. In fact, the whole studio scene is of a somewhat intense description, and approximates closely to the cancan capers at the Moulin Rouge and such places in Paris. It will, I fancy, be rather a shock to the staid burghers of the provincial cities, for the citizens of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, and even, I believe, the Liverpudlians, are to see "Trilby" before the Londoners do. It is to be produced at the Haymarket on the thirtieth of October, and it will have so much free advertising before then that it is certain to have crowded houses, for the returning horde of managers, dramatists, and critics all agree that its provincial production was a success.

When the play closed at the Theatre Royal at Manchester last Saturday night, Mr. Tree was called for amid storms of applause. After the actor had made his bow, the author was called for, and Mr. Tree led forward a gray-haired gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter contented himself with howling, and did not speak. Probably his feelings were too much for words, for the success of the play must have been gratifying, and as for the attendance, although it was an intensely hot night, two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight persons entered the Theatre Royal, and the receipts were about four hundred pounds.

It is only fair to say that while most of the critics predict success, there is a discordant note or two in the chorus of praise. There are some who say that the book succeeded in America principally by reason of the fact that Du Maurier's illustrations were striking, became familiar, and that the play succeeded there because these familiar illustrations were reproduced upon the stage. Further, they say that inasmuch as the English edition of "Trilby" was printed without the illustrations, and as they are utterly unknown here, the stage pictures will, of course, lack the element of success which was so potent in America. But this is only the verdict of a few cantankerous critics, and probably they are mistaken. LONDON, September 9, 1895. PICCADILLY.

THE ROLL-CALL IN THE DURRANT CASE.

During the week just closed, nothing of a startling nature has developed in the Durrant murder case. The defense is attempting to prove that Durrant was attending a lecture at his class in the Cooper Medical College on the afternoon when he is accused of murdering Blanche Lamont. He is marked "present" upon the roll-call, but the prosecution claims that the students at Cooper Medical College are in the habit of answering "present" for an absentee. This proceeding seems to us like fraud and falsehood, and not such as might be expected from young men and women fitting themselves for a learned profession. In order to settle this matter, all of the students have been subpoenaed, and each one asked the question, "Did you answer 'present' for Theodore Durrant on April 3d?" Each has denied it, but, oddly enough, no one of them seems to remember seeing Durrant on that day.

The roll of students seems to have been kept with shameful negligence; that for April 3d—the day of the murder—was placed under the wrong date, then erased—after the murder—and copied on another page; it is therefore, and justly, looked upon with much suspicion. There are in this world vast numbers of mediocre persons who never seem to see the necessity for doing their work with care and accuracy. Their favorite saying is, "That's good enough." It is not probable that those who kept the roll of students at Cooper Medical College—kept it in lead pencil in a shabby little blank-book—kept it so carelessly that more than one day is under the wrong date—kept it so negligently that erasures and copies render it almost valueless as evidence—it is not probable that those curious persons ever suspected that a court of law would one day try to unravel their maze of blunders and decipher the faint and hasty pencil-marks left by their fumbling fingers. Yet such is the fact. Had the roll-call of students at Cooper Medical College been carefully instead of carelessly kept—had it been methodical and accurate instead of slipshod and blundering—it is probable that the little book would have spelled out life or death for Theodore Durrant.

In the October *Harper's* there is a piece of verse fourteen lines in length to which the name of Charles Dudley Warner is appended. The first line is irregular iambic, if it is anything; the second line tries to be anapestic, and fails; the seventh and tenth frankly abandon all attempts at metre; the rest are a mixture of metres. Many excellent prose-writers have struggled with the delusion that they could write verse, but Mr. Warner is very far afield. It is probable that Mr. Aldeo, the editor of *Harper's*, had a bad quarter of an hour when Mr. Warner sent his verses in, but he heroically concluded to print them. His conclusion speaks more for his friendship than for his judgment. Here are the lines:

BOOKRA.

"As I lay asleep in Italy,"—SHELLEY.

One night I lay asleep in Africa,
In a garden close to the city gate;
A desert horseman, furious and late,
Came wildly thundering at the closed bar.
"Open, in Allah's name!" he cried. "Wake, Mustapha!
Slain is the Sultan: treason, war, and hate!"
Rage from Fez to Tetuan. Open straight!"
The watchman heard as thunder from afar.
"Go to! In peace the city lies asleep."
To Allah, all-knowing, no news you bring!"—
And turned in slumber still his watch to keep.
At once a nightingale began to sing,
In Oriental calm the garden lay—
Panic and war postponed another day.

Ladies should not wait for 1900 in order to enjoy the spinsters' privileges in leap-year. It will not be leap-year, though ladies may divide 1900 by four and find that no broken hits of four remain. All the years terminating in a hundred—a hundred being divisible by four—ought to be hissextile; but, in order that this system should give exact results, it would be necessary that the earth should take exactly three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter to achieve its revolution round the sun. But it takes some minutes less to return to its point of departure. Every hundred years the one hundredth year is not reckoned a hissextile one if it terminates with two ciphers or zeros. This is the reason that the year 1900, although divisible by four, will not be a leap-year or hissextile. In order that the reckoning should be correct, and that it would be deducting too much at the end of each four centuries, the hissextile or leap-year takes place when the year is divisible by four hundred; this is the reason that the year 1900 will not be leap-year, but the year 2000 will.

Henry M. Stanley, who is now on this coast on a pleasure trip, made not one, but three recent speeches in Parliament. Mr. Stanley is one of the first persons after whose identity the visitor to the House of Commons asks, and there is a movement of surprise when a small man, with snow-white hair, snow-white mustache, and an expression of supreme oriental tranquility is pointed out as the world-famed traveler. Stanley has abundant fluency, the rich and picturesque vocabulary with which men of action are sometimes gifted, and he has vehement opinions.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sims Reeves, the famous English singer, was remarried, a few days ago, after a brief period of mourning for his first wife. He is now in his seventy-fourth year, while his bride is said to be young and beautiful.

The Duke of Cumberland, son of ex-Queen Marie of Hanover, was born without a nose. The one which adorns his face is the result of much ingenuity on the part of the surgeons who attended him as an infant.

An American who met William Waldorf Astor in a little hotel on the summit of a Swiss mountain, says that the expatriated millionaire has grown very stout of recent years, and his appearance is that of a typical Englishman.

The Empress of Austria has joined the ranks of lady cyclists, and may be now seen in the early morning on the "wheel" in the more secluded parts of Ischl. At one time her imperial majesty was one of the finest horsewomen in Europe.

The home of Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York *Sun*, is a palace. His office is a work-shop, and contains only a desk, two chairs, a small table, and a rug. He commences work at nine in the morning and seldom leaves until five.

To a letter from an Italian firm of real-estate agents, offering him a great estate in Italy, with a dukedom thrown in, for so many thousand pounds, Barnett I. Barnato, the South African diamond king, replied that he would consider the offer if the crown were included.

To a prisoner who, after pleading guilty of larceny, withdrew the plea and was acquitted by a jury, Sir Henry Hawkins, the English judge, said: "Prisoner, a few minutes ago you said you were a thief. Now the jury say you are a liar. Consequently, you are discharged."

From the statement in bankruptcy of Oscar Wilde's affairs, it appears that since July, 1893, he has received about twenty thousand dollars in royalties for his plays. Very little of this went to his wife and children, who were turned into the street by their landlord a couple of months ago.

Sir Henry Irving, next to the Prince of Wales, is in the most demand among Englishmen as a speaker at public functions. The Dukes of York and Cambridge follow Wales and Irving in popularity. The Duke of Connaught is probably the best chairman in England. He knows how to manage a meeting, and always speaks without notes.

We note in an Eastern paper that "recently at a court function in Berlin, where the emperor and all the nobility were present, Poultney Bigelow, the American writer, passed under the imperial hox. The emperor suddenly leaned forward and called out: 'Hello, Poultney!'" Mr. Bigelow is still receiving the congratulations of his New York friends.

Max Lebaudy, the *petit sucrier*, was mobbed at the Deauville races the other day. French owners are not required to declare with which of their entries they mean to win; so that, when M. Lebaudy's horses came in first and second, with the one which was a hot favorite for the race second, the crowd felt sure that he had been pulled, and made a rush for the owner, who had to hide in the jockeys' room.

Archduke Ladislaus's death by the accidental discharge of his rifle while hunting adds another to the remarkable list of violent deaths in the reigning house of Austria. The emperor's brother, Maximilian, was shot in Mexico; his son Rudolph, heir to the throne, committed suicide; the late Archduke Albrecht's daughter was hurled to death; Archduke Johann Salvator has disappeared, and it is pretty sure, was drowned; and, last fall, Archduke William was thrown from his horse and killed.

An English woman doctor, Miss Hamilton, was the Shahzada's body physician during his stay in England. She went to Cahul last year to recover from fever contracted in India, and in the hope of finding employment among the women of the Ameer's family. While there she was called upon to attend the Ameer himself, who formed so high an opinion of her skill that he insisted on her accompanying his son on the journey to England and back. During the Shahzada's stay in London, by the way, his transactions with tradesmen were made entirely in gold—lesser coins did not enter into his consideration.

The Duke of Alba is making his American acquaintances another visit. His first name is Don Carlos Maria Stuart Fitzjames Portocarrero y Palafo. Then he is also Duke of Berwick, Duke of Alba de Tormes, Duke of Liria, Duke of Olivares, Duke of Penaranda, and Duke of Huescar, in addition to which he is nine times a grandee of the first class of Spain, twelve times a marquis, and fourteen times a count. When the duke travels, his household is a miniature court. His head valet looks after his personal needs, and his various orders are carried out by lesser valets, who report to the head valet. The head valet also has a personal valet.

Riley Grannan, who, with a capital of thirty dollars, piled up one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in winnings at the Saratoga meet, is the most phenomenal plunger who has appeared on the American turf in the last twenty years. He used to be a bookmaker at the San Francisco Bay District Track. He was reported to have won sixty thousand dollars a year ago in one day on the Saratoga track. He is about twenty-seven years old, but despite the excitement of the betting-riot, he does not look his age within half a dozen years. Three years ago, beginning with next to nothing, he won, by a series of daring ventures, something like fifty thousand dollars. Grannan was born in Kentucky, and he has spent most of his life around horses. He does not drink or smoke.

GOTHAM IN AUTUMN.

More New Productions at the Theatres—John Drew and Maud Adams Reappear—Dunraven Snubbed at Newport—Gossip about the Marlborough Marriage.

Since I wrote a fortnight ago, several new productions have been made at the theatres. John Drew has brought out at the Empire Henry Guy Carleton's new piece, "That Imprudent Young Couple." At Hoyt's a French farce has been adapted by Augustus Thomas under the title of "The Gay Parisians." At the Garrick Theatre, "A Social Highwayman" has been produced by Mansfield's company. A new English melodrama, "The Land of the Living," has been brought out at the Peoples. At the Bijou, "The Widow Jones" is a new piece by John J. McNally, written for May Irwin. Francis Wilson has produced "The Chieftain" at Abbey's Theatre. Since its melancholy first night, "The Capitol" has been much altered, new scenes written in, parts cut out, and it is still running. Marie Wainwright has revived old comedy, presenting Sheridan Knowles's "The Love Chase" at the Harlem Opera House, while "The Prisoner of Zenda" is still running to crowded houses at the Lyceum.

Of all of these, the most notable production is that of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The readers of that striking romance must have been struck by its dramatic nature. It was first published in England in "Arrowsmith's Annual" a couple of years ago. This periodical has been the cradle of a number of successes. It will be remembered that it was in "Arrowsmith's Annual" that "Called Back" made its first appearance, and ran through something like three hundred thousand copies. Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins's story, when it appeared in the "Annual," attracted the attention of Mr. Edward Rose, who is a successful English playwright. He it was who dramatized Anstey's queer story "Vice Versa." He is the dramatic critic of the London *Sunday Times*, and is an all-round writer of ability. When the story appeared, he read it and at once wrote to Arrowsmith asking for Mr. Hawkins's address, which he did not know. When he met Mr. Hawkins, he asked permission to dramatize the book. Mr. Hawkins is the most modest of men, and not only gave the required permission, but also gave Mr. Rose *carte blanche* as to the dramatization. Unlike most authors, he made no stipulations as to the preservation of his pet scenes. The two discussed the matter together, and they found that it was impossible to place upon the stage the extraordinary adventures that happened in the moat, so they abandoned that. The coronation scene appealed to Mr. Rose's playwright eye, but it was found impossible to place it properly upon the stage. Both author and playwright were about to dismiss it with regret, when it occurred to Mr. Rose that the effect of the magnificent costumes could be had by having the procession pass from the stage and then return to it. Inasmuch as the imaginary country of Ruritana is principally laid in Germany, most of the uniforms and costumes chosen were German, and as there were diplomats galore accredited to the Prince of Ruritana, all of the diplomatic corps appeared in the coronation scene, gorgeously attired. Most of the critics here in New York objected to the prologue. But I can not agree with them. It gives a rare romantic color to the play, and the costumes of a century ago contrasted strikingly with those of to-day. The play has a strange charm, and it is another evidence that the floods of impure French and English plays on all sorts of morbid sexual questions have by no means killed in the public the love for a strong romantic drama.

At Abbey's Theatre, Francis Wilson is producing Sullivan's latest opera, "The Chieftain." This is one of the works due to the rupture between Gilbert and Sullivan some years ago. Since then, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert have both been seeking other collaborators. In this particular case Mr. Sullivan chose for his literary partner Mr. F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*. Mr. Burnand is best known, perhaps, by his farce of "Box and Cox," by the fact that he wrote "Happy Thoughts" for *Punch*, and by the further fact that he has the English vice of continually making puns. Americans have never looked upon Mr. Burnand as being wildly funny, and they will bave that view corroborated by the libretto of "The Chieftain." The libretto is not entirely new, because it is an elaboration of the musical comedieta called "The Contrabandista," which was produced in 1867. The music is charming, and is throughout in Sullivan's best style. The story and the dialogue, however, are disappointing. Even Mr. Wilson, who is a great favorite with the New York public, has some difficulty in making it go. In fact, such is the thinness of the dialogue that Mr. Wilson is reduced to some of his well-known mugging and monkey-tricks in order to win a laugh. He has been rebuked by some of the critics for this, but to a man of his temperament it is almost intolerable to play a piece to a mirthless audience. Miss Lulu Glaser, who has been with him now for several years, has been promoted in this opera from soubrette to prima donna rôles. She is a pretty, shapely, and charming little creature, and although she has only a little voice, she does fairly well in this, the most exigent rôle that she has yet had. The piece is admirably put upon the stage and the costumes are very gorgeous. Mr. Wilson had them made in London, and had a good deal of trouble getting them through the custom-house in New York.

Mr. John Drew and Miss Maud Adams made a quasi-success in Mr. Carleton's new play, "That Imprudent Young Couple." The verdict of the New York critics is that there is some good dialogue in it, but that it is rather thin in spots. The first-night audience showed decided symptoms of boredom in the last act.

The echoes of the international yachting fiasco are still ringing around New York. Since it has become generally known that Mr. Iselin offered to re-sail the second race and that Dunraven declined the offer, those few who upheld him have thrown up the sponge. Since then, there is no one to

defend him. Even the anglomaniacs at Newport have turned against him. This is the most unkind cut of all. When the races were over, Lord Dunraven and his daughters went aboard Frederick Vanderbilt's yacht, the *Conqueror*, and left for Newport. While there, they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt at their cottage, "Rough Point." Such was the frankly expressed criticism of Mr. Vanderbilt for becoming the host of Lord Dunraven, after what most yachting men consider his most inexcusable conduct, that the friends of Vanderbilt took care to have it known in the clubs that Lord Dunraven had been invited to "Rough Point" a week before the international races began. But the men at Newport turned the cold shoulder to Dunraven, and he was not put up while in Newport, either at the Casino, the Country Club, or the Reading Room, nor was he taken by any one to either of these resorts. When Mrs. Vanderbilt got up a dinner in honor of Lord Dunraven, she was astounded at the number of declinations she received from men, and succeeded with great difficulty in getting up a corporal's guard to balance the women whom she had invited. Royal Phelps Carroll took Lord Dunraven for a sail on his yacht *Navahoe*, but he took care to explain to the men at the Casino that he did so at the express request of his friend, Mrs. Ogden Golet. Nobody else entertained Dunraven except John J. Van Alen, who is easily first among American anglomaniacs. Altogether Lord Dunraven received the cold shoulder while at Newport. Think of an American anglomaniac snubbing an English earl!

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough has caused a vast deal of gossip as to the relations existing between her mother and her father. It is said that W. K. Vanderbilt will be at the wedding ceremony in order to give his daughter away, but that he will leave the church immediately after the ceremony and will not go to the reception in his wife's house. This has renewed the gossip as to the cause of the intensely acrimonious quarrel between W. K. and his former wife. The version generally believed is this: Two years ago the Vanderbilts started out in their new steam-yacht, the *Valiant*, to make a cruise around the world. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., F. O. Beach, Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, and Winfield Scott Hoyt. The yacht first went to Lisbon, where the party left it and took the rail for Paris. After some time in Paris they left for the Mediterranean, where they took the yacht again. Mr. Vanderbilt is very fond of cards, and when he is aboard of his yacht generally spends all of his time below with the pasteboards. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who is a rather imperious lady and does not like to be neglected, objected strenuously to this, and finally determined, rather than be left alone, that she would win one man away from the card-table. The man whom she selected was Mr. Belmont, and possibly her anger at her husband may have led her to throw more enthusiasm into their intercourse than she otherwise would have done. The result was a coolness, and finally a row, and a scene ensued aboard the yacht which led to the breaking up of the party. With what followed every one is familiar. Vanderbilt left for Paris, and there conducted his relations with the Neustretter woman so ostentatiously that a divorce was the result.

But whatever may be the feeling of a divorced American couple, however rancorous may be their relations, everything bows before an English nobleman. It would not be fitting or seemly for Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt to marry an English duke without her father being there to give her away. So this has been agreed upon. It will be truly a curious spectacle to see this scion of an English ducal house whose father was such a rakehell that his mother divorced him, wedding an American millionaire's daughter whose father was such a rakehell that her mother divorced him.

NEW YORK, September 28, 1895.

FLANEUR.

In a recent volume of Count Cavour's letters, those referring to Mazzini's attempted capture of the city of Genoa, on the evening of June 30, 1857, possess the greatest interest. Cavour, who believed that Mazzini abetted political assassination, finds no words too strong to express his abomination of him. "Infamous conspirator," "furious madman," "demon," "chief of a horde of ferocious and fanatical assassins," are some of the epithets which Cavour uses; but he does not underrate Mazzini's ability to concoct plots. One of the persons implicated in this Genoese outbreak was Miss Jessie White, referred to as "Miss ——" who subsequently married Alberto Mario, Garibaldi's lieutenant. Although Miss White was doubtless concerned in the plot, no legal proofs could be brought against her.

The recent growth of clericalism in Milan, Professor Paolo Bellezza, of that city, attributes to the ascendancy gained within a few months by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, Ferrari. This prelate is quite in the prime of life, about two-and-forty, exceedingly active and energetic, a great favorite in Milan, and also a *persona grata* with the College of Cardinals. Ferrari has a very good chance of becoming Pope before he is many years older.

The great Manchester Ship Canal, from which so much was hoped, has proved to be a financial failure, and instead of injuring the trade of Liverpool, as was feared by Liverpool merchants, has really helped them. The Manchester people, who expected to be largely benefitted by the canal, have received little or no benefit, while the taxes of the City of Manchester have been and will continue to be very largely increased.

When the Papal nuncio visited little King Alfonso lately, the king challenged one of the bishops in his following to a game of billiards, and though barely tall enough to reach the table, beat him. Recently he sent the first letter, written entirely by himself, to the Pope, and was very much hurt that his mother had to correct his spelling.

TAKING THE VEIL.

A Family Affair.

It was a beautiful spring morning. The Marquis of Samorval had just returned from the club, where he had been gambling the whole night. He was looking over his accounts. The marquis had two children—a son, Hector, who was a captain of Hussars, and a daughter, Jeanne, who had just left the Convent of the Sacred Heart. When he had finished going over his accounts, having placed his half to one side of the sheet, he found that twenty-five thousand francs' income made a very poor sum for his son Hector to marry on, so he decided that Jeanne should become a nun, and then, by joining her fortune to that of Hector, her brother could make a good figure in the world.

The marquis sprang from an illustrious race. All his hopes, all his vanity, were wrapped up in the name he bore. He did not hesitate to sacrifice his daughter to his pride. Besides, full of the ideas of the elder time, a woman to him was nothing but a woman—that is to say, a being without will, without power, a waxen image that could be molded according to circumstance.

Nevertheless, the marquis was not without disquietude. Although he was resolved to force Jeanne into obedience if any signs of revolt should show themselves in her, still he asked himself what would be her attitude when he told her his decision. In the midst of this haunting fear, he had an inspiration. He determined to submit the project to the older members of his family, sure to find in them interested allies.

During all this time, Jeanne, ignorant of these things which were going to affect her life, bappy to be free from the ever-present voice of her convent school-mistress, luxuriating in her woman's life, as yet only dawning upon her—Jeanne dreamed.

She was much surprised, one evening, when her father's secretary came and told her, in solemn tones, that the marquis desired to speak to her, and that he was waiting for her in the salon. She hastily quitted her chamber—that chamber where her girlhood's souvenirs peopled every corner—and at once repaired to the salon, where she was awaited by her father.

The marquis had his son, Captain Hector, at his right, and at his left were his brother-in-law, his sister, and Jeanne's grand-aunt. He saluted Jeanne when she entered the vast room, gravely, coldly, as would a judge seated at a tribunal. With a gesture he invited her to seat herself. Mute, terrified almost at this strange formality, she grew pale, and her breath came quick and short as she showed in her glance the intense anxiety of her soul.

Thus the marquis spoke:

"My daughter, the race to which we belong has contracted obligations which none of its representatives can repudiate. In ancient times your ancestors marched in peace as in war with the words ever upon their lips, 'God and the King.' My daughter, there is no longer a king. The country has replaced the king, and it is to the country that your brother Hector has consecrated his life. Before the audacity of revolutions, even the country may be sacrificed in its turn. Then there will remain only God. It is a tradition in our family that the men shall wear the sword, that the women shall take the veil. As you know, your aunt, my youngest sister, understood and respected this tradition, and you also know that she died bearing on her head the aureole of the saints. We believe that heaven has given you to us in order to perpetuate these family traditions, and we, reunited in family counsel, have decided that you shall enter the Convent of Bremond, where you will begin your novitiate under the charge of our pious relative, Sister St. Joseph. Nevertheless, my daughter, we do not wish to impose upon you an obligation which is too heavy, under which you might succumb. We beg you, then, to reflect and to say to us that your wishes conform to ours."

Suddenly awakened from her dreams of a life of happiness, cast into a profound dolor, Jeanne, without understanding herself the sense of her words, replied: "Father, I am at the disposition of my family."

When she had returned to her chamber, stricken down under her anguish, Jeanne found herself in the presence of the loved objects that only an hour before she had contemplated with the pleasure of a girl entering upon life. Now she seemed to have the sensations of one dying. Hideous nightmares of death passed before her eyes, and she fell half lifeless into the large chair placed by the side of her bed, where her mother, when she lived, used to come and sit every night and talk to her as she went to sleep.

A knock sounded upon the door, and her brother, Captain Hector, belted, booted, and spurred, advanced toward her. As she still remained plunged in her melancholy attitude, he leaned over, seized her hands, and pressing them, said: "You do not know, Jeanne, how much I thank you. You will go into the convent and father will give me your dot. Then I shall be able to marry." Kissing her cold lips, he added as he turned to go: "Thank you, Jeanne, I am grateful to you."

After Jeanne had prepared herself for bed, she mechanically directed herself toward her *prie-dieu*; but instead of kneeling, as she was wont, before the prayer-desk and losing herself in devout meditation, she lifted up her face and fixed her glance upon the ebony crucifix hanging upon the wall. And then a shudder ran through all her being, and recoiling, as if moved by a sentiment of horror and of hate, she withdrew from that God she had once implored and blessed. For they had stolen her youth, her hope, her faith. It was this infamous theft of all that she loved that made Jeanne curse the cross.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Pierre de Lano.

The Duke of York is said to have sold his collection of postage-stamps to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. It is insured for two hundred and eighty thousand dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Twenty thousand dollars, the price paid Mrs. Humphry Ward for the serial rights in her new novel, is not the largest ever paid to a popular novelist. According to Mr. R. H. Sherard, *Le Petit Journal* pays Richebourg, Mary, and Montépin from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars for the serial rights in their novels. Having become rather tired of paying such high prices for its *feuilletons*, the editor now offers a prize of ten thousand dollars for a serial story. Mme. Mariotti, a woman of the working class, reads all the fiction manuscripts submitted to *Le Petit Journal*, and she is a good judge of the sort of story that appeals to the masses. She likes plenty of sentiment and insists upon decency.

A. B. Frost has been engaged for a long time upon a series of one hundred and twelve illustrations for the original "Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris, which has been revised by the author, and is to be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. as one of the leading illustrated books of the year.

A new edition of Professor de Filippe's "Simplified and Practical Method," for acquiring in the shortest time complete fluency of speech in the French and Spanish languages, has just been issued.

Macmillan & Co. have in preparation "The Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by Mr. Philip A. Bruce. The author is a well-known Virginian, a brother-in-law of Thomas Nelson Page. He is corresponding secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, and was editor of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, and is the author of "The Plantation Negro as a Freeman," a work included in the Model Library recommended by the United States Bureau of Education.

James Payn and Andrew Lang have both taken to giving lists of books they have "stuck in" and could not get through without an effort. Among them are "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," "Marcella," "Robert Elsmere," "Dombey and Son," and "The Light That Failed."

Among the articles in the *October Century* are: "A Cruise on the Norfolk Broads," by Anna Bowman Dodd; "Fun on the Stump: Humors of Political Campaigning in Kentucky," by Edward J. McDermott; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" (continued), by William M. Sloane; "Glave's Career," by Robert Howard Russell; "The Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac," by George Wharton Edwards; "An Earlier Manner," by George A. Hibbard; "Casa Braccio" (conclusion), by F. Marion Crawford; "Keats in Hampstead," by Kenyon West; "The Influence of Keats," by Henry Van Dyke; "Life in the Tuileries under the Second Empire," by Anna L. Hickenell; "Sonny's Schoolin'," by Ruth McEnery Stuart; "Nordau's 'Degeneration'—Its Value and Its Errors," by Cesare Lombroso; "How Men Become Tramps," by Josiah Flynt; "The Marriage Rate of College Women," by Millicent Washburn Shinn; verses by Edith M. Thomas, Lilla Cabot Perry, J. W. Palmer, G. E. T. Roberts, Charles G. D. Roberts, and others; and the departments.

Messrs. Macmillan will issue the works of Matthew Arnold in monthly volumes. There will be three volumes for the poems.

Ludovic Halévy is writing a new story, called "Deux Jeunes Filles," but no hint is given as to whether it may be read by youth, like "L'Abbé Constantin," or whether it is of the character of "Les Petites Cardinal."

With the expiration of its contract with T. Fisher Unwin, of London, the Century Company has made arrangements by which Macmillan & Co. become the English publishers of its magazines and books. It is said that three English houses desired to succeed Mr. Unwin. The choice of a house so large and influential as Macmillan & Co. ought to result in a further extension of the *Century's* success in England.

"In Defiance of the King," an American historical romance by a new writer, Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co.

Macmillan & Co. are about to bring out a new People's Edition of Tennyson, two volumes to appear each month. The complete set will comprise twenty-three volumes. "Juvenilia" and "The Lady of Shalott and Other Poems" will be the first volumes issued.

R. H. Sherard, in his Paris letter to the *Bookman*, says:

"George du Maurier was a visitor to Boulogne the other day, and was seen looking at the house in the Grande Rue, where so many happy days of his childhood were spent. Mr. du Maurier is spending his holidays at Folkestone, giving the finishing touches to 'The Martians.'"

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, which is to appear in the *Century* during the coming year, beginning with November, is called "Sir George Tressady." The world to which its readers will be introduced is partly industrial and partly that of the English country-house. It is understood that several characters of a former novel will reappear.

Although José Echegaray, the Spanish dramatist, has written more than a hundred plays during the past twenty years, nearly all of them successful, he aspires to be famous as a mathematician

rather than as a playwright. He writes plays in the intervals of leisure from his scientific studies, and none of them has cost him more than a fortnight's labor. Echegaray is a lively old man of seventy, and he has recently learned to ride the bicycle. He makes the curious boast that up to the age of fifty he had read every novel published in England.

Macmillan & Co. announce the publication of the *American Historical Review*, a new quarterly review, to be devoted entirely to history.

In his notes to the "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," Professor George Edward Woodberry says that much of the "Narrative" was taken from Captain Benjamin Morell's "Narrative of Four Voyages to the South Seas and Pacific," published by the Harpers in 1832.

Macmillan & Co. will publish this season "The Life and Letters of Lord Selborne," edited by his daughter, Lady Sophia Palmer.

HOW TO TELL A STORY.

By Mark Twain.

In the latest number of the *Youth's Companion*, Mr. Clemens gives this sage advice to story-tellers:

I do not claim that I can tell a story as it ought to be told. I only claim to know how a story ought to be told, for I have been almost daily in the company of the most expert story-tellers for many years.

There are several kinds of stories, but only one difficult kind—the humorous. I will talk mainly about that one. The humorous story is American, the comic story is English, the witty story is French. The humorous story depends for its effect upon the manner of the telling; the comic story and the witty story upon the matter.

The humorous story may be spun out to great length, and may wander around as much as it pleases, and arrive nowhere in particular; but the comic and witty stories must be brief and end with a point. The humorous story bubbles gently along, the others burst.

The humorous story is strictly a work of art—high and delicate art—and only an artist can tell it; but no art is necessary in telling the comic and the witty story; anybody can do it. The art of telling a humorous story—understand, I mean by word of mouth, not print—was created in America, and has remained at home.

The humorous story is told gravely; the teller does his best to conceal the fact that he even dimly suspects that there is anything funny about it; but the teller of the comic story tells you beforehand that it is one of the funniest things he has ever heard, then tells it with eager delight, and is the first person to laugh when he gets through. And sometimes, if he has had good success, he is so glad and happy that he will repeat the "nub" of it and glance around from face to face, collecting applause, and then repeat it again. It is a pathetic thing to see.

Very often, of course, the rambling and disjointed humorous story finishes with a nub, point, snapper, or whatever you like to call it. Then the listener must be alert, for in many cases the teller will divert attention from that nub by dropping it in a carefully casual and indifferent way, with the pretense that he does not know it is a nub.

Artemus Ward used that trick a good deal; then when the belated audience presently caught the joke, he would look up with innocent surprise, as if wondering what they had found to laugh at. Dan Setchell used it before him, Nye and Riley and others use it to-day.

But the teller of the comic story does not slur the nub; he shouts it at you—every time. And when he prints it, in England, France, Germany, and Italy, he italicizes it, puts some whooping exclamation-points after it, and sometimes explains it in a parenthesis. All of which is very depressing, and makes one want to renounce joking and lead a better life.

Let me set down an instance of the comic method, using an anecdote which has been popular all over the world for twelve or fifteen hundred years. The teller tells it in this way:

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

In the course of a certain battle, a soldier whose leg had been shot off appealed to another soldier who was hurrying by to carry him to the rear, informing him, at the same time, of the loss which he had sustained; whereupon the generous son of Mars, shouldering the unfortunate, proceeded to carry out his desire. The bullets and cannon-balls were flying in all directions, and presently one of the latter took the wounded man's head off—without, however, his deliverer being aware of it. In no long time he was hailed by an officer, who said:

"Where are you going with that carcass?"

"To the rear, sir—he's lost his leg!"

"His leg, forsooth?" responded the astonished officer; "you mean his head, you hoohy."

Whereupon the soldier dispossessed himself of his burden, and stood looking down upon it in great perplexity. At length he said:

"It is true, sir, just as you have said." Then, after a pause, he added: "But he told me IT WAS HIS LEG!!!!!!"

Here the narrator bursts into explosion after explosion of thunderous horse-laughter, repeating that nub from time to time through his gasps, and shriekings, and suffocations.

It takes only a minute and a half to tell that in

its comic-story form; and isn't worth the telling, after all. Put into the humorous-story form it takes ten minutes, and is about the funniest thing I have ever listened to—as James Whitcomb Riley tells it.

He tells it in the character of a dull-witted old farmer who has just heard it for the first time, thinks it is unspeakably funny, and is trying to repeat it to a neighbor. But he can't remember it; so he gets it all mixed up, and wanders helplessly round and round, putting in tedious details that don't belong in the tale and only retard it; taking them out conscientiously and putting in others that are just as useless; making minor mistakes now and then and stopping to correct them and explain how he came to make them; remembering things which he forgot to put in in their proper place and going back to put them in there; stopping his narrative a good while in order to try to recall the name of the soldier that was hurt, and finally remembering that the soldier's name was not mentioned, and remarking placidly that the name is of no real importance, anyway—better, of course, if one knew it, but not essential, after all—and so on, and so on, and so on.

The teller is innocent, and happy, and pleased with himself, and has to stop every little while to hold himself in and keep from laughing outright; and does hold in, but his body quakes in a jelly-like way with interior chuckles; and at the end of the ten minutes the audience have laughed until they are exhausted, and the tears are running down their faces.

The simplicity, and innocence, and sincerity, and unconsciousness of the old farmer are perfectly simulated, and the result is a performance which is thoroughly charming and delicious. This is art—and fine and beautiful, and only a master can compass it; but a machine could tell the other story.

To string incongruities and absurdities together in a wandering and sometimes purposeless way, and seem innocently unaware that they are absurdities, is the basis of the American art, if my position is correct. Another feature is the slurring of the point. A third is the dropping of a studied remark apparently without knowing it, as if one were thinking aloud. The fourth and last is the pause.

Artemus Ward dealt in numbers three and four a good deal. He would begin to tell with great animation something which he seemed to think was wonderful; then lose confidence, and, after an apparently absent-minded pause, add an incongruous remark in a soliloquizing way; and that was the remark intended to explode the mine—and it did.

For instance, he would say, eagerly, excitedly: "I once knew a man in New Zealand who hadn't a tooth in his head"—here his animation would die out; a silent, reflective pause would follow, then he would say dreamily, and as if to himself, "and yet that man could beat a drum better than any man I ever saw."

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A novel yachting article, by Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

FUN ON THE STUMP.

Humors of political campaigning in Kentucky, by Edward J. McDermott.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Napoleon the Constitutional Despot, by Prof. William M. Sloane. Richly illustrated.

JOHN KEATS. (Illustrated.)

Two articles, celebrating the centenary of the birth of Keats, which occurs Oct. 29, 1895:

"Keats in Hampstead," by Kenyon West,

"The Influence of Keats," by Henry van Dyke.

PROF. LOMBROSO ON NORDAU'S "DEGENERATION."

The noted Italian criminologist, Lombroso, to whom Nordau dedicated his famous book, writes of "its value and its errors."

COMPLETE STORIES

by George Wharton Edwards, George A. Hibbard, and Ruth McEnery Stuart.

HOW MEN BECOME TRAMPS.

Conclusions from personal experience as an amateur tramp, by Josiah Flynt.

Also "The Marriage Rate of College Women," "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire," beautifully illustrated, "Dixie" and how it was written, "Glave's Career," etc., etc.

The November *Century* will be an Anniversary Number, celebrating the beginning of the fifty-first volume and containing the first instalment of

Mrs. Humphry Ward's New Novel.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Fall Announcements.

A particularly long list of hooks of unusual interest is announced for publication by Macmillan & Co. this fall. Among the more important works of fiction on their list we note the following:

Five additional volumes of Balzac in the series edited by George Saintsbury; a volume of ghost stories by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin; "A Set of Rogues," by Frank Barrett; "The Crooked Stick," by "Rolf Boldrewood," author of "Robbery under Arms," and a volume of "Old Melbourne Memories," by the same author; "Marmontel's Moral Tales," by "Sir Charles Grandison," "Reynard the Fox," and "Undine," in the Cransford Series; "Casa Braccio," by F. Marion Crawford, and a one-volume edition of his "Katherine Lauderdale"; "The Men of the Moss-Hags," by S. R. Crockett; addition of "The Stickit Minister," by S. R. Crockett; additional volumes in the new editions of Dickens and De Foe; "Wild Rose," a tale of the Mexican frontier, by Francis Francis; "Stella, and An Unfinished Communication," by C. H. Hinton; "The Year that the Locusts Hath Eaten," by Anne E. Holdsworth; "Where Highway Cross," by J. S. Fletcher; "A Ringby Lass," by Mary Beaumont; an edition of *Luce of Westward, Ho!*; "Peter Simple," "Pride and Prejudice," "Popular Tales," by Maria Edgeworth; and "Sihyl," by D'Saelli, in Macmillan's Illustrated Novels; "Mr. Isaacs," "The Delectable Duchy," and "The Stickit Minister," in Macmillan's Novelists' Library; "The White King's Daughter," a story of the Princess Elizabeth, and "A Blind Musician," by Emma Marshall; "Country Stories," by Mary Russell Mitford; "Carved Lions," by Mrs. Molesworth; "A Son of the Plains," by Arthur Paterson; "The Education of Antonia," by Mrs. F. E. Phillips; "In the Smoke of War," by Walter Raymond; "Pinks and Cherries and other Norwegian Stories," by C. M. Ross; "The Horseman's Word," by Neil Roy; "The Herons," by Helen Ship-ton; "Red Rowans," by Mrs. F. A. Steel; and "The Wonderful Visit," by H. G. Wells.

Short Tales by Zola.

Six short stories by Emile Zola have been translated into English by William Foster Apthorp and are issued in a very French-looking little volume: it is a genuine "yellow-covered" book, though bound in boards, with the name of the leading story under the author's name on the front cover, followed by the titles of the other tales in smaller type; the table of contents is at the end of the book; the tricks of French typography, such as introducing a quoted paragraph with a dash, are retained; and, finally, the pages are uncut. This last is a mistake, however. French books are generally sold in paper covers and the leaves are uncut in order to allow wide margins for the binder when the owner has the book bound according to his own taste.

"Jacques Damour," the leading story, is a French Enoch Arden. Transported to Noumea as a communist, Jacques escapes, is reported dead, and returns to Paris after years of wandering, to find his wife happily married again. At first he wants to kill her and her husband and their children—to "smash the whole damned shebang" is Mr. Apthorp's rather free translation—but he is a senile drunkard by this time, and he settles down to an old age of comfort provided by his daughter, who has become a *horizontale de marque*. "Nantas" is a very Gallic story. The hero is a poor youth of unbounded ambition, and to get a start he married a young woman of wealth and family to cover the disgrace of her indiscretion. With the money thus obtained he soon becomes a power in the financial world, and, going into politics, reaches the high post of minister of finance. But, though at first he worked solely for ambition, in time he came to love the beautiful woman who is his wife in name only, and her scorn drives him almost mad. At last, on the very day that his political ambition has been fulfilled, he is about to end the life that is bitter without his wife, when she dashes the revolver aside and confesses that his strength has conquered her and she loves him.

The other stories, "Madame Niegeon," "How We Die," "The Coqueville Spree," and "The Attack on the Mill"—are representative of Zola's varied powers, and will be read with interest.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

Two Books for Boys.

G. A. Henty is one of those English writers whose hooks all boys love. He writes by preference of war's alarms and thrilling adventure by flood and field—a class of topics that can do young lads little harm—and to the pleasure of reading fiction Mr. Henty generally adds the solid advantage of presenting accurate pictures of important historical events and periods. Thus his "Knight of the White Cross" is a story of the siege of Rhodes, when the Knights of St. John became the bulwark of Christianity against the Moslems under the Sultan Solymon. It is a stirring tale and a vivid historical picture. Another of his historical tales, which is also just from the press, is "Through Russian Snows: A Story of Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow." Both of these books may be heartily recommended for lads who like to follow young heroes through moving adventures.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A Tasmanian Story.

"Not Counting the Cost" is another of "Tasma's" admirable novels of Australasian life. The scene is laid in Tasmania, with a lengthy excursion

to Paris, and the personages have the slight peculiarities that differentiate the antipodean colonist from the mother-race in England or the various off-shoots in other parts of the world. The situation on which the story is built is an interesting one: a young woman who has a strong love for her family, and yet is willing to disregard the opinion of the world, has an imbecile husband confined in an asylum, and is herself pursued by two suitors. One is a man of wealth, who will save her mother and the younger children from the poverty that stares them in the face; the other man she loves, and he does not pursue her, but rather saves her from herself when she offers to go away from it all and start a new life with him. In the end the younger sister makes a love-match with a man who proves to be very wealthy, and the husband's death leaves the heroine free to marry the man of her choice.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Successful Men and Women.

"Turning Points in Successful Careers" is the title of a volume of biographical sketches by the Rev. William M. Thayer. They are intended to help young readers to judge for themselves by showing them how the tide in the affairs of men, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Thus the book tells of the rebuke that made Farragut an admiral, of the failure that made Salmon P. Chase a great man, of the resolution that lifted Daniel Webster to renown, of the spectacle that made W. H. Seward a foe to slavery, and other like anecdotes of Lincoln, Henry Clay, G. W. Childs, Cyrus W. Field, General Grant, Sir Isaac Newton, S. F. B. Morse, Dr. Livingstone, A. T. Stewart, Leigh Hunt, and others in many different walks of life, including Lucy Larcom, Lucretia Mott, Maria Mitchell, Helen Hunt Jackson, and a few other women. Portraits of many noted persons sketched are printed.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Woman who Didn't.

"Fate at the Door," by Jessie Van Zile Belden, is a short story expanded into the proportions of a novel. It is the story of a married woman, who, finding that her handsome, selfish husband loves another, tries to find consolation in a platonic friendship for another man; but the relation soon changes into love, and, both recognizing the fact, she sends him into exile. All this takes place in New York, and the actors are of the class who, as Robert Grant puts it, take morning baths. They also go to concerts, and there is a good deal of music talk in the latter part of the book, their common love for "the heavenly muse" being one of the traits that soon bring the platonic friends into harmony.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

New Publications.

"Washington; or, The Revolution," a drama by Ethan Allen, has been issued in paper covers by F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"No Proof," a story by Lawrence L. Lynch, of which the first six chapters are headed: "Come," "Drugged," "You Know," "Heart Failure," "A White Coffin," "A Promise," and "At Midnight," has been issued in the Globe Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Diana: The History of a Great Mistake," by Mrs. Oliphant, is a story of English people wintering at Pisa. The "great mistake" is made by a hushybody who carries Signor Pandolfini's offer of marriage to blonde and chattering Sophie instead of to the majestic Diana, and the convention-bound character of the personages in the story may be inferred from the fact that the signor marries Sophie. Published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Henry Loomis Nelson, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has collected the articles on the financial question which he has contributed to that journal since last March, and issues them in a little book entitled "Money, Banking, and Business." Mr. Nelson diametrically opposes the ideas advanced in "Coin's Financial School," which his book resembles in being illustrated with cartoons—by Thomas Nast and W. A. Rogers—and diagrams—by Worthington C. Ford, chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Beginnings of Writing," by Walter James Hoffman, of the Smithsonian Institution, is the latest volume in the Anthropological Series. Like its two predecessors, "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture" and "The Pygmies," it is an interesting popular exposition of an important phase of human progress. The author made an especial study of this subject during a long sojourn among various tribes of North American Indians, but he also leans upon the early records of other races to prove the development of the art through pictography, symbols, gesture signs and attitudes, mnemonic signs, and conventional signs to the present elaborate system. The book is copiously illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

MAGAZINE VERSE.

When Richard Lovelace Came to Woo.

The feet of time make fast their pace,
And we, like players in a play,
Strut up and down our little space,
And act our parts as best we may.
Alas! Alack! and Well-a-day!
The stage is dim in somnolent hue,
Where once that stately vogue bled sway,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

And much we marvel as we trace
The feuds and foibles passed away;
While pomp of power and pride of place
Troop down the years in grand array.
In court and camp, in fete and fray,
Fickle and flippant, stanch and true,
Such were the gallants, hold and gay,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

In doublet fence, and frills of lace,
The lover sought his suit to pay;
With such a form and such a face,
Who could resist his plea, I pray.
And then that tender roundelay,
So like a wood-dove's plaintive coo,
Sweet Lucy could not say him nay,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.

ENVOY.

Ho, Kentish towers! your lordly race
Had swords to draw, and deeds to do,
In that eventful year of grace,
When Richard Lovelace came to woo.
—Lucius Harwood Foote in the Overland.

The Paseo.

The wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms, and alamos;
In brave attire there walk, between,
José, Andres, and Agustín.

Andrés, José, and Agustín
Stroll down the alameda slow
'Neath spreading boughs with platts between
Where rose and helled granada grow.
Tall gray sombreros, silver-trimmed,
Bedecked with spangles, ample-brimmed,
Shade from bright rays by clouds undimmed
The eyes of all.

They loiter on with airy grace;
A turn of head this way and that,
While sparkling smiles light up the face
Accenting gay, theatric chat.
Their jaunty jackets reach the waist,
With rows of buttons closely placed;
And braided trousers, tightly laced,
Costumes complete.

A greater charm is found by far
Than shade, bright flowers, and tropic weather
In Juana, Inez, and Leonor,
All pretty maids who drive together.
Clear olive faces, lips of red—
But hark of them the warder's head;
The dueña, accredited
For watchful eyes.

The wavering beat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms, and alamos;
In brave attire there walk, between,
José, Andres, and Agustín.
—L. W. Green in *The Land of Sunshine*.

The publication day of A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Stark Munro Letters," witnessed the exhaustion of a liberal first edition.

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"I think Trilby looks awfully well. When she sits tailor fashion in the old army coat, with a cigarette in her hand, it's exactly like the picture."

"Taffy's hair's a little too wiggy, isn't it? In the pictures he didn't have such wiggy hair."

"Yes, but he's got just the right sort of whiskers; 'Piccadilly weepers' they're called in the book."

"When Zou Zou and Dodo, with Little Billee in the middle, came to arm in arm, it was a perfect reproduction of the picture, wasn't it?"

"Mrs. Bagot and the clergyman look just as if Du Maurier drew them."

"Oh, but they're not half as like the pictures as Gecko. He's really just as if he stepped out of the book."

In the earlier scenes this reproducing of pictures from the story is continual. Trilby's first entrance, heralded by her famous cry of "Milk Below," is a very accurate copy of the full-page illustration in which Du Maurier depicted his heroine for the first time. She wears the same army overcoat, the same slippers, the same striped petticoat. The stage Trilby found it more than her proud spirit could bear to wear hair such as the most beautiful model in the Latio quarter affected, and had the *perruquier* impart to her wig a becoming curliness. In physiognomy and figure, Miss Crane makes a fairly good representation of the celebrated heroine. Her figure is especially like that of the long-limbed, divinely tall goddesses that Du Maurier's pencil has depicted for the admiration of his contemporaries. It will be remembered that some clever person, on being asked what they thought of the forthcoming novel of "Trilby" would be like, affected ignorance as to the story, but said the illustrations would be the customary "apotheosis of the long leg." Miss Crane, beside the necessary length of limb, has the square jaw, the broad brow, and the finely modeled oose that made an *ensemble* so striking as to wring from the reluctant Mrs. Bagot the startled remark, "How beautiful you are!"

In the army overcoat and striped petticoat of her unregenerate model days, the Trilby of Miss Crane looked rather too old and matured for the character. Trilby, despite her varied experiences, was but seventeen when she first makes her entry into the studio of "Les Trois Anglaises." Later, as La Svengali, the second nightingale of a century full of song-birds, in all the splendor of world-wide fame and the maturity of full development, Miss Crane is much better suited to the character. She lost the opportunity of the piece, so far as costume goes, by not wearing the beautifully graceful and simple Greek robe in which Du Maurier drew the great singer. Anything less Greek than the gorgeous garments, richly spangled, heavy with tinsel and bullion, in which La Svengali makes her Parisian debut at the Cirque des Bashibazouks, could not have been put together.

So much for the picture-side of the play—the story-side of it is a very different matter. Parts of it, the first act, for example, diverge entirely from the tale as written by Du Maurier, and then come back to it, hitching on to it with a jerk like that of the train which backs into the new car. The first act, in fact, comes perilously near the realm of burlesque. Mr. Potter had it on his mind in this act to introduce all his characters and open up his story. He evidently suspected that there might, somewhere in the United States, be a man or woman who had not read the book, and he wanted to avoid having this unique individual raise the voice of censure against him.

Most people in the play come on in the first act and shake down into the place where they belong. All of a sudden Little Billee dashes madly in in a mackintosh, carrying a paint-box, says that he has seen Trilby posing for "the altogether" at a studio full of artists, and that he must fly immediately to Florence, as his sensibilities have been wounded past endurance. He flies. Trilby comes in, receives an offer of marriage from Taffy, refuses it casually, mentions to Taffy that she is to marry Billee, and embraces him (Taffy) warmly. Then the news of Billee's flight is broken to her. She is overcome, weeps frantically, while the two remaining of "Les Trois Anglaises" watch her with much sympathy. At this moment a snow-storm suddenly breaks out, just in time to conceal the figure of a man, who, Taffy says, has descended from a cab in the street below. He ascends, the door flies open—it is Little Billee! While driving to the station he has quite forgiven Trilby for posing for "the altogether," and they rush into each other's arms with intense rapture.

Changes of the story such as this constantly impair the sentiment and charm of this exquisite tale. A strict adherence to the novel was, of course, impossible, but it was quite unnecessary in the scene between Taffy and Mrs. Bagot and the clergyman to introduce the element of farce-comedy by having the latter gentleman discover some studies of models in a portfolio, over which he grips and chuckles like the hero of a Hoyt farce. In these two first acts, in which the making of tableaux from the book is the most important consideration and the patching together of the story into any sort of consistency is second to interest, all the sentiment, the grace, the tenderness, and charm of the novel are entirely absent. Scenes which might have been preserved, like that between Taffy, Mrs. Bagot, and Trilby, are sacrificed to raise a laugh. In fact, there really are no scenes; it is a rough massing together of the characters of the book, coming and going, talking, breaking off, falling into the language of Du Maurier, scrambling out through the aid of Paul Potter, all circling in the second act round the dance of the artists and *grisettes* in the studio of "The Three Musketeers."

The third act—the foyer of the Cirque des Bashibazouks—is the act of the piece. This is interesting, dramatic, and the characters do less of aimless hanging about and more of real acting than in all the rest of the piece put together. Here, too, the book is more closely followed than ever before. The entrance of "Les Trois Anglaises," like three solemn undertakers in their decent black, is a reversion to the picture-effects of the first act. But the entrance of Trilby, following her master, one hand raised, her eyes fixed in the hypnotic trance, is decidedly effective. Shortly after her appearance, her meeting with Little Billee takes place. In the book, it will be remembered, this was merely a chance encounter as the magnificent carriage of La Svengali paused for a moment in the crowded Bois, and Little Billee, watching from the pavement, stepped forward and raised his hat. The gorgeous singer, reclining amid furs by the side of her sinister husband, made no attempt to return the bow, but merely laughed, a vulgar barmaid's laugh.

This is transposed into quite a scene. Little Billee pleads and implores, and the hypnotized prima donna laughs a horrible, hoarse laugh. Svengali, who stands in front of her, osteosily projecting his mesmeric influence over her, presently turns around, has the well-known fight with Taffy—who, however, refrains from taking him by the oose, as that member in Mr. Lackaye's make-up is made of putty and would undoubtedly come off—and is forthwith seized with timely spasms of the heart. The finale is hurried and horrible enough to gain four curtain calls. Trilby on the stage makes her famous fiasco; Svengali's spasms grow worse, as is attested by loud gaspings and the pale-green tint which overspreads his visage. The tumult in the unseemly audience can be heard distinctly. The foyer is filled with dress-suited men, reporting the excitement outside and adding to that of the scene by their hurried exits and entrances. The furore is at its height when Svengali, with a frightful gasp, falls backward over a table, his head dangling down before the affrighted spectators, his eyes glassy and rolled up, his mouth open, his face livid—altogether, a hideous spectacle. Nervous people bad some ado to suppress screams, and the rustling of the startled audience took some moments to subside.

In this act, also, those members of the company who possessed talent had an opportunity to show what they could do. Zou Zou gave an excellent piece of character-acting as the dapper, impudent,

imperturbably self-possessed young duke, who, his wild and unregenerate youth in the Latin quarter a thing of the past, has now married his American heiress, Miss Hunks, of Chicago, and has settled down as a loyal supporter of the empire and a shining light of fashion. Among the startling varieties of the French accent in which "Trilby" abounds, Zou Zou's was quite refreshing. Gecko also had his one chance in this scene, and took advantage of it to give an admirable representation of the passionate indignation and excitement of the Italian when he finds out that the master musician has been in the habit of beating his pupil. Mme. Vinard is also capital, but she is capital all through.

Wilton Lackaye's Svengali is more remarkable for its make-up than for anything particularly striking or powerful in the portrayal. Such parts as Svengali depend largely for their success upon the grease-paint pot and the wig-maker. Everybody is really more interested to hear how Mr. Lackaye puts on his putty nose and his long, straggling beard than to know what is his conception of the character of the musician who made the tone-deaf model the greatest singer in the world. In the book, Svengali is the prominent character, a wonderfully artistic piece of work. The idea of a genius, who, with the highest form of mental distinction, should combine the meanest, lowest, and most despicable of faults, was new to light literature. The erratic genius, the superbly wicked genius, the lofty genius, the despairing genius, all were common enough; but the genius who lied small, was dirty, and an underhand sneak, was a new figure in the galaxy of types. Mr. Lackaye depicts the character with great vigor and robustness. He does not attempt any subtle shading or fine distinctions. He infuses into the talented scoundrel the broad vitality which marks each and all of his personations, and the deep, rumbling bass of his constant laugh has more of *bonhomie* in it than one would have expected to find in the teacher of "La Betie Honorable" and Trilby.

The Bostonians.

The stock company season at the Columbia Theatre closes on Sunday night, with the last performance of "The Magistrate." It has been uniformly successful, at first with the Frawley company and later with L. R. Stockwell's players, but not less is expected of the regular season, which the Bostonians begin, not on Monday, but on Tuesday night. The first week will be devoted to "Robio Hood," which is the most popular of American light operas. It will be presented by an excellent cast, the leading rôles being, as they were when the company was last here, in the hands of H. C. Barnabee, W. H. MacDonald, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham, Josephine Bartlett, Elizabeth Bell, and two new singers: Helen Bertram, who made her debut in 1885, and has been very well received in the Duff, McCaull, and Conreid companies, and Frank D. Pollock, a oovice who has just reached his majority and has not sung before in opera, but he has a good voice naturally and he has traioed it in Europe.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Tribly Here and Elsewhere.

The company playing at the Baldwin Theatre has the star of the New York production in the person of Wilton Lackaye, but otherwise it differs widely. This is owing to the fact that several companies have been made up from the original one. The "original company" is still playing at the Garden Theatre, in New York, without, however, announcing the fact that the creator of Svengali is no longer there. The Garden company goes "on tour" in a few weeks, when there will then be four companies on the road. Doubtless all of them are advertised as "the original company." Concerning the company here, we have the New York Svengali. Tribly there was played by Virginia Harned, who is plump and not tall; Miss Harned was not quite so good as the San Francisco impersonator, Miss Crane, who is perhaps a trifle stayer, but not to be compared in that to Miss Harned, who was insufferably stagey, who saw Little Billee for the "lawst" time at "hawf-pawst eleven" before eloping with Svengali, who always "fawned" things, and who had to take many "chawnces." Her accent was vividly accentuated in the New York performance by that of Burr McIntosh, the Taffy, who spoke Yewnited States of the most aggravated kind, and when the words "Thar naow, Tribly," came from between his Piccadilly weepers, the effect was startling. C. H. Riegel, the Taffy of the San Francisco cast, is much superior to Mr. McIntosh. In New York, the rôle of Mme. Vinard was taken by Mathilde Cottrelly, who will be remembered here as the dashing Viennese songstress who played "Fatinitza" so well so many years ago. The dashing Viennese songstress is now transformed into a middle-aged, stout lady. Miss Cottrelly was very clever as Mme. Vinard, but we are inclined to think the actress in the San Francisco cast, Miss Jennie Reiffarth, excels her. Gecko was better in New York. The Laird there was not so good as the present one, Mr. Canfield. Little Billee there was better. The Rev. Thomas Bagot made a hit in New York, which F. A. Thomson does not do here. Mrs. Bagot was played there by the same lady. The rôle of Zou Zou was played in New York by Leo Dietrichstein, who was the life of the performance; Mr. Martinetti plays it well here, but does not win so much applause as did his New York rival. There is little difference in the minor characters, although the young ladies in the studio scene, as played in San Francisco, seem to kick a little higher and reveal more of the mysteries of their toilet than was the case in New York. They have also added a supererogatory garter to give piquancy to their underwear.

"La Traviata" at the Tivoli.

"La Traviata," which has been for years one of the most popular of the standard operas, was a complete failure when it was first produced in Venice in 1853. After the performance, all the singers went to Verdi and condoled with him on the ill success of the opera, but the composer merely replied: "Condole only with yourselves, who have not understood my music." He could have spoken more harshly with truth, for the failure was due entirely to the incompetence of the company. Indeed, the rôle of Violetta—the same character as Dumas's Camille, though in the opera the period is changed to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth—was sung by Mme. Donatelli, who, far from looking the consumptive heroine, was one of the stoutest women ever seen on the stage, and when, in the third act, the doctor told her she had but a few days to live, the entire audience burst into roars of laughter. But "La Traviata" survived to enjoy enormous popularity, and many famous singers have made their debuts in it, while Violetta is Mme. Patti's greatest rôle.

The opera is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House next week, with Ida Valerga and Laura Millard alternating in the rôle of Violetta, Mabella Baker as Flora, Kitty Loomis as Armina, Martin Paché as Alfred, J. J. Raffael as his father, John P. Wilson as Gaston, W. H. West as the marquis, George H. Broderick as the doctor, and G. Napoleoni as the baron. "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," and "Cavalleria Rusticana" will conclude the grand-opera season, and then a season of comic opera will be inaugurated by a spectacular production of a new opera, entitled "The Lucky Star."

"Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl."

Milton Nobles will begin his third week at the Grand Opera House on Monday night. For a fortnight he and his plays have been filling the great theatre with audiences that seem to enjoy every minute of the play, and it looks as if Manager Morosco would have no occasion to regret the engagement. The play for next week is another of Mr. Noble's own melodramas, "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl." In it he has the rôle of a Texas ranchman, and the story is made up of his efforts to save beauty and innocence from the wiles of Ephraim Dean, proprietor of the sewing-machine room and a particularly deep-dyed villain. The programme is of the descriptive order that has so long thrilled transpontine audiences: Jack Ryder is "a diamond in the rough," of Ephraim Dean it says, "New York is full of them," Abner

Dean is "the son of his father," Maggie Ryder is "Jack's sister, wronged and righted," and, in the synopsis of the play, the first act is "The Accusation!" the second is "The Conviction!" the third is "At the Point of Death!" and the final starter is "The Gentleman from Texas has the Floor!" All of which goes to prove that "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl" is a very exciting play.

Gus Thomas and the Critics.

A professional matinee of "The Capitol" was given by its author, Augustus Thomas, a few days ago in New York, and a lot of notable actors and actresses were present. A professional matinee is peculiar in that the arrival of well-known players in the auditorium is often greeted with applause from those already on hand, and, after the play begins, every good bit is received with keen appreciation. On this occasion, both Manager Hill and Playwright Thomas were called out after the third act, and Mr. Thomas made a little speech, in the course of which he said:

"I wish to say that I do not think a more considerable lot of notices were ever given to a play than this play received in the Tuesday morning papers following its production." The people laughed, because they thought Mr. Thomas intended to be sarcastic. "I mean it sincerely," he went on, "and I must ask you to remember that the performance that you see to-day and the play as it is given now are not the play and performance of that Monday night. The fault of the performance was all mine. I like a dignified adverse criticism. If it wasn't for my annual failures, I don't think I could get on."

It is a pleasure to find a man so appreciative of intelligent criticism. But what can he learn from such criticism as Clement Scott gave Mr. Thomas's "Alabama"? The critic of the London *Telegraph* accuses "the place Alabama" of being a land of lotus-eaters, complains that the natives do not remember to wear their hats, and that the hero—whose life in the North has no significance to an English critic—does wear his to conceal the scar on his forehead, and that the personages use a Southern dialect. Finally, having found nothing of importance to caviat at, but failing to grasp the beauty of the play, Mr. Scott says:

"They" [the actors] "have loyally done their best for a *succès d'estime*, and they can do no more for 'Alabama.' It is not a play; it is scarcely a charade. The dialect did not kill it; it did not fail because it was a charming scene of American life; it failed to create interest because it was undramatic and deadly dull."

At Grover's Alcazar.

Leonard Grover, Sr., will make his first appearance at his new theatre, Grover's Alcazar, on Monday night in "My Son-in-Law." This is a comedy that has long been regarded as a popular favorite, and with Mr. Grover in his rôle of Bisbon, it should attract large audiences. The other personages in the play will be in the capable hands of Leonard Grover, Jr., Miss Kennard, Hereward Hoyt, and the others of the stock company. "My Son-in-Law" will be given at all the evening performances and on Saturday afternoon, and also at the "Wednesday Pop," as the Wednesday matinees are called. These latter are earning their name of "pop"—abbreviated from "popular"—and the service of lemonade, ice-cream, cakes, and like refreshments during the matinee has proved a great attraction to matinee-goers.

The Theatrical Season in Paris.

The mauveurs of the leading Paris theatres have about completed their lists of plays for the coming year. Among them we note the following.

At the Opéra, "Fredegonde," a new opera by M. Saint-Saëns will be produced, and later a new ballet, "L'Etoile," by M. Aderer, with music by M. Wormser; the latter is an innovation in Paris, a ballet in modern costume such as is often seen in Vienna. The success of "Tannhäuser" may lead to another Wagner piece being put on, and it will doubtless be followed by one of the thirteen original and new operas now being examined by the directorate.

At the Opéra Comique, Massenet's "La Navarraise" will be given its first Parisian performance, the title rôle being sung by Calvé, who created it in London. Another London success, "Hansel and Gretel," by Herr Hammerdinck, will be given, and so will "La Femme de Claude," by Albert Cohen, brother of the Antwerp banker, which is founded on Dumas's drama transposed to the time of the revolution. M. Carvalho will also produce Gluck's "Orphée."

The first novelty at the Théâtre Français will be "Les Tenailles," by Paul Hervieu, dealing with the question of divorce. Then will follow "Le Fils de l'Aretia," by M. de Bornier, five acts in verse, in which Mounet-Sully will have the leading rôle; Meilhac's "Grosse Fortune," rewritten for the third time; Dumas's oft-promised and never-given "Route de Thèbes"; and, possibly, "La Troublante," by the same author.

At the Odéon will be given "La Blague," by M. Valdagne; a piece by M. Henry Fouquier, which is said to be very raide; "Deux Sœurs," by M. Jean Thorel, a young author of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which is said to be in a perfectly new style; "Dans la Nuit," a big drama, of which the principal character is blind; the revival of the "Mariage d'Olympe," by Emile Augier; and a number of other little pieces.

At the Renaissance, Mme. Bernhardt being away on tour, they will present "Amanto," by Maurice Daunay, a sort of modernization of "La Dame aux Camélias"; Mlle. Granier will make her debut in comedy. Then will be played a comedy called "The Figurate," by M. de Curel, author of the "Amour Brode," played without success at the Théâtre Français.

At the Porte Saint Martin, now the theatre of M. Coquelin, as the Renaissance has been the theatre of Mme. Bernhardt, the ex-sociétaire is going to commence the season with "Duguesclin," by M. Deroudele. Then will be given "Fanfan la Tulippe," an old drama that dates back some forty-one years. Then the season will be closed with "Thermidor," M. Sardou's piece, which had only two representations at the Théâtre Français, when an almost incredible order forbidding its performance was issued.

The Vaudeville, the first theatre of MM. Carre and

Porel, will re-open its doors with "Monsieur le Directeur," which was interrupted at its hundredth representation in the spring. Then will reappear Mme. Réjane, and with her "Viveurs," a four-act comedy by M. Henri Lavedan, which will be one of the great events of the season. Afterward will be seen the "Amour de Manon," by M. Porto-Riche, in which Mme. Réjane will be seen as Manon Lescaut; "The Manette Salomon," by M. de Goncourt; "The Entrainement," by M. Auguste Germain; and "La Carrière," by M. Abel Hermant.

At the Gymnase, the second theatre of MM. Porel and Carre, "Demi-Vierges" will be given at first. In December will be produced the piece by M. Sardou, with Mme. Hading in the principal rôle, and which may have been previously played in America. If the run of this piece does not end too late, there will be seen a farce by M. Besson, played by M. Dailly; "Eva," by M. Moreau, the collaborator with M. Sardou in "Madame Sans-Gêne"; the "Villa Gabrielle," by M. Gandillot; and "Catherine," by M. Alfred Capus.

At the Nouveautés, when the "Hotel du Libre Echange" shall have ended its career, "Les Complices," by MM. Dounay and Grosclaude, will be produced; the actors in the first act are all on bicycles. The other works given at this theatre will be: "Le Capitoul," an opéra by M. Serpette; "Innocent," a vaudeville by MM. Alfred Capus and Alphonse Allais.

Notes.

Lily Post and William T. Carleton, two light-opera singers who are well known in this city, are now singing in "continuous-performance" houses in New York city.

The California Theatre will be re-opened on the eleventh of next month, when Mr. Dazey's new melodrama, "The War of Wealth," will be seen for the first time in this city.

The new drop-curtain at the Columbia Theatre will be seen for the first time on Tuesday night. It represents a scene from the Yosemite Valley, and was painted by Schaefer and Jones.

The first public performance to be given by the pupils of the Columbia Theatre School of Acting will take place at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday evening, October 13th. Three short plays will be produced.

It is Wilton Lackaye's ambition to become a star next season. Arrangements are about completed for the inauguration of his tour to take place in San Francisco. He will appear in a new play, described as being written on a very weird topic. Mr. Lackaye's name, by the way, is pronounced, not Lackey, but Lack-eye, with the accent on the eye.

"Tribly" begins its second week at the Baldwin on Monday night, the engagement being for three weeks in all. It will be followed on October 21st by Canary and Lederer's "The Passing Show," a farago of the good things in other shows. The company comprises fully one hundred persons, among whom are Gus Pixley, Vernona Jarbeau, May Ten Broeck, Madge Lessing, and others of their rank.

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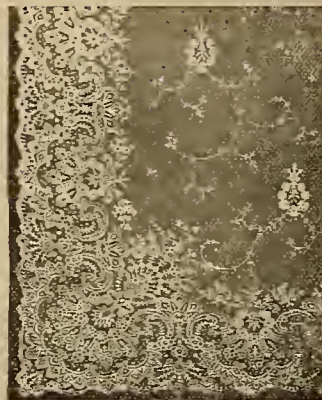
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VANITY FAIR.

Writing from Switzerland to the *Nation*, and contrasting American and European hotels, Henry T. Finck says: "Twenty thousand more Americans than last year have crossed the ocean to Europe this summer; so I was told by a steamship agent. I have also read somewhere that the hotel-keepers in American resorts are not all pleased with their receipts. Swiss hotels, on the other hand, have perhaps never been so crowded as this summer. At all the favorite resorts it has been quite impossible to secure rooms unless they were ordered days or even weeks in advance. This has been true, not only of fashionable resorts like Interlaken, Lucerne, and St. Moritz, but of the Alpine summit hotels as well. At Interlaken, which is simply a town of hotels strung out in two rows, I had to spend an hour before I could find quarters. At Lucerne we had to put up with private lodgings, and heard of a large party that had to spend the night in the railway station. At Pontresina not a room in hotel or private house could be found for love or money. At Mürren, which has two of the largest hotels in the mountains, besides several smaller ones, one of our party of three had to sleep in a little room in the shanty which serves as a post-office. A new hotel, with forty workmen still engaged on it, was already offering shelter and beds, and at one of the large hotels I was told that not a few families engage their rooms for July in May, just as we engage berths on favorite steamers three months ahead. It would be well if American hotel-keepers were to learn a lesson from this state of affairs. If you can get comfortable rooms, excellent meals, and cheap, good wines, in a Swiss mountain-top hotel to which everything has to be brought on horseback, for two to three dollars a day, there is no reason why American hotel-keepers, who have all their supplies brought near their doors by railways, should charge twice that sum, while serving meals infinitely less satisfactory than the Swiss hotels, which, in point of *cuisine*, are the best in the world. My experience has been that it costs just half as much to spend a summer traveling in Europe as it does in America. This saving more than pays for the return trip on the steamer; and that is one reason, and perhaps the main one, why Americans prefer to travel abroad, and so often surprise the Europeans by their ignorance of the attractions of their own country. Our hotels are suicidally expensive. The regular rate of four dollars a day, or eight dollars for a double room, is absurdly high; and as long as it remains so high, Americans will continue to crowd the Atlantic steamers and the European summer-resorts. Will our hotel-keepers take the hint? It is true, we have plenty of cheap (and had) hotels, but the comparison here made is between first-class hotels in the two countries. Of course there is a difference in the cost of supplies and service, but the cost is far from being double in America."

In the East the manufacturers of bicycles and designers of costumes are busy preparing novelties for '96. While buyers of wheels are content to wait until spring for the ideas of the manufacturer, the patrons of the costumer demand novelties for the autumn. Some very *chic* fall costumes are already being shown. The *Chicago Herald* says: "Bloomers for city wear have had their day—that is, among the fashionables. That they are better adapted for cycling than skirts few question, but now that the novelty has worn off and they are so universally worn, the true *mondaine* declares in favor of skirts—short, to be sure, but skirts. So say the costumers, and the new designs are, with but few exceptions, made with them to be worn over knickerbockers. The bicycle dealers tell a different story. They claim that many ladies who purchased wheels early in the season are regretting that they did not buy diamond frames, and that nearly all the present purchases are of that pattern, which, of course, necessitates the wearing of knickerbockers or bloomers." The new skirts are pretty, and apparently so cut and made that any danger from catching in the wheels or chains or pedals is done away with.

Those good Americans who followed the Prince of Wales to Homburg this year complained bitterly of the necessity of a *grande toilette* at early morning. The Prince of Wales generally appeared in flannels, and was deeply interested in the tennis-matches as in the bicycling, and evidently his royal highness admires Mrs. Roche's hiking; it is certainly most graceful, and the secret is that she works the pedals entirely from the ankles, and thus avoids the ungainly action which is so common. Mrs. Mackay has been entertaining a great deal at Homburg. Mrs. H. A. Morgan, Jr., died at Homburg recently from blood poisoning, caused by a fly-bite.

Concerning a *chic* hunting costume, the Vienna correspondent of *Vogue* writes: "We had fine sport, and haggled more game than we expected, and pretty Countess Ferdinand Kinsky, who is a born *chasseuse*, was wild with joy at her own exploits. She is just as lovely as can be, this charming adopted daughter of the empress, and she possesses inimitable grace and *chic*. Her lithe

figure showed to uncommon advantage in the plain, severe garb she wore, and her hedge-rose complexion glowed with pleasure under the broad brim of her soft felt *Jager-hut*. She has invented a species of gaiters which are simply a stroke of genius. They are made of very pliable untanned leather, and so cut that they are slipped on like buttonless gloves, having no fastenings of any description save a tiny strap right at the top and a silver huckle. The result of this novel arrangement is that they fit marvelously, without any bulging folds or creases, but to be sure they would not look well on a very stout or very thin woman, whereas the countess's shapely limbs seem made on purpose to wear just such skin-tight casings."

Two English ladies recently made a visit to an Oriental harem, which they thus describe in a London paper: "On our arrival, the great eunuch crossed his two arms on his breast and opened the cedar and mother-of-pearl gates of this enchanting fairy palace, where some twenty women were diversely occupied; some reclining or lying on cushions and rich carpets, some sitting in silver *haig-noires* and splashing with their jeweled hands a perfumed water, milky and colored like opals; some arranging flowers in their hair; some fanning themselves with feather screens, etc. We were scarcely in, my friend and myself, when all the ladies began the most unexpected antics; some gathered in a corner and giggled, some ran away and hid themselves behind their curtains, looking at us with wide-open eyes like frightened does; some—the more bold ones—surrounded us, and all of a sudden the whole troop was hesitating us, a regular assault; one took my bonnet off my head and put it on her black curls; another deftly unhooked my cape and went away with it, while a small one, kneeling before me, busied herself unbuttoning my high boots, tickling me all the time, and convulsed with laughter. When I looked at my friend, she was almost fainting, and no wonder; three young ladies—two of them dressed 'en *Vénus* sortant de l'onde,' their plump little bodies dripping water on the floor, for they had jumped out of their baths—had succeeded in tearing off her light muslin blouse, and were trying to unhook her stays amid roars of laughter. Happily for us, the splendid gates were opened again, and a stately woman, superbly dressed, entered the apartment, preceded by a eunuch and followed by two girls in white wool garments. She saluted us gravely and looked with a slight frown at the scene before her; then she shrugged her shoulders, a scornful smile curled her lips, which were painfully red with paint, and she said a few words to her attendants. Then she walked on without granting us a second look. She was the legitimate wife of the master of the house."

At Trouville a cousin of the Emperor William, Countess Fritz Hohenau, has introduced this year the fashion of women riding horseback man fashion. The countess claims that the side-saddle is both dangerous and inconvenient, and she has devised a new riding costume and organized a club of high-born ladies, who have agreed to wear the costume and ride accordingly and endeavor to popularize this new method. The costume consists of a shirt waist and wide corduroy knickerbockers, with tan leggings, russet, patent, or leather boots; around the waist a leather girdle, and covering the body to the knees a long frock-coat of soft, clinging material, with ample skirts. The long skirts fall well beneath the stirrups, covering them completely, and an adjustment of elastics keeps the skirts from fluttering in the wind and from showing the dividing line in the back.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has collected some opinions of French ladies upon the vexed question of petticoats *versus* pantaloons, in addition to those of Mme. Adam, Yvette Guilbert, and Mme. Bréval, of the Opéra. Mme. Louise Abhema, the lady painter, although she wears habitually a sort of masculine attire, is on the side of the opponents of cycling and pantaloons. She is anxious to draw a broad distinction between the tailor-made costume which she favors and bungling pantaloons, which she describes as only fit for zouaves, and not for women, whom it robs of line. Bicycling she regards as a horrid exercise for women, but if they like it, she does not want to prevent them from assimilating themselves to telegraph messengers and rural postmen. Luckily, as she says, they pass quickly by in their hideous wheeling costumes, so that the eye does not rest long enough on the grotesque spectacle. Only let them beware of trying to introduce the zouave pantaloons into every-day existence. Against such a contingency, Mme. Louise Abhema is ready to protest with all the energy of a woman and an artist. Mme. Marie Anne de Bovet, the authoress, holds that coquetry would lose none of its allurements by the adoption of masculine costume. Men will always pay their homage to beauty, and woman when in evening-dress will always prove fascinating. It is *en toilette de soirée* that woman makes her conquests, and will continue to do so until the crack of doom.

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COMMUNICATIONS.

Cholera in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 26, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I read an interesting article in last week's *Argonaut* in regard to the cholera that visited this State in the fall of 1890. At that time I was a resident of Sacramento, in active business, with a large acquaintance, and right here I wish to set you right in a few items relating to the scourge—and it was a terrible scourge, worse than was ever known before or since, when the population and area are taken into consideration. At any time Sacramento city had not ten thousand people, and during the epidemic three thousand would have covered the number. It broke out on board a schooner running upon the river. Beside the crew, the captain had his wife and little son, and every one of them died but the little boy, who was sent East afterward to his relatives by public charity. This was about the middle of October, 1890; it raged for a month; the last day of October was the worst. During this time the population was more than decimated. The highest day's mortality was about fifty—no one knew exactly the number; some put it at a hundred, but I think that an exaggeration. The weather was superb—not hot, but agreeable, with a cloudless sky. As you say, the winter of '90 and '91 was a rainless one; but there was no cholera or any other sickness during that time. This terrible wave of disease and death seemed to have cleared the atmosphere of every contagion, and when in a few weeks everything had returned to its normal condition, weeks would pass away without a death. It was wonderful. Our store was near the corner of Fourth and J, and upstairs was Dr. Andres, from New York, who had an office, and Winans & Hyers, attorneys; afterward Winans came to this city, and died a few years since. I speak of Dr. Andres, because of his great ability and untiring zeal during the sad weeks. He was a student of the great Dr. Mott, of New York. He was stricken himself, but recovered after a long period. The doctor was the only case in our building; but I remember one night seven died within a stone's throw of our door. I spoke of the area covered. There were a few cases at Marysville; but two, I think, in Stockton; none across the river in Washington, or in the mines. In this city it was quite severe, more so than anywhere else outside of Sacramento. C. S. SWASEY.

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STORYETTES.

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The Rev. Robert Collyer, while at the breakfast-table of one of his friends in the country near Boston, was asked by one of the family: "Mr. Collyer, do you enjoy as good an appetite as you have in years past?" To which he replied: "My dear, if I lose the appetite I now have, I hope no poor man will find it."

Frederick the Great's father was in the habit of kicking the shins of those who differed from him in argument. One day he asked a courtier if he agreed with him on some discussed point. "Sire," he returned, "it is impossible to hold a different opinion from a king who has such strong convictions and wears such thick boots."

Women are now admitted to lectures at Edinburgh University, where they sit on the front seats. Recently eight women were attending Professor Tait's lecture on the geometric forms of crystals. "An octahedron, gentlemen," said the professor, "is a body with eight plane faces. For example—" "Look at the front bench," broke in a man from the back seats.

When Lord Chesterfield was in his last illness, and his death was only a matter of a few weeks, his physician advised that he be taken for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out. As the equipage was proceeding slowly along, it was met by a lady, who remarked pleasantly to the great invalid: "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out." "I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield; "I am simply rehearsing my funeral."

Once, when one of Farragut's gunboats on the Mississippi was just going into action, one of the powder-monkeys was noticed by an officer kneeling by one of the guns saying his prayers. The officer sneeringly asked him what he was doing, and if he was afraid. "No, I was praying," said he. "Well, what were you praying for?" "Praying," said the lad, "that the enemy's bullets may be distributed the same way as the prize-money is, principally among the officers."

Judge Lamar, at a political meeting in his own State, alluding to the Civil War, suggested as a parallel case the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the joyful reception at his home when the naughty boy returned. He was succeeded by a negro, a Republican, who, after some general remarks, paid his respects to Lamar's parallel. "Forgiven!" said he; "dey forgiven dem hrigadiers? Why, dey'se come walkin' into de house, an' bang de do', an' go up to de ol' man an' say: 'Whar dat veal?'"

A German sportsman once said to a well-known Scottish baronet: "Talking about dogs with keen scent, I have one in Germany that will compare favorably with any you have in England." "Very remarkable dog, I suppose?" yawned the listener. "I should say so. The day after I left home, he broke his chain, and, although I had been away for hours, he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?" "I think you ought to take a bath," replied the Caledonian, turning calmly away.

Major Lomax, of the United States army, visiting in Canada soon after the War of 1812, was entertained in Quebec by the officers of one of the royal regiments. After dinner, speeches and toasts being in order, one of the British officers having imbibed too generously of the champagne, gave as a toast: "The President of the United States, dead or alive." The toast was accepted with laughter. Major Lomax rose to respond, saying: "Permit me to give as my toast 'The prince regent, drunk or sober.'" The British officer sprang instantly to his feet, and in angry tones demanded: "Sir, do you intend that remark as an insult?" To which Major Lomax calmly replied: "No, sir; as the reply to one."

There is a dentist in San Francisco who is noted for his musical tastes and his high charges. His ordinary fee is fifteen dollars per hour; his extraordinary fee is unknown. Some time ago a lady was in his chair, and the dentist was conversing with her while her mouth was filled with rubber dams and things. Carried away by his enthusiasm while talking of a certain song, he offered to sing it for her. Taking an inarticulate, rubber-intercepted sound for an affirmative, he skipped lightly to the piano, which stood in one corner of the operating-room. There he toyed with Polyhymnia, the muse of music, doubtless much to his satisfaction, and, turning to his patient, asked how she liked it. "Very much, indeed, doctor," came the reply in muffled tones, "but it would have been cheaper at a concert, for here it has cost me three dollars and seventy-five cents."

A Boston young man, who once took a riding journey of five weeks in South Carolina, on one occasion took dinner at a farm-house, and after-

ward sat upon the front porch talking to his host, thinking to postpone his departure till the cool of the evening. The Southerner kept examining the sky as if apprehensive of a storm, and looked with dismay at his crops scattered over the fields, evidently fearing that they would be ruined. "What a piece of Southern shiftlessness!" the Bostonian said to himself. After a while, however, the idea came into the Northerner's head that perhaps his host felt it impolite to leave a guest, and so sat asking the news from the North, and telling humorous anecdotes, while longing to get at his crops. Accordingly the traveler bade his host a cordial but brief farewell, sprang upon his horse, and rode away. Turning in his saddle a moment later, he saw his host, with a pitchfork in his hand, dashing at full speed round the corner of the house to the barn, that he might get out his horse and set to work.

A story is told in the *India Rubber World* of a meek-looking stranger, with a distinctly ministerial air, who applied for permission to look over a large rubber factory. He knew nothing at all about the rubber business, he said, and, after a little hesitation, he was admitted. The superintendent showed him about in person, and the man's questions and comments seemed to come from the densest ignorance. Finally, when the grinding-room was reached, he lingered a little, and asked, in a hesitating way: "Couldn't I have a specimen of that curious stuff for my cabinet?" "Certainly," replied the superintendent, although it was a compound secret of which was worth thousands of dollars; "certainly, cut off as much as you wish." With eager step the visitor approached the roll of gum, took out his knife, wet the blade in his mouth, and— "Stop right where you are!" said the superintendent, laying a heavy hand upon the stranger; "you are a fraud and a thief. You didn't learn in a pulpit that a dry knife won't cut rubber." So saying, he showed the impostor to the door, and the secret was still safe.

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Lord Wolseley's advice to a young subaltern was: "If you want to get on in the army, you must do your best to get killed."

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* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).
† 7.45 A. Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....
8.15 A. Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....
* 2.15 P. Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....
4.45 P. Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....
COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A. San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....
† 7.30 A. Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....
8.15 A. San José, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....
† 9.47 A. Palo Alto and Way Stations.....
10.40 A. San José and Way Stations.....
11.45 A. Palo Alto and Way Stations.....
† 2.15 P. "Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....
* 2.30 P. San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....
* 3.30 P. San José and principal Way Stations.....
* 4.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....
5.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....
6.30 P. San José and Way Stations.....
* 11.20 P. San José and Way Stations.....
For morning, P for afternoon. * Sunday excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. § Mondays only.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1895. Gaelic.....Tuesday, October 1. Belgic.....Saturday, November 2. Coptic (via Honolulu) Thursday, November 21. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street, D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Oct. 2, 17, Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, 31. For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Sept. 27, Oct. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 8 A. M. Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Oct. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pomona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, last of season leaving Saturday, at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Germanic.....October 23
Teutonic.....October 30
Britannic.....November 6
Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Requa-Herrick Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence Herrick, daughter of Mr. W. F. Herrick, of Oakland, and Mr. Mark L. Requa, son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, was celebrated last Wednesday afternoon, at the First Congregational Church in Oakland. The church was crowded with guests, and was beautifully decorated. The scene in the chancel was typical of autumn. In the centre was a live-oak tree, from one of the boughs of which a wedding-bell of white sweet peas and La France roses was suspended. All around this were seen eucalyptus, ferns, Virginia creeper, and autumnal foliage, which created a very attractive effect.

The wedding was set for four o'clock, and promptly at that hour the bridal party appeared and marched to the chancel to the sound of the wedding march. Miss Annie Herrick was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Amy Requa, Miss Liuta Booth, Miss Edith Lilliecroaz, and Miss Ethel Moore. Mr. Graoville D. Abbott acted as best man, and the ushers comprised Mr. Henry E. Miller, Mr. Arthur F. Allen, Mr. H. K. Knowles, Mr. Frederick E. Magee, and Mr. W. O. Cullen. The dresses worn by the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride appeared in an elegant robe of blanc-ivoire satin made with a court train. The high corsage was trimmed with embroidered chiffon, as were the sleeves, which were long and bouffant at the shoulders. In her coiffure was a diamond brooch, a gift from the groom, which held in place the flowing veil of white silk moulène. Her hands were ungloved, and she carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses.

The maid of honor wore a becoming gown of white Dresden silk, in a flared pattern, made walking length. The corsage was high, with trimmings of pink chiffon, and the puffed sleeves extended to the elbows, where they met gloves of white undressed kid. She carried pink roses.

The bridesmaids were all attired alike in walking-length gowns of pink landsdown. The bodices had a blouse effect, with pink chiffon and pink satin in accord-accord plaits finished with broderie Romienne. The elbow sleeves were trimmed with pink chiffon, and the long gloves were of pink undressed kid. They wore white felt Gainsborough hats, trimmed with long-stemmed pink roses. Their bouquets were of La France roses tied with pink ribbons.

The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. J. K. McLeao. Afterward a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, corner of Twelfth and Poplar Streets. The rooms were all prettily decorated with pink blossoms in the Colonial style. A limited number of relatives and intimate friends were at the reception and enjoyed a bounteous repast. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Requa left in the evening to make an Easter trip. They have not decided where they will reside when they return.

A Dinner and Theatre-Party.

Miss Alice McCutchen and her fiancé, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, were the special guests at a dinner-party which was given in their honor last Tuesday evening at the Bohemian Club. It was a pleasant affair. In the centre of the table was an electric footaol surrounded by a bank of violets, chrysanthemums, and maiden-hair ferns, and at each cover was an illuminated name-card. A string orchestra played concert selections during the service of the elaborate menu. After dinner the party witnessed the performance of "Trilby" at the Baldwin Theatre. The party comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. W. R. Heath, and Mr. W. D. Page.

The McBeao Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave an exceedingly pretty dinner-party last Thursday evening, in a private dining-room at the Hotel Richelieu, in honor of Miss Alice McCutchen and Mr. Edward

G. Schmiedell. The decoration of the table was very artistic. In the centre was a large bed of maiden-hair ferns, rising from which were miniature palms, through the leaves of which electric-light bulbs were interspersed that threw a greenish light over the whole. Elegant vases were filled with clusters of chrysanthemums, and the service was very rich. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Emily Carolan, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Stuart M. Brumagim, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Henry L. Simpkins, and Mr. H. W. Poett.

The Carroll Theatre-Party.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll gave a large theatre-party at the Baldwin last Monday evening, and afterward entertained her guests at a supper at the Palace Hotel. Those present were:

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Isabelle O'Connor, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Alice Owen, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. R. M. Duperu, and Mr. Krumpel.

Notes and Gossip.

The principal event of the coming week will be the wedding of Miss Mamie Holbrook and Mr. Samuel Knight, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Tuesday evening at the First Presbyterian Church. There will be a reception afterward at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, 1901 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rising have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Nettie Rising, and Mr. James John Theobald, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church on October 12th.

The wedding of Miss Florence Elizabeth Reed, daughter of Mr. Charles F. Reed, of Auburn, Cal., and Mr. John Hodges Toler, of Cheshire, England, will take place at four o'clock this afternoon at St. Luke's Church in Auburn.

Mrs. E. R. Dimond will give a matinee tea, from two until five o'clock, this afternoon at her residence, 2204 Pacific Avenue.

The Deux Temps Club of Oakland will give a series of cotillions and assemblies during the winter. The first cotillion will be held this evening. Miss Amy Requa and Mr. Roger Friend will lead. The final meeting will be held on February 5, 1896.

Mrs. Frederick H. Green gave a lunch-party last Thursday at her home in Sausalito, in honor of Miss Julia Crocker, who will soon go East to pass the winter. Among others present were Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Alice Owen, and Miss Alice Merry. In the evening, Mrs. Green gave a dinner-party as a compliment to Mr. Claude T. Hamill, who leaves for the East soon.

Miss Emma Butler gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Tuesday at the Hotel Richelieu, and hospitably entertained Miss Mary Bell Gwio, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Ella Morgao, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Lizzie Carroll, and Miss Ida Gibbons.

Mr. Robert M. Eyre gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Tuesday evening, which was followed by an elaborate supper at the Palace Hotel. His guests were: Miss Ella Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, and Dr. H. L. Tevis.

A new lawn-tennis club has been organized in Oakland, the members being Miss Marguerite Joffie, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Ida Belle Palmer, Miss Amy Requa, Miss Myrah Prather, Miss Carrie Quinlan, Miss Lillian Strong, Miss Louise Simmonds, and Miss Coralie Selby. They play at the Lakeside court on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The General German Ladies' Benevolent Society will hold its twenty-fifth anniversary ball this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. The tickets are three dollars each. As this is a most worthy charitable organization, it is to be hoped that the affair will be well attended.

The Pacific Yacht Club will celebrate its closing day of the season this afternoon and evening at its club-house in Sausalito. A tug-boat will leave Mission Street Wharf this evening at half-past seven o'clock, returning at eleven o'clock.

A new fortune-telling device for evening entertainment is entitled "Your Future Revealed by the Gods of Greece in the Words of William Shakespeare." It consists of a book of quotations grouped under questions—such as "Does he love?"—each quotation being printed under the name of one of twelve gods and goddesses, and with the book come twelve little cards, each bearing the name of one of these deities. The method of procedure is to shuffle the cards, draw one, and see what answer the quotations make to the question asked. The book is for sale at the book-stores; price, 75 cents.

An exhibition of the drawings and paintings of Mr. Ernest C. Peixoto is being held at Vickery's gallery, 224 Post Street. The collection is interesting and well worthy of inspection.

Henry Irving and Colonel Hawes.

When Henry Irving was in San Francisco, a year or so ago, he was entertained at the Bohemian Club. Irving, who is an appreciative man, was much gratified at his reception, and on his return to London he acknowledged the courtesy in a most unique way. He had prepared a number of booklets, of a convenient size for the waistcoat-pocket, handsomely printed and bound. These contained within a perpetual pass for the bearer to Irving's Lyceum Theatre in London. The recipient's name was engrossed within, and one of these unique souvenirs was sent to each of the five hundred members of the Bohemian Club. It is not probable that many of them have been used—London is a far cry from San Francisco—but, none the less, the courtesy was unique and graceful, and it was appreciated as such. We have not heard of any of the passes being presented until now—probably the few wandering Bohemians who reach London did not think to present them, as was the case with the present writer—but news has just come of such a presentation. Some months ago, Colonel Alexander G. Hawes left San Francisco to take up his residence in London. After being there some time, it occurred to him one night to present his pass. It was at once honored, and he was shown to one of the best stalls in the theatre. Before the performance was over, an attendant came to him with an invitation from Mr. Irving to visit him behind the scenes, which the colonel accepted. The result was an interesting meeting, and the extension of some very pleasant hospitalities by the Thespian to Colonel Hawes.

Two California Girls in London.

Two California girls who are winning fame for themselves on the London stage are Nannie Craddock and Keith Wakemao. They are both members of E. S. Willard's company, with whom they have been playing small parts in "Alabama"; but they enjoy life very much in their little cottage at Twickenham and their flat, not a stone's throw from the Strand, and have hopes of soon getting a chance to do something worth trying. Miss Craddock, a daughter of Judge Craddock, of Oakland, has been on the stage only four years—first with A. M. Palmer and then with Mr. Willard, playing under the former's management, Stella Darbisher in "Captain Swift," Agnes in "Jim the Penman," and Maud Latimer in "Sunlight and Shadow," and since she has been in Mr. Willard's company, Lady Eve in "Judah," Nancy in "The Middleman," and Mildred in "A Fool's Paradise." Light comedy seems most appropriate to her bright prettiness, while Miss Wakemao's majestic beauty fits her for more heavy rôles. She began her career with Booth and Barrett, and joined Willard's company to play the leading rôle in "A Fool's Paradise," in which she has been compared to Mrs. Berard Beere, and she is to play the Queen to Willard's Hamlet, a part in which Loodoo is most anxious to see him.

The Prizes Awarded.

Several weeks ago the Pacific Coast Borax Company of this city offered prizes aggregating \$200 for advertising matter in the shape of original sketches, drawings, catchy phrases, rhymes, etc., which could be used in advertising Borax and Boraxo. Several hundred contributions were received, and three disinterested advertising experts have decided upon the merits of the various contributions, and have awarded prizes as follows: For the best sketches and drawings, Miss Mary Crote Crouch, Miss Blanche Letcher, Miss A. B. Johosoo, Henry Epting, and Miss Florence Treadwell; for the best literary contributions, Miss Emily S. Ryder, Miss M. R. Johnson, Waldron W. Anderson, and George S. Williams.

—TEN DOLLARS TO \$100 INVESTED IN CHICAGO wheat or New York stocks on margin pays many times original investments and makes fortunes. Losses limited, but profits are unlimited. Pamphlets explaining details free. Burbridge & Co., Commission Brokers, 325 Pine Street, S. F.

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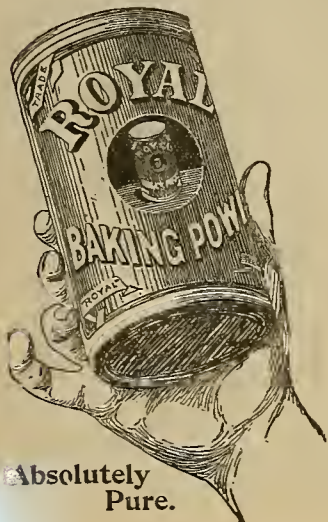
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester, *né* Hobart, left New York city for Europe last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mamie Thomas arrived in New York from Europe last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins have returned from their European tour, and were in Chicago last week.

Dr. Grant Selfridge is in New York city.

Miss Ella Hobart and Miss Vassault will return from New York city in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs have returned from their Eastern trip. They accompanied Mr. C. P. Huntington from New York to Chicago, and then went to St. Louis for a few days.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Huntington, and Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore have returned from a three weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Lieutenant and Mrs. A. F. Fichtler, U. S. N., will remain in San Rafael during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister will return from Ross Valley late in October.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs, and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs will pass the winter months at the Palace Hotel.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder are visiting their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks have returned from San Rafael, and are at the Hotel Richelieu for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alston Williams and family have returned from Santa Cruz, where they have been passing the summer, and are now at San Mateo.

Mrs. William F. Bowers is visiting relatives in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa will leave Piedmont next month to pass the winter in New York city.

General W. H. Dimond and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe will reside during the winter at 1299 Taylor Street. Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, who have been passing the summer in Sausalito, will return to the city on November 1st.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco will pass the winter in New York city.

Misses Juliet and Hannah Williams will come over from San Rafael November 1st, and pass the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Captain Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have returned from a month's visit to Northern California and Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jerome will pass most of the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. A. Wilson, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox are in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, and Miss Jennie Hooker have returned from Menlo Park.

Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan have returned to the city after passing the summer at Phelan Park in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina has returned from Del Monte, and will pass the season at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have returned to the city after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson have returned from San Rafael, where they passed the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith and the Misses Griffith, who have been in Ross Valley all of the season, will return to the city about November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen have leased the residence, 2508 Fillmore Street, for the winter.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has returned from Sausalito, and is residing at 812 Bush Street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young returned to New York from Europe last Wednesday. They are expected here next week.

Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Haines have returned to the city after passing the summer at Belvedere.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, Miss Steele, and Miss Bennett have returned to Oakland after passing the summer at the Steele cottage, Felicidad, at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Minthorn Tompkins and the Misses Tompkins will come over from Ross Valley on November 1st, and will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Harold Sidebotham (formerly Miss Maud Nickerson) arrived here from Montecito, Santa Barbara County, last Monday, accompanied by her sister, Miss Myra Nickerson, who will be one of Miss Holbrook's bridesmaids.

Mr. Peter Dean, Miss Sara Dean, and the Messrs. Dean will give up housekeeping early in November, and go to the Hotel Pleasanton to reside.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Carigan, and Mr. J. B. Casserly have returned from Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Jackson have engaged rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter, and will occupy them on November 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, and Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Douglas Dick have returned to San Mateo after a prolonged visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wetzel will go to the Hotel Pleasanton next Thursday to reside during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Edwards, of this city, arrived in Paris a week ago.

Miss Felton will pass the season at the Hotel Pleasanton, after November 1st.

Miss Alice Lewis, daughter of Mr. L. L. Lewis, of Sacramento, has entered the Ziska Institute for a two years' finishing course.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Foster returned to the city last Wednesday, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. V. W. Gill has taken rooms at The Colonial for the season.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway is at the Hotel Pleasanton, where he will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Adams, of Cleveland, O., are permanently located at The Colonial.

Mr. S. C. Pardee returned to the city last Wednesday, and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Herrmann have returned from Sausalito, and are at The Colonial.

Mrs. Edward Stanley and Miss E. B. Garber have returned from Napa Valley, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Hall, who have been passing the summer at Sausalito, are now located for the season at The Colonial.

Mr. A. G. Mitchler and Miss Mitchler, of Oakland, are now residing at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grow will return to the city to-day and occupy rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Henry B. Williams and her grandson, Mr. Henry

W. Poett, came up from San Mateo last Wednesday, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Martin have taken rooms at The Colonial for the season.

Miss Margaret Neilson has returned from Sausalito, and is at The Colonial for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barrett are residing permanently at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, who is now in Paris, will leave there soon for Boston, where she will remain several weeks before returning to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels will leave next week for New York, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. C. M. Jennings, *né* Ziska, will receive on the third Wednesday of each month at her residence, 899 Pine Street.

Among those who will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton are: Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, Miss Currier, Miss S. M. Tbrockmorton, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Lazere, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Kirby, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Waldron, Mrs. C. A. Raum, Mr. D. F. Eustis, Mr. John Perry, Jr., Mrs. Charles Clayton, Dr. N. Beigle, and Mrs. J. J. Owen.

Mrs. Hager and the Misses Hager will leave late in November to pass a couple of months in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess are visiting friends at Belmont. Dr. Burgess, who has been confined to his bed for several weeks, is now able to walk.

Mrs. A. Chesebrough, who has been seriously ill during the past three months, is speedily convalescing.

LAMONT, MILES, AND THE PRESS.

One of the curiosities of daily journalism is the fact that newspaper men themselves seem to place trust in newspaper statements. Other people do not. A remark very frequently heard is: "Oh, it is only a newspaper statement," or "I saw it in the morning paper, but you never can believe the newspapers, you know." Yet newspaper men, although they know how inaccurate newspapers are, how misstatements grow rankly in their own journals like weeds, and how their fellow-reporters copy statements from other papers without verifying them, still seem to trust the vaticinations of other newspaper men when they are published. For something which is printed in a newspaper they seem to have a superstitious reverence, although they are familiar with the slipshod methods which prevail in most newspaper offices, and must know that a statement—even though it be printed—is infused with the personality of the man who wrote it, and therefore runs down the scale of accuracy, inaccuracy, misrepresentation, fiction, or fake.

These reflections are inspired by the recent publications in the daily press concerning the promotion of General Miles to the command of the army. First, one paper said that General Miles's appointment was doubtful; then another, that Secretary Lamont had determined to withhold the appointment. On this, a New York daily printed what purported to be an interview with General Miles, in which he said that he knew he was going to be appointed. Then a Washington paper printed what purported to be an interview with Secretary Lamont, in which the Secretary roundly condemned General Miles for his "prevarication," saying that he was only a "newspaper general," and that in order to punish him for his indiscretion in communicating official secrets to the press, he had determined to rescind the appointment.

There are nearly twenty thousand newspapers in the United States. Of these, probably ten thousand have solemnly commented on the matter from their various standpoints—condemning Miles for his indiscretion or Lamont for his petulance, as the case might be. Yet of these ten thousand, it is not probable that a single one knew anything at all about the matter, or had anything to base their comments on, beyond these irresponsible newspaper statements.

As a matter of fact, it is not probable that General Miles was interviewed about the matter at all; if he was interviewed, it is not probable that he said anything at all; if he said anything at all, it is not probable that he said what the newspapers said he said. He is a man of mature years, of large experience in the army, and it is extremely improbable that such a man would be guilty of the folly of pouring his personal secrets into the leaky bosom of a reporter, and prattling of his promotion before that promotion had been made.

On the other hand, it is not probable that Secretary Lamont read the interview with General Miles; if he read it, it is not probable that he believed it; if he believed it, it is not probable that he would have reversed a contemplated promotion on the mere newspaper statement of an anonymous reporter without verifying it.

To sum up, it is not probable that General Miles was interviewed at all; it is not probable that he uttered the words placed in his mouth; it is not probable that Secretary Lamont was interviewed either; it is not probable that he criticized General Miles for the things which the newspapers said he said; it is not probable that the promotion of Miles was affected in the slightest degree by the comments of the press; and it is not probable that the hundreds of columns of solemn drivel which the newspapers have printed about this matter were based upon anything more substantial than the "fake" story of what newspaper men call "a bright reporter."

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Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

By the direction of President Cleveland, Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was assigned last Wednesday to the command of the army of the United States, and Major-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., was assigned to the command of the Department of the East.

Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., was placed upon the retired list on September 29th.

Rear-Admiral John Irwin, U. S. N., and family are residing at 912 Nineteenth Street, in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twentieth Infantry to the Twenty-second Infantry.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Phelps, Jr., U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Philadelphia*, relieving Lieutenant Max Wood, U. S. N., who has been ordered home and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Edward B. Cassatt, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Troop H to Troop L.

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., is away from duty on a three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Schofield, U. S. A., formerly aid-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Schofield, U. S. A. (retired) has been granted four months' leave of absence, at the expiration of which he will join the Second Cavalry.

Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Monroe, Va., for temporary duty.

Colonel J. M. Bacon, U. S. A., and family are staying at The Colonial.

Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph P. Sanger, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Colonel Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., formerly aid-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Schofield, U. S. A. (retired), have been ordered to report to the Secretary of War for duty.

A Point for Investors.

No person should purchase real estate without having the title insured. Property which does not have a perfect legal title can not be sold with facility. Besides, it is a constant source of annoyance and expense. All trouble is avoided by taking out a policy of insurance upon a title in the California Title Insurance and Trust Company. This corporation has a capital of \$250,000 and a cash reserve fund of \$25,000 with which to defend its policies. For a single premium, which is generally less than the cost of an abstract and lawyer's opinion, it guarantees a perfect title and becomes liable in case defects are afterward discovered. The company owns the best abstract plant west of the Rocky Mountains. It is thus enabled to make abstracts for purchasers who may prefer them. It is also authorized by law to loan money on real estate. The office of the company is in the Mills Building, and L. R. Ellert is the manager.

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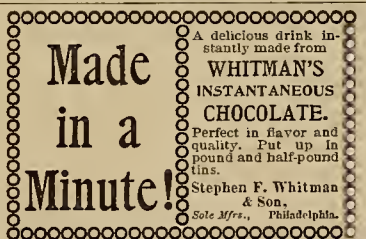
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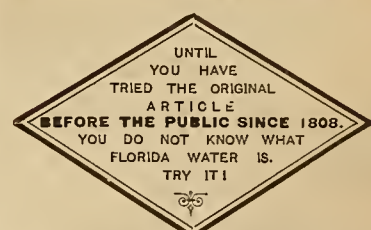
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After him: *She*—"So you sat down in the only chair in the room?" *He*—"Yes. I didn't want to keep her standing."—*Life*.

Conductor—"Did I get your fare?" *Passenger*—"I guess so; I didn't see you ring it up for the company."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

Mrs. Tommy—"What's the water like, Tommy?" *Tommy* (shivering)—"Oh, lovely! Hurry up before it gets too hot."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Watts—"So you really believe that a woman can keep a secret?" *Potts*—"Certainly. I know several who refuse to wear bloomers."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Mary, has any one called while I was out?" "Yes, ma'am, Mr. Biggs was here." "Mr. Biggs? I do not recall the name." "No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."—*Le Gaulois*.

Jack—"Well, did you propose last night?" *Tom*—"Must have done it. I know I meant to do it, and I know we're engaged; so whatever I said must have been all right."—*Puck*.

"Yes," said the business man to the clergyman, "I've lost a good deal of time in my life." "By frittering it away, I suppose?" "No; by being punctual to my appointments."—*Boston Courier*.

Scribbler—"There's a good joke. I'll send that to *Fudge*. Don't you think it ought to go?" *Scrawler*—"No doubt about its going. The only question is about its coming back."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Ever have any trouble with your wheel?" "Not yet," said the Sweet Young Thing; "so far, whenever I have run over any one, I have been able to get away before he got up."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Doctor—"Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough." *Countess*—"I don't feel disposed to do so just now. (To her maid) Eliza, please cough like I did this morning."—*Motto per Ridere*.

Clevertown—"You don't mean to tell me that you passed the night with Plankinton in his New Jersey home, and didn't mind the mosquitoes?" *Dashaway*—"I do. After the first one bit me, I lost consciousness."—*Life*.

Picture dealer—"There! I think I've made a good job of that old painting. It will sell for a good stiff price now." *Assistant*—"What have you done to it?" *Picture dealer*—"Changed the name of the artist."—*Puck*.

Trance medium (recovering)—"Yes, friend; while the dormant clay of my body lay here, my spirit was in the heavenly city. I saw the pearly gates, the towers of gold—" *Bicycling enthusiast* (interrupting eagerly)—"How were the roads?"—*Puck*.

"Who's there?" cried little Binks, egged on by his wife, who insisted that there was a burglar in the room. "Nobody," returned the burglar. "There, my dear," snapped Binks, "that's exactly what I told you. Nobody's there—so do go to sleep."—*Bazar*.

Miss Hogaboom (of Chicago)—"And what profession is your brother in, Lord Hamercy?" *Lord Hamercy*—"Oh, when Algernon leaves Oxford I fancy he will take orders." *Miss Hogaboom* (surprised)—"Yes? Well, there are some real nice gentlemen traveling for pa!"—*Puck*.

Dante—"Tell me, O Virgil! what is the idea of beginning an epic poem in the middle? For, between you and me, I have some notion of writing an epic poem, myself." *Virgil*—"You begin an epic poem in the middle, O Dante! because that is the best chance you have of getting your reader as far as that."—*Puck*.

Reporter—"You want me to invade the privacy of this man's home, listen at the key-hole, pry open the doors, waylay him in the hall, bribe the servants—anything to find out what the trouble is between him and his wife. No, sir, I won't do it!" *Editor* (sneeringly)—"And I thought you were a newspaper man!"—*Life*.

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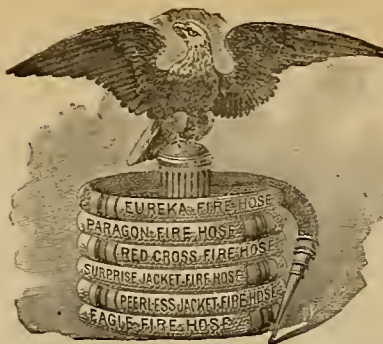
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The governor of California has offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of all or any of the men concerned in the recent lynchings in this State.

This is an unusual act on the part of the executive in California. It is an unusual act in any Western State. It is the rule throughout the West to "overlook" lynchings, to regret them, to ascribe them to "hot-heads," and to say that by "leading citizens" they are "deplored." But that is as far as the community goes. Lynchings may be deplored, but they are not stopped. There is usually a coroner's jury

impaneled, which brings in a verdict that "the deceased came to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown," the corpse is hustled into an obscure grave, and the local press hushes the matter up. But any action by the officers of the law is almost unknown.

Governor Budd's offer of a reward will change all that. There will now be an incentive to inquiry—a mercenary one, it is true, but still an incentive. Hitherto, there has been none. In the crude language of the frontier, "a dead man is no good." Generally, the man who is lynched had few friends in life, and none at all in death. But money is a very powerful friend. It will do wonders. It will buy men's silence. And it will buy their revelations.

We are much inclined to think that this action of Governor Budd, if it were generally followed throughout the United States, would settle the lynching problem. It is a problem which hitherto has defied solution. It has shocked philanthropists, puzzled law-givers, and made wise men at times despair of American civilization. For lynching has by no means been confined to frontier communities. In the long settled Southern States, some of them members of the thirteen original colonies, lynching seems to be perennial. The provocation there is often great, as most horrible crimes are committed there by the blacks, often upon the persons of white women. Yet that the men of the South do not differ from those of the North was shown a year or so ago by the torture and lynching of a negro in New York State for a crime committed upon a woman. New York is one of the largest, one of the oldest, one of the most intelligent, and certainly the richest of all the States in the American Union. Yet even within her borders, as we have said, is lynching done. And other old, rich, and intelligent communities, such as Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, find that they can not control their citizens at times, but that the lust for blood and vengeance seizes them, and they do some wretch to death without authority of the law.

Is there some strange madness in the American brain?—some poisonous ichor in the American blood? How else can we account for this curious reversion to barbarism in a community so highly civilized as is that of the United States? If it were confined to the lower and more vicious elements of the population, it might be comprehensible. But it is not. In every lynching throughout the land the local paper hints darkly that the leaders of the mob were "prominent citizens." For every lynching throughout the land there are found defenders among intelligent men. It is only a fortnight since a reader of this journal wrote to us, asking us to "decide an argument" he had with another man—evidently a person of education—yet who maintained that "Durrant ought to be lynched." And on the heels of that, H. J. McCoy, secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, was brought before the bar of Judge Murphy's court to answer for contempt, he having informed Juror Truman that "if the jury did not hang Durrant, the people would hang the jurymen."

When the public mind is so hopelessly at sea upon this question as these facts show, it is useless to expect much improvement from the public itself. If the people can not see that every time they strangle a murderer illegally they commit a greater crime than the murderer himself did, they must be made to see it. The power of the State, the majesty of the law, must be maintained. If mobs take murderers from the hands of the officers of the law and the machinery of the courts, the courts and the officers of the law must look to the mobs. Governor Budd's move is a step in the right direction.

It would be curious if this movement should settle the lynching problem. It is not at all unlikely. The increase in the number of lynchings has certainly been due to the immunity enjoyed by the mobs. No one ever hears of any serious attempt to ferret out the members of a lynching mob. No one ever hears of an attempt to indict those members of a mob who are known. But if rewards should be offered for information leading to arrest and indictment, the mobs would soon be panic-stricken. There is nothing so cowardly as a mob. Further than that, while there are

often honest yet misguided men in the ranks of lynching mobs, the majority is of a class which could not understand even the honor which is said to prevail among thieves. To them, treachery to their fellow-murderers would be no wrong, if it were well paid for. And it is our belief that the payment of a few rewards for such betrayal would result in an uneasy feeling among mobs on murder bent. Every man would suspect his neighbor, and after a few convictions for lynching this feeling would become so strong that it would be impossible to assemble a mob for murder.

We hope that the new experiment will be tried, and if it is tried, we think that it will be successful. There is no reason why, in California or elsewhere, men who murder singly should be hanged, while men who murder in partnership should not even be questioned. No man will be inspired with the fierce private thirst for public vengeance when it may result in the stretching of his own neck in a hempen noose. Let us hang a few men for lynching, and lynching will stop.

Mrs. F. H. Throop, of 412 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, is home again. This piece of news is given by the New York Times, and the lady seems to have had a real good time while abroad, a highly cheerful time. Besides visiting His Holiness, Pope Leo the Thirteenth, kissing his slipper and putting in some days at Lourdes, where Mrs. Michael O'Meara, a friend of Mrs. Throop's, "was cured of a frightful abscess in her side," the holiday party took in the Church of St. Ursula at Cologne, "where lie the bones of the eleven thousand virgin martyrs," and "made a side pilgrimage" to Aix-la-Chapelle, where Mayor Sutro was born. There Mrs. Throop had the felicity of seeing "the robe of the Blessed Virgin and other sacred relics, which are exhibited only once in seven years." The Milan cathedral was, of course, inspected, where "the body of St. Charles, in its official robes and mitre," seems to have impressed the party more than the architecture. But it was at Bologna that the great treat of the vacation was enjoyed. "There," recounts Mrs. Throop, "we saw the body of St. Catherine, sitting in a chair, just as she died four hundred years ago. We all knelt and kissed her hand. It is remarkable, but her arms are just as flexible as if she was living. Yes, there was flesh on her hands, just like yours or mine, only it was black. There were nails on the fingers. You have to see it all to really believe it is so." The Holy House of Loreto, in which the Holy Family lived, naturally was not neglected, for, as Mrs. Throop states, the building "was carried by the angels across the seas from Nazareth to where it now stands in Italy." These and many other like wonders Mrs. Throop, of Brooklyn, beheld.

But why an American should undergo the heavy cost and toil of a summer jaunt to Europe to get sensations that could be had at home by attending, for half a dollar, one of Herrmann's performances, and then spending, for nothing, a night in a grave-yard, may puzzle a certain order of prosaic minds not enlightened by faith. Yet even such intellects will comprehend the benefits of European travel in the nineteenth century when they are informed that the Holy Father was pleased to bestow upon Mrs. Throop, who is wealthy, certain marks of his sacred favor, "through which," as the reverent New York Times hopefully remarks, "the miracles of Lourdes may be repeated in this country." The favors of the Vicar of Christ are inclosed in a neat little silver-mounted casket, and consist of the following inestimable treasures, duly authenticated by a certificate bearing the seal of the Infallible One:

Veil of the Blessed Virgin.	Bone of St. Augustine.
Cloak of St. Joseph.	Bone of St. Dominick.
Bone of St. Peter and St. Paul.	Bone of St. Francis de Sales.
Bone of St. John and St. Andrew.	Bone of St. Alphonsus.
Bone of St. Philip Neri.	Habit of St. Francis of Assisi.

It is true that each of these relics is only a tiny fragment, but then each is the real thing, and the aggregate stuns. Nevertheless, they are only a portion of the priceless booty brought from Rome to Brooklyn by the fortunate Mrs. Throop, who, we are pleased to learn from the Times, is

much improved in health by her gay summer abroad. Other relics in her possession, obtained in the Holy City, are :

A piece of the true cross.	A bone of St. Francis of Assisi.
A piece of thorn from the crown of thorns.	A bone of St. Clair of Assisi.
A piece of the Saviour's winding sheet.	A relic of the habit of St. Cecilia.

The wealth of the Vanderbilts becomes paltry in comparison with Mrs. Throop's, and she knows it, but is neither puffed up nor in danger of the poison of selfishness. Some natures are so. They expand and grow altruistic under the sun of exceptional luck. Mrs. Throop will not hoard her riches and content herself with the envy of the Roman Catholic population of Greater New York. Though there is no other place on earth where a relic is held in higher esteem, or works miracles more quickly on demand, than in the American metropolis and its environs, Mrs. Throop is about to yield up her private ownership and turn philanthropist on a colossal scale. She announces through the respectfully admiring *Times* :

"I am going to ask the bishop here if the relics can not be deposited in the Monastery of the Precious Blood, at 212 Putnam Avenue. They are too precious to be kept by an individual. I think they should be placed where they can do more good, and be in a safer place than a private house. Then I would like to have the relics taken to different churches to be exposed for veneration. Relics are very scarce in America, and as many people should have the benefit of these as possible."

And generosity does not end with this. There is a Mr. Throop. Up to a year ago the unhappy man was a Protestant, but the truth was borne in upon him—by a relic presumably—and he was along with Mrs. Throop on her recent joyous and fruitful tour among the tombs. He did not return empty-handed, either, for "he brought home a relic of St. Anthony for the Church of St. Anthony at Butler, N. J.—a small piece of bone in a silver reliquary—and next Sunday it will be venerated."

The Throops deserve well of their country. Since their importation of so extensive a job-lot assortment of souvenirs of the saints, the reproach to America mentioned by the enterprising lady—that relics are very scarce in the United States—has been removed. Moreover, Mrs. Throop, by the expression of her desire to have her unequalled collection taken to different churches, in order that "as many people should have the benefit of them as possible," reveals the fact that she is a reader of and co-worker with the *Argonaut*. We long have been pleading strenuously with the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church to domesticate the shrine industry in America, to the end that the money spent every year by pilgrims to European shrines may be kept at home. Such a consignment of relics as Mrs. Throop has fetched from the Old World would outfit a score of shrines, and since she is manifestly not of a grasping disposition, it appears reasonable to surmise that if Archbishop Riordan were to exert himself, he could secure a prize or two from her for California at cut rates. We are without miracles in California, absolutely destitute of them, a circumstance disgraceful in itself and deplorable when the possible revenue from relics is considered. Mrs. Throop has landed the relics, and it is not fair that she should be expected to do more than publicly signify her willingness to part with them for the general good. It remains for Archbishop Riordan to bestir himself. We need miracles here as sorely as does any other portion of this continent, for there is no lack of the lame, and halt, and blind among us. The faithful in California have a right to complain of their archbishop's neglect of them. They are envied by the infidel, and a few miracles would refresh their spirits. There are, alas, no Mrs. Throops here.

A table of the comparative prices of grain at Port Costa, Cal., for the past thirty years has just been issued by A. Montpelier, manager of the Wheat Industry. Grangers' Bank. The price runs from \$1.90 per cental in 1865, \$1.67 in 1875, \$1.40 in 1885, to \$0.92 in 1895. But up to 1893, when the panic came on, the wheat-grower was doing fairly well. At that time wheat fell from \$1.03 per cental to \$0.78, recovering slightly, as the table shows, to \$0.92 in 1895. But it is the belief of Mr. Montpelier that the wheat farmers of California must change their crops. He says that there is too much competition, and points out the fact that Baring Brothers sank \$100,000,000 in Argentina, but incidentally developed there a vast wheat empire, where land may be purchased at from \$3 to \$5 per acre, where labor costs about eighteen cents a day, and where wheat may be shipped to Liverpool in twenty-five days. Then there is the competition of India, Russia, and the many other countries engaged in wheat-raising. As the acreage increases, the price keeps going down. Mr. Montpelier says that the wheat crop this year in California is 600,000 tons short, which means a shortage of about \$9,000,000 to the farmers. But the crops were short and

the prices low both in 1894 and 1893. The shrinkage in price and yield entailed a loss to the State of California during the last three years of from \$30,000,000 to \$35,000,000. Mr. Montpelier urges the farmers "not to stay by a declining and losing industry." He lays before them the importance of diversifying their crops, and points out that there are many ranches in the Salinas Valley which a few years ago were run at a loss, but are now making their owners rich through sugar beets. Since the establishment of beet-sugar refineries at Chino by the Oxnards and at Watsonville by Claus Spreckels, a market for sugar beets has been furnished to the farmers in the vicinity. The market for sugar is practically illimitable. We import each year \$100,000,000 of sugar from Germany. We ought to make it ourselves.

As the New Woman advances and establishes herself, she encounters foes more formidable than masculine distaste and ridicule. She finds herself confronted by the student of the social organism and learns that, in his view, instead of being the enlarging, ennobling emancipator and leader of her sex, she is but a sign and a warning—that so far from being a pioneer hewing the way for women into a broader and higher civilization, she is merely a reversion to a type which the race in its progress has generally left behind.

To the ebullient New Woman, enamored of her newness, the theory of Mr. James Weir, which he expounds in a serious and abstruse article in the *American Naturalist* for September, will be as pleasant as an icicle dropped down her back. He thinks that the woman suffragist, the woman who at the tongue's point is demanding her rights—chief among which is the right to be not a woman—is a "degenerate," and he gives plenty of reasons for the unflattering faith that is in him. The majority of the strident sisterhood, he says, are "viragints," or women with masculine traits, and that, physically and psychically, degeneration of the race must inevitably follow the success of the suffrage movement. He holds, in brief, that the New Woman is essentially a he-woman, or, as he puts it, "all equal-rights women have either given evidences of masculo-femininity (viraginity) or have shown conclusively that they are victims of psycho-sexual aberrancy." Chastity, which is the foundation of modesty, sweetness, and womanly charm, is the result of the subjection of the female to the male in civilization. Originally, in the savage state, women were often the prizes for which men fought, and the victors carried them off. "The few remaining women must have served as wives for all the men of the tribe, and in this manner polyandry had its inception." Laxity in sexual relations was at first common to all races of primitive men, because of the uncertain tenure by which men held women. Consequently woman had a large estimate of her value and her rights. To quote Mr. Weir :

"Polyandry gives women certain privileges which monandry denies, and she is not slow to seize on these prerogatives and to use them in the furtherance of her own welfare. Polyandry, originating from any cause whatsoever, will always end in the establishment of a matriarchate, in which women are either directly or indirectly at the head of the government."

Mr. Weir recognizes the obvious fact that woman, whether new or not new, is still woman—that she can not divest herself of sex, and that the bestowal of the suffrage would mean not only the introduction of sex into politics, but ultimately the practical assertion by women of their right to be sexually free. He is too polite to put it bluntly, but he gives an example of what is to be looked for from female government :

"There are several matriarchates still extant in the world, and the best known, as well as the most advanced, so far as civilization and culture is concerned, is that of the Nairs, a people of India inhabiting that portion of the country lying between Cape Comorin and Mangalore, and the Ghâts and the Indian Ocean. They practice polyandry, the women ostensibly being limited to seven husbands. The Nair woman is a power in the councils of the nation ; as a matter of course, the greater her lovers, the higher her rank becomes and the greater her influence. Here is female suffrage in its primitive form, brought about, it is true, by environment, and not by elective franchise."

So, as Mr. Weir enforces, the New Woman is not new at all. She is atavistic, a reversion to the mental habits of our barbarous and polyandrous ancestors. He declares :

"A return to matriarchy by the suffrage route would be distinctly and emphatically and essentially retrograde in every particular ; the right to vote carries with it the right to hold office, and if women are granted the privilege of the ballot, they must be given the right to govern." "The doctrines of the matriarchate are degenerate beliefs, and appeal most effectively to females of the neurasthenic type." "The 'free love' of some advanced women is but the free-choice doctrine in vogue among the Nairs and kindred races of people." "The history of every viragint of any note in the world shows that she was either physically or psychically degenerate, or both. Elizabeth the Virgin Queen was not so much a virgin as was supposed. Catherine the Great was a dipsomaniac and a creature of unbounded and inordinate sexuality."

The unconsciousness of the New Woman of what she really stands for in the estimation of men who, like Mr. Weir,

are enabled by their knowledge and their power of thought to view her as a product of conditions and a subject fitter for medical treatment rather than as a person to be admired and applauded and encouraged, is as profound as was Shepherd Corin's when Touchstone endeavored to awaken him to his parlous state. The New Woman would have the ballot, because its possession, she thinks, would do for her what a successful raid on the tribe would accomplish for the women who escaped capture—corner the supply and establish a matriarchate, whether founded on polyandry or not.

James Weir, the thinker, has but expounded in clear terms what all manly men and womanly women feel, without being able to express their reasons—that the New Woman is an affront to delicacy, a jar upon the sense of congruity, and as offensive in her way as an effeminate man is in his. The civilization that has borne her as one of its fruits needs looking after. Max Nordau, a greater than Weir, puts the truth well when he says that a woman is entitled to all the world's protection. And when either economic conditions or perverted vanity and degenerate instincts place a woman outside of protection and she becomes the "political equal" of man, she ceases in his eyes to be a woman. That is the worst fate that can befall any of the sex, and a sufficing proof that she is abnormal.

The controversy over limiting the height of buildings in San Francisco has finally been settled by an ordinance of the board of supervisors, making limitations as follows : On streets one hundred feet wide or more, height limited to one hundred and thirty feet ; on streets under one hundred feet, height limited to one hundred feet ; all non-fire-proof buildings height limited to eighty feet.

Supervisor C. L. Taylor has battled stoutly for a limit of one hundred feet. The arguments that he has made have been based on considerations of hygiene, safety, and architectural beauty. He has quoted the experience of older countries ; he has said that unduly tall buildings are dangerous in case of fire, that they are unsightly and ugly, that they darken the streets and shut out the sunlight. None of his arguments have been successfully controverted, but his opponents outnumbered him, with the result that the ordinance has been passed to print on the lines indicated above.

The *Argonaut* believes, as it has already stated, that the matter of regulating the height of buildings should be left to a commission of experts. A board of aldermen, common councilmen, or supervisors know next to nothing of the various questions involved. Architects should decide upon the architectural questions ; physicians upon the hygienic questions ; lawyers upon the legal and equitable questions ; fire-insurance experts upon the underwriting questions ; and fire department officials upon the protection to life and property in and around tall buildings, and the practicability of coping with fires in such structures. No one man knows all about all of these things—not even a supervisor—not even Mr. Shortridge of the *Call*, Mr. Hearst of the *Examiner*, or Mr. De Young of the *Chronicle*.

The *Argonaut* does not claim to know as much as the editors of the San Francisco dailies and the San Francisco supervisors. If it did, it would settle this grave question off-band—as they do. It is rather inclined to think that Supervisor Taylor has much reason on his side. But we may say to that gentleman that we think he is lucky to get any regulation at all in a city so young as is San Francisco. When she is older, she will know more. Already Chicago is growing ill of tall buildings, and is regulating them. New York, too, has begun. In twenty-five or thirty years probably San Francisco will follow in their footsteps.

There is one thing, however, which will prevent the erection of too many tall buildings in San Francisco, even if we had more millionaires intent on putting up sky-scrapers than we note at present. That is, a slight doubt in the public mind as to the absolute stability of the earth in San Francisco. The Palace Hotel is one of the most substantial buildings in the world. When Ralston built it, the great earthquake of 1868 was still fresh in the minds of the people. He therefore ordered that every safeguard should be employed against earthquakes. As a result, great masses of masonry were sunk deep in the bowels of the earth, which were called "earthquake anchors." Down to them great steel beams were run, which were connected with other steel beams running through the immense building from wall to wall. As a result, one of the contractors said that "the Palace Hotel might turn upside down, but it couldn't fall apart." Yet substantial as is this great structure, it is extremely unpleasant to be in the sixth story when an earthquake is under way, as many people can tell. There is no danger, but it is unpleasant. Fancy, then, what would be the sensations of a tenant in the twentieth story of a building with a rattling good shock like that of '68 or '71. It

would shake his teeth out. If we have another good earthquake shock in San Francisco, rents in tall buildings will come down. So will their tenants.

We are glad to see that the recent convention of the "Irish-American Alliance" at Chicago, with its talk of dynamite and assassination, has not met with the general approval of the American press. There are not wanting journals which, through a desire to truckle to the Irish, have not scrupled to indorse the demagogic talk of Finerty, O'Donovan Rossa, and other Irish agitators of that kidney. But the better element of the press has condemned the movement. The *Boston Advertiser* says: "The orators who publicly urged the Irish-Americans to enter upon a policy of armed aggressions knew that they were urging Irish-Americans to commit a serious offense against the Federal statutes." The *Syracuse Post* says: "There was a great deal of intemperate talk in that convention. Ex-Congressman Finerty distinguished himself in this respect. But talk is cheap." The *Memphis Commercial Appeal* says: "The speech made by ex-Congressman John F. Finerty at the Chicago convention of American Irishmen was not the kind of speech that any citizen of the United States has a right to make." And the *Kansas City Times* remarks: "It is to be hoped that the wisdom of the Irish leaders will prevent such a campaign of blood as resulted in the Phoenix Park assassination. It is all very well for Irish-Americans to talk dynamite and assassination here, but their whole object should be to consider what good can be done in Ireland."

That is the point. It seems to us Finerty, O'Donovan Rossa, and the rest of this Irish gang are not considering what can be done in Ireland, but what can be done in the United States—for themselves. We have never heard in history of an insurrection, a rebellion, or a revolution that was successfully conducted at a distance of several thousand miles. When this country threw off the British yoke, it did its fighting here. When the Southern States rebelled, the leaders did not go to Europe to fight, they stayed here. The rebellion in Cuba is not conducted in the United States, but in the "ever-faithful isle." If Finerty, O'Donovan Rossa, and the rest of these gentry who advocate assassination want to free Ireland from the British yoke, they had better go to Ireland to do it. But we fancy that they have a wholesome regard for their own skins, and will do their rebelling at a distance of three or four thousand miles.

We hope that this vile gang of Irish dynamitards will be squelched by the American people. Too short a time has elapsed since the Phoenix Park assassination and the infamies of the Clan-na-Gael in Chicago for these fellows to go to work again. It is only four or five years since the crimes of the Clan-na-Gael were brought to light. A squabble over the division of the plunder—for the chiefs, or the "triangle," were stealing the funds intrusted to them by poor Irish servant-girls to "free Ireland"—resulted in the murder of Dr. Cronin, who had divulged their treachery. Since then, we have been free from the projection of "bleeding Ireland" into American politics, and from Irish demagogues bleeding Irish servant-girls on American soil. The relief was welcome.

Already the ulterior end of the "Irish National Alliance" is coming to light. Under date of October 6th, they have issued an "appeal," saying that "organizations, like governments, have to depend on revenue for the successful accomplishment of their duties." That being the case, "you are asked to subscribe in accordance with your means, and to forward your subscriptions as soon as possible to the secretary, Hon. P. V. Fitzgerald Fitzpatrick, Chicago."

We hope that among the Irish in America there are few so ignorant as to be gulled by these adventurers. The revelations of the Cronin trial and the exposure of the Clan-na-Gael crimes should convince them that making contributions to the "cause of Ireland" means paying money to maintain in idleness and luxury a lot of lazy scoundrels like O'Donovan Rossa.

In about three weeks from now, elections will be held in a number of States. Nearly all of these elections are for State and local offices. National offices are not involved, except remotely in two or three instances, as in New York, where the election of a United States Senator may hinge upon the political complexion of the legislature. Further than that, local issues seem to be predominating in these local campaigns. It is therefore not to be expected that any State will record such sweeping Republican majorities as those of last fall. That was a congressional election; it was an uprising of the people to drive out of the national capitol the fools, the knaves, and the incompetents who were ruining the country.

This, on the other hand, is not a congressional election,

and therefore it is not fair to look for a repetition of the Republican tidal wave of 1894. The total vote will probably fall off heavily. But none the less, we want our Democratic friends to understand that while we expect reduced Republican majorities, owing to the falling off of the total vote, we do not expect Republican defeats. In New York, the party is united and enthusiastic; the only issue the Democrats seem to have is to attack the Republicans for the enforcement of the Sunday law, although the law itself is Democratic. In New Jersey, the Republican leaders claim an assured victory. In Pennsylvania, the Democrats have not the ghost of a show. In Ohio, Campbell has the largest Republican majority ever polled there to overcome. Even in "Maryland, my Maryland," the fight of the reform Democrats against Gorman and the machine has so split the party that the Republicans expect to carry the State. In Kentucky, the Democrats are divided and disgruntled over their free-silver candidate running on an anti-silver platform, and the Republicans look for success in Kentucky. They carried a good deal of it last year, and elected the governor, although the Democrats fraudulently kept him out of the gubernatorial chair. This year the Republicans will carry Kentucky by so large a majority that the Democrats will have no excuse for similar frauds.

We note with pleasure that the supreme court of the State has refused to hear further argument as to the validity of the trust created by the late *TRUST ANNULLLED*. William Walkerley, and denied an application for a rehearing. Our pleasure is due to the fact that the *Argonaut* has always been opposed to testamentary trusts, regarding them as a grave evil, and it is satisfactory to find the courts steadily intervening to reduce the power of the dead to control property. When the framers of our Federal Constitution inhibited primogeniture and entail, they meant to save the republic from "old families" and the passing down of great fortunes from generation to generation. That intention the vanity of the rich has constantly sought to defeat, but with lessening success, as the public has awakened to the dangers to the commonwealth of compacted and guarded masses of inherited wealth. In a country where there are no titles of nobility, where there is no aristocracy of birth, and the possession of money consequently confers unusual distinction, it is natural enough that those who have it should fall under certain illusions. One of these is that ownership is unconditional and that the right of testamentary disposition should be unlimited. The *Argonaut* has labored a good deal toward dispelling this harmful illusion. We have insisted upon the truth that a dead man can not own anything, and ought not to own anything. He may express his wishes through his will as to what should be done with the property of which death dispossesses him, and the State permits him, as a privilege simply, to do this, and respects his wishes when they are not in conflict with the interests of the living. The power of the State is absolute, and it imposes limitations at will upon testators. Three years ago, the *Argonaut* urged upon the legislature to exercise this power by passing an act to fix a collateral-inheritance tax, and it was done, to the substantial benefit since of the State treasury. We have also exhorted the legislature to strengthen the defenses against testamentary trusts, and called on the courts to give rigid enforcement to those in existence. The action of the supreme court in reversing the court below in the Walkerley case is, consequently, highly encouraging. The decision aids in teaching rich men that when they cross to the other side their desires do not remain law to those who are left.

When William Walkerley died in 1887, he left his fortune tied up in a trust of twenty years' duration, when the estate was to be distributed among his heirs. It was also provided that should his widow remarry, she was to be deprived of certain moneys that would otherwise be hers meanwhile. The widow did marry again, and brought suit to annul the will, on the ground that under California's code the creation of a trust for a given term of years is forbidden. The lower court decided against her, but the court of last resort has awarded her the estate. This decision apparently settles permanently the question of such trusts. The court sets forth that under the law the period under which the distribution of an estate may be suspended "shall he lives in being, and it will not countenance the suspension for any term of years, for the sufficient reason that during the time of such a limitation, however short, the person capable of conveying the absolute interest might die—a possibility not to be endured." When a testator ignores or defies the law in the making of his will, the penalty is his intestacy. "To all trusts," says the court, "whether of real or personal property, the limitation upon the suspension of the power of alienation expressed in the code directly applies." California is in advance of some other States in this,

making no distinction between real and personal property. The law is kind to the dead. It recognizes that a husband and father departing should in equity be given the privilege of providing, with every reasonable security, for his widow, his children, his other relatives or friends. It even allows him to secure them against their own inexperience, or worse, by placing their inheritance in the custody of others better able than themselves to care for their interests. But when pride steps in, or malignity, and seeks to pervert to its use the privileges extended to natural affection, the law should not be so kind. Justice Henshaw applies the law in the Walkerley case with regret, apparently, characterizing it as "grievous." But it is nothing of the sort. There are equities which affect the commonwealth, whose welfare is of more importance than the "cherished designs" of any individual. When that cherished design is the "founding of a family" and the holding together in perpetuity of a fortune, the design is un-American. Families whose distinction rests upon service to the State, or other honorable achievement, are good for this, as for any country; but families whose names import only money—as, for example, the Astors, the Goulds, and the Vanderbilts—the fewer we have of them the better. They are as hurtful economically as they are offensive socially, and the scattering of the wealth which alone makes them known to mankind would be extremely beneficial in all ways to the United States.

The appointment of General Miles to the command of the army has met with almost universal approval. The newspaper statements that the "West Point pull" has been used against him at Washington we do not think amount to much. General Miles has a good deal of a pull at Washington himself. His wife is a member of the Sherman family, and he has always enjoyed the Sherman influence, which is strong. But waiving these rumors of petty intrigue, the country is pleased with the appointment of Miles. He is emphatically a soldier, and he has fought his way to his present high position. Early in the Civil War, his corps commander, General Hancock, in urging his further promotion, said of him that he was "one of the bravest men of the army, a soldier by nature," and that if all commanders were like him, "we could never suffer disaster. He is one of that class of commanders who seek the enemy and fight him—never hides his troops when the cannon sounds in his ears." Miles's record as an Indian fighter since the Civil War has been a brilliant one. His appointment should be particularly acceptable to the Pacific Coast, as he strongly urged upon Congress a large increase in the coast defenses upon the Pacific seaboard. But if anything were needed to add to the popularity of this appointment among all Americans who love their country, who hate anarchy, socialism, and disorder, and who believe in maintaining our civilization and our laws, it is the masterly way in which General Miles put down the railroad riots in Chicago and crushed the revolt against State and national authority there in July, 1894.

The San Francisco papers have been filled for a number of days with long articles on a projected road called "The Butte, Boise, and San Francisco Railroad." This new highway was "to begin at Butte, Mont., and run thence to San Francisco, taking in Boise City on the way." The names of the projectors of this enterprise did not seem to be very well known, although the Associated Press reporters combed the continent for particulars about them. Dispatches coming from Denver seemed to show that these railroad builders were working both ends of the road; they would telegraph to Butte that "money was being raised by San Francisco capitalists"; they would telegraph to San Francisco that "a number of millionaires in Butte were behind the scheme"; and they would telegraph to intermediate Boise that both Butte and San Francisco were hooming the scheme, "and that all the money needed was in sight."

Unfortunately for the Butte, Boise, and San Francisco Railroad, it had a gentleman at Denver named Woodworth, who prattled not wisely but too well. He gave dates, sums, and names. He said in an interview that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce had raised two million five hundred thousand dollars for the new road. When this community considered how long and arduous had been the task of raising two millions for the Valley road, with the whole city behind it, it doubted whether the Chamber of Commerce had secretly raised two and one-half millions for the Butte road, with nobody behind it at all. But Mr. Woodworth went on from had to worse. He said that Mayor Sutro was one of the heavy subscribers to the new road. That settled the matter in the belief of San Franciscans. That Mayor Sutro should subscribe to the new road, or subscribe to any road at all, was too preposterous for belief. The Butte, Boise, and San Francisco Railroad is probably nothing but an iridescent Denver dream.

THE ELECTIONS
OF
NOVEMBER.

HIS FIRST FREE RIDE.

A Tale of a New-Made Tramp.

A young man in a shabby, light coat, its collar turned up to conceal the lack of linen, sat on the back steps of a tiny house eating the last crumbs of a cold lunch. He looked wretchedly ill; what is more, he looked at that moment exceedingly embarrassed and uncomfortable, for he could not avoid overhearing what was said of him in the room close by, by the woman who, a few moments earlier, had given him his first meal that day.

"My land!" said the voice, "but I'm sick of tramps. That's the third to-day, and every last ooe of them as well able to work as I am. This one doot act like a reg'lar tramp, though; he's kinder good-looking, but awful dissipated, I guess, and his clothes look like Sam Patch. Likely he's just getting over a tear and spent his last cent. That's the way, more'n half the time."

The man "who did not act like a reg'lar tramp" set his cup and saucer awkwardly down on the steps and rose to his feet. He did not seem to know just what he ought to do next, and looked round anxiously in search of some way of leaving without passing the open window, then turned with the courage of despair and, pulling his shabby derby well on his head, limped hastily toward the gate.

Once outside, he looked back half-resentfully toward the obnoxious window, and then, with a grim smile, thrust both hands deep into his pockets.

"Not a penny in either—not even a knife, and 'he looked dissipated.'" Well, who wouldn't look dissipated after tramping as he had for a week past, with an empty stomach and a sick heart, and that irrepressible small voice at his ear with its eternal comment of "Fool! fool!"? He rubbed his unshaved chin in dismay, and the grim smile wavered and melted into a piteous trembling of the mouth.

It was not because he was wild, or extravagant, or ignorant that he had come to this pass; but because he was a mad, weak, conceited young fool, and tears of bitter self-pity sprang to his eyes.

As he limped on through the heavy white dust, he had a feverish vision of himself as he had landed in San Francisco some twelve months before, with more money than he had ever had in his life, with a good suit of clothes on his back, and his little cockney heart swelling with pride and condescension—pride in his own prowess in having cut loose from the grip of a London office and the galling tie of a too fond mother's apron-string; condescension toward the people in whose midst his lot was cast, showing itself in an amiable desire to overlook their sad lack of the "little things" to which he was accustomed, and to forgive their mistaken nationality.

After all, what a good time he had looking round and incidentally "lording it" over the natives, who took him for "no end of a swell." But it had made a big hole in his small capital, and ended in a great fizzle after all. His pale face flushed hotly as he remembered the night when his tall fellow-countryman with the clear-cut face and lazy voice had called him a "damned little city clerk" for trying to cut him out of a dance with pretty little Miss Kate; and how he had lost his head and flow at his antagonist with shrill-voiced threats, while the other—"heing a real swell," he reflected, bitterly—had held him with unmoved composure, at arm's length, and ordered him in a low tone to "remember where he was and oot make a ass of himself."

So had ended, in deepest humiliation, his one little splurge in society, but he had soon plucked up heart again, upheld, as always, by that fatal conviction that somewhere or other an El Dorado lay awaiting his advent. It was this idea, indeed, which had led him to throw up his post in Loodoo and, persuading his mother to trust him with the family funds, to leave her, with his sisters, to geoteel poverty on Notting Hill, while he came out to this great New World to make fortunes for them all.

California! What it had meant to him in those days! What dreams of pleasure and gold, what abundance of opportunity to do and dare! And here was the reality to be faced.

Again, this old, mad confidence in a coming prosperity had brought him down into this Southern country, to be soaped up by the first land-shark he encountered, who, having satisfied his hunger, had tossed him aside to be further despoiled by robbers of less standing in society.

And now all his delusion seemed to have fallen away and his one hope, his one desire, was "to get out of this," to get away from these brown hills, dusty orchards, and sluggish, artificial streams, and back to the noise and bustle of city life. He loomed for San Francisco, so lately scorned; longed for the rush of the cars, the jostle of men, the smell of the streets, feeling that there at least it was more like home, and people knew a gentleman when they saw him.

But his toes were out of his boots, and "he looked dissipated."

A turn in the road brought him to a railroad crossing, and he called to mind the advice of an old tramp whose haokets he had shared in the dry bed of a creek a few oights before:

"Stick to the ties, me soo, if yer is anny kind uv a hurry, but country roads is the lay for good vittles and plenty uv oppertunities."

Well, he was in a hurry, oo doubt in his mind as to that, and, with fresh courage, he left the road and started up the track to the northward.

It was tiresome walking. He had not yet learned the tramp trick of fitting his gait to the short yet irregular distances between the "sleepers," and the track had not been filled in. Occasionally he tried to ease himself by walking on the rails, but his head was not steady enough and he jarred his achiog joints at each misstep. So he plodded on mechanically, with his head down and his mind wandering aimlessly among the little details of recent experiences.

Something suggested the night when he had camped in an orchard with some college students who were picking fruit at so much an hour during vacation, and who were such decent fellows—for Americans. The songs they sang, the yarns they told, their endless pranks, had helped him to a few hours of honest pleasure, and, strangely enough, given him a new idea of the dignity of labor. Of course, having met these young men, he was now fully convinced that all American students worked their way through college and were immensely industrious and wholly unconventional, not the least like Oxford or Cambridge men; but, no doubt, it was all right—in America.

All the same, he should never feel quite at home with these "Yankees," as he dubbed them all in his own mind; and he recalled the pleasant thrill of sympathy and good-fellowship that had passed over him one day when a reluctantly opened door had disclosed a sharp-featured little woman, who greeted him in no pleasant tones, but an unmistakable London accent.

"You can't get nothiok 'ere, young man," was her inhospitable greeting.

"Can't you just give me a hite of bread and cheese?" he stammered. "I—I'm an Englishman, a—a—a Londoner, like yourself," he added, hastily.

The door, which was within an ace of being closed, was jerked open again, and there was a warmer tone in the woman's voice as she exclaimed: "Well, I declare! you're cool, to be sure. 'Ow did you know I was a Londoner?" and she bestowed a suspicious glance on him.

"Oh!" he gasped, helplessly, "by—well, your garden, you know, the wall-flowers, and the—er—well, the general look of things, and—you've the London accent, you know."

"So've you, I must say; and that's a Ningsh 'at, I'll be bound. You don't see that cut of a 'at in this country," was the gracious comment, and after another moment of hesitation: "Well, step in. I don't 'old with 'elping your sort much, but you look a decent chap. So I'll give you a cup o' tea and a bite."

She talked on volubly as she prepared a place for him at the untidy little table, questioning him as to his people and the cause of his present condition. Then, as he sat down to enjoy his strong tea and bread and jam, she chatted on of her own affairs, and gave him minute details of her former circumstances and present prospects. Only five years since, they left their London 'ome, but it seemed "hages" to her, not hut they were much hetter off.

As she talked on, he began to consider whether it would not be well to offer to stay on here and help them a bit, so he was somewhat disconcerted when, as soon as he appeared to have finished his meal, the woman firmly told him that "ed best he moving on now," for, she proceeded to explain, as if guessing his thoughts, her husband would not hear of having any young Englishmen rooud. "We've 'ad them," she added, "by the dozen, and a pretty set of useless scamps they turn'd out, and now it fairly puts 'im orf 'is 'ead to see one 'angin' around. W'y! w'y," she concluded, almost proudly, "if 'e was to come along now and catch me torkio' to you and givin' you tea and things, 'e mightn't say much to you, but 'ed give me 'Al Columbia, I cao tell you."

He had no very strong sense of humor, this little stray Londoner, but the idea of this bright-eyed little woman getting "Hail Columbia" at the hands of an indignant British husband struck him as delightfully absurd, and had brought him to the verge of laughter oo more than one occasion.

He smiled even oo at the recollection, and, raising his head, looked forward along the track in search of some place to rest.

Away in the distance he could see a group of tall eucalyptus, near a low-roofed building, and guessed it to be a statioo. Stopping down, he tightened the lace of his worn shoe in a vain endeavor to keep it from chafing his foot; then once more set off along the ties.

Some lines of a "Barrack-Room Ballad" fitted themselves to his short, painful steps on the wooden sleepers, and were repeated over and over again, like a feverish dream:

"Then 'ark and 'eed ye, rookies,
That is always grumblin' sore,
There's worse things than marching
From Umballa to Cawnpore.
And if ye've blisters on yer 'eels,
And they feels to 'urt like 'ell,
W'y, drop some taller in yer socks,
And that will make them well."

And so oo. "Yes, that will make them well; oh! that will make them well"—"Drop some 'taller' in yer socks, and that will make them well"—and then all over again pitilessly, until his looging for the cool, soothing "taller" became almost unbearable, and he cursed the author of the tormenting lines for a tantalizing hrute.

The wretched, little, deserted statioo, with its barren platform and huge water-tank, seemed a veritable paradise when at last, with bloodshot eyes, parched throat, and gasping breath, he staggered up. He held his grimy handkerchief under the dripping water and mopped his face, then threw himself down in the patch of shade which the tank afforded.

After a time he roused himself and looked about him. This was oo place to stop, he felt sure; he must get oo—get oo—but how? The station was a mere siding, without a house in sight, and in both directioos the track stretched away wearily, indefinitely, hopelessly.

An empty box-car oo the switch attracted his attention, and he approached it with some idea of taking refuge in it. Perhaps they would accidentally shut him in and carry him off. If toward San Francisco, well and good; hut they might cart him back into the country he had takeo such pains to get away from. No, thaoks; he would not risk it. Yet what a blessed thing it would be if he could get a lift oo the road! Surely it could be managed somehow.

Why not turn "reg'lar" tramp and steal a ride oo the brake-beam of the next oorth-bound train? His courage rose with the thought. He crept in under the car and examined it carefully—cramped quarters, hut safe enough ap-

parently. Merely a matter of holding on tight, and, of course, he would not be fool enough to let go. There might be no train passing until morning, he knew, but in the meantime he could rest in the shadow of the tank and try to keep from getting hungry.

It could not have been more than an hour later, however, when a long, deep-toned whistle in the south put him on the alert, and from that moment until the train was within a few rods of the station, his suspense was great. Would it stop? If it stopped, would he be able to do what he wished? Not if the train-hands saw him, he knew. Instantly he left his post and stationed himself on the far side of the empty car, with his eyes fixed on the coming train. A moment later, a puff of white steam, followed by a sharp whistle, told him that the brakes were on and the train would stop.

Should he try it? He glanced down at his weary feet and decided.

It was, after all, not a difficult matter, when the train had stopped and the panting engine was busily refreshing itself at the tank, to slip from his hiding-place, and, watching his opportunity, slip between the wheels and crouch, half-sitting, half-reclining, on the huge axle-tree. He struck his head heavily against the flooring of the car in his haste to get his feet off the ground, but he hardly noticed it, as he laughed "Here goes," in answer to the conductor's careless "All aboard," and all his old school-boy capacity for enjoyment seemed to rise up in him, as, amid a sudden jarring of chains, the clang of the slow engine-bell, and the escape of air from the brakes, the wheels began to turn, and the train was off.

Instinctively he tightened his hold on the iron rod in his left hand, and it was well that he did so, for the heam on which he crouched jarred heavily on the badly jointed rails in a way that shook him to the marrow.

Click! Click! Clickety, clickety—faster and faster—well, he was in for it now. The ground seemed turned to water, which poured out beneath him in a dizzying flood. Hold on! Ah! just in time; another moment and he would have been overboard. Hold fast, oow, with shut eyes, for the cinders flew in clouds, and he gasped for breath as they struck him cruelly in the face; and, half suffocated, he twisted his head round and pressed his face against his sleeve.

"Hold fast for your life, my frieod! Got to do it now, for when will this be over?"

How far would they go before they stopped? Ten miles? Twenty? Who could tell? Could it be even half over? No, only begun, he knew, and this awful noise growing worse and worse. How could he think, how could he breathe?

It was the ooise, this horrible, echoing roar, which was beating the life out of him. He was sick, dizzy, blind, and, for a few moments, quite mad. He yelled, just to prove to himself that he could not hear his own voice, and then, after a hit, became conscious that he was still yelling and could not stop.

Hold on! Hold on! If not—down you go, to be groud to a jelly in that awful torreat below. Who would know him?—oo one, indeed! And the little mother across the sea! Stop! No time to think of her now, or of anything or anybody but himself; only time to clutch the rod still firmer in one hand and hug the seeseless heam with all his might with his other arm; to pray mutely that he might be spared this awful death, and to curse aloud this feed of a train that was whirliog him away into a mad eteroity of ooise.

Was he dying at last? Or—yes—no! A faiot quietness seemed to spread over him.

Click! Click! The sound of the ties ooce more. Ah, thank God! they are slowing up.

What if they are only slackening speed? Well, he must drop, he could not stand any more.

Click!—Click!—slower—slower yet. A suddeo tightening and straining of the rods about his head, a sighing along the air-pipes, and—the train had stopped.

He opened his eyes, and with a mighty effort unlocked his cramped fingers; his limbs were numb and lifeless, and for a moment he feared that he could not move.

"Get out of that!" thudered a rough voice, and he was aware of a dark face peering at him between the wheels.

As he crawled out over the gleamiog rails he woodered, vaguely, if the mao fancied he were heiog obeyed. Well, they were both suited, for—ah—

He staggered forward and fell prooe on a low, browo hank near the edge of the rails.

The brakeman, swinging himself ooce more oo to the moving train, cast a conveoient clod and ao ugly word at him as he lay. The clod struck him sharply, but he neither felt it nor heard the oaths of derision cast at him from the cars. He lay with his face in his hands, on the warm dry hank, and sobbed like a child on its mother's breast.

MARY MEYRICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1895.

Two meo recently arrived in Chicago, having walked all the way from Bueos Ayres. They are Aotooio Brem, from Buda-Pesth, and Louis Budinich, both meo of education, and they made their tramp of 10,772 miles with the intention of writing a hook oo their adventures. They started from Bueos Ayres on August 7, 1892, with a capital of \$800, and reached Chicago oo June 7, 1895, haviog received assistance in the sum of \$1,700 while en route; this was all doated by South and Central American people, however, the people of the United States regarding them as tramps. Their route lay through the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, United States of Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Illinois; in Bolivia they reached their highest point, Altara de Colquechaca, 15,516 feet above sea level, and for 200 miles, in passing from Colombia to Costa Rica, they had literally to cut their way through the jungle. Their hook should be an interesting ooe.

THE "CHAMBERMAIDS' OWN."

"Morning Journal" said to be sold to W. R. Hearst—Its History—Its Pictures of Babies' Bottles and Heiresses' "Nighties"—A Newspaper Curio.

A rumor has been running around newspaper New York during the last few days that the *Morning Journal* has been purchased by W. R. Hearst, of the San Francisco *Examiner*. It has excited much surprise. Although it was known that Mr. Hearst was desirous of purchasing a New York daily, it was not supposed that the *Morning Journal* would attract him. When the Jones family parted with the *Times* it was rumored that Mr. Hearst had made an offer for it, but was not successful. When George Jones died, the family determined to go out of the newspaper business. Miller, then managing editor of the *Times*, was naturally desirous of retaining his position, which was not certain in case the paper changed hands. He therefore organized a syndicate of capitalists, who purchased the paper from the Jones estate. I think that some of them since then have had occasion to regret their investment. Of the *Times* assets the Jones family retained the most valuable one, the *Times* building. But for the paper (which meant the good will, for the type and presses were worth but little) they received nearly a round million—nine hundred and odd thousand dollars, I believe.

The *Times* is a good paper in a way, but the field which it has chosen to occupy since its change of management was well filled before. Under George Jones, the *Times* was an independent newspaper, formerly Republican, but of later years leaning toward mugwump. Under the new management, it has become an untried Democratic paper. But in New York two Democratic papers already cover that field—the *Sun*, which is the organ of Tammany, and the *World*, which is the organ of the anarchists, the socialists, and the riffraff generally. The *Times*, in invading the field occupied by these two papers, has gained none of their readers, and has lost most of the following which it had among better people.

Disappointed in securing the *Times*, Mr. Hearst evidently kept his eye out for another paper. He has finally, if rumor be believed, secured one in the shape of the *Morning Journal*. I do not know what he intends to do with the *Morning Journal*, but with its traditions and the peculiar position it has always occupied in New York, he will have difficulty in molding it into a first-class metropolitan daily, if that is what he intends to do. John R. McLean, a bright and successful newspaper man from the West, has already had a hack at the *Journal*, and gave it up in disgust. It is only four or five months since he purchased it from Pulitzer, remodeled it, raised the price to two cents, gave it a good news service, and tried to give it a first-class circulation. But all he did was to lose the cheap circulation it already had, so Mr. McLean is very glad to let it go. It is stated that McLean paid \$50,000 down, agreeing conditionally to pay \$400,000 in all. But he has retired from the bargain, although amicably, for he has transferred his contract to Hearst.

The *Morning Journal* was founded by Albert Pulitzer, brother of Joseph of that ilk. Both of them were reporters, Albert Pulitzer being on the New York *Herald*. He secured some money and started his paper, much to the amazement of his companions. It was such an extraordinary sheet that no newspaper man thought that it would live, but it lived and thrived. Albert Pulitzer worked it up to a large circulation, lived on the fat of the land, and finally went abroad to reside. Some months ago he concluded to retire, and sold his paper. The paper itself was like nothing under the heavens or upon the earth. Its familiar name in New York was "The Chambermaids' Own." It was apparently written down to the comprehension of scullions and serving-maids. It was a most amazing compound of fiction and fact. Things that had never occurred were written up as if they were facts, and things that had occurred were written up as if they were fiction. It was utterly impossible to tell in the *Morning Journal* whether an article was intended as a local item or a funny story. But that probably made no difference to the chambermaids.

The paper always "spread" upon topics calculated to interest the "mind" of the lower-class female. For example, to show its peculiar style, when Edith Kingdon married George Gould, the *Morning Journal* became simply hysterical over the event. The fact that Edith Kingdon was an actress, was poor, and had married a multi-millionaire, was "good stuff." It pleased the chambermaids. King Cophetua married a heggar-maid. George Gould had married Edith Kingdon. A millionaire might marry a chambermaid. Who knows? Therefore, the *Morning Journal* printed columns and columns about the Kingdon-Gould wedding for days and weeks. Then without waiting even a decent interval, the *Morning Journal* began to hint at an heir. Not many months after the marriage, the *Morning Journal* broke out daily into delighted chuckles over the interesting condition of Mrs. Gould, and indulged in nods and becks and wreathe smiles to its chambermaids. When the interesting event at last took place, the *Morning Journal* was almost brought to bed itself, such was its condition of hysteria. But it recovered, and for days it printed pictures of Mrs. Gould before and after, pictures of the baby, pictures of the baby's bottle, pictures of the baby's rattle, pictures of the baby's nurse, pictures of the baby's cradle, pictures of the baby's pinafore, and pictures of everything except of the baby's papa. Baby's papa apparently did not interest the *Morning Journal's* chambermaids.

Another feature of the *Morning Journal* has been its intimate knowledge of the intimate garments of the heiresses of New York. It is not to be supposed that the *Morning Journal's* reporters were admitted to the boudoirs of these ladies and permitted to inspect their "nighties," but the minute details concerning the boudoirs and their contents pleased the *Morning Journal's* chambermaids just as well as if it had been true. Altogether, the *Journal* must have been an

easy paper to edit, for the reason that its readers were not exigent. Most newspaper readers require a certain amount of truth in their favorite journal—not much, it is true, but some. But when a man is editing a paper for chambermaids, there need be no limitations on the wild luxuriance of the reportorial imagination.

At times the *Morning Journal* would suddenly blossom out with a full-page article, something in this style: Running across the first page one day was an enormous heading, "Blazing Gems At The Opera." This was printed in the midst of an elaborate border of "gems." Diamonds blazed, flashed, and glittered through this border. Diamond necklaces wound their scintillating lengths around the heading. Diamond tiaras crowned it. On either side of the words "Blazing Gems" were two immense rose diamonds, with rays shooting out from their polished facets in the way in which the comic papers represent har-keepers' shirt-pins. Underneath this was an article five or six columns in length, giving minute details of the jewelry owned by ladies in New York, and making an estimate of the value of the gems worn on the preceding night at the opera in tabular form, thus: Mrs. Astor, \$250,000; Mrs. Henry D. Sloane, \$100,000; Mrs. W. Seward Webb, \$100,000; jewelry worn by other women, \$100,000; total, ———; and so on. The day after the appearance of such an article as this, the chambermaids of the New York hotels would be so engrossed in the *Morning Journal* that it would be almost impossible to have your room "done up" by dinner-time; while on the East Side, on Avenue A, over in Jersey, in Manhattanville, and in Hohoken, the indigenous beauties of these hurls would all be seen in pop-eyed wonder reading the *Morning Journal*. Another feature of the *Journal* was the printing of minute articles about the dress, complexion, eyes, teeth, and hair of heiresses. With these there were invariably printed portraits which could most certainly be called "fancy portraits," because the artists never succeeded in getting the slightest resemblance to the originals. In fact, they never tried. It was a joke in New York newspaper circles that the artists of the *Morning Journal* had a "great snap," because they did all their work at their desks without ever having to go out for material. About once or twice a week the *Journal* would have an article under headings like this: "Golden Bells Soon To Ring," "Matrimonial Prizes," "Golden American Girls At The Summer Resorts," "Gertrude Vanderbilt's Golden Promise," "Consuelo Vanderbilt Comes Out Too," "Miss Elsie Clews, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, And Other Buds Of Rare Petal." This would be followed by minute details about these maidens, from the way they dressed their hair to the size of their shoes. It is needless to state that these details were almost invariably imaginative, but that made no difference to the chambermaids.

Another of the *Journal's* "features" was the printing of stories of crime where the crime concerned women. In the last ten or twelve years, there have been many murders of young women in and around New York. Among them is the case of Jennie Cramer, a pretty girl, who was murdered near New Haven; Hannah Robinson, who was found strangled near Glendale, L. I.; Phoebe Paulin, found with her throat cut near Orange, N. J.; Mary Anderson, found strangled near Perth Amboy, N. Y.; and Rose Ambler, found stabbed to death near Stratford, Conn. Some of these were cases of outrage as well as murder, and all of them were set forth at great length in the *Morning Journal*. In each case that paper followed up the cases for days, giving page on page to rumor, doubt, suspicion, and mystery. It was "good stuff" from the *Journal's* standpoint, and it certainly thrilled the chambermaids.

With these curious traditions behind him, it will be interesting to see what Mr. Hearst is going to do with the *Morning Journal*. The *Journal* has always run to pictures, which I believe is a hobby of his. In New York, the daily papers do not print many pictures. The papers in the West, and particularly those of San Francisco, give much more space to "art" than here in New York. The papers here make an exception on Sunday, when most of them print a number of illustrations. Throughout the week they print only such illustrations as seem to be needed. In short, here they print a picture because it is necessary to the news. In the West, they seem to print a picture because it is unnecessary to the news. The *Journal* has been the exception among the daily papers in New York. It has devoted much space to illustrations, most of them villainous, and to portraits, most of them imaginative. It may be possible that Mr. Hearst intends to follow up that part of the *Journal's* traditions and give New York a paper containing numerous illustrations, as is the case in San Francisco. But with the traditions of the *Journal*, he will have a hard time winning a new circle of readers, and it is fair to suppose that he does not wish to retain for his readers the old *Journal's* faithful circle of chambermaids.

NEW YORK, October 3, 1895.

FLANEUR.

The riding public and those who contemplate buying bicycles next season are wondering at what price wheels will be held. The opinion has been expressed by many that a high-grade bicycle can be manufactured and profitably marketed for forty dollars. This talk is the veriest nonsense. Bicycles can be built for that sum, and marketed as well, but surely the intelligent purchaser can not reasonably expect to obtain a thoroughly high-grade mount for a great deal less than the price now asked. The high-grade bicycle of to-day is tested in much the same manner as the famous Kew Observatory in England tests watches. A watch bearing the "Kew A certificate" can not be purchased under seven hundred and fifty dollars. The ordinary watch of commerce can be had for fifty dollars. So it is with bicycles. The maker's guarantee carries with it a *bona fide* offer to replace defective parts. Defects and shortcomings are ascertained only after the most severe tests. The employment of skilled artisans and the costliest machinery is utilized to remedy them. A high-grade bicycle leaves the factory with the maker's guarantee.

THE SWAGGER CYCLIST.

How He or She Rides in England—The Scorchers and the Hump-Backed Rider Voted Bad Form—Everybody being Converted to the Use of the Wheel.

The bicycle craze not only still continues in England with unabated vigor, but is steadily on the increase, especially among the ladies. And they are ladies, too, who, a few months ago, would as soon have thought of standing on their heads in the public streets as of pedaling a bicycle there. Example has had and is having a good deal to do with this revulsion of feeling, of course.

"If Lady This or That, or Mrs. What's-her-Name, or Miss Thingumbob goes in for bicycling," you hear one woman say, "I don't see how we can object. People of rank and position like that ought to know what's proper and correct for a woman to do, oughtn't they?"

"Certainly, my dear," you hear another lady reply. "It's quite too absurd for us to set our faces against it any longer. We shall be quite out of date, I'm afraid, if we don't learn."

"Yes, indeed," acquiesces one hitherto inexorable and grim-visaged dowager after another. "I shall let my girls begin having lessons to-morrow. I shall engage Brown, Jones, or Robinson" (or whoever the popular ladies' teacher of the hour may be) "at once, and get Captain Handlehar to choose their machines for them."

Captain Handlehar, he it known, is an expert male cyclist, and the possessor, besides, of a couple of thousands a year. He is, of course, only one of a type, of which Lord Mudguard, Sir Pneumatic Tyre, and the Hon. Raleigh Rover are also specimens. The capture of one of these forms an inducement of its own in the minds of the mammas. Nothing must be left untried to get the dear girls settled. They have tried tennis, and shooting, and boating, and yachting, and golf, and hunting, and cricket, all to get nearer the men, and now they find they must add bicycling to their list. Poor things!

But every Englishwoman who rides a bicycle, or who is learning to ride, has not only a husband in view. Lots of them are married already. They do it for the pure pleasure of the thing, and for the sake of the healthful and exhilarating exercise it affords them. And so many have long labored under false ideas as to the style and shape of ladies' bicycles. Until lately, numbers of people have thought that all machines were alike. Accustomed for years to see the big and horizontal saddle-bar of the men's bicycles, they naturally pictured the lady rider as sitting astride this bar. No wonder they thought it immodest. A ladies' machine was a genuine revelation to one woman I saw intently inspecting one the other day.

"Dear me, is that all it is?" she said, with wide-open eyes. "I had no idea they were made like that. I shall buy one for Georgina immediately."

By the bye, let me remark that putting one foot on the pedal and starting one's self with a push—"the pedal mount"—is the latest swagger for men cyclists. That is to say, for gentlemen. The hop up behind is too common. Bending forward with a back like a shrimp is also very bad form and the immediate sign of a cad. You can tell a gentleman bicyclist in England at once, or one who wants to be thought a gentleman. Gentlemen all sit upright. And another thing: You do not see gentlemen grasping the handlebar in the middle and lying down on it. Any sort of a bump stamps you at once. All such tricks, contortions, and gyrations are left to the "scorchers." All the good lady-riders sit upright and exhibit not the faintest knee movement. I know one lady, who you would think, was being rolled along in a comfortable chair. And she can go a rattling pace, too, and descend hills without touching her brake, by simply back-pedaling, which she does without effort, or seeming effort, at all events.

Fast riding—that is, tearing like mad along the roads—is not the thing for ladies and gentlemen in England. Indeed, the best riders are those who can ride slowly. It takes skill to roll in and out among the vehicles in the Strand, Piccadilly, or Regent Street. When you see men and women riding thus in the London streets, you may safely put them down as gentlemen and ladies. It is the rapid, tear-away riders of hotb sex who knock pedestrians down and get "had up" in the police courts, and thus bring cycling into disrepute.

I do not mean to say that gentlemen do not or can not ride fast. I know one man, with a couple of country houses, two or three yachts, and about thirty thousand a year, who can ride up to London, some sixty-odd miles, in a few hours. On such journeys, of course, he rides fast, and "rushes," "shoots," or "flies" the hills. But when he gets to town he "goes slow." And so I hope if any American lady or gentleman cyclists should come to England, they will make a point of doing the same when they go for a spin in London streets.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 20, 1895.

The spirit of the rural press enters into Chicago commercial life. A large number of these little patent-inside sheets are thrashed over in the clipping bureaus. One paint-house takes all the notices relating to the building or repairing of barns, houses, and fences in remote country districts, and the following week the farmer gets a package of circulars, color cards, etc., setting forth the virtues of a particular variety of paints and varnishes. He is gratified and puzzled, and sends in an order.

The Yale senior class of the academic department have voted to wear caps and gowns every Sunday throughout the school year. They are the first class at Yale ever voting to do so. For two years classes have worn them on Sundays and state occasions during the spring term, but never throughout the year.

A CALIFORNIA LOTTERY.

The Death of Maurice Dore—He was one of the Managers of the Mercantile Library Lottery—Some Reminiscences of that Event.

The recent death of Maurice Dore recalls the fact that he was one of the two men who managed the famous Mercantile Library Lottery of many years ago. The Library Association farmed out the lottery scheme to Maurice Dore and Charles R. Peters. The lottery scheme seemed colossal then, and in the light of history it is curious that the gains from it seemed to do no one any good, for Charles R. Peters died poor, and Maurice Dore is supposed to have left a very limited amount. As for the library, it is in worse straits than it was a quarter of a century ago.

In 1865, the Library Association purchased a lot on Bush Street, between Montgomery and Sansome. The price paid was \$50,000; a costly building was begun; the sum of \$200,000 was borrowed on the lot and building, and in June, 1868, the indebtedness was \$240,000. The French Savings and Loan Society, which held the mortgage, failing to receive their interest, commenced suit for foreclosure. It looked as if the library were doomed. But a lottery scheme was devised for its assistance. A bill was passed by the legislature in February, 1870, authorizing the Mercantile Library Association to hold three "gift concerts," the proceeds to be devoted to the liquidation of its debts.

As we have said, the matter was placed in the hands of Charles R. Peters and Maurice Dore, and the scheme was thus formulated: Two hundred thousand lottery tickets were sold at \$5 apiece, gold coin, each ticket being divided into five coupons. This was to net \$1,000,000 in gold. \$500,000 was then to be returned to the ticket-holders in the shape of prizes divided as follows: One grand prize of \$100,000, one of \$50,000, one of \$25,000, one of \$20,000, one of \$10,000, one of \$18,000, one of \$17,000, one of \$16,000, one of \$15,000, one of \$14,000, one of \$13,000, one of \$12,000, one of \$11,000, one of \$10,000, one of \$9,000, one of \$8,000, one of \$7,000, one of \$6,000, one of \$5,000, one of \$4,000, one of \$3,000, one of \$2,000, one of \$1,500. There were also ten prizes of \$1,000 each, twenty of \$750 each, twenty of \$500 each, thirty of \$400 each, fifty of \$300 each, fifty of \$200 each, and four hundred and twenty-five of \$100 each.

Considering that in California there had always been more or less traffic in Havana lottery tickets, the furor which this domestic lottery excited was extraordinary. The city, the State, and the coast went wild over it. For months nothing else was talked of. The act was passed in February, 1870, and as the drawing did not take place until October 31st, abundant opportunity was offered for the excitement to increase. Every manner of means was devised to insure the winning of prizes. Groups of people formed themselves into clubs of several hundred members, with the understanding that all their tickets should be pooled together and that the resultant winnings should be divided among the group. Shop-keepers advertised that they would give away a dollar coupon to the purchaser of certain quantities of goods. A well-known cheap-john dealer, one Van Shaack, did a land-office business in band-me-down goods through his ingenious schemes for getting up pools on the library lottery.

At last the fateful day came. The drawing took place in the old Mechanics' Pavilion, which then stood on Union Square, immediately in front of where the Pacific-Union Club building now stands. It was in this same building that Camilla Urso had given a great musical festival some months before for the benefit of the Mercantile Library, under the direction of Sumner W. Bugbee, netting some \$20,000 for the library. Old-timers will remember the festival, and the fact that great enthusiasm was caused by the audience singing "My country, 'tis of thee," with a battery of artillery joining in the chorus, the guns outside being discharged by means of electric wires.

When the drawing was held, two great wheels, one larger than the other, were placed upon the stage, the large one containing the tickets tightly rolled into little tubes, and the smaller containing the prizes rolled in similar fashion. A number of blind children from one of the asylums were seated upon the stage, and these little ones, with bared arms, took turns throughout the day in drawing out the tickets and prizes from the wheels of fortune. Between each drawing the wheels were rotated, and as the attendant clerks took down the numbers of tickets and prizes, the results were announced by George W. Smiley, whose stentorian voice had been trained in the stock board. Oddly enough, the crowd was not a good-humored one. On the contrary, it was extremely ill-natured, doubtless owing to the fact that the big prizes did not come out for many hours, and that there was a long and monotonous succession of one-hundred and two-hundred-dollar prizes announced. Such was the ill-nature of the crowd, and the consequent pushing and jostling, that a number of fights broke out, and many arrests were made by the police. When the day was over, it was found that nearly all the large prizes had been won outside of San Francisco, to the further disgust of the crowd; or mob as it was by this time. It was never known exactly to whom all the larger prizes went, but the hundred-thousand-dollar prize was always supposed to have been won by a man named Seligman, living in New Orleans.

In order to exhaust the act of the legislature, the Library Association held two other "gift concerts," which took place at the California Theatre. They were in reality concerts, and the prize at each was a grand piano. Thus closed the lotteries of the Mercantile Library Association.

But the results of the lottery were not so successful as had been hoped. The total amount going to the Mercantile Library out of the million-dollar scheme was \$310,120 net. Nearly all of this had to be at once paid out for the indebtedness of the association, which by this time was nearly \$300,000. This left only a small sum in the treasury for the purchase of books. The mortgage of the French Sav-

ings and Loan Society was lifted, and the property, which had actually been sold by the sheriff at public auction to satisfy the mortgage, was restored to the Library Association.

After the lapse of all these years the association is again in financial need. Again a mortgage is hanging over it as was the case in 1869. Again it is unable to pay the interest. The mortgage this time is for \$75,000. But there will be no lottery held for the benefit of the Library Association. It would have been a good thing had no such lottery ever been held. It is probable that the seeds sown by that legal lottery of twenty-five years ago have fructified in the vast sums sent out of the State ever since for illegal lotteries. The Mercantile Library Lottery of 1870 netted for that association about \$20,000 over and above its debts. But it would be difficult to tell how many millions that lottery has cost the State of California.

OLD FAVORITES.

Cleopatra.

William Wetmore Story, the American sculptor and poet, who has lived so long in Italy, died, on October 7th, at Vallanbrosa, where he was visiting his daughter. Until his twenty-fifth year, Mr. Story intended to follow his father and grandfather in the practice of the law; and, indeed, he made a very successful United States Commissioner in Bankruptcy in Massachusetts for a short term. But in 1848 he abandoned the law to open a sculptor's studio in Rome, and since then his life has been devoted to art and letters. Of his sculptures two examples are well known in this city, the monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," in Golden Gate Park, and the handsome marble, "Saul," which the late Mrs. Shillaber purchased several years ago, and which still graces the Shillaber home on Sixteenth Street and Hoff Avenue. Of his writing, he is best known for his "Roba di Roma" and "Conversations in a Studio," and his poems. Among the latter may be mentioned "Io Victis," "Praxiteles and Phryne," "The Violet," "At Dieppe," "Pan in Love," and "Cleopatra." The latter, though by no means the best, is the best known of his poems; it runs as follows:

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets;
They bar with a purple stain
My arms. Turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice wider,
A gaze of my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden flow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have
perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy fil.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves—
They cool me after my sleep;
And with sandal odors fan me;
Till into my veins they creep.
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyrus, that cover
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And you little cloud is motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ab, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain.
Oh, for a storm and thunder,
For lightning, and wild, fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them to-
gether
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark to my Indian beauty!
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers,
That flashes across the light.
Look, listen, as backward and for-
ward
To his hoop of gold he clings;
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings.
O cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! An-
tony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There, leave me, and take from my
chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so mean-
ingless,
And its silly tinkling bell.
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain,
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape,
Mistily strange, with crest uplifted,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play—
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And, melted as in a crucible,
Their early forms awake—
And the bald, bleak skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned.

That, burning like molten jewels,
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Aeons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffe fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.

I sucked in the night-glades
Quivering along the splendor
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the sleep of deep was gone.
Then I roused and roared in answer
And unsheathed from my cushioned
feet

My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We roared in the amber moonlight
Upon the wide, flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive
arms—

How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me
With a wild, triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love, like his rage, was
rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of
my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexible and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the
desert.
And, ruffled with triumph and
power,

He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink;
We drank their blood, and crushed them
And tore them limb from limb,
And the bungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero!
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress—
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then.

The Delaware tribe of Indians in the Indian Territory number seven hundred and fifty-four persons. The court of claims at Washington has rendered a judgment in their favor, and they will in a few days receive \$220,000 in cash. Something over a year ago the government paid them nearly \$1,000,000 in cash from trust funds belonging to them, held for many years by the government, and the result of these payments and others which have been made to them makes each member—man, woman, and child—of the tribe worth \$6,000. There are one or two other Indian tribes that are even richer than the Delawares, but as compared with the white race, the Delawares are nearly five times as rich per capita as the inhabitants of the British Islands, six times as rich as the people of the United States, nine times those of Germany, and twenty-six times those of Russia. Pretty good authorities say that they are capable of taking care of their property, and there is little danger that they will be cheated out of it by whites.

MARION CRAWFORD'S NEW NOVEL

"Casa Braccio," the Romantic Story of an Eloping Nun—Her Daughter's Heritage of Sin—The Tragedy of Paul Griggs's Life.

Much attention has been attracted during the past year by "Casa Braccio," a novel by Marion Crawford, which has appeared serially in the *Century Magazine*, and which has just been concluded. Like "Saracinesca" and other stories from his pen, the scene is laid in Italy. It is said that the author regards it as his best work. However that may be, it is a fresh proof, despite his reputation as the most cosmopolitan of novelists, that he is preëminently a writer of Italian life and character. The accompanying illustrations by Castaigne are striking and beautiful, and have had no little share in the interest awakened.

The tale is divided into two distinct epochs, twenty years apart. The first, a sort of prologue, tells of a beautiful nun of the princely house of Braccio, who runs away with a Scotch surgeon and marries him. It was the need of his professional services for the suffering abbess that unbarred the doors of the Carmelite convent at Subiaco to Angus Dalrymple, and while there he won the love of the fair Maria Addolorata. The series of happenings which brought about the accidental death of the peasant girl, Annetta, we have not space to tell; but it was on finding her lifeless body on the floor of his room, stark and cold, that the Scotchman was led to form a plan which would account both for the disappearance of Annetta herself and of Maria Addolorata as well. Here is the interview where he gains the latter's consent to his plans:

"I must tell you a short story," he replied, quietly. "Unless I tell you, you can not understand. I have set my life upon your love, and I have gone so far that I can not save my life except by you—my life and my honor. Will you listen to me?"

She nodded, and he heard her draw a quick breath. Then he began his story. He told her how Annetta must have mistaken the bottle on his table for camphor, and how he had found her dead. Nothing would save him from the accusation of having murdered the girl but the absolute disappearance of her body. Maria shuddered and turned her head quickly when he told her that the body was lying under the postern arch behind the garden wall. He told her, too, that the boy was by this time asleep beside the mule on the path beyond. Then he told her of his plan, which was short, desperate, and masterly.

"You must tell me no one that the abbess is dead," he said. "Go out through your cell into the garden as soon as I am gone, and when I tap at the postern, open the door. Leave a lamp in your cell. I will do the rest."

"What will you do?" asked Maria, in a low and wondering tone.

"You must lock the door of your cell on the inside and leave the lamp there," said Dalrymple. "You will wait for me in the garden, by the gate. I will carry the poor girl's body in and lay it on your bed. Then I will set fire to the bed itself. Of course there is an under-mattress of maize-leaves—there always is. I will leave the lamp standing on the floor by the bedside. I will shut the door and come out to you, and I can manage to slip the bolt of the garden-gate from the outside by propping up the spring from within. You shall see."

"It is horrible!" gasped Maria. "And I do not see—"

"It is simple, and nothing else can save my life. Your cell is of course a mere stone vault, and the fire can not spread. The sisters are asleep, except the portress, who will be far away. Long before they break down your door, the body will be charred by the fire beyond all recognition. They will see the lamp standing close by, and will suppose that you lay down to rest, leaving the lamp close to you—too close; that the abbess died while you were asleep, and that you had caught fire before you waked; that you were burned to death, in fact. The body will be buried as yours, and you will be legally dead. Consequently there will not be the slightest suspicion upon your good name. As for me, it will be supposed that I have procured other clothes for Annetta, thrown hers into the laboratory, and carried her off. In due time I will send her father a large sum of money without comment. If you refuse, I must either be arrested, convicted, and sentenced to death for the murder of a girl who killed herself without my knowledge, or, as is probable, I shall go out now, sit down in a quiet place, and be found dead in the morning. It is certain death to me in either case. It would be absolutely impossible for me to get rid of the dead body without arousing suspicion. If it is wrong to save one's self by burning a dead body, it is not a great wrong, and I take it upon myself. It is the only wrong in the matter, unless it is wrong to love you, and to be willing to die for you. Do you understand me?"

Leaning back against the door of the parlor, Maria Addolorata had almost unconsciously lifted her veil and was gazing into his eyes. The plan was horrible, but she could not help admiring the man's strength and daring. In his voice, even when he told her that he loved her, there was that quiet courage which imposes itself upon men and women alike. The whole situation was as clear as day to her in a moment, for all his calculations were absolutely correct—the fire-proof vault of the cell, the certainty that the body would be taken for hers, above all, the assurance of her own supposed death, with the utter freedom from suspicion which it would mean for her ever afterward. Was she not to be buried with Christian burial, mourned as dead, and freed in one hour from all the consequences of her life? It was masterly, though there was a horror in it.

She loved him more than her own soul. It was the fear of bringing shame upon her father and mother that had held her, far more than any spiritual dread. It was not strange that she should waver again when he had unfolded his scheme.

"It is life or death for me," he said, when he had told her everything. "Which shall it be?"

She was silent for a moment. Then her strong mouth smiled strangely.

"It shall be life for you, if I lose my soul for it," she said. She felt the quick thrill and pressure of his hand, and all the man's tremendous energy was alive again.

"Then let us do it quickly," he answered. "I will go out with the portress. Go to your cell before we reach the end of the corridor, and shut the door with some noise. She will remember it afterward. Wait at the garden gate till I tap softly, and leave the rest to me. There is no danger. Do not be afraid."

"Afraid!" she exclaimed, proudly. "How little you know me. It never was fear that held me. Besides—with you!"

Five minutes later he was at the garden gate, tapping softly. Immediately the door yielded to his gentle pressure, for Maria had already unfastened the lock within.

"Stand aside a little," said Dalrymple, in a whisper. "You need not see—it is not a pretty sight. Keep the door shut till I come back. Where is your cell?"

She pointed to a door that was open above the level of the garden. A little light came out. With womanly caution she had set the lamp in the corner behind the door when she had opened it, so as to show as little as possible from without.

She turned her head away as he passed her with his heavy burden, treading softly upon the hard, dry ground. But he was not half across the garden before she looked after him. She could not help it. The dark thing he carried in his arms attracted her, and a shudder ran through her. She closed the gate, and stood with her hand on the lock.

It seemed to her that he was gone an interminable time. Though the moon was now high, the clouds were so black that the garden

was almost quite dark. Suddenly she heard his step, and he was nearer than she thought.

"It is burning well," he said, with grim brevity. . . . To the last, fortune favored Dalrymple and Maria, and everything took place after their flight just as the strong man had anticipated. Not a trace of the truth was left behind. Early in the morning the abode was found dead, and in the little cell near by, upon the still smoldering remains of the mattress, lay the charred and burned form of a woman. In Stefanone's house the little bundle of clothes in the locked laboratory was all that was left of Annetta. All Subiaco said that the Englishman had carried off the peasant girl to his own country.

Years after, Angus Dalrymple, a grim and hardened man, returns to Rome with his daughter Gloria. Though she knows only that her dead mother was an Italian, she is the child of that Maria Addolorata whose supposed tragic death has given her history a peculiar interest in the Braccio family. Brilliantly beautiful, fascinating, endowed, like her mother, with a wonderful gift of song, Gloria's nature is a strange compound of unlovely elements, and she early wrecks her own life. She marries Angelo Reanda, a gifted Roman artist; but she soon alienates him by her stormy jealousy, and, after a scene of unworthy passion on both sides, they part. The marriage has been brought about mainly by the efforts of Francesca Campodonico, a young widow, who has been the friend and patroness of Reanda since the childhood of both. She is Gloria's kinswoman, though neither knows it, for she is a Braccio, too, and it was jealousy of her that caused the bitter quarrel between husband and wife. The parting scene is given here:

"Do not tell me that Doona Francesca ever wished you to be married!" she said.

"She brought us together. You know it. It is the only thing I could ever reproach her with."

"She made you marry me?"

"Made me? No! You are quite mad."

He stamped his foot impatiently, and turned away to walk up and down again. His cigar had gone out, but he gnawed at it angrily. He was amazed at what he could still hear, but he was fast losing his head. The mad desire to strangle her tingled in his hands, and the light of the lamp danced when he looked at it.

"She has made you do so many things!" said Gloria.

Her tone had changed again, growing hard and scornful when she spoke of Donna Francesca.

"What has she made me do that you should speak of her in that way?" asked Reanda, angrily, recrossing the room.

"She has made you hate me—for one thing," Gloria answered.

"That is not true!" Reanda could hardly breathe, and he felt his voice growing thick.

"Not true! Then, if not she, who else? You are with her there all day; she talks about me, she finds fault with me, and you come home and see the faults she finds for you."

"There is not a word of truth in what you say—"

"Do not be so angry, then! If it were not true, why should you care? I have said it, and I will say it. She has robbed me of you. Oh, I will never forgive her! Never fear! One does not forget such things! She has got you, and she will keep you, I suppose. But you shall regret it! She shall pay me for it!"

Her voice shook, for her jealousy was real, as was all her emotion while it lasted.

"You shall not speak of her in that way!" said Reanda, fiercely. "I owe her and her family all that I am, all that I have in the world—"

"Including me!" interrupted Gloria. "Pay her, then—pay her with your love and yourself! You can satisfy your cooscience in that way, and you can break my heart."

"There is not the slightest fear of that," answered Reanda, cruelly. She rose suddenly to her feet, and stood before him, blazing with anger.

"If I could find yours—if you had any—I would break it!" she said. "You dare to say that I have no heart, when you can see that every word you say thrusts it through like a knife, when I have loved you as no woman ever loved man! I said it, and I repeat it—when I have given you everything, and would have given you the world if I had it! Indeed, you are utterly heartless, and cruel, and unkind—"

"At least I am honest. I do not play a part, as you do. I say plainly that I do not love you, and that I am sorry for it. Yes—really sorry." His voice softened for an instant. "I would give a great deal to love you as I once did, and to believe that you loved me—"

"You will tell me that I do not—"

"Indeed, I will tell you so, and that you never did—"

"Angelo—take care! You will go too far!"

"I could never go far enough in telling you that truth. You never loved me. You may have thought you did. I do not care. You talk of devotion, and tenderness, and all the like! Of being left alone and neglected! Of going too far! What devotion have you ever shown to me, beyond extravagantly praising everything I painted, for a few months after we were married? Then you grew tired of my work. That is your affair. What is it to me whether you admire my pictures, or Mendoza's, or any other man's? Do you think that is devotion? I know far better than you which are good and which are bad. But you call it devotion! And it was devotion that kept you away from me when I was working, when I was obliged to work—for it is my trade, after all—and when you might have been with me day after day! And it was devotion to meet me with your sour, severe look every day when I came home, as though I were a secret enemy, a conspirator, a creature to be guarded against like a thief—as though I had been staying away from you on purpose and of my will—instead of working for you all day long! That was your way of showing your love! And to torment me with questions, everlastingly believing that I spend my time in talking against you to Donna Francesca—"

"You do!" cried Gloria, who had not been able to interrupt his incoherent speech. "You love her as you never loved me—as you hate me—as you both hate me!"

She grasped his sleeve in her anger, shaking his arm, and staring into his eyes.

"You make me hate you!" he answered, trying to shake her off.

"And you succeed, between you—you and your—"

In his turn he grasped her arm with his long, thin fingers, with nervous roughness.

"You shall not speak of her—"

"Sball not? It is the only right I have left—that and the right to hate you—you and that infamous woman you love—yes—you and your mistress—your pretty Francesca!" Her laugh was almost a scream.

His fury overflowed. After all, he was the son of a countryman, of the steward of Gerano. He snatched the ivory fan from her hand, and struck her across the face with it. The fragile thing broke to shivers, and the fragments fell between them.

Gloria turned deadly white, but there was a bright-red bar across her cheek. She looked at him a moment, and into her face there came that fateful look that was like her dead mother's.

Then, without a word, she turned and left the room.

Gloria seeks the protection of Paul Griggs, who has long adored her. But she bitterly repents the hasty step she has taken, for she still loves her husband. Her feeling toward Paul Griggs becomes one of repulsion, akin to fear. He knows nothing of this, and she dares not show it, but acts a part during the remainder of her short life. A child is born to them, but she has no love for it, and feels that her chains are only the heavier. By seeming accident, they spend the summer at Subiaco, where the early scenes of the story take place; there she occupies the very rooms her father had in his youth, and where Annetta met her death with a

curse on her lips. The old peasant mother and father have grown old, but Stefanone still cherishes the hope of revenge on the man who, as he believes, carried off his daughter. In these surroundings, it is inevitable that some knowledge of the past should reach Gloria. Sora Nanna, dragging out an old chest, tells the story of her daughter as she opens it and turns over the contents. Here is the scene:

"She was a flower," said Nanna, simply. "He tore her from us with the roots. Who knows what he did with her? She will be dead by this time. May the Madonna obtain grace for her! Signora, she seemed one of those flowers that grow on the hill-side, just as God wills. Rain, sun, she was always fresh. Then came the storm. Who could find her any more? Poor little one!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Gloria.

And she made Nanna tell all she knew, and how they had found the girl's peasant dress in a corner of that very room.

"Signora, if you wish to see, I will content you," said Nanna, rising at last.

She opened the box. It exhaled the peculiar odor of heavy cloth which has been worn and has then been kept closely shut up for years. On the top lay Annetta's carpet apron. Nanna held it up, and there were tears in her eyes, glistening on her dry skin like water in a crevice of brown rock.

Gloria peered into the box, and saw under the clothes a number of hooks packed neatly with a box made of English oak. She stretched down her hand and took one of the volumes. It was an English medical treatise. She looked at the fly-leaf.

A loud cry from Gloria startled the old woman.

"Angus Dalrymple—but—" Gloria read the name and stared at Nanna.

"Eh, eh!" assented Nanna, nodding violently and smiling a little as she at last recognized the Scotchman's name, which she had never been able to pronounce. "Yes—that is it. That was the name of the Englishman. An evil death on him and all his house! Stefanone says it always. I also may say it once. It was he. He took our daughter. Stefanone went after them, but they had the beast of the convent gardener. It was a good beast, and they made it run. Stefanone heard of them all the way to the sea, but the twenty-four hours had passed, and the warship was far out. He could see it. Could he go to the war-ship? It had cannons. They would have killed him. Then I should have had neither daughter nor husband. So he came back."

The long habit of acting had made Gloria strong, but her hands shook on the closed volume. She had known that her mother had been an Italian, that they had left Italy suddenly, and had been married on board an English man-of-war by the captain—that same Walter Crowdie, a relative of Dalrymple's, after whom Gloria and Griggs had named the child. More than that, Dalrymple had never been willing to tell her. She remembered, too, that though she had once or twice begged him to take her to Tivoli and Subiaco, he had refused rather abruptly. It was clear enough now. Her mother had been this Annetta whom Dalrymple had stolen away in the night.

And the wrinkled, leathery old hag, with her damp, coarse mouth, her skinny hands, and her cunning, ignorant eyes, was her grandmother—Stefanone was her grandfather—her mother had been a peasant like them, beautified by one of nature's mad miracles.

There could be no doubt about it. That was the truth, and it fell upon her with its cruel, massive weight, striking her where many other truths had struck her before this one—in her vanity. . . .

The ruin of her life spread behind her and before her. She could not face it. The confusion of it all seemed to blind her, and the confusion was pierced by the terrible thought that on the next day but one Griggs would return again—the one being who would not leave her, who believed in her, who worshipped her, and whom she hated for himself and for the destruction of her existence which had come by him.

In the box before her was death, painful, perhaps, but sure as the grave itself. She was not a coward, except when she was afraid of Paul Griggs; and the fear lest he, too, should find out the truth was worse than the fear of mortal pain.

When Paul Griggs returns, this is what awaits him:

Two days later, Paul Griggs stood beside Gloria. She was not dead yet, but no earthly power could save her. She lay white and motionless on the high trestle-bed, unaware of his presence. They had sent a messenger for him, and he had come. The door was locked. Stefanone and his wife whispered together on the landing. In the third room beyond, the nurse was shedding hysterical tears over the sleeping child. . . .

The purple lids opened, and Gloria looked up. There was no shiver now as she recognized the man she feared, for the nerves were almost dead. Perhaps there was less fear, for she knew that it was almost over.

He tried to speak, and his lips moved, but he could make no sound, and his chest heaved convulsively once. He knew what she had done, for they had told him. He knew, now that he had tried to speak and could not, that he was half-killed by grief. She saw the effort and understood, and faintly smiled.

"Why?"

He wrenched the single broken word out of himself by an enormous effort, and his throat swelled and was dry. Suddenly a single great drop of sweat rolled down his pale forehead.

"I could not live," he answered in a cool, far voice beyond suffering, and still she smiled.

"Why? Why?"

The repeated word broke out twice like two shots, but not a feature moved. The dying woman's eyelids quivered.

"I was a burden to you," she said, faintly and distinctly. "You are free now; you have—only the child."

His calm broke.

"Gloria, Gloria! In the name of God Almighty, do not leave me so!"

He clasped her in his arms and lifted her a little, pressing his lips to her face. She was inert as a statue. She feared him still, and she felt the shiver of horror at his touch, but she could not move her limbs any more. Her eyes opened and looked into his, very close; but his were shut. The mask was gone. The man's whole soul was in his agonized face, and his arm shook with her. Her mind was clear, and she understood. She was still herself, acting her play out in the teeth of death.

"I could not live," she said. "I could not be a millstone, dragging you down, watching you as you killed yourself in working for me. It was to be one of us. It is better so."

In his agony he laid his head beside hers on the pillow.

"Gloria—for Christ's sake—don't leave me—" The deep moan came from his tortured heart.

"Bring—the child—Walter—" she said, very faintly.

Even in death she could not hear to be alone with him. He straightened himself, stood up, and saw the light fading in her eyes. Then, indeed, a shiver ran through her and shook her. Then the lids opened wide, and she cried out loudly:

"Quick—I am going—"

Rather than that she should not have what she wished, he tore himself away and wrenched the door open, forgetting that it was locked.

"Bring the child!" he cried, into the face of old Nanna, who was standing there; and he pushed her toward the door of the other room with one hand, while he already turned back to Gloria.

He started, for she was sitting up, with wide eyes and outstretched hands, gazing at the patch of sunlight on the floor. Dying, she saw the awful vision of her dream again, rising stiff and stark from the bricks to its upright horror between her and the light. Her hands pointed at it and shook, and her jaw dropped, but she was motionless as she sat.

Nanna, sobbing, came in suddenly, holding up the little child straight before her, that it might see its mother before she was gone forever. The baby hands feebly heat its little sides, and it gasped for breath.

Words came from Gloria's open mouth, articulate, clear, but very far in sound.

"An evil death on you and all your house!" the words said, as though spoken by another.

The outstretched hands sank slowly, as the vision laid itself down

before her, straight and corpse-like. The beautiful head fell back upon Grigg's arm, and the eyes met his.

Nanna prayed aloud, holding up the child mechanically, and the small eyes were fixed, horror-struck, upon the bed. A low cry trembled in the air. Stefanone, his hat in his hand, stood against the door, bowed a little, as though he were in church. The cry came again. Then there was a sort of struggle.

In an instant Gloria was standing up on the bed to her full height. And the hot, still room rang with a hurst of desperate, ear-breaking sob, in majestic, passionate, ascending intervals:

"Calpesta il mio cadavere, ma salva il Trovatore!"

The last great, true note died away. For one instant she stood up still, with outstretched hands, white, motionless. Then the flame to the dark eyes broke and went out, and Gloria fell down dead.

The last chapter of the tale takes place at night in the great Church of St. Peter's. By mischance Paul Griggs and Francesca Campodonico are belated in the vast place, and the heavy doors are shut and locked on them. There Paul Griggs tells the tragedy of his life and the legacy of hate left him by the man whom he has wronged:

"It is very like being dead," he answered, thoughtfully. "I can not feel anything. I can not understand why any one else should. Everything is the same to me. The world is a white blank to me, and one place is exactly like any other place."

"But why? What has happened to you?" asked Francesca.

"You know. You sent me those letters."

"What letters?"

"The package Reanda gave you before he died."

"Yes. What was in it? I told you that I did not know, when I wrote to you. I remember every word I wrote."

"I know. But I thought that you at least guessed. They were Gloria's letters to her husband."

"Her old letters, before—" Francesca stopped short.

"No," he answered with the same unnatural quiet; "all the letters she wrote him afterward—when we were together."

"All those letters?" cried Francesca, suddenly understanding. "Oh, oo—no! It is not possible! He could not, he would not, have done anything so horrible!"

"He did," said Griggs, calmly. "I had supposed that she loved me. He had his vengeance. He proved to me that she did not. I hope he is satisfied with the result. Yes," he continued, after a moment's pause, "it was the cruellest thing that ever one man did to another. I spent a bad night, I remember. On the top of the package was the last letter she wrote him, just before she killed herself. She loathed me, she said; she hated me, she shivered at my touch. She feared me so that she acted a comedy of love, in terror of her life, after she had discovered that she hated me. She need not have been afraid. Why should I have hurt her? To that last letter she put her wedding-ring, with a lock of her hair wound in and out of it. Reanda knew what he was doing when he sent it to me. Do you wonder that it has haunted me to everything?"

"Oh, how could he do it! How could he!" Francesca repeated, for the worst of it all to her was the unutterable cruelty of the man she had believed so gentle.

"I suppose it was natural," said Griggs. "I loved the woman, and he knew it. I fancy few men have loved much more sincerely than I loved her, even after she was dead. I was not, always saying so. I am not that kind of man. Besides, men who live by stringing words together for money do not value them much in their own lives. But I worked for her. I did the best I could. Even she must have known that I loved her."

"I know you did. I can not understand how you can speak of her at all," Francesca wondered at the man.

"She? She is no more to me than Queen Christina, over there in her tomb in the dark. For that matter, nothing else has any meaning, either."

"You have told me the most dreadful thing I ever heard," she said at last in a low tone. "Is she nothing to you—really nothing? Can you never think kindly of her again?"

"You do not know what such love means," he said, slowly. "It is God—faith—goodness—everything. It is heaven on earth, and earth to heaven, in one heart. When it is gone, there is nothing left. It went hard. It will not come back now. The heart itself is gone. There is nothing for it to come to. You think me cold; you are shocked because I speak indifferently of her. She lied to me. She lied and acted in every word and deed of her life with me. She deceived herself a little at first, and she deceived me mortally afterward. It was all an immense, loathsome, deadly lie. I lived through the truth. Why should I wish to go back to the lie again? She died, telling me that she died for me. She died, having written to Reanda that she died for him. I do not judge her. God will. But God himself could not make me love the smallest shadow of her memory. It is impossible. I am beyond life. I am outside it. My eternity has begun."

In the gloom of the silent church, the two discover that there Stefanone has compassed his long awaited revenge. It happens thus:

Then by the echo of their own footsteps they knew that they were near the great door, and at last they saw the single tiny flame in the silver lamp hanging above the altar they sought.

Guided by it, they went forward, and the solitary ray showed them the marble rail. They knelt down side by side.

"Let us pray for them all," said Francesca, very softly.

She looked up to the marble face of Christ's mother, the Adolorata, the mother of sorrows, and she thought of that sinning nun, dead long ago, who had been called Addolorata.

"Let us pray for them all," she repeated. "For Maria Braccio, for Gloria—for Angelo Reanda."

She lowered her head upon her hands. Then presently she looked up again, and Griggs heard her sweet voice in the darkness repeating the ancient Commemoration for the Dead, from the canon of the mass. . . .

Once more she bent her head and was silent for a time. Theo, as she knelt, her hands moved silently along the marble and pressed the two folded hands of the man beside her, and she looked at him.

"Let us be friends," she said, simply.

"Such as I am, I am yours."

Then their hands clasped. They both started and looked down, for the fingers were cold and wet and dark.

It was the blood of Angus Dalrymple that had sealed their friendship.

The swift, sure blade had struck him as he stood there repeating the name of his dead wife. There had been no one near the door, and none to see the quick, black deed. Strong hands had thrown his falling body within the marble balustrade that was still wet with his heart's blood.

There Paul Griggs found him, lying on his back, stretched to his length in the dim shadow between the rail and the altar. He had paid the price at last—a loving, sinning, suffering, faithful, faithful man.

But the friendship that was so grimly consecrated on that night was the truest that ever was between man and woman.

So the tragic tale ends, leaving the two standing there.

It is a dramatic story, powerfully told in places, notably in the prologue. But the promise held out of a more than usually strong novel is not held to as a whole. It falls short of the effect of gloom and horror intended, and at times comes perilously near to mere sensationalism.

It is interesting to know that the story of the nun's escape and marriage is a true one, the actual scene being South America. It was a skeleton that was put into the bed. It is said the book has given much offense in Roman Catholic circles.

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George Westinghouse has made twenty millions of dollars out of the air-brake he invented.

LITERARY NOTES.

More Dropping into Poetry.

Last week we commented on the extraordinary piece of verse which appears in the October *Harper* over the signature of Charles Dudley Warner. Since then, there has come to hand a comment in the *Independent*, which is so similar in tone to the *Argonaut's* remarks that we reprint it here:

"We offer a protest against the desecration of the sonnet. A sonnet is something which is more nearly sacred than any other poetic convention. A sonnet must be perfect; it must have no lapses in the number of lines, in the rhymes, or in the meter. No man is required to write a sonnet; but if a man does write a sonnet, he must do it correctly. These remarks are suggested by a sonnet entitled 'Bookers,' by so good a writer as Charles D. Warner. It has fourteen lines, and that is about the only sonnet rule that is followed. The rhyme of the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines is given by the words *Africa, bar, Mustapha, afar*. We are surprised if in Hartford the final *r* to *bar* and *afar* is lost. The second line,

'In a garden close by the city gate,'

does not have five iambi. To read it as iambic measure would be atrocious. It is equally impossible to scan the seventh line, and the tenth line is quite as bad. These three lines each have ten syllables; but the measure in the second and tenth is anapestic tetrameter, while the seventh has no measure at all. It is a very pretty story; but it is a pity to put it into poetry."

Our remarks concerning the propensity of men otherwise distinguished to "drop into poetry," like Mr. Silas Wegg, have had another corroboration this week. Dr. Forbes Winslow is a distinguished English physician at present in New York. The death of Pasteur so moved Dr. Winslow that he burst into elegiac verse as follows:

PASTEUR—IN MEMORIAM.

Heroic deeds to benefit mankind
Will live forever, acts of science find
A lasting record, in history a place,
As benefactors of our mortal race,
To stamp the virulence of dread disease,
And by experiments our ills appease,
Jenner, the first to risk a life so true,
Has robbed the small-pox of its deadliest hue;
Now Pasteur's gone, let's honor well his name,
Illustrous scientist, whose glorious fame
And deeds of bravery known to all the world,
The rabid virus from its throne he hurled,
Both poor and rich repaired from far and near
To have his treatment; he allayed all fear.
O may his deeds be crowned with victory,
He risked his life to save humanity.

FORBES WINSLOW, D. C. L., Oxon.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL, September 29, 1895.

The man who wrote the foregoing lines is a physician, a man of liberal education, a graduate of Oxford, and holds the degree of Doctor of Common Law. It is most extraordinary that such a man should be unable to see that the lines he has written are not poetry; that they are not verse; that they are not humorous, and therefore are not even doggerel. If they are comic, they are unconsciously comic. They are perhaps useful as showing how a man of education may defy meter, rhyme, rhythm, scansion, prosody, and even grammar, and still think that he is "writing poetry."

Margaret Collier Graham.

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, whose "Stories of the Foothills" has made quite a stir since its publication, a few months ago, is now visiting San Francisco as the guest of Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson. Her home is in Pasadena, where she has lived for twenty years past, except for a visit to the East in the early part of the year. She began writing in the late '70's, some of her earlier stories appearing in the first volumes of the *Argonaut*, nearly twenty years ago. More recently Mrs. Graham has contributed occasionally to the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, and other Eastern publications, but she has published only one book, the "Stories of the Foothills," two of which appeared originally in this journal. Miss Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night," became a warm friend of Mrs. Graham during her stay in Southern California, and she contributed to a recent issue of the *Critic* a long article on Mrs. Graham and her work. Mrs. Graham has, she says, a number of stories on the stocks, and Miss Harraden praises them highly.

Hall Caine in America.

Hall Caine, the author of "The Manxman," which is now selling better than any other work of fiction, arrived in New York a few days ago on business connected with copyright in Canada. He was immediately interviewed by the reporters, of course, and to a *Sun* man's question as to when insomnia troubled him most, he replied:

"It is when I am forming the story in my mind. I am a creature of impulses. I go for long times without doing anything, and then for long times I work constantly. During the first part of a working spell I am bringing together in my mind a great mass of details and trying to form from them the general plan of my story. Then I have to read a lot to get the special information which I find I need. Then I get this all into shape in my mind, and write a rough sketch of my book—perhaps as much as a one-volume book. Then I take this up in parts and form and re-form it in my mind until I have it all ready to write. This is where I differ from mechanical workers. I have each part of the story written in my mind just as I want it to appear on paper before I sit down to write it."

He also furnished some interesting remarks about his career:

"I was brought up as an architect in the country, and at the same time used to lecture upon literary topics. Shakespeare was one of my favorite subjects. My lectures attracted the attention of Dante Rossetti, who lived in London in a great big desolate barn of a house in Chelsea. There he used to paint and write a little, and

walk in the desolate garden attached to the house. He asked me to go there and live with him. I went to the mountains of Cumberland for my health and invited him to join me there. He said he would if I would come for him, and from that time we never parted until he died in my arms in 1880. He introduced me to many literary people and gave me many advantages; but there were some disadvantages, too, connected with his introductions of me. People identified me with him, and the aesthetic school of writers and those who have read my works know that that is entirely unlike what I am." Then Mr. Caine told how he did writing for the *Athenaeum*, and also became a leader-writer for the *Liverpool Mercury*. "I wrote books for other people, too, in that time," said Mr. Caine, smiling. "Then I went to the Isle of Wight to live and write fiction, and here I am." When he began to write fiction, he said, he gave up his work as a critic, and never took it up again, although the *Mercury* paid him his salary for doing nothing for two years. He said that he had brought over with him a new dramatic version of the "Manxman." "I hope," he said, "that it will appeal more to the American public than did the one Wilson Barrett produced here. Barrett built a play that began nowhere and ended nowhere. The dialogue was almost entirely his own. The portion of the story that did not gather about him was of no importance to him. My story does not centre around Pete or Philip, or even the girl. Its motive is the struggle between love and ambition, and where that leads me, I go." The play, he said, would be produced in London this fall.

Publishers' Announcements.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s preliminary announcements for the autumn include the following publications:

"The Natural History of Selborne," by Gilbert White, in two volumes, with an introduction by John Burroughs, many illustrations secured at Selborne by Clifton Johnson, and the text and new letters of the Buckland edition; "Uncle Remus, his Songs and his Sayings," by Joel Chandler Harris, with one hundred and twelve illustrations by A. B. Frost, published in an *édition de luxe* signed by the author, and also in a 2mo edition; "The Manxman," by Hall Caine, in two volumes, with forty gelatine prints of actual scenes on the Isle of Man, selected by the author in illustration of the story, to be published in an *édition de luxe* signed by the author; "The Three Musketeers," by Alexandre Dumas, two volumes, 8vo, with the original illustrations of Maurice Leloir; a new edition of the Great Musicians Series, revised to date, with portraits of famous composers, singers, pianists, and violinists; and "Westminster Abbey," by Miss Bradley, daughter of the Dean of Westminster, elaborately illustrated.

Among the works in *belles lettres* and the like announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., are the following:

"The Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888," collected by G. W. E. Russell; Arnold's "Function of Criticism" and Walter Pater's "Essay on Style" in one volume; "Miscellaneous Studies," by Walter Pater; "De Quincey's Opium Eater," edited by Mark Hunter; "Selections from Chancer's Minor Poems," edited by Professor J. B. Bilderbeck, and "Macaulay's Essay on Clive," edited by Cecil M. Barrow, in Bell's English Classics; "King Arthur: A Play," by J. Comyns Carr; "Library Types," by E. Beresford Chancellor; "Virgil in the Middle Ages," by Domenico Comparetti, translated; vol. II. of W. J. Courthorpe's "History of English Poetry"; vol. V. of Henry Craik's "English Prose"; "Dog Stories from the Spectator"; "A Brief History of English," by Oliver Farrar Emerson; "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble"; "Goldsmith's Poems," in the Aldine edition; "Vacation Rambles," by Thomas Hughes ("Tom Brown"); a new edition of Henry Jones's "Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher"; a hand-book to Tennyson's works, by Morton Luce; "The Pleasures of Life," "Old Shrines and Ivy," and "The Choice of Books," in the Miniature Series; "Bookbindings, Old and New," by Brander Matthews; "Modern Book Illustration," by Joseph Pennell; "Ladies' Book Plates," by Nora Labouchère; "Etching in England," by Frederick Wedmore; "Lectures on Art," by John La Farge; and "Picture Posters," by C. T. J. Hiatt.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

G. W. Smalley's articles in the New York *Herald* are seriously exercising the feelings of London newspaper men. The *Speaker*, which is edited by Sir Wemyss Reed, says:

"The Sunday edition of the New York *Herald* is now adorned by a weekly article from the pen of Mr. G. W. Smalley, which ought to be entitled 'Backshots at Old Friends.' Everybody who slighted the illustrious American reporter during his stay in this country, and everybody whom, for good or bad reasons, he happened to dislike, are now being remembered, and the articles are being read with delight by those who understand Mr. Smalley and have sufficient sense of the humorous to see that these malicious prosings are only chapters in the autobiography of a disappointed man. His latest performance is an article upon Mr. Bryce, who is denounced as being after all only a superior kind of reporter. One would like to know what kind of a reporter Mr. Smalley himself is. He is hardly a superior one, we imagine."

Mrs. Oliphant has prepared a volume on Rome, which is to be published by the Macmillans. It is to be uniform with her "Makers of Venice," and is to have a number of illustrations by Joseph Pennell and Riviere, engraved on wood by Octave Lacour.

The illustrated articles on "The Cotton States and International Exposition" in *Harper's Weekly* will be continued, and Julian Ralph will go to Atlanta next month on behalf of the *Weekly*. Within a few weeks the same periodical will contain an article on the evolutions of the North American Squadron, written and illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum.

Journalism has become a university subject in Germany. Professor Koch gave a course of lectures at Heidelberg on German journalism last winter, and will repeat the course in the next semester.

In the course of the autumn Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will begin the publication, by subscription only, of a magnificent work, in twenty-five parts, entitled "The Music of the Modern World," explained and illustrated for American readers,

edited by Herr Anton Seidl, assisted by Miss Fanny Morris Smith, with H. E. Krehbiel as consulting editor.

The next volume to appear in Macmillan & Co.'s series of Economic Classics will be a translation from the German of Professor Schmoller's brilliant essay on "The Mercantile System."

The most eminent living hack-writer is Mr. Andrew Lang. He always speaks of himself as a hack, and it is precisely what he is. In the London *Illustrated News* he chides the hack who lately confessed himself in the *Forum* for his discontent. Says Mr. Lang:

"In spite of his somewhat morose tone, I am sure he likes hacking better than being a lawyer. I had liefer scribble my chat on a lawn than 'sit aye hen,' as King'sley's poacher says, in a court of justice, or among a merchant's dismal mahogany furniture, yea, or in an editor's office. How editors keep their health, temper, and five poor wits, is a mystery."

Mr. Lang thinks that the reason why American short stories are no better than they are (we had fancied that they were rather above the average) is because "hacks," according to these confessions, write them. Says Mr. Lang:

"The heavy and the weary weight of a bad American short story is very grievous. One does not care for the people, whether they are black, brown, yellow, red; whether they are Tennesseans, or Chinese, or negroes, or members of the F. F. V. or of the most fashionable class in all New York; one does not care about them whether they say 'ter' or do not say 'ter.' Seventy per cent. do say 'ter.'"

Macmillan & Co. will soon publish in their "Browning Studies" several papers read before the Browning Society of London. There is a general introduction by Edward Berdoe, the author of "The Browning Cyclopædia," and among the contents are such articles as "The Idea of Personality in Browning," by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell; "Browning's Philosophy," by John Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin; and "Browning's View of Life," by the Rev. Prof. B. F. Westcott, D. D.

Harper's Bazar for October 12th will be distinguished by a varied array of autumn gowns and wraps. A practical paper, entitled "The Small Dinner," by Anne Wentworth Sears, describes minutely a form of hospitality open to people with limited purses.

The contents of the *American Historical Review*, the first number of which appeared on October 1st, include:

"History and Democracy," by Professor William M. Sloane, of Princeton; "The Party of the Loyalists in the American Revolution," by Professor Moses Colt Tyler, LL. D., of Cornell; "The First Castilian Inquisitor," by Henry C. Lea, LL. D., of Philadelphia; "Count Edward de Crillon," by Henry Adams, LL. D., of Washington, D. C.; "Western State-Making in the Revolutionary Era," by Professor Frederick J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin. In the department of "Documents" are printed two letters of Colonel W. Byrd, of Virginia, dated 1736 and 1739, respecting slavery and indentured servants; intercepted letters of Colonel George Rogers Clark, written during his campaign of 1778-79; and letters of Howell Cobb and E. H. Hall to Jefferson Davis and Secretary Seddon, in January and March, 1865, illustrating the relations of Georgia to the Confederacy. There are also reviews of recent historical works of importance; and a department of "Notes and News."

George Saintsbury's "History of Nineteenth Century Literature" is to be brought out soon by the Macmillans.

The second volume of the work by E. J. Payne on "The New World, Called America," will be issued this season by Macmillan & Co.

At the medico-legal congress in New York, Mrs. Eliza Connor said that most of man's troubles are due to overindulgence of appetite and most of woman's to overindulgence in emotion, and that it is useless to preach about the duties of motherhood when the majority of women are as unfit to be mothers as the majority of men are to be fathers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Bret Harte's Story of the Civil War.

In an interview some few years ago, Bret Harte declared his opinion that the Civil War was the period that would produce the great American novel. Did he not essay it once in "Thankful Blossom"? Perhaps he was having another try at it when he wrote "Clarence," his latest completed story. If so, he has missed the mark, for "Clarence" is no more than a novelette. It contains some seventy thousand words; its scenes change from a Market Street restaurant in San Francisco to the camps and battles of the Civil War and to the drawing-rooms and White House of the national capital; and its action comprises a period of at least five years.

The hero of the book is Clarence Brant, whom Mr. Harte introduced to us in an earlier story as the son of a noted gambler. He is now married to the beautiful widow of his benefactor, Judge Peyton, and he has attained to wealth and prominence in California when the story opens just before the Civil War. The action opens in San Francisco, where Brant gets word that his wife, a violent partisan of the South, is holding meetings of rabid secessionists at his ranch, with the object of winning California for the South; and when he asserts his authority as her husband, she leaves him and disappears, to give her services to the enemies of the Union.

Four years later, he has volunteered and has risen from the ranks to the generalship of a brigade, and here the story proper begins, for what has gone before is merely a prologue. A pretty Southern girl arrives with permission from Washington to look after certain of her uncle's property in the house where Brant has established his headquarters. She is a violent little partisan; but in time she falls in love with him, and one day confesses that she has been in league with Southern spies and that he and his brigade are doomed to destruction within the hour. He sends her through the lines with a message to his division commander, and by a chain of circumstances the Southern plot is turned into a Northern victory. But in the course of it Brant discovers that the real spy is his wife, disguised as a mulatto, and when he is trying in plain clothes to save her, an attack is made, and he is shot down and afterward found in citizen's dress. The result is that he is retired to Washington in disgrace; but he learns that his wife was killed in the *melle* when he was shot, and when his rehabilitation is brought about, he finds that his champion is none other than the Southern girl who had confessed her complicity and then had saved a Northern division by carrying his message through the rebel lines. The epilogue shows, of course, that these two at last were married.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Anecdotes of the Stage.

"Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage," by Charles E. L. Wingate, is an anecdotic volume on the great actresses who have enacted the leading rôles of Shakespeare's plays. Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Beatrice in "Much Ado," Hermione and Perdita in "A Winter's Tale," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Imogen in "Cymbeline," Rosalind in "As You Like It," Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra," Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII.," Portia, Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew," Ophelia, and Desdemona are the characters of which Mr. Wingate writes, and each article is illustrated with from one to half a dozen portraits. An index at the end increases the value of the work as a book of reference.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Conan Doyle's New Book.

"The Stark Munro Letters" is a new departure for Conan Doyle. He has heretofore written short stories detailing the experiences of doctors and detectives, or novels made up of many stirring incidents, each of which would have made a short story in itself. "The Stark Munro Letters" are also composed of separate incidents, in the career of a young physician who is carving out a niche for himself in the world; but nearly one-half of the book is devoted to discussions of social and religious topics. Sometimes these are in the form of dialogues between Dr. Munro and a chilling aristocrat or a narrow-minded curate, but more frequently they are the outpourings of the young man's heart in his letters to his former college friend, and, we take it, may be regarded as expressing Dr. Doyle's own views. For this reason, and because it is also, doubtless, largely autobiographical, "The Stark Munro Letters" should be its author's favorite book.

Others will like it, too, however, for Dr. Doyle has the gift of story-telling, and could not write a chapter without some moving incident in it. And, moreover, in this book is one of his most vivid and interesting creations—Munro's former college friend, Cullingworth. He is a genius—not of Carlyle's kind who have the "infinite capacity for taking pains," but, as Dr. Doyle defines it, the quality that "allows its possessor to attain by a sort of instinct results that others could reach only by hard work." He is a wonderful physician, but he seems

to be as infallible in mechanics, history, or naval construction as in medicine; and he has more than his share of the eccentricity of genius. When we first see him, he keeps one of the four rooms of his apartment hermetically sealed, lest disease germs—it smells of the cheese-mongery below—should invade his home. Presently he is bankrupted by his extravagant scale of living, adopted to advertise his business; then we see him making a tremendous income by the methods of a shameless charlatan; finally he goes to South America with a plan to treat the myopic and astigmatic Spanish-American millionaires—a plan as rosy-hued as Colonel Sellers's famous eye-water scheme. In fact, he is very like Mark Twain's imaginative speculator in the bold conception and brilliant presentation of his inventions; but he further has the energy and ability to put many of them into successful operation.

Altogether, "The Stark Munro Letters" is a remarkable book, and, though it will not have the popularity of the Sherlock Holmes stories or of "The White Company," it will find many enthusiastic admirers.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

The fifth part of "The Royal Natural History," edited by Richard Lydekker, B. A., F. R. S., F. Z. S., has been published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

The Hon. Emily Lawless's novel, "Grania: The Story of an Island," has been chosen for the fourth volume of the Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Racine's "Athalie," with a biography, biblical references, and English notes by C. Fontaine; Henri de Bornier's four-act drama, "La Fille de Roland," with notes by Professor William L. Montague; and "Le Français Idiomatique," arranged for school use by Victor F. Bernard, have been issued by William R. Jenkins, New York; prices: 25, 25, and 50 cents, respectively.

"Stenotypy; or, Shorthand for the Typewriter," by the Rev. D. A. Quinn, is a concise hand-book of a new method of writing whereby much time may be saved—the author claims that one hundred and twenty words a minute can be written by it by an ordinary writer, while an expert can reach a speed of three hundred words. An idea of the method employed may be obtained from an analysis of "Y LBdNn(ZTZNBvn," which means: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Of course this system of phonography can be used only with a type-writing machine. Published by the Rev. D. A. Quinn, Providence, R. I.

The publication of Elizabeth Gilbert Martin's translation of "The Revolution of 1848" brings the number of Imbert de Saint-Amand's books on French history up to an even twenty: there are three volumes on Marie Antoinette, three on the Empress Josephine, four on the Empress Marie Louise, two on the Duchess of Angoulême, three on the Duchess of Berry, four on women of the Valois and Versailles courts, and this latest volume, bringing together in comparatively brief space all the best of the many volumes of history and memoirs that these periods have produced. The present volume, treating of the abdication of Louis Philippe, has not a very important subject, but it is a vital part of the series and is written in M. de Saint-Amand's vivacious and picturesque style. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The "Critic" and John S. Hittell.

In its issue of September 21st, the *Critic* has a long and caustic review of John S. Hittell's work, "The Mental Growth of Mankind." The reviewer adopts a condescending tone which is not unnamusing. He says, among other things:

"Mr. Hittell sets before himself a large but worthy task which might well engage the attention of a trained and competent scholar. . . . If a writer has not a first-hand acquaintance with the best sources of information (which for this subject include works in several languages), . . . his work will be faulty from the scientific point of view. We are confronted by the abundant internal evidence that the author understands no one of the ancient languages and that his knowledge of the modern languages is defective."

Without discussing other strictures upon the work—which amount principally to a difference of opinion between the reviewer and Mr. Hittell—it is only necessary to say that the "internal evidence" which betrayed to the *Critic* Mr. Hittell's ignorance of languages is most extraordinary. If there is any one thing more marked than another in Mr. Hittell's intellectual equipment it is his knowledge of languages. When he left college, he did not stop studying. He is a profound student of history, and his studies have involved a knowledge of languages, ancient and modern. We do not believe there is a scholar in the United States who is conversant with the language and literature of more nations than he. Such has been the extent of his linguistic and philological researches that he was forced to devise a system of learning languages which is invaluable to the student. It is to be regretted that he has not spread it more widely before the world. It might be of assistance to the *Critic's* reviewer.

RECENT VERSE.

White Magic.

Against the world I close my heart,
And half in pride and half in fear,
I say to Love and Lust: Depart;
None eoters here.

A gypsy witch has glided in,
She takes her seat beside my fire;
Her eyes are innocent of sin,
Mine of desire.

She holds me with an unknown spell,
She folds me in her heart's embrace;
If this be love, I can not tell:
I watch her face.

Her sombre eyes are happier
Than any joy that e'er had voice;
Since I am happiness to her,
I too rejoice.

And I have closed the door again,
Against the world I close my heart;
I hold her with my spell: in vain
Would she depart.

I hold her with a surer spell,
Beyond her magic, and above:
If hers be love, I can not tell,
But mine is love.—Arthur Symonds.

The Nun.

'Tis oot for yon, my lady fair,
To fold your dimpled hands,
To darker hood your raven hair,
And on your lily brow to wear
The Sister's whiter hands.

Those eyes which mock the cloister cloths,
And glitter through the gloom,
Too brightly tempt us mortal moths
For one whose virgin soul trotheth
The convent for a groom.

Let those retire who quit mankind
To measure scorn for scorn—
The weak of heart or strong of mind,
Who there may take their wounds to hind
Or guard against the thorn.

But you? Ah, no, my lady fair;
The maker's marks are plain:
Such cheeks could never bring despair;
The crimson currents coursing there
Are not for cold disdain.

But if you needs must take the veil,
And henceforth dwell apart,
Come where the Credo and the Hall
Are loyal love's own tenderest tale
And cloister in my heart.

—Charles J. Boyne in the Bazar.

In a paper on the London *Times*, James Creelman tells these anecdotes of the famous old journal:

"On one occasion, a *Times* correspondent was tortured and killed by barbarians in the East. The *Times* printed an account full of the terrible details. Then, after the edition was printed, the presses were stopped; a new page was made up, with the story of the correspondent's death re-written, and deprived of its horrors; and one copy of this new page was struck off and sent to the young man's mother in place of her copy of the regular edition. Lord Randolph Churchill, who he resigned from the cabinet, and before the fact was known to anybody hot his colleagues, went to the *Times* office and conveyed the intelligence to Mr. Buckle. He suggested that as he had given to the paper 'a beat' on an important matter, he hoped that they would treat him pleasantly. 'Oh, no,' said Mr. Buckle. Then Churchill asked that he might at least see in proof what was to be published about him. There was another 'No'; he could see it when he opened his morning paper, not before. Lord Randolph complained that this treatment was hard, whereupon Buckle told him that if he wished, he might take his information to anybody else and the *Times* would agree not to mention the resignation the next morning—that it would follow a day later with the other papers, rather than make any concession or seem to treat him unfairly. He gave the editor his news, and the next morning the *Times* published it with a disguised and severe criticism of Lord Randolph for deserting his post."

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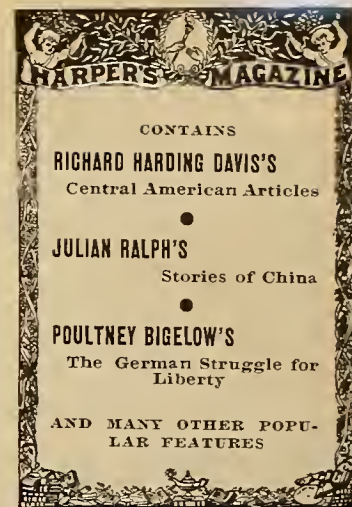
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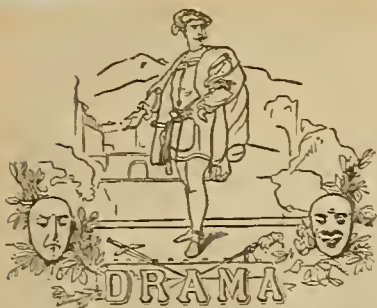
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The Bostonians is one of the most popular musical organizations that has ever been in San Francisco. It has inspired in the people an interest of a fond and affectionate nature, singularly different to that awarded to the most popular opera companies.

Individuals here have enjoyed this sort of vogue before. During the season of grand opera given some years ago at the Orpheum, little Guille sang his way into the hearts of a people who made him pay for their affection by a series of high C's that would have injured a throat of bronze. The little tenor was as prodigal of his upper notes as the listener most determined to get his fifty cents' worth of music could desire, and in consequence won for himself the personal affection of his audience as it is seldom given in this country. Gianini, the black-browed Italian who came up from Mexico, and in the course of a year's wandering from one ocean to another made quite a reputation, was also one of the favorites of an audience of whose likes and dislikes no one can prophesy. Patti was inordinately admired here, drew her customary crowds of spectators and dollars, but did not inspire either personal esteem or affection. Albani got closer to the hearts of the people than any other of the prima donnas. She is a singer, however, whose personal charm is as pronounced as her musical ability.

But the whole company grouped together under the title of "The Bostonians" is regarded by San Francisco with a tender and friendly eye. Each one has his or her own little particular niche in the public esteem. From Mr. Barnabee, who has a sort of distinction of his own as the grandfather of comic opera, down to Miss Josephine Bartlett, who is known to fame more as the sister of her sister, each member of the troupe enjoys its own share of popularity, and has its own place in the list of favorites.

There are vacancies this year in the organization. The dashing Camille d'Arville has taken herself and her debonaire swagger to other fields. She was—and it is to be hoped still is—a brilliant creature, with the genius of comic opera in her. She was, however—one may whisper now that she is not here to hear—somewhat unsuited to the Bostonians. There was about her a touch, a dash, a suggestion, that hinted of variety and vaudeville. She was a prima donna of Offenbachian rôle; there were moments indeed when she was almost Koster-and-Bialy. And this was highly unsuited to the Bostonians, one of their most potent attractions being that they all look as if they could be met in drawing-rooms without causing dissension.

Another old familiar face that no longer brightens the glades of Sherwood Forest is that of Tom Karl. After a life-time of warbling, he has retired to the comfortable seclusion which does not always attend the middle-age of an operatic star. Mr. Karl was no longer in the possession of the voice which had once enabled him to sing with credit in grand opera. Like many well-trained singers, however, he could get on better without a voice than the average tenor does with one. For years he sang through the West with Emma Abbott, helping that enterprising prima donna, not only to make a fortune, but to train the dwellers of that vast territory into some knowledge of operatic music.

But the other favorites are all there. Old Mr. Barnabee is as gay and animated as if no newspapers were arguing about his age, varying it, according as they think more years or less is a better advertisement, from sixty to eighty-five. The charming Mrs. Bartlett-Davis wears her russet and Lincoln green with as bounding and dashing a grace as ever marked a forester in Merry Sherwood or anywhere else. She has tried to omit "Oh, Promise Me!" from her rôle, but the audiences will not be cheated of their "Promise Me!" and so Mrs. Davis nightly voices her promise that some day she will meet the object of her affections in the sky, where "You will sit beside me in your eyes." At least, that is what she sings. The words of "Oh, Promise Me!" are among the most supremely idiotic in modern literature. The melody is charming, and Mrs. Davis sings it with all the depths of what she is pleased to term her "cellar notes." They certainly sound as if they went down to the bottom of the piano.

It was somewhat of a surprise to find the Bostonians opening their season with "Robin Hood." The new additions to their repertoire are being put off to the end of their season, a somewhat unusual proceeding. It may be, however, that they are keeping their good wine till the last. It is stated

that the demands for "Robin Hood" were so numerous that the management determined to open their engagement with this most popular operetta. So far the Bostonians have found nothing so well suited to their abilities and so good a drawing-card as De Koven's first success. Certainly, though their enterprise is highly commendable, they have as yet produced nothing else which is in any way noteworthy or remarkable. "The Ogalalas," much as one would like to compliment and encourage native art, was dull and heavy. "The Knickerbockers" was worse—De Koven and Smith at their very stupidest. This year they have several new pieces to show us, and it is to be hoped that among them a rival to "Robin Hood" may have been found.

With all the enormous encouragement offered to the composer of a light opera, these melodious dramas are as rare as the goose-flower. The air of this country does not seem to be stimulating to the lyric muse. Now and then some long-locked musician rolls his eye in a fine frenzy and snatches up the harp which once through Tara's halls, and through this glorious republic of ours the soul of music spreads, and elicits a few fragmentary strains. But seldom, sadly seldom, does he produce the sort of music that one endures without pain for three acts. The emoluments from a successful comic opera are immense. One such success as "Robin Hood" will enrich a whole family, and yet how rarely does the dejected critic have the pleasure of hearing music that is gay, and attractive, and pretty. The wear and tear upon the nerves of such a piece as "Dorcas" or "The Knickerbockers" is something that ought to be considered when one adopts this vocation.

The producing of native work is one of the most praiseworthy actions of the Bostonians. With a noble patience they go through the chaff presented them, searching for the few good grains of corn. Might they not, however, vary their repertoire by giving some of the lighter grand operas of the day? They are an excellent company, possessing some voices that would show to advantage in more pretentious music. Why could they not give as good a representation of "I Pagliacci" and "Cavaleria Rusticana" as the Tavery company? They have no prima donna, perhaps, as competent as Thea Dorre, but, also, they have no prima donna so poorly equipped in the matter of voice as Mme. Tavery herself. And in the department of male voices, they have an assortment quite able to cope with the requirements of the lighter grand operas.

With the going out of old people in the Bostonians, there has been a coming in of new people, two of them—a soprano and a tenor—being of considerable importance. In "Robin Hood" the tenor does not count for much—tenors never do outside of grand opera—he has only got to look romantic and be able to trill his lay without getting off the key or coming to grief on the high notes. The new tenor, Mr. Blake, has a light, somewhat throaty voice, more a high baritone than a tenor, which has that singular sound, so noticeable in male voices above the baritone range, as if it were coming from a distance. Mr. Blake is graceful, knows how to wear a doublet and hose without looking ashamed of himself, and though he is not cast in the mighty mold of the sons of Anak, as are the other masculine members of the company, he is by no means undersized or insignificant.

The character of Maid Marian is one of the most important in the piece. She shares the honors of prominence with the Sheriff of Nottingham. Her entrance in the market square and the subsequent churning scene are two of the most effective in the opera, and as good scenes for showing off the brilliancy and spirit of a prima donna as any in modern opera comique. Miss Bertram makes her entry with much dash and vivacity. There are few actresses who can "take the stage" as Miss D'Arville did in this scene; but Miss Bertram follows her lead closely. She is a pretty woman, rather slender, with a full voice that shows wear in the upper register. She ought in the first act to have had her tights match her doublet better.

We have seen Miss Bertram in San Francisco before. She was here some years ago with the Conried Opera Company, and previously to that she was one of three opera-bouffe stars who made their California debut at the Grand Opera House in an egregiously stupid piece called "The King's Fool." Miss Bertram acted a prince then, and looked very much the same as she does now. The other two were Bettina Padelford and Della Fox. Mrs. Padelford was surrounded by the glamour which attaches to the actress who was once one of the *fine fleur* of fashion. She had matrimonial misfortunes which got into the papers, so of course she went on the stage. She was neither pretty nor charming nor a notable singer, and has since drifted off the stage and into the silence of unheeded song-birds. Della Fox is a great success. Upon this memorable occasion, she played the king's fool, and looked infantine and charming in her motley and had a very idiotic song to sing, the burden of which remains in the memory as a long-drawn-out wail of "Oh, I am so cute!" The most blighting reminiscence of this performance was, however, not connected with the stage but with the cloak-room, where, it being a wet night, coats and umbrellas were freely deposited. When their owners came to redeem them, they were charged twenty-

five cents an umbrella, with prices on an ascending scale for coats and cloaks. The feelings of gentlemen who had large parties of ladies under their canopy were a subject upon which, even after this lapse of years, it is best to preserve a solemn silence.

Under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary, a series of five Saturday evening lectures will be given in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, the tickets for the entire course costing two dollars. The names of the lectures, their subjects, and the dates are as follows: Mr. Joaquin Miller, "London Folk Comparatively," October 12th; Mrs. Margaret Cullier Graham, "Impedimenta," October 19th; Professor William H. Hudson, "The Evolution of the Moral Sanction," October 26th; Mr. Hannibal A. Williams, "An Evening with King Henry the Fourth," November 2d; Lieutenant Robert H. Fletcher, "How Stories are Made," November 9th.

A banquet will be given at the Hotel California next Wednesday evening, under the supervision of Mme. Margaret Touchard, in order to demonstrate that California produces everything that is required in an elaborate menu. The affair will be given under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Half-Million Club, and other prominent organizations.

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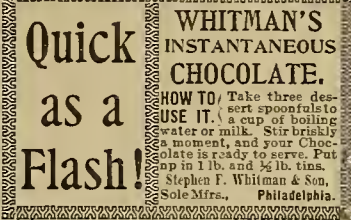
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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Passing Show."

Years ago, when the minstrel show at the Standard was the proper place to go on Saturday night, the final act used to consist of a burlesque of the leading play of the week, devised and interpreted by Charley Reed, Pete Mack, Burt Haverley, and Billy Emerson. These were the nearest analogues to the French *revues de l'an* that have been seen in San Francisco. In Paris this form of entertainment, extravagantly parodying the theatrical successes of the year, has been immensely popular, and at last an American manager has thought of bringing it over here. "The Passing Show" is the name given to the American type of this species, and it has been going successfully in New York for some months. Now it is "on the road," and it will be at the Baldwin by October 21st. The managers have brought together a large number of clever vaudeville people to present their entertainment, among whom are John Henshaw, George A. Schiller, Gus Pixley, Vernona Jarbeau, Lucy Daly, May Teo Broeck, the Casino Pickaninies, a quartet of French dancers who do the ballet of "L'Enfant Prodiges," John D. Gilbert, and the Leigh Sisters, who gave the bare-foot "Trilby" dance at the New York Casino, and the plays burlesqued include "The Butterflies," "Sowing the Wind," "The Crust of Society," "Trilby," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Shore Acres," and "The Masked Ball."

A Performance by Dramatic Pupils.

The first performance of the students of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Arts will be given on Sunday evening, October 13th, at the Columbia Theatre. The programme will consist of three plays: "A Fair Encounter," a one-act comedieta by Charles Marsham Rae, performed by Helen Gunning and Edna Elsmere; "The Setting of the Sun," a one-act play by Charles Hannan, in which Edward Lippert, Clement Hopkins, Eleanor Thompson, and May Waring will take part; and "False Pretensions," Horace W. Fuller's new adaptation of the famous French comedy, "La Poudre aux Yeux," the cast of which will comprise H. E. Humphrey, Arthur B. Courtney, C. Lestrato, Felix Burton, George Godfrey, R. V. Travers, Ed. Langley, Josefa Sepulveda, Thelma Wilding, Rena Neilson, Lillian Dane, Abbie Dalton, Claire Pracht, and Delphine Perault. There are fifty pupils at the school now, and positions have already been provided for several of them. Indeed, the school is doing very well, and there is a general curiosity to see what its pupils will do on Sunday evening.

"The Phoenix Never Dies."

Milton Nobles has saved his best play for the last of his engagement at Morosco's Grand Opera House. He is to put on "The Phoenix" for next week. Verily, "the phoenix never dies," for the play is now in its twentieth year, and yet there are quantities of people waiting for Monday night to see the Bohemian who wrote "the villain still pursued her" change to Jim Bludso and foil the plottings of his enemies. The play will be band-somely mounted and cast to the full strength of the stock company.

"Il Trovatore" at the Tivoli.

Verdi's "Il Trovatore," perhaps the most universally popular grand opera ever written, is to be given at the Tivoli Opera House next week in a lavish manner as to scenery and costumes, and with the best cast the entire Tivoli stock company can afford. The rôle of Leonora will be sung alternately by Ida Valera and Laura Millard, Alice Carle will be the Azucena, and the Inez will be in Mahella Baker's hands. Of the male characters, Martin Pache and Arthur Messmer will alternate as Manrico, John J. Raffael will be the Count di Luna, and George H. Broderick the Ferrando. This will be given throughout the week, and the following week there will be a double bill: Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Offenbach's merry one-act opera, "Marriage by Lantern-Light." "Carmen" will follow, and then the comic-opera season will be resumed with "The Lucky Star."

At Grover's Alcazar.

Leonard Grover's reappearance in "My Son-in-Law" has drawn large crowds of amusement-seekers to Grover's Alcazar throughout the week. The comedy is a funny one, and the company made the most of its many points. The dance of the girls in their bathing costumes at Brighton Beach made a striking finale for the fourth act. On Monday night, "Confusion," a comedy based on doubts as to a baby's identity, will be presented, with both the Grovers and the best artists of their company in the cast. The "Wednesday Pop" matinees grow in favor each week.

The Actors' Favorite Charity.

The Actors' Fund of America, one of the biggest and best charities in the country, will be the beneficiary of an elaborate entertainment at the Baldwin Theatre next Friday afternoon. Almost all the leading theatres in the United States give the fund a benefit every year or two, and the fund is admin-

istered with the utmost care by some of the most prominent and responsible persons in the theatrical profession. Consequently all actors hold the institution in high esteem, and give of their best when their chance to contribute to the benefit entertainments comes around. To the programme for next Friday afternoon people from all the theatres in town will contribute, and the result will doubtless be a very interesting entertainment.

Notes.

"Robin Hood" is to run all next week at the Columbia—an already large hooking of seats confirms the management's judgment—and on Monday, October 21st, Herbert and Neilson's comic opera, "Prince Ananias," will be given its first presentation in this city.

Mme. Melba, who is now in this country on a brief concert tour, will sing Sibel Sanderson's rôle of Manon at the Metropolitan Opera House this year. She has studied the part with the composer, Massenet.

"What do you think of this Bertram gal, hey?" said the Fat Man to the Bald-Headed Man at the Columbia on Tuesday night. "Well, she ain't bad," said the Bald-Headed Man, "but gimme Cammeel—what?" "That's right," replied the Fat Man, enthusiastically, "there ain't no flies on Dawveal."

"Trilby" will be continued for one week more at the Baldwin, the last performance taking place on Saturday night, October 13th.

The French or German author of a play given in America gets scant credit for his work; as a general thing, the translator or adaptor lets it appear that he evolved the entire play from his own inner consciousness, or at most he says it is "taken from the French." But when "The Gay Parisians" was given in New York, not long ago, the French authors' names alone were printed on the play-bills. As a matter of fact, the translation was done by Abby Sage Richardson, and such changes as were necessary to adapt it to the American stage were made by Charles Frohman.

Pauline French, the bandsome young amateur who made a very clever Celia in the open-air performance of "As You Like It," is to make her first appearance on the boards of a theatre at the second performance of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Arts. She will have the leading rôle in a curtain-raiser entitled "The Costumed Ball," written by a local author.

The Tavery Opera Company, which is soon coming to the Baldwin, is a much stronger organization now than it was when it was here last year.

It is probable that Paris will soon see "Trilby." Miss Elizabeth Marbury, a young American woman who has written some successful dramas and has for some years made a good thing of handling other people's plays, secured the Parisian dramatic rights to "Trilby" from George du Maurier, while in England recently, and she is now negotiating with several Paris managers for its production.

Sousa's Band is to come out here during the winter and give a series of concerts under the direction of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottloh & Co.

"A War-Time Wooing" is to have its first performance on any stage when the Bostonians put it on during their engagement at the Columbia Theatre, and the scenic artists are now at work preparing for an elaborate production.

Sibel Sanderson reappeared before a London audience, last Wednesday night, singing the rôle in Massenet's "Thais." The cañles say she was heartily welcomed, sang brilliantly, and was repeatedly called before the curtain.

The California Theatre will be re-opened on Monday, November 4th, with "Charley's Aunt," and thereafter until the summer will present a ootable list of attractions, including "The War of Wealth," Hermann, Corinne, May Irwin, Robert Downing, "The Twentieth Century Girl," Louis James, and others.

Among the people who will be in Henderson's Extravaganza Company when it comes to the Columbia with "Sinbad" and "Ali Baba Up to Date" are Azra A. Kendall, John Burke, William Broderick, and Flora Evans.

The famous "star cast" which presented "The Rivals" for the Coudock benefit in New York last spring, is being brought together by C. B. Jefferson and Joseph Brooks to make a tour of the country after the new year. Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. John Drew, W. H. Crane, Nat Goodwin, and Francis Wilson have already been secured, and the weekly salary list for the entire company is expected to reach the notable figure of twenty-five thousand dollars.

Richard Harlow, the original "Isabella, Daisy Queen of Spain," and Bessie Booehill, the English music-hall singer, will be among the leading people in "1902," which is to fill the holiday season at the Baldwin.

Charles H. Hoyt wrote the words of "The Bowery," but they were set to the music of an English song still protected there by copyright.

Consequently, he had to omit the soog when "A Trip to Chinatown" was given in London, while his version, with "Brighton" substituted for "Bowery," is having great success at "the halls."

"Nancy & Co." is the leading feature of Fanny Rice's repertoire this year. Alice Vincent, the very graceful young woman who used to be in W. T. Carleton's opera company, and W. N. Fitzgerald are members of her company.

The Late Lord Beaumont.

The recent accidental death of Lord Beaumont from a gun-shot wound recalls the fact that he was well known in San Francisco a number of years ago. The accident took place on his estate in England. Lord Beaumont's body was found astride a five-barred gate, over which he evidently had been climbing. His head was bowed over the muzzle of his gun, which he held in his hand, with the stock resting on the ground. The gun had been accidentally discharged, and the charge had entered the brain. His dog was at his side in a state of great excitement, and for some time would allow no one to approach the remains. Lord Beaumont leaves a widow and an infant daughter, and it is stated that there is a prospect of a posthumous child being born which, if it is a son, will succeed to the title. In case there is no heir male, his infant daughter will become a baroness in her own right, as the haronial succession in the Beaumont family is not limited to heirs male. There are very few baronesses in their own right in Great Britain. There are now three Dowager-Lady Beaumonts. The infant daughter having become the baroness, her mother, the recently widowed lady, becomes the dowager.

When Lord Beaumont was in San Francisco, Mrs. Mark Hopkins gave a brilliant ball in January, 1882, at her house on the hill, which is now converted to the uses of the Art Association. About three hundred people were present, and the cotillion was led by Lord Beaumont and Miss May Crittenden. It is interesting to San Franciscans to look over the list of guests, and from the names may be selected a few as showing the flight of time:

General and Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. John Hemphill, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, Mrs. McMullin, Miss Rebecca McMullin, Miss Jennie Flood, Mr. Moses Hopkins, Miss May Crittenden, Mr. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Will Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Miss Lizzie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tuhs, Miss Nettie Tuhs, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Redding, General and Mrs. Houghton, Miss Fanny Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crocker, Miss Hattie Crocker, Mrs. Lucy Arnold.

These are only a few of the long list of names, and it is interesting to note how many of the young people are married, and it is melancholy to see how many of the elders are dead. This was one of the most brilliant halls given in those days. Lord Beaumont, the guest of honor, left San Francisco shortly afterwards. The rumor ran that he had been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Miss Jeonie Flood.

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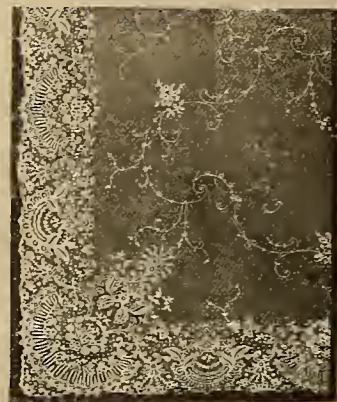
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VANITY FAIR.

Discussing the much agitated knickerbocker question, the Countess de Champdoce, writing to *Vogue*, says: "This winter, we shall be so more tortured by cumbersome petticoats dragging about our ankles. We are to wear under every one of our street-dresses knickerbockers of the same material as the skirt, whether of velvet, satin, or cheviot, and gaiters of the same. Hurrah for the new fashion—the trim, natty, silk-lined skirt slightly clearing the ankles, and underneath the well-fitting knickerbockers and gaiters, which will be both warm and comfortable." The writer goes on to say that this fashion is due to the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and adds that "in evening-gowns we will resume our long silken or batiste petticoats, all foaming with precious laces, highly perfumed and flounced, beribboned and befurrowed."

In an English magazine, the *Woman at Home*, Mrs. Haweis asks: "Does the 'average' kind husband know what it means never to have a shilling of one's own?—to have at thirty, forty, or fifty years of age to run up-stairs or down-stairs to ask permission to give twopenny to a beggar or sixpence to a cabman?—to have to stand a cross-examination as to why one wants another pair of gloves so soon, and why the weekly books are fifteen shillings higher 'after all I said last week'?" There is doubtless much in what the lady says, and whoever a man's income admits of it, he should make his wife a regular allowance. The only drawback is, as an experienced married man said once, that the lady is liable to go broke and collect all over again.

The Atlanta Exposition apparently abounds in belles. From the newspaper echoes of that affair, it seems that they have there the "Belle of Memphis," the "Belle of Nashville," the "Belle of Mobile," the "Belle of Louisville," the "Belle of New Orleans," and so on through the entire circle of Southern States. This is a Southern peculiarity. It is never noticeable in the North. It is true that occasionally a young woman in a Northern city may be spoken of as a belle of a particular watering-place, as a belle of a ball, or as a belle of a season, but no one young woman is ever considered by the people and press as the belle of a particular city. The reason probably is that bellehood goes with the years, and a belt is frequently carried away by another belle, as championship in pugilism is by another slugger. This is the view of the practical North. In the South, however, no such ideas seem to be entertained. There it is once a belle, always a belle. The Southern men are wont to speak chivalrously of ladies long past middle age as the belle of such and such a town, but they do it without any humorous idea apparently.

A correspondent of the London *Times* recently suggested that the old English use of the word "mistress" be restored, "signifying an adult woman, whether married or single." This plan was designed to fill the lack of a title for a lady whose status, whether married or unmarried, you do not know. But the word "mistress" has acquired a disagreeable sound in feminine ears, and it will certainly never be used as a title. In America, it is the custom for ladies writing to strangers to place their title, Miss or Mrs., in brackets before their signatures. In England, apparently, such is not the case. For James Payn says that he once declined a manuscript and addressed the writer as "Mrs.," receiving the following indignant reply: "I have been known here, sir, as a maiden lady for fifty years, and to have a letter addressed to me as though I were otherwise was most compromising, derogatory, and insulting." Yet how on earth was Payn to know, as he himself remarks with much justice. There should be some mark over a female signature, such as an acute or circumflex accent, to reveal the writer's condition to a correspondent.

In England, the cloth cap has become an almost universal head-piece. Even riding in Rotten Row, young men wear cloth caps who otherwise are attired with perfect smartness. The *Field* condemns this style of head-gear, but in cold or windy weather the golf-cap is hard to beat, and with the tweed coats, breeches, and gaiters now so generally worn, in riding, bicycling, and golfing, it would seem as if the cloth cap were the best style of head-gear.

The question of bloomers is becoming more and more discussed every day. It seems to be largely a question of geography. In Paris, bloomers or knickerbockers seem to be generally worn; in London, bloomers are rarely seen and do not meet with favor; while in America there are all varieties of bicycling costumes, from tight-fitting knickerbockers to the long, full skirt. Under these circumstances the following declaration may be considered authoritative, as it is from that leading fashion paper, the *Basar*: "Recent observation of both city and suburban cyclists has led to the conclusion that at present the style most commonly seen consists of a skirt of what may be called three-quarter length—that is, reaching about one-half

way between the knee and the ground. Under these, bloomers are worn, and leggings extend from the knee to the ankle. A skirt of this length will not catch anywhere, and if it is made heavy and rather scant, it will not blow about in the wind." There are many who have predicted that in a couple of years the bloomer for bicycling would be supreme. From the foregoing and many other declarations in fashion papers, it would seem doubtful. The gist of the matter is that women look better in skirts than in bloomers, and they will always wear that which best becomes them.

Since writing the above, we note the following caustic remarks in the fashion letter of *Black and White*, which is just to hand. It represents the English lady's view: "Gertie went to Paris on her way home, and she gave me some alarming details about woman cyclists in the Bois. Some of these are attired in black silk tights with short jackets; others in black satin knickerbockers, Eton coats, and white shirts. Most of the knickerbockers are set into plaits round the waist. Everybody cycles in shoes and silk stockings, and the general effect is deplorable to a degree. It is not only lacking in grace, but might be deservedly labeled 'Disgraceful.' From Gertie's description, the Parisians certainly seem to have gone mad. I can hardly believe that any woman worthy the name can be cycling in the open air in such costumes. The short skirts made in one with the knickerbocker are not offensive, even in walking."

A Paris correspondent says that the attempt of the Paris duds last year to wear scarlet, azure, and maroon evening-coats has not been repeated this season. The male leaders of fashion have appeared only in the sombre black. This would seem to settle the fate of the colored coat. Both in London and in Paris, within the last ten years, attempts have been made to relegate the black evening-coat to waiters and butlers. But the attempt has failed. The reason is easy to find. A man in a colored coat and modern trousers looks very much like a footman. To wear colored coats, men must complete their costume by wearing knee-breeches and silk stockings and ruffles at neck and sleeves. This attire was all very well in the old days, when gentlemen never went abroad except in carriages or in sedan chairs. But in the present day, when even wealthy men walk a good deal in city streets, the sight of a man going around in a scarlet coat and silk stockings, from an opera-house to an adjacent café and from a café to a carriage, would cause a mob to gather at his heels.

Two recent novels give pictures from life in Vanity Fair, as sketched by two women. One of these is called "The Woman Who Didn't," by Victoria Crosse, and the other is "A Whirl Asunder," by Gertrude Atherton. Victoria Crosse's hero drinks four whiskies and sodas at a standing, smokes heavily, and "thinks" "the big, big D" like anything. Gertrude Atherton's variety goes one better: he attempts to consume six quarts of champagne in one night—his hat fits not in the morning—and smokes pipes in boudoir and dining-room of the house where he is a guest. The chosen of Victoria Crosse vindicates his manhood by trying to kiss a respectable lady on their first meeting; and that of Gertrude Atherton does likewise, for at a large dinner-party he lifts a maiden—betrothed to another—in his arms, kisses her "while one could count thirty," and thereafter "drops her into her chair, not too gently." We may say of Miss Crosse's gent that he is a lu-lu; but Mrs. Atherton's is certainly a la-la.

During the last few years in the East, the fashion of having vaudeville entertainments at dinners and other social affairs has been growing. Last year, Robert Hargous gave a dinner at Delmonico's, at which a number of high-salaried variety artists performed. Lisperand Stewart gave a vaudeville party in Delmonico's ball-room last year, at which a stage was arranged at one end of the platform and the leading variety performers of New York appeared. This year, Hindoo fakirs have been the fashion. Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Mrs. Mortimer Brooks, and Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt have all had Hindoo fakirs as attractions at their garden-parties at Newport. These conjurers transformed sticks, stones, and buttons into money. They take their turbans, cut them into pieces, burn them, and restore them to their original shape. They make rabbits jump out of apparently empty baskets, and close with the celebrated basket trick in which a boy is rolled into a basket and a sword thrust through. These have been the most successful entertainments with paid performers given by society people, as there has been always some slight friction between the vaudeville or variety artists and their audiences. When Maggie Cline would sing "Trow Him Down McClosky" to a decorous, mild-mannered, and non-applauding society audience, she frankly stated afterward that they gave her a pain.

After the threatened invasion of crinoline last year, the threat of another archaic revival comes with additional horror. That of which we speak is the old chignon. This style of hair-dressing has been almost unknown in America for nearly twenty-five years. It was probably toward the end

of the war time that it was in the height of its vogue. But during the last few years in England, women have been wearing what 'Arry humorously describes as a "bath bun." It is that style of hair-dressing which consists of a small wad of hair at the back of the head. It seems to be the trademark of most of the London actresses, "Gaiety Girls," and young ladies from St. John's Wood. But it has made its way. Already the "bath bun" is giving place to that most hideous of all things, the chignon or "water-fall." Many women lately back from the other side are seen with large wads of hair covered with meshed nets at the back of the head. The shape of the head is lost in this fashion, and it necessitates the wearing of a quantity of false hair. We hope that American women will not take up this absurd and unbecoming English fashion.

The prefect of police (says a Paris correspondent of the *Sun*) has distinguished himself by issuing an order to the effect that a woman must not appear on the streets in a bicycle costume without a bicycle. The difficulties in the way of carrying out this order are evident. Many riders do not keep their wheels in their own apartments, but store them at the nearest dealer's. Others rent their wheels. In fact, there are a hundred cases in which a bicyclist may be obliged to be on the street for a short distance without her wheel. The new order has been the object of a good many jokes, many of them at the expense of the prefect. After all, it is not difficult to evade the literal requirement. Inasmuch as the order simply says "without a bicycle," and does not specify the size or utility of said bicycle, it is not difficult to comply, at least with the letter. Many women riders have provided themselves with bicycle-pins to meet the emergency, and others, of a flippant turn of mind, have appeared trailing after them toy bicycles three or four inches high. The prefect will have to think again.

In the Eastern States, a new style of entertainment, although not strictly in the Four Hundred circles, is what is called the "trolley-party." It seems to flourish in the quieter cities, like Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Patterson, and such burghs. The companies charter a car to a party for twenty dollars per car. The cars are decorated with flags and streamers, and lighted with red, blue, and white electric lamps. The car, in addition to loading up with the guests, is loaded up with ice-cream among the humbler circles and with champagne and *pâté de foie gras* among the Patterson and Brooklyn Four Hundred. The Four Hundred sometimes take a band of music along, but the second-chop society contents itself with an Italian organ-grinder, a mechanical piano-organ, or a little German band. These musical accompaniments arouse the wrath of suburban dwellers, and when some trolley-parties have sped by in the outskirts of Brooklyn in the small hours, with a little German band playing "There's only one girl in all this world for me," boot-jacks and bricks have been hurled out from the windows of disturbed sleepers.

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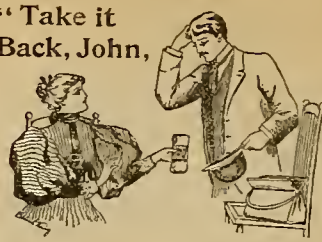
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October 1, 1894.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Paul Louis Courier, when bitterly assailed by a French professor, quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He calls me Jacobin, rebel, plagiarist, thief, poisoner, forger, leper, madman, impostor, calumniator, liar, a horrible, filthy, grinning rag-picker. I gather what he wants to say. He means that he and I are not of the same opinion, and this is his only way of putting it."

The late Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, was once walking near Tenby, and met a boy carrying a basket of poisonous fungi. In reply to a question, the boy said they were for his own and his grandmother's supper. Buckland told him that whenever he ate them would be likely to die, and advised him to throw them away. "No," said the boy, "I won't do that; I can sell them at the hotel."

One of the smaller New England colleges has for janitor (says the *Youth's Companion*) a colored man, who is possessed of wit. One autumn day, just after the college year had begun, when he was overseeing the burning over of part of the campus, a freshman coming along cried: "Well, Sam, that's most as black as you are!" "Yes, sah," promptly replied Sam; "and next spring it will be 'most as green as you are!'"

In one of the leading journals of Montevideo the following advertisement appeared recently: "A very rich young woman would like to marry a young man of good family. If necessary, she will pay the debts of her future husband. Send answer, with photograph, to I. P., at the office of the journal." The inserter of this announcement was no other than one Isaac Meierstein, a merchant tailor, who had just set up an establishment in Montevideo. By this plan he procured photographs of many undesirable customers.

An amusing instance of an orator unable to resist making a neat paradox was presented in a speech made at a banquet given when President Hayes and his Cabinet were in Omaha. Evarts was making a most eloquent eulogy of the West, and concluded one of his famous interminable sentences in these words: "I like the West—I like her self-made men—and the more I travel West—the more I meet with her public men, the more I am satisfied of the truthfulness of the Bible statement that the wise—men—came—from—the—East!"

Sir Frederick Pollock, chief baron of the English Court of the Exchequer, took a nap pretty regularly about midday. His waking was comical. For when his "forty winks" ended, he would start to seize a pen, and with imperturbable gravity, say to the arguing counsel: "What page was your last citation?" The harmless deceit was humored by the bar, and only once did it provoke tartness. This came when an old serjeant retorted: "Did your lordship refer to the last citation made before your lordship gave Sonnus a new trial, or the citation I made when your lordship produced a gap in my argument?" Nothing nettled, Baron Pollock imperturbably answered: "The one immediately preceding the gap."

The following anecdote is now going the rounds: "When Harry Miner went to the Democratic convention he stepped up to the desk in the office of one of the hotels in Syracuse, with his faithful latest importation from England bringing up the rear guard. He registered: 'H. C. Miner and valet.' The next man to register was a brawny son of Erin, with his traveling-bag in hand. He took up the pen and registered with a flourish: 'Michael Murphy and valise.' It's a cold day when you can get ahead of an Irishman."

That is the way the New York Sun puts it. The Chicago Tribune presents it thus:

"Richard Harding Davis, stepping up to the register of the Bryn Mawr Hotel recently, reported his arrival in this form: 'Richard Harding Davis and valet.' Barclay H. Warburton, driving up shortly afterward on his tally-ho, and inspecting the latest inscription in the book, wrote beneath it: 'Barclay Harris Warburton and valise.'"

Evidently this is one of the patent reversible anecdotes that are warranted to fit any locality or climate.

During an acrimonious debate in the House, shortly before the war, Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, made some very sharp strictures on Mr. Pryor, of Virginia. The result was a challenge from Pryor to fight a duel, which Potter promptly accepted, naming as terms howie-knives at five paces, terms which he well knew Pryor would not dare to accept, as he was a small man, while Potter was a large, powerful man, and familiar with the use of the bowie-knife. Pryor declined on the ground that the proposed terms were beneath the dignity of a gentleman to accept, and so the matter ended. But on the day following the challenge, while the result was still unknown, both Potter and Pryor were absent during roll-call, and, when Potter's name was called, a Quaker member rose, and, in a mild voice, said: "Mr. Speaker, I am informed that the gentleman from Wisconsin had a Prior engagement." And when Pryor's name was called, a

moment later, he rose again, saying: "Mr. Speaker, I hear that the gentleman from Virginia has gone to his clay in the hands of the Potter."

In the good old days of M. Blanc (writes George R. Sims), it was the custom at Monte Carlo, directly a suicide was found, to stuff his pockets full of bank-notes. This was done to prove that his losses at play were not the cause of his hurried departure from this world. The last person who received this generous treatment was an American. He was found lying in one of the quiet alleys of the beautiful grounds, with an empty bottle, labeled "Poison," by his side. The secret agents of the hold Blanc instantly stuffed his pockets full of gold and notes, preparatory to giving information to the police. No sooner had they filled him as full of lucre as he could hold, than the suicide leaped to his feet, raised his hat, exclaimed, "Thank you very much!" and went off to enjoy himself with his newly acquired wealth.

Herr Woltersdorf, the German manager and actor, one Sunday in the winter left the Stadt Theatre and drove to his little playhouse, "Auf den Hausen," outside the town. The play announced on the bills was "Kahale und Liebe." The audience consisted of one solitary person. Nevertheless, Woltersdorf insisted on beginning the play, to the chagrin of his company, who expected that the empty playhouse meant a holiday for the actors. They took the wildest liberty with the text, and scarcely a word reached the audience. Thereupon the solitary audience stood up and demanded that the play should be duly rendered according to the play-bill. "Arrest the public!" said the grim manager to a policeman who lurked behind one of the pillars. The officer seized the audience, saying, "I arrest you for disturbing the course of a public entertainment." The whole "public" was then marched off to the watch-house, and the play came to an end.

A Silent Appeal for Help.

When your kidneys are inactive they are making a silent appeal for help. Don't disregard it, but with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters safely impel them to activity. They are in immediate danger, and it is foolhardiness to shut one's eyes to the fact. Be wise in time, too, if you experience manifestations of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, or nerve trouble. The Bitters before a meal adds zest to it.

The Overland Flyer.

The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days.

Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

— A SLUGGISH GENERATION ACCOMPLISHES little. That sluggish feeling is at once dispelled by Veronica water. Veronica causes the liver to act and cleanses the system of prehistoric sediment which has been clogging the vital organs for years. Drink it and live.

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DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Any remedy that will relieve a teething baby or a feverish child is invaluable. Steedman's Soothing Powders have done this for fifty years.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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"I'm sure I don't see the harm in doing without a chaperon. Amn't we married?" "Yes—but not to each other!"—*La Caricature.*



YALE MIXTURE
IS A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE, but its fragrance pleases the ladies. A box of this tobacco makes a most welcome BIRTHDAY GIFT to husband, brother or friend.
CAN BE PROCURED IN ALL SIZES AT LEADING TOBACCONISTS
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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc. FOR HONG KONG VIA YOKOHAMA: City of Peking.....Saturday, October 12, at 3 P. M. China (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 22, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Tuesday, November 12, at 3 P. M. City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, November 30, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.
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EXTRA
Old Bourbon

has been
a staple
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CHEAPER THAN COAL.

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It won't hurt it.

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Oct. 2, 17, Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, 31.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Sept. 27, Oct. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, at 2 P. M. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 8 A. M. Oct. 4, 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Oct. 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer Pomona, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, last of season leaving Saturday, at 4 P. M. For Eureka, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer Willamette Valley, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:
Germanic.....October 23
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Majestic.....November 13

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Germanic.....November 27
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Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

The Knight-Holbrook Wedding.

The most brilliant wedding of the fall season took place at the First Presbyterian Church last Tuesday evening, when Miss Mamie Holbrook and Mr. Samuel Knight were united in the bonds of matrimony. The nave of the church was filled to repletion with more than twelve hundred friends of the young couple, and presented a most attractive appearance with the wealth of color that was displayed in the elegant gowns and capotes worn by the ladies. The chancel and rear wall of the church were so arranged as to represent a sylvan scene with a profusion of emerald-hued fern-sprays that were thickly clustered against the wall panels from the floor to a distance above the organ-loft. A pretty color effect was produced by large bunches of La France roses set here and there among the greenery. Palms and shoots of eucalyptus formed the ornate setting of the chancel floor, and they were interspersed with clusters of gladioli, cosmos, chrysanthemums, and sweet peas, all in tones of pink. It was a beautiful *ensemble*, especially when the finishing touches were made as the bridal party assembled in their proper positions.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. Charles Holbrook, of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, and has one sister, Miss Olive Holbrook, and a brother, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook. She is a handsome blonde, with a charming personality, and is highly accomplished.

The groom, a native of this State, occupies the responsible position of Assistant United States Attorney. His father was at one time manager of Well, Fargo & Co.'s Bank and the late Governor H. H. Haight was his uncle. He is a graduate of Yale and a member of several of our principal clubs.

The wedding was set for half-past eight o'clock, and at that time the organist played the "Bridal Chorus," from Lohengrin, as the bridal party entered and marched slowly down the north aisle to the chancel, where they met the groom and his best man, Mr. Frank L. Owen. Miss Olive Holbrook was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Nellie Hillyer and Miss Minnie Houghton, of this city, Miss Jessie Coleman and Miss Ella Gnodall, of Oakland, and Miss Myra Nickerson, of Montecito, Santa Barbara County. Their favors were linked hearts of pearl. Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Frank P. Deering, Mr. Henry B. Houghton, and Mr. Donald Y. Campbell acted as ushers. Their favors were pearl and diamond scarf-pins. The toilets worn by the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride appeared to much advantage in a rich Marie Antoinette robe of lustrous pearl-white satin, made with a train fourteen yards long and three yards wide, which was laid in Godet plaits. At the front of the skirt was a tablier of point Duchesse lace and small clusters of orange-blossoms. The corsage was high, with a close-fitting collar of satin, at either side of which was a little spray of orange-blossoms, and over the bodice was a long bertha of Duchesse lace, a gift from the bride's mother. The sleeves were very bouffant and reached to the elbows, where they met long gloves of white undressed kid. In her coiffure was a sunburst of diamonds, a gift from the groom, which held in place the flowing veil of white silk meline which rippled to the end of the long train. Her bouquet was of white violets.

The maid of honor appeared in a walking-length gown of pink satin, with a round corsage bordered with pink chiffon. The bodice was covered with the same material. The elbow sleeves were bouffant, and the long gloves were of pink undressed kid. She carried La France roses.

The bridesmaids wore modish gowns of pink satin, made walking length. The bodices were of pink velvet sustained at the shoulders by narrow strips of velvet, which were adorned with silver spangles. The corsages were cut square, trimmed with silver spangles, and edged with pink chiffon. The bouffant sleeves, which were also set with spangles, stood out from the shoulders and extended only to the elbows. They wore gloves of pink undressed kid and carried La France roses.



Absolutely Pure.

of "Oh! Promise Me," from "Robin Hood," were heard faintly as the Rev. Robert Mackenzie read the marriage service that made the happy couple man and wife. The bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom. Then Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played and the cortege left the chancel for their carriages and were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, 1901 Van Ness Avenue, where a reception was held. Only relatives and intimate friends were present, numbering about one hundred and fifty in all. Miss Mary D. Bates had decorated the residence most effectively, making pink, the bride's favorite, the predominating color. The bridal bower, under which the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends, was wrought of pink casmea and pink sweet peas with "Trilby" hearts pendant. The display of gowns worn at the reception was rich to a degree. Music and conversation filled in the early part of the evening and then an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction. At supper Miss Ella Goodall got the ring. About midnight the bride and groom appeared at the head of the stairs and the former threw her bouquet down to her attendants. Miss Nellie Hillyer was successful in catching it. A shower of rice accompanied the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Knight. On Wednesday they left to make a tour of the southern part of the State, and will be away about a month. When they return, they will reside at 2120 Van Ness Avenue. The wedding gifts were of great variety, beautiful, and costly.

The Toler-Reed Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place in Auburn last Saturday afternoon, when Miss Florence Elizabeth Reed was united in marriage to Mr. John Hedges Toler. The bride, who formerly resided in this city, is the daughter of Mr. Charles F. Reed, and a niece of the late Mrs. Paron Stevens, of New York. The groom is a native of Cheshire, England, a graduate of Cambridge, and is now interested in mining near Auburn. The wedding took place at four o'clock in St. Luke's Church, which was artistically decorated with pink and white blossoms. Rev. Walter Clark, of Benicia, officiated. After the wedding the newly wedded couple left to make a tour of Southern California. They will reside a few miles from Auburn. The wedding presents were numerous and costly.

Friday Fortnightly Club.

The Friday Fortnightly Club held its first meeting on Friday evening at Lunt's Hall, there being quite a large attendance. This club is composed of ladies who are not yet out in society, and it is governed by four patronesses, who are Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, and Mrs. Ira Pierce. A limited number of invitations will be given out for each meeting. Applications are first visé by the patronesses and then passed to the committee on invitations. Meetings will be held every other Friday evening in each month until Lent. Several figures of the cotillion were danced on Friday night under the leadership of Mr. E. M. Greenway. Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played for the dancing and introduced a new waltz, "Moonlight and Starlight," which is all the rage in the East. With the service of light refreshments, the pleasant affair came to a successful end at midnight. The members of the club are:

Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Jessie Hobart, Miss Sophie Pierce, Miss Fannie Baldwin, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss May Stubbs, Miss Davis, Miss Henley, Miss Gunn, Miss Hellman, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Lillian Pollis, Miss Margarita Collier, Miss Canavan, Miss Ruth McNutt, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Mahel McDonald, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss S. Voorhies, and Miss Grimwood.

Among the young ladies invited were:

Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss McNutt, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Juliette Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Jessie Glascock, and Miss Ida Gibbons.

Among the gentlemen invited were:

Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Frederick Magee, Mr. Foote, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. H. H. Scott, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Sidney Pringle, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. John Pomeroy, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. John W. Barnes, Mr. Allan Wright, Mr. W. S. Hobart, Mr. Horace Beatty, Mr. Craig, Mr. Alfred Williams, Mr. Crittenden Van Wyck, Mr. L. S. Van Winkle, Mr. Selfridge, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. Roeding, Mr. Frank King, Mr. John Earl, Mr. Ray Sherman, Mr. John F. Merrill, Jr., Mr. Upham, Mr. George E. de Long, Mr. Dorr, Mr. Boss, Mr. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. Alexander Baldwin, Mr. Henry Dutton, Mr. Charles Mills, Mr. Ralph Carr, and Mr. S. Chamberlain.

Notes and Gossip.

A prominent event of the coming week will be the wedding of Miss Alice McCutchen, daughter of Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, and Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, son of the late Henry Schmiedell, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at Grace Church. It will be followed by a reception at the residence of the bride's parents, to which only relatives and a limited number of intimate friends have been invited.

A notable engagement to announce is that of Mrs. Clara Catherwood, daughter of the late Judge S. Clinton Hastings, to Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now stationed at the Presidio. The wedding will take place at the country-

place of the bride-elect, Madrona Villa, near Ruthford, Napa County, on Tuesday, October 22d.

The wedding of Miss Nettie Rising, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rising, of Virginia, Nev., and Mr. James John Theobald, of this city, will take place at half-past eight o'clock this evening in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, this city.

Miss Alice McCutchen will give a lunch-party to-day at her home, 2508 Fillmore Street, as a compliment to her maid of honor and bridesmaids, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Sara Collier. In the evening Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell will give a bachelor dinner to his best man and ushers, Mr. Stuart M. Brumagim, Mr. George T. Cole, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Louis Jones, Mr. Harry L. Simpkins, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. Charles S. Fay, Mr. William R. Heath, and Mr. Henry W. Poett.

Mr. Samuel Knight gave his farewell bachelor dinner last Saturday evening at the University Club, and had as his guests Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. F. P. Deering, and Mr. H. B. Houghton.

Mrs. E. R. Dimond entertained a large number of her friends last Saturday by giving a matinee tea at her residence, 2204 Pacific Avenue. The rooms were all handsomely decorated with flowers, and the hospitality of the hostess was bounteous. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. W. Dimond, of Honolulu, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Paul Jarbne, Miss Beatrice Tubin, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Isabel McKenna, and Miss Juliet Tompkins.

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, the writer, was the guest of honor at a reception given by Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson at her residence, 18m Gough Street, last Tuesday evening. It was attended by quite a number of literary people, who passed the evening very pleasantly.

About fifty members of the Bohemian Club gave a banquet last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. William Greer Harrison, the author of "Runnymede," who recently returned from the East. Vice-President Vanderlynn Stow presided. After an elaborate repast, a number of speeches were delivered and music was enjoyed until a late hour.

The Woman's Exchange will give a banquet and ball at Pioneer Hall on Thursday evening, October 31st. The tickets will be three dollars each, and the proceeds will be devoted to reducing the present large indebtedness of the Exchange. Society people are taking much interest in the affair. Several hostesses will give large dinner-parties that evening and afterward take their guests to the ball.

The Helping Hand Society, auxiliary to the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, will give an entertainment for the benefit of its kindergartens on Friday afternoon and evening, October 18th, at the residence of Mrs. D. W. Folger, 1916 Franklin Street. An interesting and varied programme will be presented, both afternoon and evening, and all friends of the society are invited to be present and aid this noble cause. Price of admission fifty cents.

Paderewski, the great pianist, is coming here shortly after the holidays, and will give a series of seven concerts—five matinées and two evenings—at the California Theatre.

Champagne Sec.

The discerning judgment of the late Mme. Pomery in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. The firm of Veuve Pomery, Fils and Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pomery, Henry Vasnier, the experienced director, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne, regardless of cost, that Pomery Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds, it being more the favorite of the refined and fastidious classes of Europe than that of the sporting fraternity. At the English wine sales Pomery always commands the highest prices.—*E. X.*

— COATS-OF-ARMS AND CRESTS EMBLAZONED according to College of Arms, London. Particular care is exercised in the stamping of fine papers—with monograms, etc. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market Street.

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— FOR WEDDING PRESENTS, DO NOT FAIL TO visit the well-known art store of Messrs. S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler Paige will reside during the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

The many friends of Mr. A. Page Brown, the well-known architect, will be pained to hear of a distressing and serious accident he sustained at Burlingame last Monday evening. He was trying a horse in harness, with the possible intention of purchasing him, when the animal took the bit, became unmanageable, and ran headlong into a ravine fifteen feet deep, carrying Mr. Brown and the cart along. Mr. Brown was conveyed to his villa, and his physicians ascertained that his left thigh was broken, there are three severe fractures of the right leg, and the cartilage of the nose was cut, extending to the eyebrows. The accident, though not fatal, is extremely painful, and will confine Mr. Brown to his home for several months.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Mrs. E. W. Bliss will leave for the East on Sunday, and will be away during the winter.

Mrs. Austin D. Moore and the Misses Moore will reside in the Selby villa at Menlo Park during the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will leave on October 26th to visit New York and other Eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have leased the Freeborn residence, corner of Jackson and Gough Streets, for the winter.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood will soon occupy the residence of Mrs. F. F. Low, corner of Gough and Sutter Streets, and will remain there during the winter. Her daughter, Miss Jennie Catherwood, returned to the city last Saturday, after a prolonged visit to her sister, Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott were in Chicago last Monday, en route home from their Eastern trip.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffman are visiting relatives in Philadelphia. Later on they will go to Washington, D. C., and will return here early next January.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard have leased the residence, 2606 Pacific Avenue, for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, and Mr. H. L. Coleman, of Oakland, will pass the winter in this city at the residence formerly occupied by Mr. B. F. Norris, 1822 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Malcolm Henry, who has been visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, returned to Washington, D. C., last Thursday. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Marie Voorhies, who will go to Atlanta to represent the California branch of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Mr. Claude T. Hamilton will leave on October 15th for Buffalo, N. Y., where he will pass the winter.

Miss Alice Merry, daughter of Captain William Merry, will soon leave for Kimberly, South Africa, in company with Mrs. Tilghman, and upon her arrival there she will be married to Mr. Hal Tilghman, manager of the Primrose Mine.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are expected to arrive here to-day, after a prolonged visit to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins returned from their European trip last Saturday.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and Miss Sadie Hecht are in Baltimore. They will return to this city early in December.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Miss Amy Requa, and Miss Julia Crocker will leave early in November to pass the winter in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Mamie Thomas are en route home from Europe, and are expected here in a few days.

Mrs. Fisher Ames has gone East, and will pass the winter in New York and Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Currey and Miss Frances Currey have leased the residence at 1819 Octavia Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss and family have returned to the city after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Weill left last Saturday to visit the Eastern States for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Harrison left last Sunday to visit the Eastern States.

Mrs. J. S. Cone and Miss Josephine Cone, of Red Bluff, will leave late in October for Europe, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. F. L. Wooster has returned from Napa Valley, and is visiting her parents, Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson at their residence on Sutter Street.

Mr. Edgar Walter left last Saturday for Europe to continue his art studies, and will be away a couple of years.

Mrs. L. Maass has gone to Southern California for a month to recuperate her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green will soon return from Sausalito, and will pass the winter at 812 Bush Street.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Mr. H. B. Houghton will move into the Younger residence, 1414 California Street next Tuesday, and occupy it during Mrs. W. J. Younger's absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bahcock, *né* May, will pass the winter in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln are en route home from the East.

Mrs. F. M. Hatch, *né* Hawes, and family arrived from Honolulu last Wednesday, and will remain here for awhile, before proceeding East to join her husband in Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Miss Adèle Perrin, and Miss McNutt are en route home after a visit to the Perrin ranch in Arizona. Mrs. Robinson, *né* Perrin, who has also been at the ranch, accompanies them.

Mr. John W. Mackay left last Wednesday to visit Virginia, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells have returned from a visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Morrow have removed to 1602 Vallejo Street. Mrs. Morrow will receive on the second and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bentz returned on the last trip of the *City of Peking* from a four months' tour of Japan, and are staying at the Palace Hotel. They will leave in a few days for their home in Santa Barbara.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., received all of the bureau officers of the War Department now in Washington, D. C., at his headquarters there last Monday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Hunter, U. S. A., has been appointed judge-advocate of the Department of Dakota.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., who have been passing the summer at their

country-place in Napa Valley, left last Saturday for Washington, D. C.

Commander Francis M. Barher, U. S. N., has made application to be relieved from duty as naval attaché to the United States Legation at Tokio, Japan. Ill-health is named as the reason for making the application.

Lieutenant Charles von Bnskir, U. S. R. C. S., of the *Richard Rush*, left last Wednesday for New York, and afterward will visit his family in Charleston, S. C.

Dr. and Mrs. J. V. D. Middleton, U. S. A., will pass the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Major W. M. Maynadier, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been retired from active service.

Captain Calvin L. Hooper, U. S. R. C. S., of the *Richard Rush*, who arrived here from Bering Sea last Sunday, has gone to Washington, D. C., to have a conference with the Treasury officials.

Captain Charles A. P. Hatfield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed regimental quartermaster.

Lieutenant W. M. Wood, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, and ordered home to hold himself in readiness for orders to the *Katakadi*.

Assistant-Engineer William C. Myers, U. S. R. C. S., returned from Behring Sea last Sunday on the *Richard Rush*.

Mrs. Harry Knox, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Knox, U. S. N., is at Coronado Beach.

Colonel Samuel Breck, U. S. A., has been assigned as Adjutant-General on the staff of General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

Lieutenant F. A. Winer, U. S. N., has been detached from steel inspection duty at Munhall, Pa., and ordered to the *Philadelphia*, relieving Lieutenant F. E. Savage, U. S. N., who is detached, ordered home, and granted three months' leave of absence.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lahore's Sultan is said to be going to Paris, taking with him a bicycle of pure gold, set with precious stones.

Edgar Saltus, the author of many sensational novels, was married last Tuesday, at the English Embassy Church in Paris, to Miss Elsie Welsh Smith, a granddaughter of John Welsh, of Philadelphia, who was at one time United States Minister to England. Mrs. Saltus is a pretty girl, a capital horsewoman and whip, and a crack shot. John Wanamaker's eldest son is her uncle by marriage.

Lord Lonsdale is the Kaiser's most fervid friend and admirer. He describes William the Second as the greatest man he has ever met, for the reason that the emperor knows everything about his troops, even to the contents of their cupboards. When at Portsmouth, he saw a German vessel; he at once gave the most accurate particulars of her cargo. During the German military maneuvers nobody knew what had become of a certain regiment except the Kaiser.

F. C. Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, was for years in the Jesuit convent at Bayswater, and was admitted to minor orders, tonsured, and invested with cossack and beretta. When Burnand was a novice, he was made to scrub the floors and clean the windows like the others. On one occasion, when he was told to clean a window, he pretended that he did not know how. The good-natured father superior showed him by opening the window himself, getting on the ledge, and beginning to wash it. Burnand, struck by a happy thought, shut down the window, and left the poor father out on the ledge for some time, to the edification of irreverent passers-by.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, whom the Paris anarchists are making such efforts to destroy, reaches his office almost as early as his under-clerks, cares little for dress, and walks usually in preference to riding. His chief point of personal self-indulgence is smoking, and he is rarely seen without a cigar in his mouth. In his home, however, he is a princely entertainer, and nearly every royal personage in Europe has at some time accepted his hospitality. There are at present eleven Barons Rothschild, of whom three live in London, five in Paris, one in Vienna, and one in Frankfurt. How great their combined capital is, it is impossible to say; it has been estimated at a billion dollars.

In refutation of the London *Times's* statement that the late W. H. Hurlbert had thought it prudent to leave England after a warrant was issued against him for perjury, his widow wrote that at the time of his death they were collecting evidence as to the truth of his statements in the trial in 1891, with which to go into the English courts as plaintiffs instead of defendants. By the way, the following singular notice appeared in the New York *Mail and Express* shortly after Mr. Hurlbert's death: "HURLBERT—At Cadenabbia on Wednesday, September 4th, after a long and agonizing illness, developed and aggravated by the wrong and injustice inflicted upon him by the success of an infamous conspiracy of black-maj and slander, William Henry Hurlbert, of New York, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, most deeply loved and mourned by his sorrowing wife."

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, who has been traveling in Switzerland since her husband's conviction, the sale of her home, and the stripping and scattering of its treasures, which all occurred within a week, has a considerable private fortune, so that she and her children will not be in want after she has obtained a divorce and resumed her maiden name. But the recollection of the terrible scandal will prevent her ever again living in London, where her drawing-

room was among the most popular and brilliant in the British metropolis. She is a very beautiful woman: it was to her that Browning indited the famous dedication, "A Poet to a Poem," and not long before his death, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a great friend of hers, in thanking her for a photograph of herself and her pretty child, wrote playfully: "Promise me that you will never show this picture to any man under seventy."

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire lately celebrated his ninety-first birthday. Those unacquainted with his real age would take M. Saint-Hilaire to be a hale old man of seventy-five or eighty. He is one of the most regular in his attendance at the sittings of the French Senate. He remembers perfectly Napoleon the First, and all that occurred during the occupation of Paris by the allies. He began his translation of Aristotle into French exactly sixty-three years ago, and only completed it last year. After the *Coup d'Etat* he refused to swear, in his capacity as a professor at the Paris University, allegiance to Napoleon the Third. After the Franco-German War, he accepted the onerous post of chief secretary to the president of the republic. He rose at four every morning, and during the time that he was Thiers's *alter ego*, had to break his life-long rule of going to bed early. For the Herculean labors of that period—he being already, it will be remembered, between sixty and seventy years of age—he would accept no salary.

A cablegram from Paris announced the death there last Sunday of Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, after an illness of about four months. The cause of death was pneumonia. Colonel Taylor was well known in San Francisco, both in political and social circles. He came here in 1877, and was elected county recorder, and afterward filled other political offices, his last position being that of naval officer. In 1884 he was elected president of the Bohemian Club. The deceased was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends who deeply deplore his untimely demise.

James Platt has an interesting article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on "Chinese London and its Opium-Dens." Chinatown is in the East of London. It consists of a single narrow street, with Chinese boarding-houses and shops on both sides of the way, and exists by and for the Chinese firemen, seamen, stewards, cooks, and carpenters who serve on board steamers plying between China and the port of London. The place is thoroughly Chinese in every respect. It is interesting to learn that the Chinese ambassador deals with the tradesmen in this colony.

Fine Art.

There is a treat in store for connoisseurs of good pictures. A few weeks ago we noticed in these columns the fact of the shipment of a number of fine oil paintings from the *ateliers* of the best-known Flemish painters to Messrs. S. & G. Cump. These paintings have now arrived and are being suitably framed, preparatory to being placed in their well-known art gallery, 113 Geary Street. They will no doubt prove a very valuable addition to their previous fine collection and will well repay the time devoted to their inspection.

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Mistress—"I told the cook to hurry the dinner."
Master—"She seems to have scorched."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Mistress—"Are you a cook?" *Applicant*—"Oi om thot." *Mistress*—"But are you a good cook?" *Applicant*—"Oi om thot; Oi hovn't missed airly mass in tin years."—*Judge*.

"What a charming woman! Is she rich?"
"A hundred thousand a year—in real estate."
"The deuce you say! And where's her husband?" "Under the real estate."—*Journal Amusant*.

Ruggles—"How are you, Gagster? Anything new?" *Gagster* (on the government pay-roll)—"Nothing, only I'm on my vacation." *Ruggles*—"How can you tell when your vacation begins?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Walton—"Why did Jones break off his engagement with Miss Oldacres?" *Jackson*—"On account of her past." *Walton*—"What was the matter with it?" *Jackson*—"Nothing; only he thought it was too long."—*Ex*.

Docher—"Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald?" *Jaslin*—"No; but when a man is bald, I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear his hat."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

"Do you guarantee the photographs to give satisfaction?" demanded the cross-eyed man with the pug nose and prominent jaw. "Well—no," said the conscientious photographer, "but I can guarantee a good likeness."—*Chicago Tribune*.

The war in Cuba: "General," said the subordinate officer in the Spanish army, "another column of our troops is advancing." "All right," was the reply; "put a display head on it and get it in shape for our first edition."—*Washington Star*.

First tramp—"She gave me de same old chestnut—why didn't a strong man like me go to work." *Second tramp*—"I t'ought she wuz talkin' German to yer." *First tramp*—"So she wuz; but I kin understand dat old gag in any langwidge."—*Puck*.

Rural Ragges—"It's no use, Tafts; I've got ter work." *Tramping Tatters*—"Land o' labor, Roory, me boy! What's de matter wid yer? Are you losin' yer intellec?" *Rural Ragges*—"No, but I've swallered a yeast cake in mistake for a marsh-maller."—*Judge*.

Pastor (to peasant girl)—"Why do you weep so much?" *Peasant girl*—"Because my lover has gone to the army for three years." *Pastor*—"But those will soon be over; then he will return." *Peasant girl*—"Yes, but I'm afraid that in the meantime another man will marry me."—*Tid-Bits*.

Admirer—"Had everything yer own way at the convention last night, didn't ye, Bimm?" *Practical politician*—"Yas. One o' de fellers played it low down mean on me, dough. I got 'im down an' gouged 'is eye out all right, an' w'en 'e got up 'e guv me de grand laugh. It was nuttin' but a glass eye!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Miss Daisy Meadows (the farmer's daughter)—"Did you hear the old tree-toad last night, Mr. Summerleigh? He's been in that same oak under your window singing every summer for the last twelve years." *Mr. Summerleigh* (the boarder)—"Dear me! was that a tree-toad? Why, I thought it was somebody winding a Waterbury watch."—*Puck*.

In the library: "Is Gumpert writing an essay? Every time I come in here I find him poring over a dictionary or encyclopedia." "No. The doctor told him to avoid phlogistics, and he was ashamed to ask what that means, so he's looking it up. He's already read over the f's five times, and now he's begun at the beginning and is systematically going through the dictionary."—*Truth*.

"Well, there has been another fall in silver," said Mr. Asbury Peppers, as he tucked the corners of his napkin into his vest pocket. "What!" shouted the Populist hoarder; "ever since the infamous crime of 1873—" "Oh, this wasn't much of a fall," interrupted Mr. Peppers; "I was on the car to-day and saw the conductor knock down a quarter."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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Argonaut

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There is a general tendency on the part of the press just now to "deprecate" a conflict between President Cleveland and the incoming Republican Congress. All of the Democratic organs "deprecate" such a conflict, and even some weak-kneed Republican journals are joining in this chorus of "deprecation."

This, we must confess, we can not understand. Why should the Republican Congress defer to President Cleveland's will? He is known to be a stubborn man, but stubbornness without wisdom does not make a leader. It certainly does not make the kind of a leader who should be followed by his political opponents.

The President and his Cabinet advisers, like Secretary Carlisle, are going to attempt to force upon Congress some of the Democratic fashions of raising money. One is to raise it by internal taxes. The other is to raise revenue by

bonds. The Democratic organs hint that if the Republican Congress does not yield to Cleveland's bulldozing, all sorts of dreadful things will happen. The Philadelphia Ledger, for example, said last week: "As between a contentious, wrangling, and disturbing extraordinary session of Congress and an issue of bonds sufficient to maintain the gold reserve of the Treasury at a proper standard, everything is, in the intelligent judgment of the best and most trustworthy financial authorities of the country, in favor of the latter expedient." While the Louisville Courier-Journal looks with alarm on any attempt of the Republican Congress to raise the necessary revenue for the running expenses of the government by customs duties instead of by internal taxes, as President Cleveland desires, the Louisville paper threatens the Republican Congress, if they dare to defy the President, with "another panic and a Democratic successor to Grover Cleveland."

This assumption that all the wisdom in the United States is contained in Grover Cleveland's skull is rather irritating. This country has elected 356 representatives to the coming Congress. They were elected by the people with a set purpose. They come with a message from the people. If they were to ignore that message, and submit to Cleveland's contemplated bulldozing, they would be unworthy of their office—they would be poltroons.

But what has Mr. Cleveland done that Republican Congressmen should have confidence in his wisdom? Waiving the results of the Democratic Sugar-Trust Tariff, which he was ashamed to sign and which he denounced as "infamous," what has he done for the country? In March, 1893, his administration came into power. In May, the new Democratic régime, with its threats against the tariff, caused a scare and a financial contraction which became a panic by the first week in July. During the year 1893, part of which was under a Republican administration, the sum of \$10,317,882 in gold was exported; in 1894, a Democratic year, the gold exported had gone up to the enormous sum of \$73,815,163. In order to check this vast drain, President Cleveland made a secret bargain with a semi-foreign syndicate of bankers to "protect the gold reserve." He sold them for 64 millions of dollars certain bonds worth in the open market 75 millions of dollars. In a time of profound peace, he has borrowed on bonds \$162,315,400, for which we must pay in interest every year \$7,492,616. He thus succeeded in placing in the United States Treasury about 180 millions in gold, which is already more than half gone, and is still rapidly going. Now he wants to call in the greenbacks and other demand notes—nearly 500 millions in all. What for? To create a new bonded debt? We do not say that the greenbacks should not be retired, but we do maintain that Mr. Cleveland's financiering has not been so successful up to date as to lead a Republican Congress to accept it blindly.

But while the financial policy of the Democratic party has been uncertain, there has been no uncertainty about its fiscal policy. That has been consistently absurd. The receipts have been running behind the expenses every month. During September, the Treasury Department succeeded, by postponing payments, in forcing a surplus of about three millions for the month. The manner of its accomplishment, and the puerile expedient of simply staving off the evil day of settling, is shown by this month's books. For the first ten days of September, there was a daily deficit of \$69,324; for the same period in the present month, the daily deficit is \$823,926. The excess of expenditures over receipts for the first ten days of October has amounted to \$7,415,331, against an excess of \$471,286 for the same period in September. October is paying September's bills.

We hope that the Republican Congress will pay no heed to the cawing of these newspaper crows. Let them sustain President Cleveland when he is right. If he is right about retiring the greenbacks, let them sustain him in that. But when it comes to raising revenue by internal taxes instead of by customs duties; when it comes to further decreasing duties upon articles produced by American industry; when

it comes to ruining the American wool business in order to build up the textile manufactures of Great Britain; when it comes to driving bargains with foreign bankers to run the United States Treasury; and when it comes to raising revenue by bonds, we hope the incoming Congress will fight President Cleveland, and fight him to the bitter end.

The excitement of the American press over the coming marriage between Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York, and the Duke of Marlborough, descendant of John Churchill, hero and scoundrel, must be immensely gratifying to the privileged classes of the Old World. The peasants of a German village, at the news that Emperor William was about to pass through its one street with his court in tow, could not be more wrought up over the expected treat and stun than are the editors and reporters of the newspapers of this simple and self-respecting republic. That an American girl is about to become an English duchess is a fact so stupendous to the journalistic brain that it reels. The duke himself is quite overshadowed by his prospective wife. He gets only paragraphs, whereas not columns, but whole pages are given to her daily. The reason for this is that the glory of Marlborough's being a duke is English, whereas the surprise, the joy, the pride of Miss Vanderbilt's becoming a duchess are American. Our press is patriotic to the backbone. Besides, it is nothing new for the duke to be a duke, whereas it is only one in a million of the republic's daughters who can hope to achieve such titular greatness and put to shame the memories of the democratic fossils who framed the Federal Constitution and had so little regard for the interests of the socially ambitious as to forbid the creation of an American nobility.

Miss Vanderbilt is not to be commiserated because of the conflagration of publicity accorded her by the press; she is used to it. From her birth, fame has been her portion, her father being rich. That has made her an American princess. It is not alone the inflammable dailies, which blaze for the pleasure of the lower strata, that build typographical bonfires and ring editorial joy-bells in Miss Vanderbilt's honor and caper in ecstasy; even such journals as *Harper's Bazar* simper with the satisfaction of delighted family servants, and vouchsafe to the fast-breathing earth details as to the young woman's childhood and education. Papers of the order of the *New York World*, which beats time for the sensational press from the North River to the Pacific Ocean, riot in description. If Mr. Pulitzer himself should be obliged, instead of his reporters, to gather all the knowledge concerning the duchess-elect wherewith he drenches the land, Mr. Pulitzer would be under the necessity (not disagreeable, presumably,) of camping on Miss Vanderbilt's door-step, climbing to the transom of her chamber, rummaging her bureau-drawers, bribing her maid, and making love to her dressmaker. The American people learn from the *World's* page-shouts that Miss Consuelo is "five feet six inches tall"; that "her hair is black"; that "her eyes are dark brown," her eyebrows "delicately arched"; that her shoe is "number three, AA last," her foot "eight and one-half inches long," her "waist-measure twenty inches"; that her teeth are "white, regular, and well kept"; and that her ears are "small and close to the head." Mr. Pulitzer also reveals that "she is noted for her slender, shapely hands, which bear evidence of careful treatment by an efficient manicure." The bedstead in the room where she sleeps, Mr. Pulitzer says, "is canopied in rose silk and oriental drapery net." He also has discovered that adjoining her maiden chamber are "bath and dressing-rooms." Miss Vanderbilt's tastes in outer and underwear evoke Mr. Pulitzer's admiring eloquence; but Western notions of what is seemly forbid us to follow the metropolitan journalist into these privacies of the toilet. Though the girl is the daughter of a millionaire, she has some of the rights of a modest woman.

The *World*, of course, would not print its pages of trivial, and not always quite decent, babble about Miss Vanderbilt if Mr. Pulitzer's judgment did not tell him the public would pay for intelligence of the sort that a loquacious and dis-

loyal chambermaid has it in her power to give concerning her mistress. And the other "great dailies" of the country would not echo Mr. Pulitzer were they not of his mind. Do these papers really reflect the tastes of the American people? Are we to believe that simply because a young woman, eighteen years of age, with a father worth many millions, is about to marry an English nobleman who needs her money, the attention of the whole American nation is arrested? Is the Pulitzer assumption correct that all the young women of the United States envy Miss Vanderbilt and crave every obtainable crumb of information respecting her person and her clothes? Has it really become the highest feminine aspiration on this side of the globe to marry men of title from abroad? There are reasons to think so, and if such an estimate of what is most desirable is woven into the fibre of the female brain, what sort of a race will the future see on this continent, where humanity has been given its most splendid chance to be rational and free? If our girls marry their countrymen as second choice, sighing because fortune has not given them a prince, or a duke, or a lord, are they going to be the mothers of republicans or of flunkies? If Mr. Pulitzer and his co-caterers of the "great dailies" are right, there is no American pride in the women of society, who, necessarily, fix the standard for their humbler sisters, and the attitude of the sex is that of kneeling before indigenous money-bags and foreign titles. The cure will come when to be American will be deemed a distinction. If woman is by nature a snob, she is also easily accessible to the passion of patriotism. But it takes bloody war, and military uniforms, and glory to fire her love of country. In time of peace, a live Duke of Marlborough, though but an ordinary young man, not above the baseness of marrying for money, is to her a larger and finer figure than any dead national hero, George Washington not excepted.

As for Miss Vanderbilt, she is by all accounts a nice sort of girl, even though she is about to sell herself, and the *Argonaut* sincerely hopes she will be happier in her hazardous marriage than her lady mother has been.

Postmaster McCoppin is engaged in devising a plan by which the mails in San Francisco may be carried on the street railway lines. This system is in use in several Eastern cities, and was put into operation in New York city about two weeks ago. It has been most successful there. On the first day of the cable-car postal service, Mail Car A left the General Post-Office at 5 A. M.; it delivered mail-pouches to the messengers of the various stations, and received in return mail for stations above. The mail-car reached One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street at 5:56 A. M. and One Hundred and Eighty-Sixth Street, the end of its run, at 6:38 A. M. The first mail-package was taken aboard and delivered in exactly twenty-two minutes, a saving of several hours in time.

If the system works well in New York it would work even better in San Francisco. The street-railway system in San Francisco seems as if it had been designed for a railway postal service. All of the street railway lines in the city ultimately tap the ferries at the foot of Market Street, and most of them converge to that point like the sticks and handle of a fan. If Postmaster McCoppin succeeds in his plan, we shall have the most rapid mail delivery of any city in the world—which we have not now.

It is, of course, necessary to make arrangements with the street railway lines before the plan can be carried out. We hope that those concerns will see the advantages to them of becoming carriers of the United States mails, and that they will put no obstacles in the way. It is difficult to believe, but the street railway companies in New York were guilty of the incredible folly of opposing the plan there. It was practically forced upon them. Why they should have opposed it, it is not easy to understand. There was every reason why they should have favored the plan. Already its advantages are becoming apparent. The first day that the mail service went into operation, a stuhhorn German hearse driver, one George Reiss, drove slowly along the track, and refused to make way for the car. This is a continual occurrence in all large cities, and is generally followed by arrest and a trifling fine. In this case, Mr. Reiss was arrested for obstructing the United States mail, and before the government gets through with him, the truck-drivers of New York will have a wholesome respect for the mail cars.

This incident shows the difference between a street-car system protected by the municipality and one under the strong arm of the United States Government. The bloody riots connected with the Brooklyn street-car strike some months ago would never have taken place had the lines been running mail-cars. That fact is becoming apparent to the American Railway Union here. E. D. Marlatt, one of the officers of that moribund association, had a despondent interview in the sympathetic *Chronicle* this week, in which he

said: "Once that mail-cars run over the San Francisco street-car lines, all danger of a strike or tie-up is practically over. The boys know this as well as any one; but what can they do about it?"

It is, of course, much to be deplored, but we fear that Mr. Marlatt and the "boys" will have to obey the law and let the cars run. Strikers and rioters do not greatly fear the power of the city or the State. But they have a wholesome respect for the heavy hand of the United States Government. The American Railway Union has had one taste of Federal discipline administered by the Federal arm. We do not think it wants another.

Roman Catholic hostility to the non-sectarian education

A FIFTEEN-DOLLAR public schools is perennial. Since the coming of Mgr. Satolli, the Papal delegate, to rule over the faithful on these shores, policy has dictated silence, for Satolli, notwithstanding a false step or two, is a man of judgment, who has taken counsel with Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and other liberal prelates, who understand the people of the United States and comprehend that they will not suffer ecclesiastic meddling with our common schools. But there is always some jealous ignoramus who, blind to policy, breaks out with the truth, and puts the careful hierarchy to trouble. The latest of these untimely irrepressibles is the Rev. Dr. McSweeney, of St. Bridget's Church, New York, who the other day wrote to the *Sun* of that city to express his disesteem for the public schools in the good, old-fashioned Romanist way. He covered his attack under an appeal to the tax-payers, saying that he "could furnish a better education to the children of the people of New York at fifteen dollars a head" than the public schools are giving at thirty-one dollars per capita. He descanted on the superiority of the parochial schools which "the Christian people who are least possessed of this world's goods have made such sacrifices to maintain." These people, the poor of New York—who are not in the least priest-ridden, whose fear of hell-fire never sends their superstitious hands into their pockets, but who, according to Father McSweeney, are merely intelligently alive to the scholastic defects and soul-destroying tendencies of secular education—"have volunteered to pay for Catholic histories, Catholic geographies, Catholic grammars, and Catholic blackboards." What a Catholic blackboard is, unless it be one that has been soaked in holy water, the heretical mind can not compass, and as for Catholic geography, it would be a queer thing had it not been corrected by the adoption of the "blasphemous errors" for which Galileo was imprisoned and Bruno hurned. Catholic history has the disadvantage of being not history, but an argument for the defense in the case of Facts *versus* the Church. Catholic grammar, we may take it for granted, has no inherent superiority over the grammar that is taught in the public schools, which, it must be admitted, is uninspired.

Henry F. Atchison, a hachelor of arts of Duhlin University, writes to the *Sun*, disputing Father McSweeney's statement of the cost of State education in the metropolis, putting it at twenty-two dollars and twenty-five cents instead of thirty-one dollars. Better than that, he gives voice to the thoughts and feelings of many American Catholics who, out of fear of their foreign priesthood and the traditions of the church, keep their thoughts and feelings to themselves. Says Mr. Atchison:

"I am a Catholic, but I should deem myself unworthy of American citizenship were I to think that this great republic should be called upon, while she tolerates every form of religious belief, to pay for daily religious instruction by the representatives of any church. I don't believe in parochial schools, no matter what sect fosters them. Why not let those Catholic children of St. Bridget's School join in common fellowship with the majority of American boys and girls, and grow up together united on the broad basis of American citizenship?"

Mr. Atchison speaks with the authority of knowledge. He is a teacher in the public schools of Brooklyn, and he "has taught in Catholic colleges and academies." His conclusions, therefore, are drawn from experience, and he has a very poor opinion of the sort of mental food which the church gives the young Roman Catholics of New York, and with which the Father McSweeneys would like to supply all American children at fifteen dollars a head, more or less, according to the willingness of the public to let out the contract to the clergy. Mr. Atchison has "seen the poisonous influence of petty sectarianism in education, and traced it through the misfortunes of hapless Ireland." He adds:

"The same narrow-minded bigotry—I speak of any sect—which fosters and encourages a system of education under the exclusive control and daily influence of any religious sect is a curse to those who have the misfortune to be so educated. This world of ours is small enough, and our minds, at best, are limited enough in their capacities. Why, then, limit the range of mind?"

That the minds of those who undergo the training of the parochial schools and Roman Catholic colleges

are limited and warped, every observer knows. They are a detriment, and, as occasion may demonstrate, a danger to the State. It is necessarily impossible that a Roman Catholic education should be a good education—an education serviceable to those on whom it is imposed or beneficial to the republic. It may serve all the requirements of a Father McSweeney and satisfy his intellectual longings, but at its very best it is dear at fifteen dollars. For the Roman Church, being itself at war with science and republicanism and modern thought in all its important manifestations, is manifestly incapable of acting as a modern teacher. The atmosphere with which it is sought to surround the parochial student is one that shall disturb the facts of the past and give to the present an interpretation and an aspect wholly foreign to reality. The aim of State education is to instruct the young in useful knowledge that will fit them for the battle of the life of their generation; the aim of Roman Catholic education is to steep the young mind in mediævalism, to make a saint rank higher than Newton, to reduce Darwin far below the Jesuit Ignatius Loyola, to create a habit of mind to which the preposterous will appear probable, and the impossible excite reverence. Along with this fifteen-dollar education in things scientific and historical, political notions are implanted that render it natural to regard the infallible Vicar of Christ at Rome as the king of kings, and that make the doctrine of the people being the only just source of governmental power seem a raw and recent heresy. Roman Catholic education at fifteen dollars a head is very dear at the price in a republic whose security rests on the intelligence of its citizens. The adult who has undergone it is intellectually out of tune with his American environment, and more of a problem than the child the sutures of whose skull close too soon, for in this latter unhappy case cranial surgery has learned to afford a remedy. Parochial schools—impertinent, rebellious, insulting, and harmful as they are—must be endured, for liberty has to put up with evil as well as good fruits. Nevertheless, they are a distinct drawback and nuisance, since they produce young men and women who are Romanists above everything and Americans only incidentally. And they can not be first-class Americans, for their brains have been stunted to a degree that makes it appear to them a pious duty to revere and obey the McSweeneys.

In a recent number of the New York *Evening Post* there

WELL WATER is an article which quotes Mayor Sutro as saying: "There is certainly an inexhaustible supply of water beneath San Francisco."

The New York journal goes on to say: "San Francisco is more fortunate than most large cities in being directly over a vast reservoir of artesian water." If the *Evening Post* knew Mayor Sutro as well as most San Franciscans do, they would not attach much importance to what he says. The statements in regard to the existence of pure water in large quantities under San Francisco are not based upon fact, as we proved in an article a couple of weeks ago. In that article we gave data tending to show that the wells in San Francisco are not true "artesian wells," and that the water lying beneath the surface is not true "artesian water," but is simply surface water, underlying the porous strata of superficial soil. We gave quotations from a well-known work by the distinguished engineer, Hummer, entitled "Treatise on Water Supply," to prove these facts. These extracts were necessarily general, as Engineer Hummer was writing about wells in all large cities, and not specifically of San Francisco. But we may add some extracts from a report made on this city in 1879 by William L. McAlpine. Engineer McAlpine made an elaborate report to the board of supervisors of San Francisco. He asserted as a fact, demonstrable by scientific tests, that the so-called "artesian-well water" of this peninsula is unfit to drink, and is dangerous to health, and life because of filth contamination penetrating through the porous surface strata. Mr. McAlpine's report began with an elaborate study of the geological formation of the peninsula. In his report he said:

"San Francisco is surrounded by impervious rock barriers. An artesian supply is therefore impossible. The rocks which form the Diablo ranges, fifty miles eastward, have no porous strata between the water-tight ones, and hence no artesian supply of water can come from that or any other source eastward of this range. The dip of these rocks is so nearly vertical that, even if they beld and conveyed water, borings in San Francisco would have to be made many miles deep to reach such supposed sources of water. A supply of artesian water from the Sierra Nevada slopes is entirely cut off by the impervious barriers of the Diablo range, and no water derived from that source could be reached by any borings made in the city."

"Water readily seizes hold of almost every substance with which it is brought in contact. When it is brought in contact with the decaying vegetable and animal products which abound in a large city, it readily dissolves and incorporates them, and when the rain water passes into the interstices of the earth, or porous rocks, its great dissolving power enables it to decompose and incorporate the earthy and mineral matters with which it comes in contact. The water which is obtained from wells within the city must necessarily contain

contaminations from absorption of the effete animal and vegetable matter, so abundant around the dwellings of certain classes of the population; from the earthy and mineral salts in the soil; and from the leakage of stables, closets, imperfect house-drains, and sewers. Water which is brought in contact with excrementary matter imbibes therefrom the most deadly and disgusting of all pollutions. Many of the earth-closets, water-closets, and leaky house-drains and sewers discharge their contents into the adjacent soils, and the water from the next rain percolating through this filthy soil becomes contaminated and flows on to the nearest well. If a deep well is sunk through the upper porous soil and one or more layers of clay, the smooth exterior surface of the pipes offers a ready conduit to the contaminated water, which will then enter at the bottom of the deepest well and poison the whole supply. Many of the sewers of the city have been very badly constructed of loose, porous brick masonry laid up with common mortar of bad quality, and these sewers leak into the adjacent soil. This leakage is a terrible source of corruption to contiguous wells. Samples of the water from some of the so-called artesian wells at the larger hotels and other places are herewith submitted, which show that even the deepest wells in San Francisco are utterly unfit for domestic uses. The enteric fevers and zymotic diseases which prevail to so frightful an extent in many of our American cities have been traced directly to the use of water from wells polluted by the admixture of sewage matter and drainage therefrom."

At this very day, epidemics of zymotic diseases are raging in several large cities in the United States. The Chicago papers to-day are filled with staring headings warning the people to boil the water before using it. Headings like this are to be seen daily: "Due to Bad Water." "Epidemics of Typhoid Fever Raging in Lakeview" [a suburb of Chicago]. "Fully One Thousand Cases Exist." "South Side Suffers." "Their Supply is also Polluted." "Scores of Deaths are Reported." "Must Boil Lake Water." The pollution of the Chicago water is caused by the sewers of that city discharging into the lake. Although the intake of Chicago's main conduit has been extended to a point four miles from the shore, such is the amount of sewage discharged from a great city that even at that distance the water is contaminated. When it is seen that in an enormous body of water like Lake Michigan the sewage of the city is not sufficiently attenuated or diluted at a distance of four miles from the shore to be harmless, what would be thought of a large city which should take its water from the porous soil directly under the city's site, when such soil is impregnated with the filth of half a century? It would be madness.

Chicago is not the only city suffering from an epidemic of zymotic diseases. It is a fact that most of the large cities of the United States get their water-supply from rivers passing through thickly populated sections. Hundreds of villages, cities, and towns take their water-supply from the Mississippi, and discharge their sewage into the same stream. Scientific men are gradually ceasing to believe that running streams purify sewage within a few miles, as has been maintained. The epidemics of zymotic diseases which break out yearly in cities having polluted river-water supplies would seem to prove that fact.

The city of Buffalo discharges its sewage into the Niagara River. Below this point are the towns of Tonawanda and Niagara Falls. Tonawanda has fifteen thousand inhabitants and Niagara Falls thirty thousand. It has been estimated by the board of health of the latter city that each inhabitant is compelled to imbibe daily "from half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of Buffalo sewage." There, also, the physicians are recommending the boiling of water intended for drinking.

When we consider the epidemics of typhoid and other filth diseases which yearly desolate the large cities of the United States, it would be folly to expose ourselves to similar contagion. The soil of this city is impregnated with the filth of forty-five years. Upon our hills there are half a dozen large cemeteries, where the bodies of many thousands of human beings lie imbedded in a porous, sandy soil. We have shown by the testimony of one engineer that bored wells are dangerous in any large city, and by the testimony of another engineer that such wells in San Francisco would most certainly be polluted by the seepage from sewers, house-drains, and cemeteries. Under the circumstances, therefore, we do not think that San Franciscans will be inclined to use for drinking purposes the "inexhaustible supply of artesian water" discovered under the city by Mayor Sutro.

The fact that close on half a century has gone by since San Francisco became an American city and California an American State is heig borne in upon our minds by the frequency of the reports of the deaths of pioneers whose names are interwoven with the history of the commonwealth. Most of them, when they came here, were in their early, vigorous youth—men from twenty to twenty-five—and the lapse of fifty years has brought them up to the scriptural allotment of threescore-and-ten.

That is a rather long life, twice the average attained by the majority of the race; but is it the term of years that a man who lives prudently and cares for his body should rea-

sonably expect under these kind skies, where we are subjected to no straining alternations of heat and cold? If we study the records that have been preserved of our predecessors before the American occupation, we can not but be impressed with the idea that we have imported European and Eastern brevity of existence along with our civilization. Dr. C. L. Bard, of Ventura County, who has acquainted himself with the vital phenomena of the aborigines of California, points out that they enjoyed great longevity. The Spaniards and Mexicans who came among them and mastered them were also noted for length of life, and remarkable fecundity as well. In his pamphlet on the "History of Medicine in Southern California," Dr. Bard draws on the archives of the missions to prove that Indian centenarians were so common as not to excite special remark. At the Mission of San Buenaventura, three aboriginal women are buried who died at the ages of 100, 105, and 114 years. Father Martinez, in charge of the Mission of San Miguel shortly after its foundation, wrote that it possessed three aborigines, all women, who were each more than 100 years old. The other missions were equally favored. Fernando and Placido, who died at Los Angeles, were 102 and 137. So active was the venerable Placido that, not long before he made his exit, he danced at a fandango. Justiniano Roxas, when baptized at the Mission of Santa Cruz in 1792, had his age set down at forty, yet he lived till 1878. "Within the past few years," says Dr. Bard, "there have died in Kern County four Indians, each of whom was undoubtedly over 100 years old. They helped to build the Mission of San Fernando. An Indian named Gabriel died in Monterey some time ago who was reported to have been 140 years of age. Dr. Remondino records the case of an Indian at the Mission of San Tomas 140 years old. On Sweetwater an Indian reached 109, and another near by 115. At Capitán Grande were several Indian women who had passed their century. "Warner's ranch furnishes one 130 years of age." The roll is too long to quote. "The present chief of the almost extinct tribe at San Buenaventura, Juan de Jesus, is an active centenarian." Ten years ago his last wife honored him with twins. At Bakersfield, a nonagenarian aborigine rides from forty to fifty miles a day on horseback.

The Spanish conquerors of the Indians were famous for fullness of days and large families. They lived in the open air and in the saddle. Ladies, wives of the wealthiest *rancheros*, reared beves of sons and daughters, as many as twenty, and twenty-three, and twenty-five, and were spry into old age, and, what is more, kept their good looks far beyond the period when American women lose them. The men did none of the stooping toil of agriculture, and knew nothing of the confinement of office life. "They roamed like centaurs over our plains, finding enjoyment rather than work in the slight care which the flocks entailed." And the women were not bothered with fads or aspirations; their households gave sufficing occupation to their gentle minds. "In the County of Ventura there is an estimable lady"—a Spanish-Californian type—"from whose face the lines of her former beauty have not yet been effaced, Doña Concepcion, wife of Don Francisco de la Guerra, who was closely identified with the early history of our State, who has presented her only husband twenty-one children"—an average native Californian family.

Perhaps the longevity of the aborigines is not to be envied, for such beings merely vegetated, and no civilized man would care to earn prolonged existence on the condition of accepting their absence of exertion and exemption from interest in things worth being interested in. But with the men of Spain and Mexico who supplanted them and ruled over them, the case is different. These lived. Not in our way, of course; but if their lives were different, were they inferior? Surely the happiness of home is the highest and the greatest happiness that is open to ordinary men, and this the Spanish-Californians had and understood. Viewing their domestic and pastoral careers, and the contrast they offer with our own nerve-straining pursuit of objects assuredly less solid and not more worthy, do we seem the wiser men?

We would like to point out to the board of education these facts: A deficiency exists in the school funds; the teachers have had their October salaries cut down twenty-five per cent.; some of the school-houses are in such a disgraceful condition, from a sanitary point of view, that they have been closed by the board of health; the school directors claim that they have not money enough even to repair the defective sanitary appliances of these public schools. Now let us point out to the board of education some other facts: A vigorous fight is now going on for the principalship of the San Francisco Normal School, left vacant by the death of James G. Kennedy; R. D. Faulkner of the Franklin Grammar, R. H. Webster of the Girls' High School, A. E. Kellogg of the Boys' High School, and Miss Fowler, vice-principal of

the Normal School, are mentioned in the daily newspapers as candidates for the position. The "San Francisco Normal School" has grown from a single class in the Girls' High School, called "the Normal Class." Gradually from this class there has evolved an entire school, with principal, vice-principal, and assistants. We do not believe that there is any warrant for its existence in law. But there is certainly none in reason. There are already three State normal schools in California. The tax-payers of San Francisco help to maintain them. Why, then, should they be forced to pay for the maintenance of a city normal school—to pay over again for the work which they have already paid the State to do? Why should the tax-payers of San Francisco be taxed for a special school to train young women to be teachers? If this is a duty—which we do not admit—it is not the duty of the city, but of the State. But whether it is or not, when the State assumes that duty, and exacts taxes for State normal schools, it is an outrage on the San Francisco tax-payers to make them pay this tax twice.

We advise the board of education that this is a good time to let the post of principal of the "San Francisco Normal School" remain unfilled. We would further advise them to dispense with that school as soon as they may do so. We are firmly convinced that it has no legal standing, and that any citizen could mandamus the auditor, and prevent him from auditing salaries paid out for teaching teachers. At the present juncture, when the board of education has not money enough to pay its debts or repair its cesspools, we think that such expensive fallals as "city normal schools" might be dispensed with.

Under the heading, "Subsidized Education," the *Examiner* recently printed an article attacking President Harper, of the University of Chicago, because he replaced Professor Bemis. President Harper considered Professor Bemis's socialistic vagaries would do harm to the students and to the university. It is also said—although that does not appear "in the record"—that Rockefeller and the other wealthy men who have endowed the university with millions, objected to a continuance of Professor Bemis's teachings.

Well, we do not blame them if they did. There is a good deal of socialism being taught already in the United States by the *Examiner* and kindred sheets, and it is just as well to keep it out of our learned universities. There are more *Examiner* students than there are University of Chicago students, and if its doctrines are better, they will probably train its readers up in the love of the pure, the beautiful, and the good. Still, we may be permitted to doubt it. We would prefer the university education.

It is a little odd, however, that the *Examiner* should condemn President Harper for letting Professor Bemis go. Professor Bemis had been employed to teach sociology. He did not teach sociology, but something entirely different, in the opinion of President Harper, his superior. Should President Harper have subordinated his judgment to that of his inferior, and permitted Professor Bemis to continue teaching that which President Harper believed to be wrong? Suppose the *Examiner* should employ an editorial writer who would insist on forcing his own views upon the proprietor of that paper—who would make the *Examiner* uphold protection to American industry—who would make it condemn sensationalism—who would make it accurate in its news and elevated in its editorials, instead of slipshod, slanderous, and sensational in its news, and alternately truckling and anarchistic in its editorials. How long would such a man remain upon the *Examiner*? He would not be treated with so much consideration as was Professor Bemis; the justifiable indignation of the entire staff would result in his being dismissed instantaneously.

The final note of the *Examiner* is most striking. "It is an admirable thing," it says, "for men like Rockefeller and Yerkes to give part of their hard-earned money to a university, but it is neither admirable nor safe for that money to be used to suppress the teaching of truth." The naïve assumption of the *Examiner*, that Professor Bemis, because he was teaching socialism, was teaching "the truth," is most remarkable. How does the *Examiner* know that it was "the truth"? Is the *Examiner* inspired? It certainly seems to be "cocksure," as was Macaulay, of whom Sydney Smith said that "he wished he was as cocksure of anything as Macaulay was of everything." We congratulate the *Examiner* on its discovery—it ranks next to Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation—it has discovered "what is truth."

Those in this world who are earnest and honest are diligently searching for truth. Scientists, judges, writers, college professors—all honest men strive ever to find the truth. It is often hard to find, and it is not given to all of us to recognize the truth when we find it. It is not easy to say where the truth is. But it is easy to say where it is not—and one of the most notable places, we should say, is the San Francisco *Examiner*.

COMPARATIVE
LONGEVITY OF
CALIFORNIANS.

PROVIDENCE AND THE ALCALDE.

Showing the Old and the New Ways of Praying for Rain in Mexico.

In two years rain had fallen but once in the State of Durango, and Juan Morales, who was renowned for his wonderful experiences, said without hesitation that he had never even heard of a greater drought. In the lowlands, the grass, where there was any at all, was drier than tinder and bleached white, like the bones of the cattle which had starved to death many months before. Corn was very scarce; a little of it was offered at ten Mexican dollars a *fanega*; but the people were so poor, by reason of the total failure of the crops for two years, that they could not have bought the cereal at one-fifth of that price. *Frijoles* also had risen so high that Morales said he heard them of nights pattering against the wide-eyed moon. Without *tortillas*, which are of corn, and *frijoles*, which are beans, how could people live? This was the query that Morales propounded to a group of idle *peones* in the *plaza*, the solitary square of Santiago de Papasquero. The *peones* remained silent. They were a gaunt set of men, who looked as they felt—hungry.

"There is no corn to be had—or stolen, I assure you," Morales was saying. "Don Sebastian says that he can not lend any more to the best of us. A fine man, he, for an *alcalde*! Know ye what he told me? He said that he had not enough for his own wants!"

"That may be the truth, Juan," said José García, the muleteer.

"Thou hast more corn than brains—and thou hast no corn at all," retorted Morales, fiercely. "Knowest thou not that Don Sebastian is so rich that, were he so minded, he could buy enough corn to feed the entire village for seven centuries and still be able to give us whole rivers of *tequila*? I know this, for Panchita Aguilar is his cook. She is also my friend. I have seen the leavings of his table. And thou mayest see that I have not grown thin of late. But you imbeciles will surely starve if this drought continues, for any man who in these days of distress tries to become the friend of my friend Panchita will travel to the hosom of God, or my companion here"—tapping his knife, menacingly—"will miss for the first time in its life."

A peal of bells—cracked querulous tones, like the plaints of decrepit women—floated on the lifeless air. Some women were now seen hastening to the church.

"When does the procession start?" asked one of the men, turning toward Juan Morales.

"Just so soon, son of my soul," replied Juan, who liked the youth, "as the women have agreed upon the leader, or, rather, upon how many leaders they have."

"They say no men will be permitted to take part. Wherefore is this so?"

"Ah, thou hast to thank me for an uncouraged hack. I told my good friend, Panchita—which is to say, that I told all the women in the village, she being a cook—that, inasmuch as the Lord had paid no heed to the last procession, which was exclusively of men, it was my belief that he would listen only to the prayers and vows of the women of this village. For, said I, there be sinful men who lie to God when they say that they want water, it being well known that in their heart of hearts they want liquor. Wherefore, He, knowing them to lie, hath grown angry, and in His just wrath refuses to grant the request."

"Panchita pondered over my words, and, having consulted with the other women, acknowledged that there was sound reason in my speech. Many have been the holy feasts and processions of the village, and the sacred vows that we have taken are as the grass-blades in the valleys in a time of rain. And for all that and the three hundred and sixty-five masses of these twelve months, the blessed rain has fallen not. But of a certainty, this will be the greatest procession of all. The females will have new prayers, Candelaria Sanchez having learned twenty more from her cousin, who is a holy woman of the coast. Verily, if rain falls not by to-morrow night, we may as well pray for more heat that we may be burnt up at once."

The church-bells were pealing briskly now. Presently, from the front door of the old church, a troop of women emerged slowly, and Juan and his bearers uncovered reverently and knelt. On a little platform, horse, sedan-chair-like, by four privileged men, there was an image of the Lord Jesus, surrounded by lighted candles. Behind it came the women, all of them on their knees, and as this mode of locomotion was painful, they made but slow progress. They had swarthy faces, these women, of an Indian cast, with wiry black hair banging over inch-wide foreheads. Some were baggy and wrinkled and decidedly ugly; others were plump and youthful and rather comely. Yet, when the eye swept over them, they resembled each other marvelously. And that was because one saw only the dark superstition of ages, the unshakable religious fanaticism of a sinister night which had lasted for more than three centuries. And one saw all this because one looked into their eyes, and within them all the same insane fire gleamed hanefully.

Slowly, very slowly, the procession "kneaded" its way through the square. The women chanted words which could not be distinguished, since no two voices sang in time or in tune. Now and then, in some strange way, they happened to accord, and then one beard: "Señor! Señor! Lord! Oh, Lord!"—a long wail of unspeakable anguish. There were three old women who were naked from the waist upward. They were famous for their piety and for their undisputed knowledge of the likes and dislikes of the Deity. A handkerchief, worn veil-wise, mercifully hid their faces. Each held a *disciplina* in the right hand—a broad leathern strap, split at the end into narrow strips, like a cat-o'-nine-tails. With this they smote their naked backs, swinging it alternately first over the right shoulder and then over the left, but always striking the same spot in the back—a little above the kidneys. And the flesh there swelled slowly, then turned to a peculiar mottled purple, then sweated

blood. . . . And still the three women swung the *disciplinas* like a pendulum—*tat-tat! tat-tat! tat-tat!*—until the leather was as strips of raw flesh for the blood on it, and the skirts were smeared and spotted a bright red.

In the hot sunlight, all bare-headed, they stumbled on. An oily perspiration washed every face, and distress, hideous in its expression, was deeply stamped thereon—as if chiseled by a sculptor-devil. But they moved forward on their knees, the three flagellants and the chanters, dragging their limbs along with awkward painfulness. A distinct tone of hoarseness and exhaustion was noticeable in the chanting, which now and then broke into a shrill falsetto, a shriek that went through one like an iced needle. . . . And throughout it all the beat of the *penitentes' disciplinas* kept on, doggedly, *tat-tat! tat-tat! tat-tat!* . . .

The sun threw wide open its furnace-doors, and the stifling beat poured down in mighty torrents. The very ground seemed to gasp and pant. But still the women dragged their limbs along in utter abasement, and still they chanted gaspingly. Sharp pebbles and cruel cactus-needles had been purposely strewn upon the ground, and the women's knees sank into them; and then their chants became shrieks of mad exultation, punctuated by the smothered sound of the blood-wet leather upon raw flesh—the sullen *tat-tat! tat-tat! tat-tat!* of the *penitentes' scourges*. . . .

All through the village the procession went, until it came to a cross-roads, where a rude wooden cross stretched out its thick brown arms with a protecting air. Candles were burning at its foot, and the image-bearers laid their burden down and placed the image on the little shelf which was nailed to the cross where the arms intersect. The women, still on their knees, clustered about. The *penitentes* were still scourging their torn backs monotonously. An old Indian began to heat her breasts with furious energy, and presently others followed her example, until the entire bare-bosomed front row became animated bass-drums, which tum-tummed incessantly.

And then they prayed: "Lord, Lord, send us rain or we perish! Send us rain, merciful God! Sweet God, nice God, we pray for rain! *Ai!* beautiful Lord, turn Thy lovely face towards us, Thy servants! Behold us with pity and kindness! We love Thee very much, O Lord most beautiful! We pray to Thee for rain. *Ai! Ai!* We perish! Oh, Lord, Lord, water! Water, Lord!"

This they prayed until the Western sky turned red with the blood of the setting sun or with shame, and night came to end the scene.

On the next day the same sun awoke, much refreshed from its sleep, and began mercilessly to burn up the leaves of the few trees in Papasquero that had remained green. On the next day, two of the *penitentes* died. On the third day the heat was still greater, and the usurious corn-merchants, being thin men, smiled as they gathered in the last remaining *raíces* of the village. Papasquero having pledged all its trinkets and vendible household effects to buy corn, would now have pledged all that it had left—its soul and honor—only the unapoplectic dealers would not lend six kernels on that security. So, on the morning of the fourth day after the famous procession, a delegation waited upon the *alcalde*, Don Sebastian Villarreal, to inform him that the village desired permission to have another procession, which should consist this time of every man, woman, and child, and hairless dog in the village, including Don Sebastian himself at the head. In the meantime, and until Heaven answered their prayers for rain, the village suggested that the government take prompt action to avert the total extinction of the race by famine.

Don Sebastian heard them from the threshold of his door. He was a white-haired man of much dignity, and he howed politely as he replied to Morales, who was the spokesman of the delegation: "Have your appeals to the Lord borne no fruit?"

"Yes, sir; deaths. Not a had crop so far, Señor Alcalde, the most of the fruit being overripe or too green. But we wish no more. We might be gathered the next time."

"Your prayers have not been heeded, then?"

"Not unless somebody prayed for the death of the deceased ones, whose souls may God have in His glory."

"And now you wish the government to help you?"

"We want corn, señor," said Morales.

"Corn—corn and rain," chorused the delegation, sullenly.

"That is precisely what I, too, want, my sons. What else do you wish?"

"Permission for another procession, with you as our leader, señor. You have not been observed to join us in our supplications. Perhaps if you did, they would be granted."

"I lament infinitely having to refuse you that permission. You overestimate my influence with Heaven. Instead, I shall issue a decree to-morrow. The government has no corn, and it can not make rain. It can only decree certain things. Wait until to-morrow."

"And in the meantime what shall we say to our fields and to our stomachs, and, above all, to our women?"

"The constitution of Mexico, my children, guarantees the freedom of speech—in moderation. You may address whatever observations you see fit to the persons you have mentioned. Have patience, and wait another day. Perchance rain may fall to-night; who knows? I'll give the matter my instant consideration. Good-day."

The delegation went away, muttering, and Don Sebastian returned to the dining-room, where Jenkins, the American superintendent of the silver mines at San Andres, was breakfasting with him. He had been trying for some time to sell certain mining properties to the American, but the latter was on the verge of shutting down at the San Andres mines for lack of water.

"A most disastrous drought this has been," the old Mexican explained, in his own tongue. "Ruin has come upon our people. They can not work. They can do nothing. Even the registry of births shows a remarkable falling off, and Mexico sorely needs more men." My servants no

longer steal—they find nothing of value in this, your house, señor. And the more our people pray to the Lord for rain, the drier it becomes. This delegation came for permission for another procession, but I refused. Doubtless, He is too busy elsewhere to listen to their supplications. Do you think there is a God?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," answered the American, in English.

"Eh? What you seh?" The *alcalde's* knowledge of colloquial English was limited, and Jenkins, who was aware of it, said, gravely: "I observed that the existence of a Deity would not cause me any astonishment."

"No *entiendo*," murmured Don Sebastian. "Have the kindness to deign to speak our language. Perfection and your Spanish, Señor Jenkins, are twin sisters. You said?"

Jenkins translated the statement.

"Ah," said Don Sebastian, "you are a wonderful people, you Americans. I have had the honor to meet compatriots of yours who spoke of God as though He were a luxury rather than a particularly useful thing. Now, our people pray to him when they want anything. We are not so wealthy as you neighbors of ours."

"And do you ever pray, Don Sebastian?" asked Jenkins, with a smile.

"Ah, señor," with an apologetic shrug of the shoulders, "I have not prayed for many years. Our people have a habit of praying for food; then they sit down and wait for divine dispensation; then I bury them at the expense of the state. When I was a boy, I, too, used to pray for toys, and ponies, and sweatmeats, and, if you will pardon me for saying it myself, I assure you I was very modest in my demands. Once the good Lord refused a particularly urgent request that He should gather to His hosom my old school-master. A few years later the pedagogue died—of natural causes, I assure you—and, there being nothing left for which I should pray, I broke off communications with Him."

The old man said all this in so matter-of-fact a tone that Jenkins could not tell whether it was said in all sincerity or was simply meant for blasphemous, would-be wit. Other Mexicans of the better class had spoken slightly of the Creator, though usually with a consciousness of wrongdoing, as if wishing to show how thoroughly they had outgrown what it now pleased them to call the superstitions of their youth—an obvious bravado which made their utterances merely vulgar blasphemy. But Don Sebastian's face was expressionless, and Jenkins, for want of better question, asked him:

"Why don't you pray for rain?"

"Esteemed Señor Jenkins, your suggestion is the offspring of the great Solomon, being horn of wisdom. Should I pray personally, think you, or as the representative of the national government in this afflicted department?"

"You might try both, Don Sebastian. Who knows if you might not prove successful?"

"And, in that case, Señor Jenkins," said the old man, craftily, "I have your promise that as soon as rain falls you will visit my mines?"

"Oh, yes; but I may as well tell you that I shall not remain another month at San Andres, unless there is water by that time and the danger of famine is averted."

"Much may happen in thirty days and thirty-one nights. I have not addressed myself to the good Lord for many, many years; and then His ears were closed to my supplications. But perchance He will listen to me now. I have an idea that—You are leaving our poor habitation so soon, Señor Jenkins? I am deeply sorry. May all go well with you and your praiseworthy projects, señor; and he pleased to remember that this is your house and that you have a servant here awaiting your commands. *Adios!*"

The next day, the American, who had lingered at Papasquero, saw a group of people before the *alcaldia*. Pasted on the adobe wall of the municipal building, near the door of Don Sebastian's office, was a paper about two feet long, and Morales, who was a great scholar, being able to spell almost any word, was slowly reading aloud from it to an admiring audience. It was a proclamation, and it read as follows:

The principal *alcalde* of the Town and Department of Santiago de Papasquero:

WHEREAS, The Supreme Creator has not behaved well in this province, as in the past two years only one shower of rain has fallen and this winter it has not rained at all, and consequently the crops of Santiago de Papasquero, on which depends the prosperity of the whole department, are entirely ruined, and wherefore also the admirably directed mines of San Andres are on the point of closing down,

THE ALCALDE DECREES:

ARTICLE 1ST.—If within the pretermptive period of eight days from the date of this decree rain does not fall abundantly, no one will go to mass or say prayers.

ARTICLE 2D.—If the drought continues eight days more, the churches and chapels shall be burned, and all missals, rosaries, and other objects of devotion shall be destroyed.

ARTICLE 3D.—If, finally, in a third period of eight days it does not rain, all the priests, friars, nuns, and saints, male and female, shall be beheaded. And, for the meantime, permission is given for the commission of all sorts of sins in order that the Supreme Creator may understand with whom He has to deal.

(Signed) SEBASTIAN VILLARREAL.

Jenkins entered the *alcaldia* to bid farewell to the *alcalde*. A few minutes later he and Don Sebastian came out.

As the American mounted his horse, the old Mexican said: "Good-bye once more, Señor Jenkins. I shall hear from you?"

"Yes," answered Jenkins, pointing to the decree, "if you hear from Him."

EDWIN LEFEVRE.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1895.

Once learning was hard memorizing; it had to be tackled as an enemy; Greek hooks had no English helps, but all notes and glossaries were in Latin, and a pony was a thing forbidden: mathematics had to be puzzled out by one's self; now the work amuses, entertains, and improves all along the way. "You've given papa a right angle of pie, and you've only given me an acute angle," said a baby, who was unconsciously imitating his geometry without trouble.

THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.

Rumors that She has Fled, and that Her Capital has Fallen—The French Flying Column—Terrible Decimation by Disease—The Waller Imbroglio.

A rumor is running around Paris that the French troops have captured Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar. It is as yet not official, but it is believed. There is no doubt that General Duchesne, by the last official dispatches, was only a few miles outside of the capital, and as the Hova troops had steadily fallen back before the French, its fall seems to be assured. In that event, the queen and her court will at once flee from the capital city, preparations to that end having already been made for weeks.

It is a fortunate thing for the French ministry that the Madagascar capital has been taken, if the news be true. The nation has been deeply incensed at the dreadful loss of life in this Madagascar campaign. It has been considered certain that at the coming session of the Chambers the Rihot ministry would fall. President Faure has been very busily engaged in explaining that he had nothing to do with the organization of the Madagascar campaign, that it was an official heritage left by his predecessor, and that he was obliged to continue it, although against his will. The anger of the French people has been caused by the continual arrival from Madagascar of transports loaded down with sick and dying soldiers. A couple of weeks ago there arrived two transports; on one of these, the *Shamrock*, forty-one invalided soldiers died and on the *Concordia* forty-three while the ships were passing through the Red Sea. This wanton killing of invalided soldiers by exposing them to a passage under which even robust men suffer has called forth heated protests from the press and people of France. The arrival of these two transports at Marseilles on the twentieth of September loaded with fever-stricken soldiers, and with this tale of men dying en route, brought forth an explosion of popular wrath which made the government tremble. The popular rage is not entirely reasonable, however. The campaign in Madagascar has been conducted under the most unheard of difficulties. When the French troops landed last April and May at Majunga, they found themselves in a low and marshy country, reeking with malaria. Fifteen thousand troops comprised the expeditionary corps, and in three months five thousand of them were in the hospital. One regiment, the Two Hundredth of the Line, is said to have been completely wiped out; it no longer exists. General Duchesne speedily found out that it was impossible to expect his men to be cured while they remained in this marshy country, so, in order to save their lives, he began to ship them home.

It was about this period that General Duchesne organized his celebrated flying column, carrying its own supplies, and designed to take the capital. The difficulties of this enterprise are not easy to appreciate. General Duchesne's column went through a country which had absolutely no supplies, not even wood. The troops were forced to carry everything with them, including fuel for cooking their food. If the expedition had met with defeat at the threshold of the capital, the troops would have been exterminated, for they were cut off from their base of supplies. But oddly enough, as the troops left the coast and got into the healthier highlands, their health improved and their spirits rose.

The Hova army has persistently retreated before the French. The queen has resorted to the most desperate measures to spur her army on, and has even hurned at the stake a number of soldiers who had retreated. The distance traversed by the French troops from the west coast to the capital is about three hundred and seventy miles, and they have been about six months in making that distance. As they neared the capital, the queen began making preparations for flight, but the aristocracy of Antananarivo apparently paid no heed. Festivals of all kinds have been in progress, and a marriage which united two great families of Madagascar caused more excitement in the society of the capital than the news of the French advance.

General Duchesne, the commander of the victorious army, will be the hero of the day on his return. The government then will speedily get him out of the country, lest they should have another Boulanger. "The man on horseback" is an ever-present menace to the governments of France. General Dodds, who conquered Dahomey some years ago, repaired to Paris after his victories. The government crowned him with honors, and then hurried him in an obscure colony as soon as possible, to get him out of the way. That will doubtless also be the fate of General Duchesne. He is an old soldier, having reached the age of fifty-eight years, and won the cross of the Legion of Honor at Solferino. He fought through the war of 1870 and was one of the officers who distinguished themselves in the disastrous Tonquin campaign.

It is odd that Europe has been so much absorbed in the Oriental complications that it has paid little or no attention to the French campaign in Madagascar. There is really no basis for this campaign other than the attempt of the French to monopolize the trade of Madagascar. France made a treaty in 1885 by which Madagascar admitted her protectorate. The French claimed in 1894 that the treaty had been violated, and, as the Madagascar Government would give no satisfaction, the French Chamber voted last fall a credit of sixty-five million francs and the campaign was begun. Now that the war is practically over, France will find herself confronted with other embarrassing questions. England and Germany will stoutly oppose the gobbling up of the entire trade of Madagascar by the French. Inasmuch, however, as meetings have been held in the great seaports of France, like Marseilles and Toulon, rejoicing over the exclusion of all but French traders from Madagascar, it is evident that the French intend to keep the trade to themselves. There will be some trouble also over the Waller case. In that case, the Madagascar Government gave a concession to the ex-American

consul, Waller, instead of to a French rival of his. This was what caused the whole trouble, although there is little doubt that Waller had written very indiscreet letters, which were seized by the French authorities. He is still in prison at Marseilles, and is liable to stay there for some time, although the American Government is doing what it can for him. The fact that Waller is a negro has led some Americans to insinuate that Minister Eustis, who is a Southerner, is taking very little interest in his case, but this, I think, is false. Minister Eustis is doing all that he can. The French Government claims that Waller was giving information to the enemy. The only protest that the United States has as yet made is that Waller was tried by a court-martial instead of a civil tribunal. This diplomatic incident remains unsettled between the United States and France. For that matter, the United States has not yet recognized the French claims to a protectorate over Madagascar. It is only a few months since this was significantly shown, when Commodore Perry sailed into the harbor of Tamatave in command of an American man-of-war, and omitted to salute the French flag. The French resident protested, but Commodore Perry curtly replied that his government did not recognize the existence of any government there except that of Madagascar.

ST. MARTIN.
PARIS, October 5, 1895.

TWO NOTABLE DIVORCES.

Amélie Rives Chanler Finds Matrimony a Failure—On the Other Hand, Bettina Gerard is About to Try it Again for the 'Steenth Time.

Two recent divorces have caused much gossip in New York city in two different circles—the one in literary and social circles, the other "on the Rialto." The first divorce was that of Amélie Rives Chanler. The second was that of Mrs. Bettina Ordway-Padelford-Raffael-Gerard-Williams.

The announcement of the divorce of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler has, as I say, caused much gossip in literary and social circles. It is only a few years since Amélie Rives made an enormous sensation by her novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" Her first appearance in literature antedated that book by a few months, when she sent a short story to the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Brother to Dragons." It was sent anonymously. This was in 1887, when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was still editing the *Atlantic*, and before he had relinquished the reins to Horace Scudder. Mr. Aldrich was much struck with the story, and said of it that "the man who wrote this story will never do anything stronger." He was much surprised when he found out that the author was not a man, but a young girl living in Virginia. In a few months Miss Amélie Rives had become famous, from one end of the land to the other, by her novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" I do not think that it was due to any pronounced literary merit in the novel, although it certainly had some, but rather to the fact that there was a wild, hysteric, amorous vein running through it which seemed to catch the public. There was a certain passage in the novel wherein the heroine picks up an old cigar-stump laid aside by "Jack," whom she loves. Over this *gauge d'amour* she maunders through many pages. A turgid eroticism pervaded the novel, which shocked some and thrilled others. But that was seven years ago. The numerous ladies who since have shied their caps into the literary arena [*Qy?—étaient leurs bonnets au-dessus du moulin?*] could give Amélie Rives cards and spades when it comes to eroticism. In fact, her book would now, by the average up-to-date young woman, be voted "deadly dull." However, I am writing of seven years ago. At that time the novel made a sensation, and it won for Miss Amélie Rives a husband, John Armstrong Chanler. He was a New York club man, a man of wealth, had been educated in England, and had spent his time since graduation in traveling about the world. He was twenty-eight when he married her, and she was a few years younger. Mrs. Chanler filled a prominent place in the newspapers for some time after their marriage. The fact that she rode to hounds and that she owned some score of dogs filled their due place in the public prints. She wrote one or two other novels, one called "Tanis, the Sang-digger" and "Herod and Mariamne." But they fell flat.

Mrs. Chanler and her husband lived for a short time at the country-place of the Chanlers, near Rhinebeck, on the Hudson. But they soon wearied of this place, both of them being food of travel and excitement, and went abroad. They remained in France for several years, and there was some gossip about the fact that a well-known French artist had fallen madly in love with Mrs. Chanler while painting her portrait. She was a very beautiful woman, is still for that matter, and is at the age which Balzac speaks of as the most dangerous in woman—*la femme de trente ans*. She is thirty-two. She is petite and has a very fine figure, blonde hair, and beautiful violet eyes, with black eyelashes and dark eyebrows.

It is not known whether the infatuation of the French artist caused the coolness between her and her husband, but it is none the less true that a coolness followed about that time. They returned to the United States separately, and since then have not met. Mrs. Chanler has for some time been in the West; but it was not for the purpose of acquiring a Dakota divorce, for she brought suit in the courts of New York, and it was there that the decree of divorce was granted on the ground of incompatibility. Mr. Chanler did not contest the proceedings, and there is nothing in the affair, it is said, which reflects on either party. In short, it is as amicable a divorce as can be expected, but it is rather a significant ending to a romantic espousal. Chanler was certainly impressed with the idea, from reading Miss Rives's books, that she was the only woman he could ever love, and there is little doubt that, when he had won her, the opening of their married life was a rose-colored ro-

mance. But it has taken nearly seven years to wear the romance threadbare and let the seamy side show through. Perhaps, after all, marriages which are based on kindly affection rather than on romantic love have a better chance for success.

The other divorce is of an entirely different nature. The only reason that the two divorces are connected here is because they have, as I say, been the subject of gossip in two widely differing elements of New York. Bettie Gerard's divorce has been the sole topic of conversation "on the Rialto." The Rialto has moved up-town. It is now on Broadway, between Thirty-Fourth and Forty-Second Streets. Only a few years ago, the Rialto was on Union Square, but now it has moved up above Madison Square. The old Rialto, down on Union Square, is devoted to the "hamfatters" and variety performers of "the perfish." The swells in the profession are never found there. On the down-town Rialto an actor with a diamond ring never dares to appear. A diamond ring there is considered as a sign of wealth. Any gentleman with a diamond ring can spout it; therefore he is wealthy; therefore the unfortunate wearer is so beset with requests for loans and "touched" for drinks and other favors that he generally flees in despair to the upper Rialto. There he will find many wearers of diamond rings, and the possession of such gems does not necessarily involve subsequent financial depletion.

It is on the upper Rialto that the Gerard divorce case has been most talked of. The lady in the case has been married to so many actors and mixed up in so many theatrical and other divorce suits that her name is well-known both in and out of theatrical circles. This week Miss Gerard sued for a divorce from Harrison Wolf, the actor, whose real name is Williams. She married him in the fall of 1893, but separated from him shortly afterward. Miss Gerard brought suit in Judge Dugro's court against her husband, while on the same day in Judge Gildersleeve's court she was named by Mrs. Emily Crichton as co-respondent in her divorce suit against William Crichton, secretary of the United States consulate at Petropolis, Brazil. Mrs. Crichton sets down the epoch of the matrimonial infelicities caused by her husband and Miss Gerard about 1892.

The many marriages and divorces of Miss Gerard constitute not unamusing reading. She is the daughter of the late General Ordway, an officer in the United States army, and I think that it was while they were living in Washington that she met, conquered, and was wooed by young Padelford, scion of a wealthy Baltimore family. The marriage made a great sensation at the time, owing to the wealth of the groom and the beauty of the bride. The young couple made the traditional wedding tour, and then returned to Baltimore to settle down. When their married life had lasted not many months, Mrs. Padelford was stricken down with what she believed to be a fatal illness. Believing herself to be upon her death-bed, she called her husband to her side and confided to him that she had, as our Gallic cousins say, made him wear horns—that she had, as they further say, picked holes in her marriage certificate; in short, that she had been unfaithful to him. It must have been a most touching scene. Mr. Padelford and his erring wife wept together. If she had died, it would have been very successful and very dramatic. But the lady lived. In the light of her returning health, Mr. Padelford thought it over, and concluded that he was injured. He separated from her. He sought a divorce. He secured one, but she retained his name, and rumor said that he was obliged to pay her five thousand dollars to drop his name. She then assumed the stage name of Gerard.

When the lady was making confidences upon her death-bed to her husband, she was indiscreet enough to mention the names of the gentlemen who had honored him with horns. Among them was the name of a handsome tenor in a German opera company. Rumor said that the list was rather long. Afterward the lady showed that she had a weakness for singers, for she fell in love with another, one John J. Raffael, a handsome baritone, whom she married. They too had a married season, brief, like the life-time of a rose, and they agreed to disagree. It was after this that Mrs. Bettina Ordway-Padelford-Gerard-Raffael became Mrs. Bettina Ordway-Padelford-Gerard-Raffael-Wolf-Williams. She has apparently wearied of Williams and desires to get a divorce. She says very frankly that if she gets her divorce from Williams, she intends at once to marry William O'Rourke, an actor, who is now playing in the same company with her. Mr. Williams does not oppose her suit, and admitted very frankly and freely on the witness-chair the other day that his wife had charged him with infidelity, and that the charge was true. There was apparently no ill-feeling between the two spouses, for when they parted at the elevator outside the court-room, he gave her a good-natured farewell, and she called out "Good-bye" and kissed her hand to him. When it comes to the divorce championship, Bettie hears the bell.

The lady looks confidently forward to a very happy marriage. On the Rialto, it is hoped that it may be true. On every hand, along the uptown Rialto, there may be heard good wishes for the happiness in her new state of Mrs. Bettina Ordway-Padelford-Gerard-Raffael-Wolf-Williams-O'Rourke.

FLANEUR.
NEW YORK, October 9, 1895.

Shoreditch, in London, has erected a plant by which electric light for the parish will be generated by the burning of the parish refuse. It has hitherto cost seventy-five cents a ton to get rid of the twenty thousand tons of refuse gathered in a year. By consuming it, the cost will be thirty-one cents a ton, while the utilization of the power produced will bring in seven thousand five hundred dollars a year profit.

A company producing only one form of one part of a bicycle, the jointless rim, covers two acres of ground with its works at Birmingham, England.

HIS LITTLE DINNER.

A Conjugal Scene.

"Your mistress—has she come in yet?" he demanded eagerly, as the servant opened the door.

"No, sir."

Thus reassured, he drew from behind his back a hand in which he held a big bunch of roses, which, if not very choice or artistic in their selection, still spoke eloquently of a great, loving heart. His eyes sparkled, his fingers trembled with joy, when, in the dining-room a moment later, he arranged his flowers in a handsome vase, and with tender little pats and touches set them carefully in the centre of the little round table.

Then from his pocket he drew a tiny jewel-case and hid it under one of the two napkins.

"Now," he murmured, smiling gayly, "now she may come in!"

Now that his preparations were finished, he sat down to wait, idle, restless, fumbling at this and that with his big, awkward hands. Finally he tried the library, and looked over the papers placed on his desk. "The Ministers United. . . . The Russian Obligations to be Promptly Paid. . . ." Bah! what did he care whether they were paid or not? He was waiting for her; he could think of nothing but that she was coming in to fill the room with her radiant loveliness, her faint perfume. . . .

How was it all going to happen? Should he run to meet her, take her in his arms, and call her "My beloved"? No; at first he would say nothing. He would seem quite indifferent, unconcerned; then, by accident, his arm would slip round her waist, and he would lead her—as it were unconsciously—to the dining-room door, where he was going to enjoy the delight of her surprise and pleasure.

Ah! at last a step outside! His joy must be disguised, lest she suspect something, and again he caught up the paper. "It is wired from London"—"It is wired from London"—but the words danced before his eyes, red, blue, green—he could not distinguish another letter—a hand, her hand, was on the knob!

She entered, blonde, beautiful, but looking out from the soft, luxurious warmth of her costly furs a little weary, a little disheveled, after an afternoon spent in visiting, shopping, swift riding in a coupé. The "good-day" she gave him seemed a little weary, too, the gesture a little petulant with which she drew off her gloves, threw back her furs, and dropped into a chair.

"I am very late," said she, "and we must dine quickly; the Daubignys are coming to take me with them to the opera."

He started, pained and surprised. "What, you are going out, dearest? I thought we were to spend the evening together here in our little nest."

She had thrown herself into a low easy-chair, with her tiny feet outstretched to the fire. "Really, my dear, you are very unreasonable," she answered, indifferently. "It was very good of the Daubignys to invite me, and as I am not at all spoiled, you know, by visits to the theatre, I accepted with pleasure. Still, if you wish to forbid my going, you can; you are my master; the law is on your side."

He dropped the paper wearily, all the brightness gone from his face. "There is no need to be angry, dearest," he expostulated. "I had no thought or wish to deprive you of a pleasure. You reproach me, too, needlessly. You know that I am nearly always busy in the evenings. To-night, however, I am free, and I was promising myself—"

"All right, I'll not go."

"No, no, dear one; not at all! Come, we'll dine quickly. You'll go and make yourself beautiful, and when the Daubignys arrive—"

"I am not going, I tell you! I no longer wish to go." She flung off her furs, her dainty hat, and tossed them angrily on a couch.

He watched her sorrowfully, miserably, all his innocent joy gone; feeling himself aged and enervated by this quarrel, that was so useless, so unforeseen, so incomprehensible.

She was seated now at the other side of the fire, her slender white hands clasped carelessly about her knees. He sought and sought for something to say to her, anything, no matter what, that would break the horrible silence, but nothing would come.

"By the way," said she, suddenly—so suddenly that he perceptibly jumped—"I have invited Paul Bernard to dine with us to-morrow. He is very agreeable."

"Ah!"

"Why 'ah'? What do you say 'ah' for?"

"For nothing—nothing at all, dear. I said 'ah' just as I would say 'oh'; just as I would say—"

She had haughtily raised her pretty head, with its crown of golden curls, the haughty head of a little princess, but with its beauty just then marred by the hard, scornful curve of the red lips.

"Perhaps you intend to be jealous and make scenes?" she persisted.

He did not reply; his chin dropped on his breast dejectedly. Still this quarrel without reason or sense! She was not usually so.

And suddenly a great terror was born within him, to clutch and tear at the strings of his heart. This nervous excitement of his wife, this over-sensitiveness to unspoken words—could it be the outcome of some hidden pain, some secret suffering, or—God in heaven, crush the thought!—the remorse of a first fault?

No, no, impossible! She was only tired, fatigued by paying calls, by the chattering of uncongenial acquaintances, by the solitude of her silk-cushioned brougham, with gazing out upon a wan, gray sky, with the rain beating the windows.

Meanwhile she went on, exasperating herself more and more. "You might as well know, too, now as any time, Lucien, that when you begin that, when you take it into

your head to be jealous, suspicious—well, I know but one remedy for it—divorce!"

He paled at the horrible word, for she had hurled it at him cruelly, brutally as a blow, looking him straight in the eyes, her elbow resting on the mantel-piece, and apparently quite calm.

Eight o'clock began to chime. In the street the rain still fell, a slow, mournful rain, sounding like a dirge. They passed into the dining-room, she leading, he following like one in a troubled dream.

In the interval the cozy little nook seemed, all at once, to have grown chill and formal; discontent, bitterness, suppressed irritation, lurked in the air.

Dinner, which had been served, had grown cold on the pretty white table, the crisp little rolls had lost their tempting look, and there, in the midst of it all, the poor, forgotten bunch of roses hung its head with a look of woe, as if it felt itself a stranger, an uninvited, an unwelcome guest.

She glanced at the flowers with a little careless, absent air. "Ah, roses!" said she.

Then he replied, the sadness of his heart making his voice shake: "Yes, dear, roses. It is the anniversary of our wedding-day."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Buet by E. C. Waggener.

OLD FAVORITES.

An Old Man's Idyl.

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Brooded fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh, the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago:
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Iceles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows cold—'tis growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.—Richard Realf.

The death of A. J. Moulder has brought on an active candidacy for the position of superintendent of public schools. Among those mentioned are Charles B. Stone, chairman of the classification committee in the board of education, C. S. Young, the unsuccessful Republican candidate for superintendent at the last election, and R. D. Faulkner, the unsuccessful Non-Partisan candidate. There are other candidates, but these are the most prominent. Of the three, we have no hesitation in saying that we think Charles B. Stone would make the best superintendent. It is said of him that he "is not an educator," and that the other two are. We do not think that to be a successful school superintendent it is necessary to be a pedagogue. One of the best school superintendents San Francisco ever had was John Taylor, and he was a business man. So is Mr. Stone. But in addition to being a trained and methodical business man of many years' standing, he has been chairman of one of the most important committees since he has been on the board of education, and has acquired an intimate knowledge of the workings of the department. He is an American, a man of liberal education, the son of a distinguished Protestant clergyman, the late Dr. Stone, has lived in San Francisco for many years, and is thoroughly familiar with the city, the school department, and its needs. He would make an excellent superintendent, and we hope the board of education will elect him to that post.

"DAISY BELL" IN FRENCH.

The Migration of Popular Songs—"Down Went McGinty" from the Same Source as "Parsifal's" Bell-Motif—What they Do to Our Songs in France.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia College, has an interesting article on "The Migration of Popular Songs" in the October number of the *Bookman*, discussing the way in which the ephemeral songs of the day are adopted from one nation by another. The Germans, he says, being a highly musical people, regard the popular songs of England and America much as we do the sounds produced by a Chinese orchestra. One may hear bits of "The Mikado" in Germany and perhaps some of Reginald de Koven's airs, but that is all. On the other hand, we occasionally borrow from Germany. "Annie Rooney" is taken directly, with a mere change of tempo, from a chorale of Bach, and "Down Went McGinty" is from another—the same source, wonderful as it seems, from which Wagner derived the so-called bell-motif in "Parsifal."

Taking up French songs, Professor Peck says that we take little from them except their military pieces for our bands. "An instance of this," he says, "is the Boulanger chant, 'En r'v'nant de la revue,' first sung by Paulus at the Alcazar d'Été, and speedily taken up all over France by the partisans of the *brav' Général*. It was at once cabled to this country (a journalistic feat achieved by the *New York Herald*), and was heard everywhere, but only as an air, no words ever having been written for it in English, so far as the present writer is informed. A later French success, 'Père la Victoire,' also 'created' by Paulus at the Eldorado, was at one time a good deal played by military bands in England, where it was also set to new words, but as a song it had no success."

"Not many of our popular airs, in fact, are foreign; but a very great many of ours are caught up by the French, especially those whose English words have a jingle that tickles the Gallic ear with a suggestion of eccentricity."

"The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" was a great favorite with the French, and their version of it was a close paraphrase of the English, though it represented the breaker of the bank as a woman and not a man. The title of it was 'J'ai fait sauter la banque à Monte Carlo.' As a rule, the music alone is taken, the French words having no reference to the original ones. Thus, 'Daisy Bell,' or, as the French usually write it, 'Daysey Bell,' furnished the music for a rather amusing set of verses by M. Dreyfus, who is an anglophobe, in which *les Anglaises pour rire* are vigorously mocked—their diet of *bifteck, rumsteck*, and other *vandres saignantes*, their prudery, and their dress. A verse may serve to amuse the reader:

"A Paris y a des Anglaises
L'air sec, avec
Des appas comm' des punaises,
Des dents longu's et jaun's dans l' bec.
Sur l' boulevard chacun circule
Vêtu comm' d'un fourreau
D'un macfarlan' ridicule
Coiffé d'un tout p'tit chapeau!"

"All right! All right!
Rien ne les émoionne;
All right! All right!
Rien ne les passionne;
Ell's ont la sech'ress' d'un' planche
Ell's ont aussi sa raideur,
Que c' soit la s'maine ou l'dimanche
Un rien offense leur pioudeur!"

"The chorus of this had almost as much success in France as the original enjoyed in England and the United States; and up to the present time, when a *gamin* wishes to jeer at a stray Englishman, he greets him with the 'All right!' which together with 'Aoh yes!' is regarded in France as the shibboleth of the Anglo-Saxon race."

"As might be expected, 'Tarara-boom-de-ay' exactly suited the *Anglaisistes*. It had scarcely appeared in England and America before a French rendering was rushed into print, in fact so rapidly that the author of it, M. Fabrice Lémon, failed to notice the exact title of the original, and altered a syllable, his version bearing the name 'Tha-mara-boum-di-hé'; but it was a great success, being sung at one and the same time at four of the principal *cafés concerts*—the Alcazar, the Horloge, the Ambassadeurs, and the Folies Bergère. Before, however, any French version at all had been made, the present writer, being in a provincial town in Normandy, read one day an announcement of the local theatre to the effect that on the following evening a new one-act play would be presented, with the remarkable title 'Miss Kiss-my,' in which the forward manners of the typical *mees Anglaise* would be held up to the reprobation of a virtuous French audience. It was also announced as a special attraction that a certain Mlle. Dufort would, in the course of the play, sing the *celèbre chanson Anglaise*, 'Tha-ra-boum-der-é.' When the time came, and Mlle. Dufort appeared, she had an immense audience. The first few lines made it evident (not to the audience, however,) that this ingenious young woman had shrunk from the task of 'getting up' the lines of the genuine version, but had instead constructed a set of verses of her own by piecing together all the English words she had ever heard. The first verse, then, ran something like this:

"Ticket tramway clergyman
Bifteck rumsteck rosbif van,
Sandwich whitebait lady lunch
Chéri-gobler, wiskey-ponche;
Aoh yes all right shocking stop
Pêl-d why-not moton-chop,
Plum-kék miousie steamer boxe,
Boule-dogue high-life five-o'clocks.
Tharara boum der-é, etc."

"It was an immense success. The audience rose at her. They knew that the English was all right, because they themselves recognized a good many of the words. She had an ovation and nine-encores; and this was probably the first rendition of the *celèbre chanson* on French soil."

CHIMMIE FADDEN'S NOVEL.

"A Daughter of the Tenements," by Edward W. Townsend—The Ballet-Dancer's Daughter and an Artist from the Slums—Scenes in San Francisco.

The author of "Chimmie Fadden" has been at work this summer on his first novel, and it was published October 15th. We place before our readers some account of the story and a few of its more striking passages.

"A Daughter of the Tenements" is the title Mr. Townsend has chosen for his story, and his heroine is the child of Terese Casarotti, an Italian ballet-dancer who, deserted by her husband and being incapacitated for her work by an accident, finds a home for herself and her baby with a kindly old Irishman—he is proud of his American birth, but he has all the best qualities of the Celt, for all that—named Dan Lyon, janitor of a big down-town building and lieutenant in Mulherry Bend of the political boss of that district. Dan has a son Tom, and about him and Carminella, the daughter of the tenements, the interest of the story turns, following them from their lowly home in a Mulherry Bend tenement to his successful establishment as an artist and their marriage.

It would be a pity to spoil the reader's pleasure by telling the story here, but we shall make a few extracts which will give an idea of the varied scenes and phases of life the story embraces and also of Mr. Townsend's success in portraying character and presenting vivid pictures of metropolitan life.

By the time the hoy, Tom, is twenty, he has become scene-painter's assistant in a Bowery theatre, and one of the most striking passages in the book is when he makes a success that results in a "curtain-call," to the intense delight of his father, Dan Lyon, and Carminella's step-father, Domenico. The scene is described as follows:

In the second act there was an interior of an Indian palace, and the instant the calcium light flooded its brilliant and harmonious colors and revealed its stately, far-vested columns and suave arches, there started in the galleries, where the Orientals swarmed, and quickly extended to the less impressionable Americans to the lower parts of the house, a tumult of demand for "Artist! Artist!"

The stage was empty. There was long delay, but the cries kept up. Finally, the scene-painter appeared, half dragging a reluctant figure from his haud in acknowledgment to Tom, as if asking the audience to include him in the praise of their applause.

Dao, in the gallery, seeing this with bulging eyes, suddenly sprang to his feet and emitted one short, sharp, piercing yell, which stopped all other noises in the theatre, but for an instant only. Dan was—luck go with him, is—an American. He cao prove it by documents, but that yell was as Irish as the green sod of Galway wheoce it originated. He was standing up in the front row of the gallery with his old-fashioned silk hat held aloft, for once all his caution and conservatism shake out of him. The whole audience turned to look at the man with the close-cropped gray hair and the smooth, stern face, and so did Tom. Catching his hoy's eye, Dan, with a quick jerk of his hat, again seat forth that challenging and triumphant yell, and every Irishman and son of an Irishman in the theatre—a solid lot of men, the rulers of New York—dived a hand under his seat, and the next second, with defiantly upheld silk hat, sprang to his feet and answered the yell in kind. Then there was a roar of laughter, in which the yellers joined, until some one sang out, pointing to the promoter of all this excitement: "True for you, Dan Lyon. Galway forever!" There was another roar and another cry: "The artist is Dan's boy Tom," and once more Dan, now utterly lost to his surroundings, a perfect example of atavism, an absolute reversion to the men of his ancestry, led the yell; and the cheering and laughter kept up until Tom, blushing crimson, bowed, broke away, and made a hasty exit.

The hospitality of California is celebrated by Mr. Townsend in his description of the way George Peyton, brother of Tom's best friend, Philip Peyton, a *Gladiator* reporter, is received when he goes to San Francisco to retrieve his fortunes. Our author says:

He had many letters of introduction, but presented only one, to a merchant who had been the San Francisco agent of George's father in his North Pacific whaling interests for many years. This merchant had visited New York occasionally and been entertained by the elder Peyton, and although neither of the sons had happened to meet him, they knew that their father had liked the Californian both personally and as a commercial associate. When George went to the offices of Horace Masters, the Californian, and sent in his card and letter, a young man, only a few years his senior, briskly followed the messenger out from an inner office, extended his hand to George, and said, with hearty cordiality: "Your letter is addressed to my father, Mr. Peyton. He is out of the city, but a letter introducing you belongs to me as much as to him. My name is Horace Masters, also, and I am my father's partner in this business. It's nearly lunch-time, isn't it? Now, we'll go up to the club to lunch and decide there on what we want to do this afternoon and to-night. Where's your baggage? Palace, eh? Well, we'll just stop in at the Palace and have your stuff sent up to the house. Frank" (to a clerk), "I'm going out to lunch. I may not be back to-day. Come on, Mr. Peyton; we'll take a cab to the Palace, first."

This was Peyton's introduction to San Francisco hospitality. He had expected to be asked what his engagements would be after a week, and then to receive an invitation to dinner, and he put up at a club, there to find his own way about, as he knew would be the programme under similar circumstances in New York. The junior Masters dropped his work on the instant and was the New Yorker's almost constant companion, as well as his host, during the week Peyton was in the city. Of course the young merchant had his father's social obligations to pay off in his entertainment of Peyton, but the latter saw enough of the general scheme of such things in San Francisco to realize that he would have been almost as heartily and spontaneously entertained had he not appeared as a social creditor. San Franciscoans are pleasure-loving for pleasure's sake; not for the sake of its display. They constitute one American community where work waits on play; where business has not yet become the driver and the pleasure man the slave.

They were introduced to a new acquaintance that he was meeting a man whose cup of happiness lacked only that introduction to be filled to overflowing. Each meeting was the excuse for the suggestion of "a little cocktail," and, although they seemed to be of maximum size they were potent of only the minimum of effect. "It's the climate," explained Masters when Peyton spoke of this.

It might be imagined that this "Utopian Club" is the Bohemian, from this account of a dinner in the "Red Room," in which several local celebrities may be recognized:

Before they went in to dinner, the Utopians donned red silk robes, one of which was given to Peyton. Twenty-one of them sat at a round table, spread in red, lighted by red-shaded candles, in a room whose color scheme in decoration was red, and only the red wine of the country was served at the meal. Peyton examined his companions with liveliest interest. In age they were from an eager-faced youngster fresh from college to a white-haired patriarch past his three-score and ten; in worldly place, Masters explained, from a junior bank-clerk to the millionaire president of his bank; in

professional career, from a law-clerk to a judge of a United States court; in the social scale, from a young artist unknown as yet outside Utopia, to a "No Hill" dweller whose family supplied the leaders of the city's smartest society. The amount of the cleao, pure, wholesome native red wine they all drank was amazing. This was drunk from water-goblets. A quart was placed at each plate at the beginning; a second appeared at most of the plates with the roast. As his eyes wandered about the table, Peyton felt them arrested again and again by the cheerful glance of a man opposite, whom he heard the others call Langie. At each glance Langie smiled as if he and Peyton were the possessors in common of some happy secret which would surely promote the gaiety of oations and make eveo Utopia more blest. Peyton found himself returning the smile, and feeling extremely well-disposed toward his sileot *vis-à-vis*. At last Langie, having again arrested Peyton's attention, ceremoniously lifted his goblet of wine, pursed his lips in a mischievous silent laugh, and then said in a tooe whimsically fraught with affection and importance, "A glass of wine with you, Mr. Peyton." The manner and voice were irresistible, and Peyton responded—as eveo a faotical total abstaier must have dooe—by carrying his glass to his lips. At this auspicious actioo Langie looked around the table, included all the diuers in a broad, blao, comprehending smile of welcome and good-fellowship, and said: "Gentlemao, a glass of wioe with Mr. Peyton." From every Utopiao there came the hearty response, "A glass of wioe with you, Mr. Peyton," and the stranger felt himself a stranger no more. He looked over at Langie and nodded his thanks, wheo that eve-alert man iostantly raised his goblet agao, smiled with twiokling eyes, and whispered "A glass of wine with you, sir," and at no time during the eveoing did his glance by chance or desigo meet that of Langie without the resultioo iooitatioo; each time extended as if at that moeent happily thought out for the first time.

After a while there were suddeo calls around the table for "Uncle Baroaby," and the white-haired patriarch arose and spoke. He was haodsome, with a manly heauty which suggested to Peyton pictures of fighting admirals of the oldoe days. He addressed the compaoy as his "chilreoo," and in a kiody, bluff maooeo talked about them and himself, told stories, and suddeoly, without any excuse, broke off into an old-fashioed sea-soog of which the diuers roared the chorus. Theo he said that he had ioteoed to make a speech, but had decided to impose that duty oo his young friend Mapletoo. In response to delighted cries for "Mapletoo," a tall, slight, erect man rose and hegao to speak. The first oote of his voice struck the ear with the pleasurable shock of an unexpected organ peal. It was rich, deep, resooant, booming, and his words poured forth like a majestic stream movioo steadily ooward, and as a great stream moves, naturally, and without effort. He smiled soeioerly as he spoke of the world outside of Utopia; smiled good-oaturedly as he teased with their individual foibles some of his hearers; but his face had almost an exalted look as he closed with an apostrophe to that unselfish friendship betweeo men which, io their Utopia, was prized beyond riches and all worldly honoo.

"He is your great orator: some distinguished lawyer?" Peyton whispered to Masters, while all applauded at the foish.

"He is a newspaper man," a reporter, Masters answered, and Peyton, thinking of Philip, applauded all the more.

A man left the table and went to a piano, where another Utopiao hummed while the pianist felt to the chords, and sooo swuog into a full and harmonioo accompanioo of a tune he had never heard before, and the singer sang verses writteo that day for that eveoing. Nearly every ooe at the table had contributed something to the entertainment—a song, a speech, a poem, a story—when Mr. Langie, whose glaoce Peyton for discretionoary reasons had long avoided, rose, moistened his lips several times, heaped up all with imortal frieodliooess, and remarked confidentially: "I cao not conceal from you looger the glad tidings that we will oow listen to a song from my old and dear friend, George Peyton."

Peyton felt his heart drop into some unknown depths as he heard his name thus mentioned, but the spirit of the gathering took quick possession of him—revived him—and he sang, in a big, tuneful, untrained voice, a yachting-song new to his listeners; but they caught the chorus and were roarioo it with him after the second verse.

A somewhat similar scene in New York is described, further on in the book. It is an "at home" given by Philip Peyton to introduce Tom Lyon to some of his artistic and journalistic friends. In it, too, one might guess at the persons portrayed, perhaps identifying Farrington with Frederic Remington and Richard Perry with Julian Ralph. The passage is as follows:

The guest who followed him into Philip's room was a man whose name made Tom start. He was no less a personage than Frank Farrington, the great illustrator, whose vital work has made the world familiar with the romantic life of the border troopers, the Indian reservation, the round-up, the *vaguerio* on his looly trail, the Indian in his froezed dance, the cowboy in his rough pastimes. He was in evening-dress, and said, as he shook hands with Philip: "I had to dress to dine with some people, but you'll let me stay as I am, won't you?"

He was a big, smooth-faced, boyish-looking man, yet evidently powerful and athletic, with the breadth and breeziness of his beloved plains about him. Tom had cut out and preserved from magazines and weekly papers every illustration he had ever seen by Farrington. As the great illustrator came toward him, Tom was thinking if he would be bored to hear one more admirer praise his work, and if he would not, how he, Tom, would phrase his praise. But the compliments started from the other side.

"Oh! I know you," Farrington said, in a big, hearty voice, as he grasped Tom's hand. "You're the chap who is making all these fellows who draw nice little men and women sit up and take notice of the real flesh and blood East-Side characters you've been doing. But, I say, how the devil did you get such a hold oo those types?"

Tom flushed, first at the praise and then at this necessity, at the very outset, of having to explain that he came from the slums.

Peyton promptly interrupted, and Tom shook him in his heart for it: "Why, he knows his down-town East-Side as you know your plains—because he's lived there."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Farrington, in a tone of astoishment, but beaming with delight. "That's the best thing I've heard since the dinooer-bell. It's a glorious day for New York illustratioos if we're going to have the East-Side types drawn by some one who has ever been farther south than Fourteenth Street."

Farrington asked Peyton: "Do you expect any newspaper men I know?"

"I grieve to say I do not," Philip responded. "The trouble is I'm not myself well acquainted with the big chaps in the profession I adorn. I don't think I should care much for them anyway. I wonder whether it is that success in newspaper work makes a man unsocial, or whether only those who are oot socially inclined make successes? The fellows I know and like best are just the every-day workers. They're a jolly lot, I like them very much. The stars seem to be cold, unlovely brilliants, and oot likable, although this may be sour grapes. Oh," he added, suddeoly interrupting himself, "except Richard Perry. You know him, Farrington—why, of course, you've been to the North and South Poles with him, and ridden a tandem bicyclo with him round the equator."

The mere mention of Richard Perry's name seemed to affect Farrington as if he had just heard the best kind of joke.

"Did Dick Perry tell you he would come?" he asked, laughiooly. "But of course he did. He never declines an invitatioo. He says it's so cold to decline; but he sometimes makes good his acceptance, and most uoexpectedly. I met him once in Alaska. The *Guardian* had seat him to make a canoe voyage across Behring Straits to Siberia. He was outfitting his expedition when I told him that I was going to the Mackoezie River country, where I had heard there was a band of buffalo, and asked him to go with me. He not only accepted, but, by gee! he went with me. He altered his plans with no more concern thao if I had intercepted him going into Del's for a cocktail and suggested that we cross over to the St. James iostead. Lister! That sounds like him oow."

The sound was as if the man-servant—loaned for the occasion from the Hazelhurst household—had inadvertently admitted a tornado and been knocked down by it. The door opeoed, the tornado blew in. It was Dick Perry. His hat was on the back of his head, exactly as if, in his anxiety to reach his friends, he had forgotten to give it to

the servant. He was a stout, heavily mustached man, and there was gray in his mustache, but he carried with him the irresistible impression of joyous, hoisterous, uoootrollable, inexperienced youth. He was laughing as he entered, and he never ceased laughing during the half-hour he stayed.

"Broke forty engagements to come here, Peyton," he said, "and must leave in a minute. Must get on board a Mediterranean steamer io Hoboken to-night. Going to the Holy Land to write a story about the field Ruth gleaoed. Splendid idea for stories, don't you think? Fifteen special articles oo the subject, then print the articles in a book; everybody named Ruth buys a book—must be a million of them—theo I'll have enough money to stay at home long enough to make the acquaintaoce of my family. Why, this must be Mr. Lyon you promised I should meet."

He strode over to Tom and shook his hand vigorously. "Don't want any one to introduce me to you, Mr. Lyon; you're a coming mao. Coming! Why, you've come already. By Jove! your work is strong—strong—stroog! Keep right oo; don't you let them laugh you down—they'll begin to laugh at you when you get to be a little better known. Some of 'em are trying to start a laugh oo Farrington oow, but he's tough—he don't mind. Farrington's a good old hoy, good old hoy, good old hoy!" He turoed toward Philip. "I say, Peyton, they tell me io the office you wrote that anarchist story this morning. Stroog story, vivid characterization. They ought to put you on space. I'll write a frieoly letter to the managioo editor about that; send it in hy the pilot in the mornioo. Good work, my hoy; good work, good work! By Jove! this is smooth whiskey; never tasted anything like it. From a private stock, eh? Dr. Hazelhurst's? I know the doctor well. Lovely character, that; beautiful, beautiful! Guess I'll run over to Egypt from the Holy Laod and see if I cao't dig up another Rameses for him. Make a good special, anyway. I say, Farrington, come along oo the steamer with me."

And so the talk runs on, with new-comers dropping in now and then—among them Terence Lynn, who figured in several of Mr. Townsend's stories in the *Argonaut*. But we must hurry on to other scenes.

We have said nothing of Carminella, "the daughter of the tenements," all this time, and now we shall introduce her in one of the last scenes in the book—the night she made her debut as a dancer at a Broadway theatre. But first we must let Mr. Townsend describe one of the most striking figures in the audience:

In the front row of the orchestra sat Dan Lyoo. Dao's features are molded in that Irish cast which so stroogly resembles the French, and which are frequently found among the North Irelanders. His fioe, stern, old face, pale and smooth-shaved, was io exact contrast to Dominico's—red, round, heavily mustached, and broadly griooing. Dan frequently glanced at the Hazelhurst box, for he knew that Tom was expected there, and he wonderod what was detainioo him. No stage performance could have such attraction for Dao as the sight of Tom sittioo in a box with the fioe people he had made his friends. Ooce, when he glaoed that way, Dao caught Eleanor Hazelhurst's eye, and she smiled and bowed; and when he made sure the salutatioo was meao for him, Dan rose in his place and stood, while with dignified deliberatioo he heat io deep acknowl-edgment. People in the audience who knew the Hazelhursts coocluded that the tall old gentlemao in the long, frock coat, with cropped, straight-standing, white hair, who saluted their box, must be some celebrity; perhaps a member of the Freoch Chamber of Deputies: such a stroager was likely to have letters to the Hazelhursts. Eleanor's mother asked who the stranger was, and Eleaoor answered only: "He is T. Fitz Gerald Lyon's father," whereupon Mrs. Hazelhurst regarded the Lord of Mulherry Court with entire approval.

And now for Carminella's dance—"La Cortese" she was called by the public:

There came upon the empty stage an Italian, wheeling ooe of those delightful piano-orgaoos without which the streets of New York would be drear indeed. He stopped, up-stage, centre, and hegao playioo a lively popular tune. This brought from the wings, right and left, a number of children and half-grown boys and girls who hegao dancing to the music. It was such a scene as you may witness any bright day if you will walk a block or two east or west of Broadway below Madison Square. The audience had no idea of what this was leading up to. Some laughed, some looked uoconfortable, and some said, "This won't do, you know, for a Broadway theatre." One of the older girls stopped dancioo, looked off the stage, and cried, "La Cortese!" The other children took up the cry, and there was a shrill chorus of "La Cortese! La Cortese!"

As the children gradually made a tableau round the organ-grinder, Carminella came dancioo on the stage. The *claque* started an applause, but their task was hopeless. The whole audience sat in frosty silence. Was this the Cortese that the papers had been writing about and picturing for weeks?—this long-legged girl—pretty, to be sure—but dressed as a child, with flowing hair and a cheap—actually a torn—calico frock!

Carminella felt the shock of failure, and her lips tightened. The tears came to Eleanor Hazelhurst's eyes; the New Yorker in Waters' box sneered. "Why don't they leave this sort of thioo to Larrigan's theatre?" The stage-maoager cursed and exclaimed: "I told Tom Lyon it would be a frost; I knew it!" But Teresa murmured over to herself: "Pazioza! Pazienza! She will bring them in!"

The industrious organ-grinder stopped and Carminella walked up the stage laughioo, and the children made a mechanical chorus to her musical notes. The grinder hegao again, this time with the most popular street-song of the day, Carminella again faced the audience and hegao dancioo, making her way down the stage slowly. Some in the audience hegao to realize her woofderful grace, and there was a little murmur, a little evidence of warmth. Carminella felt it, and, as if it had been her cue, hegao siooing the song in a sweet, true, untrained contralto voice. As she did so she elaoorated her dancioo a little, never carrying it much beyond the actual performance of children dancioo before a street-orgao, the difference being in the rich grace of her body; the movements of her head, like a wild flower on its stalk when it is stirred by the slightest breeze; the weaving and waving of her haods and arms, as full of expression as chanted verse. She seemed oow to be moving in some other medium than air, so slowly and lightly her feet fell, and her body—have you ever seen a trout, free and uodisturbed in its native element, seen it turn in curves as suave as a caress?

The audience relaxed more. The chilreoo took up the chorus of the soog when she came to that, and soe io the top gallery joioed with them; then more, and oot others in the lower gallery. Carminella hegao to smile, and then more and more of the audience joioed in the chorus. This was something new to those io the fashionable parts of the house; but it was cootagioos, and they, too, were swingioo in with the chorus. The music and Carminella stopped, and the whole audience broke into a quick, sharp volley of applause. The hand-orgao and the children left the stage, and Carminella, now almost directly over the footlights, stood there and laochioed at the audience, laughed so heartily, naturally, and gayly at her hard-won triumph that the audience laughed back, and renewed their applause. Then Carminella, still laughing, rao off and into Teresa's waitioo arms.

The book, by the way, is illustrated by E. W. Kemhle. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York.

According to Chief Khama, the Bechuas do not believe that Queen Victoria is living. They have mixed up what the missionaries have told them, and "think that the queen is like God and the Prince of Wales like Jesus Christ."

A discharged Turkish soldier, boasting of the outrages he had committed in Armenia recently in a café in Alexandria, was invited to step out by two Armenians present and was neatly strangled by them.

LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Saturday Review* says that the queeo has been pressed to make W. E. Henley the poet laureate, and adds: "The appointment would not be unfit if William Morris and Mr. Swinburne and Coventry Patmore had previously refused the post." As for Sir Edwio Aroold, the *Saturday* administers this little dose:

"He is a past-master of claptrap, of the turgid, the hominastic, and the rhetorical; and we are at a loss whether to envy him more the knowledge of languages which enables him to translate indifferently from so many tongues, or the superh assurance with which he duhs his execrable verse poems."

Lord Salishury's accessioo to power, io the opio-
ioo of most people, made the selectioo of Sir
Edwio secure, for he is one of the editors of the
Daily Telegraph, the most influential Liberal-
Unionist paper supportiog the government. Re-
cently Sir Edward Lawsoo, proprietor of the *Daily
Telegraph*, had been caovassing vigorously in Sir
Edwin Aroold's behalf. The *New York Sun's* cor-
respondent recently cabled that "it is rumored that
Sir Edwin has actually received the appointment,
aad that an annoucoement to this effect will appear
in an early issue of the *Official Gazette*."

November being the Horse Show month io New
York, the November *Harper's* will contaio a Horse
Show story by Braoder Mathews. It will hear the
title "Meo aod Women aod Horses."

The Macmillans aooouoe "Where Highways
Cross" io the Iris Library. The author is Mr. J.
S. Fletcher, whose Thoreau-like work, "The
Wonderful Wapeotake," aod a stirriog romaoce,
entitled "Wheo Charles the First was King," have
iotroduced him to American readers.

The *edition de luxe* of Hall Caioe's "Maoo-
mao," annouced by Messrs. Appletoo, will com-
prise two volumes. There will be forty gelatioe
priots of actual scenes, aod each copy will be
sigoed by the author.

Edward Atkinsoo has a paper entitled "The Cost
of Bad Money" io *Harper's Weekly* for October
12th.

A large collectioo of C. D. Gibsoo's drawiog
aad cartoons, measuring twelve by eighteeo ioches,
is offered for sale by R. H. Russell & Soo, whose
catalogue will be seo to at the book aod art-dealers'
stores.

A very beautiful book sooo to be published by
Macmillan & Co. is the loog-awaioed "Book
about Fans," comprising the history of faos aod
fan-paiotig, by M. A. Flory, together with a
chapter oo fao-collectiog by Mary Cadwalader
Jones. The illustrations are photographs of the
foest specimeos of the art, reproduced for the
most part from originals.

Harper & Brothers have voluntarily tuored over
their share of the royalty for the dramatizatioe
of "Trilhy" to George du Maurier, author of the
book.

Ooe of the most attractive holiday books of the
season is "The Quest of the Holy Grail," pub-
lished by R. H. Russell & Soo, which contains re-
productioos of E. A. Abbey's beautiful paiotings
for the Bostoo Public Library.

W. H. Cathcart, of Cleveland, Ohio, has a sketch
which Mr. du Maurier made for his special collec-
tioe of Trilhyaoa. Mr. Cathcart had the maga-
zine pages of *Harper's* bound up with ao autograph
copy of "Ben Bolt" and other interestig matter,
aad sent it to Mr. du Maurier in hopes that he
would make a slight contributioo to it. Wheo
the book came back to him it had io it, besides a letter
from the author, a peo-aod-iok sketch representiog
Du Maurier, with aogel's wiogs, a forked tail, his
left hand io his trousers pocket, aod his right hold-
iog a cigarette from which he is blowiog a luxuri-
ous cloud of smoke, with this legend over the top:
"Some seem to think he's got wiogs like an angel-
some, that he's got a cloven hoof and a forked tail! I
is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you . . . un
vieux petit bourgeois—ni bon ni mauvais et très mal-
heureux qu'on s'occupe tant de lui!"

The sceoe of Frank Barrett's oew story, "A Set
of Rogues," just published by Macmillan & Co.,
is laid io the Eoglaod of the Elizabethao drama-
tists, and the tale deals with the fortunes of a band
of strolling players.

The Messrs. Appletoo will have ready soon the
first sectioo of an elaborate and costly work oo
Oriental porcelaios—the most impressive aod beau-
tiful work of the kind ever issued. The text has
beoo writteo by Dr. S. W. Bushell, who is physician
to the British Legatioe at Shaoghai. The illustra-
tioes have been made from the Walters collectioe
io Baltimore. Mr. Walters, in fact, planned the
work, and lived to see many of the plates com-
pleted.

Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, the author of "The
Led-Horse Claim" and other stories of far Western
life, is oow at Grass Valley, where her husband,
A. D. Foote, is inspecting the North Star Mine.

Amoo the special attractions of the Thistle Edi-
tioe of Stevenson's works will be "The Story of a
Lie," published origioally in the *Quarterly Maga-
zine* and not republished since, and "The Pent-

laod Rising," which is included ooly in the costly
and limited Edinburgh Edition. Io the volume
containiog "Familiar Studies of Meo aod Books,"
there are three magazioe papers that are oot in-
cluded io any other collectioo of Stevenson's
essays.

Two collections of amusioe drawings for *Life*
aad other papers by "Chip" (the late F. P. W.
Bellew) have been issued by R. H. Russell & Sons.
They are "Chip's Dogs" and "Chip's Old
Wood-Cuts."

A new serial by W. D. Howells, entitled "The
Day of their Wedding," has been beguo in *Har-
per's Bazar*.

Macmillan & Co. will publish among their Octo-
ber fiction a oew story by Anne E. Holdsworth, the
successful author of "Joana Traill, Spinster,"
uoder the quaiot title, "The Years that the Locust
Hath Eaten"; "Wild Rose," a tale of the Mexi-
cao frontier, by Francis Francis; and another story
of adventure, called "A Son of the Plains," by
Arthur Paterso, author of "A Mao of His Word"
and "A Daughter of the Nez Percés."

Professor Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesoe, the novelist,
died io New York city oo Sunday, October 6th. A
brief record of his career is as follows:

The novelist was horn in Frederiksvaern, Norway,
September 23, 1848. His father was professor of mathe-
matics at the naval academy at Frederiksvaern. In 1868
he was graduated at the University of Norway. Boye-
sen came to this country in 1869, and got employment as
the editor of *Fremad*, a little Scandinavian paper in
Chicago. It was here that he wrote his first book,
"Gunnar," a Norse romaoce; it was published in the
Atlantic Monthly, and it made a big success. In 1874,
Boyesen took the post of professor of German at Cornell
University, which he held until 1880, when he accepted
a corresponding chair at Columbia College. Among the
novelist's earlier works are "Goethe and Schiller, Their
Lives and Works," "Ilka on the Hilltop, and Other
Stories," "A Daughter of the Philistines," and "The
Story of Norway." "Ilka" was dramatized and played
successfully in New York in 1884. One of his best-
known works was a "Commentary on the Writings of
Henrik Ihsen." Boyesen wrote also "Literary and
Social Silhouettes," "Norseland Tales," "The Saga of
Eric the Red," "The Evolution of the Heroine," "The
Novelist's Matrimony," "The Feud of the Wild Hay-
men," and "Zee-Zee."

"Aaarchy io Paris" is aalyzed and described
by J. H. Rosny io *Harper's Weekly* for October
12th. The article is illustrated by Paul Reouard.

The Messrs. Macmillan have oow ready their
oew editioe of "The Stickit Minister," which has
a prefatory poem by the late Robert Louis Steveo-
soo, and upwards of fifty illustrations by Murdoch,
Peoell, MacGeorge, aod other well-kooow artists.

The beautiful editioes of Gilbert White's "Sel-
horoe," which the Messrs. Appletoo have io prepa-
ratioe, have already awakoeed interest io Loodoo.
The illustrations are from sketches aod photo-
graphs taken by Cliftoe Johosoo at Selboroe,
where he spent some time. The introductioe has
beoo writteo by Jobo Burroughs.

Juliao Ralph's story of Chioa io the November
Harper's will be fouodeo on cooditioos just the
reverse of those io the curreot issue. It will be en-
titled "Plumhlossom Beebe's Adventure," aod re-
lates the unhappy fortunes of the oative wife of an
English merchant.

"The Coofessioos of a Literary Hack," which
appeared io the *Forum* for July, was discussed aod
quoted io almost every literary periodical io this
country, and received a columo of comment by
Andrew Lang in the *Illustrated London News*.
The article was published anonymously, aod the
identity of the author was for some time almost as
fruitful a topic of discussioe as the sketch itself.
A Boston literary journal now states "authorita-
tively" that the paper was writteo by Jobo Gilmer
Speed. The figures givo by Mr. Speed were
actual receipts transcribed directly from his record-
books.

Mrs. Cyothia M. St. Joho, of Ithaca, N. Y., has
compiled the "Bibliography of Wordsworth in
America" for W. Koight's forthcoming "Works of
William aod Dorothy Wordsworth," aooouced by
Macmillan & Co.

Japan's American Friend.

The publicatioe of a life of "Townsend Harris;
First American Envoy to Japan," by William
Elliott Griffis, is opportuoae at this time, for it
throws much new light oo an important period in the
history of the Japaoese natioe. Mr. Harris was
for many years a New York merchaot, aod he was
oot traioed io the ways of diplomacy wheo he was
seot to Japan as coosul-geoeal; but he was a man
of fioe oatural abilities, fixed pinciples, aod excel-
lent judgment, aod the assistaoce he gave the
young natioe as it emerged from Orientalism aod
joioed the ranks of modern civilizatioe, is grate-
fully remembered to-day throughout the empire,
where the Japaoese call him "the nation's friend."
Durio the diplomatic service in Japan, Mr. Harris
kept a diary, and this forms the bulk of Mr. Griffis's
book, the editor supplying only a few chapters, de-
tailing Mr. Harris's early life aod experieoes io
the Orioot aod edioe the book with a brief re-
capitulatioe of the results brought about by Mr.
Harris's labors.

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At the Columbia Theatre on Sunday evening, the pupils of the Columbia Dramatic School gave their first public performance. It was an interesting one in many ways. It introduced a crop of dramatic debutantes, in whose naive amateurishness the experienced managerial eye could detect promise of future ability. It showed in what direction dramatic talent tends. It showed the superior *savoir faire* of the female over the male actor.

Most of the men appeared to be in a state of pallid terror. It was almost impossible to judge of their suitability to the profession they were studying, as they one and all seemed to be in a condition of nervous desperation. The various forms which stage-fright takes are well known to any constant theatre-goer, and though none of these gentlemen gave any outward evidence of being in the throes of this deplorable affection, they showed a solemnity of aspect, a rigidity of deportment, a haste to accomplish their lines, which proclaimed them as sufferers from an acute attack of nervousness. But they need not despond. The stage annals are full of stories of burning geniuses, who, on their first appearance, were set down as sticks. It takes time to overcome that awful feeling which seizes upon the heart and makes it go down, down, down, in the fateful moment when "the cue" is approaching.

The women seemed to be troubled with no such deadly qualms. If they were frightened, they concealed it. The extraordinary self-possession and *savoir faire* of the average American girl proves her suitability for the stage. We ought to grow great actresses in this country. Those nervous tremors which make their unfortunate victim always show to the worst advantage, always put their bad foot foremost, always do awkward, clumsy things, always fail to rise to the occasion—are less frequent in the American woman than in the woman of any other nation. We talk a great deal about our nerves in this country—Matthew Arnold expressed his stately disgust at this American weakness—but, nevertheless, no people are less hampered by nerves in their progress toward success than Americans.

The debutantes of the Columbia School, with all their self-possession to aid them, were, on the other hand, trammelled by self-consciousness. This is the worst failing of actresses who do not bother much about talent, but think they have good looks enough to go on the stage. The pretty, incapable, self-conscious actress is the bane of the American drama. A really sensible manager, who wanted to form a company that could act, would, if he had brains, select all his actresses first because they were clever, and next because they were ugly. A woman just smart enough not to be a fool, but pretty enough to think more of her looks than anything else, will never make an actress. It may be said, to her credit or otherwise, that she does not generally go on the stage with that intention. When some adoring man carries her away to the domestic seclusion of middle-class matrimony, she has achieved her ambition, and the stage gains as much by her withdrawal as it does from the rising of a new star. It is ill-work trying to follow the Muses and Hymen at the same time.

The absolute forgetfulness of herself is at most the first great rule the actress has to learn. When she begins to feel that it does not matter whether she is ugly or pretty, graceful or awkward, but that it does matter whether she is the character she is portraying—then it is that she is beginning to mount the ladder. For a woman's sovereign success upon the stage, beauty is really a drawback. It is a good thing to possess when she has nothing else, just as it is an excellent thing for a man to be a gentleman if he can not be anything more remarkable; but when she has real talent, great talent, she is handicapped by it. The world, envious and admiring, makes it very difficult for a beautiful woman to be anything but a beautiful woman. It generally thinks that is about enough distinction for one person to struggle under. The actress hampered by this precious gift has hard work to forget it, to live it down. But the ugly actress goes forth with none of the self-consciousness of prettiness to clog her progress. She takes no pleasure in her own looks, and so forgets them. The gods knew what they were doing when they refused Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse pretty faces.

In the enactment of comedy rôles, the Columbia School pupils were at their best; in situations of sentiment they were least successful. The one-act piece, "The Setting of the Sun," tried the abilities of the players to the utmost. Sentiment on the

stage is a delicate, a desperately delicate, thing. Few of the teachers in the schools of acting seem to realize this. They like sentiment; they revel in it. They debase it with slow music and calcium lights. They train the players in their companies to rob it of every *souffron* of poetry by drawing and sobbing and posturing as no human beings under the stress of real emotions ever drawled and sobbed and postured since Cain killed Abel.

"The Setting of the Sun" is a fair example of stage sentiment. The idea is good, the dialogue is good. Reading such a piece, one would probably come to the conclusion that it was a pretty and graceful curtain-raiser, capable of being acted with much emotion and tenderness. It is from the actors, however—the actors who ought to impart the enlivening, humanizing touch, that the spoiling of the piece will come. They will all be bound by traditions and the rules they have learned at dramatic schools. Instead of trying to be true, to be natural, they try to be graceful, to be effective. Not one of them will try to look down into the heart of the character they are portraying and study the emotions surging there. They will all act from the surface. The portrayal will not be the enacting of a character, it will be an exercise in gesture, in expression, in movement, in vocal display.

The beginners on Sunday evening did their best with "The Setting of the Sun," and if they could have forgotten themselves, and forgotten most of the silted gestures and vocal modulations they had learned in their school, they would have done better. The two girls, who were admirable in make-up and appearance, were constrained by the consciousness that they were playing two sweet, lovable, fascinating creatures, good as gold and self-sacrificing to the last degree. Convention and a rigorous stage-training had very nearly robbed them of every particle of spontaneity and natural brightness in them. They want to break loose from all this, to act the characters according to their own ideals, to have their own conceptions of the women they are playing, and act outward from that interior conviction of what these characters are.

The actress who breaks her way out of this crust of custom and training is the real actress. She must not be afraid of herself. She must rely upon her own judgment. The faint, despondent voice of the dramatic trainer answers back: "But where do you get embryo actresses with talent enough to be trusted to their own judgments?" If the dramatic trainer and the stage-manager find their pupils to be without it, then, as good men and true, who have the advancement of the stage at heart, they ought gently, but firmly, to persuade these aspiring Thespian back to the shop-counter and the domestic hearth.

It is a singular thing how seldom one sees conquering originality on the stage. When it comes, they call it genius, so rare a manifestation is it. Upon the boards, the thralldom of custom, of tradition, is still rigorous. The strenuous spirit that bursts these bonds is hailed as a rising star. It seems incredible to us now that Shylock, for a hundred years after Shakespeare's death, was portrayed in a red wig with a huge false nose as a sort of buffoon. It was not till Macklin came and, realizing what the character was, acted it accordingly, that the English saw the real Shylock. Then every one stood amazed; Macklin was proclaimed a genius; even little, soured Pope could not withhold his approbation, and remarked, neatly and tersely, "This is the Jew that Shakespeare drew."

No such vigorously original a spirit as Macklin could come from a dramatic school. While such training as they offer is good for the average mind, it is bad, oppressive, crushing to the brain that has originality. Every year these schools turn out crops of young men and women who are fitted to appear upon the stage in any sort of part in any sort of play, without offending by their raw amateurishness, but also without thrilling by their crude power. They are taught with the greatest care to give good surface representations of different sorts of characters. The trainer has his idea of the villain, the adventurer, the heavy father, the *ingénue*, and he turns out samples of these as neat and well finished as buttons from a mold.

Sets of gestures and of expressions belong to corresponding sets of emotions. The adventurer uses her eyes one way, while the *ingénue* rolls hers another. Spontaneity and naturalness are two evils to be stamped out the moment they raise their threatening heads. A bitter experience of stupid pupils has led the teacher to distrust the capacity of every aspirant. The system of polishing and paring and rubbing down is applied alike to the mind that is sodden and dull and the mind that is brilliant. There is no dividing the sheep from the goats; all pass through the same mill and come out ground exceeding fine. In one of the prominent companies of this country, a diligent manager was training the leading lady and *jeune premier* in a scene in which the latter was supposed to be revealing his character of deep-dyed and wondrous villainy. The leading lady objected to his manner of acting, as savoring too much of the traditional deportment of the villain as understood on the Bowery. The manager, however, overruled her criticism: "Don't you know," he said, "that that attitude, head down, chin thrust forward, eyes glaring sideways, one

hand clutched on the back of your chair, is the traditional attitude of vice cowering before virtue?"

In the training of mediocre intelligences, the Dramatic School has achieved such successes as it boasts. With a fine stage presence, and an obedient, malleable mind, a good teacher can make a fair actor. There might be many Miss Fotheringays if there were more Old Bows. Made actresses are rare, but there have been a few, just as there have been a few made voices. Had some latter-day Old Bows found Mrs. Langtry in the days of her early dramatic ambition, he might have traied her into a star that shone even clearer than Miss Fotheringay did. There have been actresses, too, who, without a full understanding of the character they portrayed, could yet act with a fervor and intensity which blinded the on-looker to their lack of comprehension. There is a record of one such, Mrs. Pritchard, of whom Dr. Johnson, after calling her "a vulgar idiot," said: "She no more thought of the play out of which her part was taken than a shoemaker thinks of the skin out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut." Yet Mrs. Pritchard, while she had never read the tragedy of "Macbeth" through, was accounted the finest Lady Macbeth of her day. Stage history has much to say about her, but it does not give the name of the teacher who directed this "vulgar idiot" so well.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The "Jay"-ness of San Francisco.

"Trilby" is in its third week at the Baldwin, but the "standing room only" sign is put out before eight o'clock every night. "Robio Hood" has been suog here by the Bostonians in several successive engagements, but in its second week at the Columbia it is turning people away. Milto Nobles has been playng "The Phoenix" for twenty years, but the Graod Opera House has not been able to accommodate the crowds that have thronged to see it during the past week. "Il Trovatore" has filled the Tivoli every night.

These are the leading theatres of San Francisco, and every one of them is doing a land-office business. Yet we hear constant complaint of "hard times." The times are hard in San Francisco, there can be no question of that; and yet the theatres just now are very well patronized. The fact is that the people of San Francisco are a pleasure-loving people, and they know what they want in the way of amusement, and have the money to pay for it. Yet W. H. Crane, and "Jim" Corbett, and Blanche Walsh condemn San Francisco as a "jay town."

The Bostonians' New Opera.

The Bostonians, after two weeks of "Robin Hood," which prove that pretty opera to have a very strong hold on the public, will siog "Prince Ananias" at the Columbia on Monday night. It will be the first presentation of the opera in this city, the cast being as follows:

Boniface, King of Navarre, George B. Frothingham; Killjoy, prime minister to the king, Harry Dale; Louis Biron, a vagabond poet and adventurer, W. H. MacDonald; George La Grabbe, an outlaw, Eugene Cowles; La Fontaine, manager of a band of strolling players, Henry Clay Barnabee; Eugene, his assistant, C. E. Landie; Jacques, an innkeeper, James E. Miller; Ivon, a villager, J. R. Boyle; Filicie, Countess of Pyrenes, sister to Killjoy, Josephine Bartlett; Mirabel, daughter to Killjoy, Cora Barnabee; Ninette, a village belle, Helen Bertram; Idalia, La Fontaine's leading lady, Jessie Bartlett Davis.

The scene is laid in France in the sixteenth century, giving opportunity for some handsome costuming, and the story has two interests—in the love of Biron for Idalia and of La Grabbe for Mirabel. The king is a gloomy monarch who has never been known to smile, and much of the comedy is furnished by the strolling players' efforts to move him to mirth.

"The Passing Show."

"Trilby" is in its last nights at the Baldwin, and on Monday we shall have our first sight of "The Passing Show." This is a farrago of clever nonsense and lively music, travestyng the dramatic successes of the past season or two, such as "Trilby," "Sowing the Wind," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Forget Me Not," "Shore Acres," the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, other light opera successes, and even the standard grand operas. The company is an unusually large one and includes some well-known vaudeville, farce-comedy, and light-opera people; among them are Vernona Jarbeau, Lucy Daly, Madge Lessiog, Cheridah Simpson, May Ten Broeck, the Leigh Sisters, John E. Henshaw, George A. Schiller, John D. Gilbert, Gus Pixley, Caocary & Lederer's New York Casino Band of Pickaninnies, and others of less note. In fact, "The Passing Show" is a noddscript vehicle for a lot of clever vaudeville people to present their best specialties in.

"The Dark Secret" at the Grand.

Milton Nobles and his twenty-year-old play, "The Phoenix," have been drawing large audiences to Morosco's Grand Opera House throughout the week. The play has never been more elaborately mounted, and the company has presented its thrilling scenes admirably. It will be continued until Monday night, when C. B. Jefferson's melodrama, "The Dark Secret," will be put on. It is an English play, and much of the story is laid in and about Henley on the Thames, one scene showing a real steam-launch puffing up and down in a river of real water, while the last scene represents a brilliant picture of the Henley regatta. The entire stock company of the Grand Opera House will be in the cast.

Emilie Melville Coming in the Tivoli.

The season of grand opera at the Tivoli Opera House is rapidly drawing to a close. Next week there will be a double bill—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," preceded by a one-act operetta by Offenbach, entitled "Marriage by Lantern"—and the following week will be devoted to a review of the repertoire, "Lucia," "Martha," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Il Trovatore" being among the operas to be sung. In "Cavalleria Rusticana," Ida Valera and Laura Millard will alternate in the rôle of Santuzza, Martin Pache will be the Turridu, Raffael will be the Alfio, and the remaining rôles will be sung by Mabella Baker and Ireoe Mull; and W. H. West, Alice Nielseo, Alice Carle, and Mabella Baker will present the Offenbach piece.

The comic-opera season at the Tivoli will open on Monday night, November 4th, with the reappearance of Emilie Melville. From the time she saog Josephine in "Pinafore" with the semi-

amateur troupe at the Standard until the eod of her loog seaso of comic opera at Charles E. Locke's oew Bush Street Theatre, Emilie Melville was the idol of the theatre-going public in San Francisco, and she has since had a loog and varied experience in Australia and British India. Her return to the stage in Sao Francisco will be ao eveot, especially as it is to be in the popular Offenbach *opéra comique* "Madame Favart." Emilie Melville will be the Madame Favart, and Ferris Hartmann will return to the Tivoli to be the Marquis de Mootsablé.

Notes.

Augusto Daly has accepted a oew play by Mrs. Oscar Berioer for Ada Rehao's use. It is called "Peeloepe," and is founded on the Homeric legend.

The regular season at the California Theatre will commence on Monday, November 4th, with the farical comedy, "Charley's Aunt," produced by Charles Frohman's company.

May Irwin is still playng at the Bijou in New York in her oew comedy, "The Widow Jones." The entire company is said to be a good one, and they will all accompany her when she comes to the California Theatre.

Frank E. McNish, the minstrel, is making his first appearance in white face in Joe Cawthorne's comedy, "A Fool for Luck," which will soon come to the Columbia. He has the rôle of an impecunious actor-moog, and has made a decided hit in it.

Hall Caine is remodeling the dramatic version of "The Manxman," and, inasmuch as Wilson Barrett has relinquished the London rights to it, E. S. Willard is likely to be its ultimate possessor. The novel is also being made the basis of an opera by a Continental composer.

Henry Irving has not forgotten the more than friendly reception he received in San Francisco. We have already related how cordially he greeted a Bohemian who presented one of the club passes to the Lyceum Theatre in London, and now we hear that he has sent the sum of twenty-five dollars to the fund for the Memorial Fountain to Robert Louis Stevenson to be erected in this city.

The Bostonians have another new opera in reserve, which they are to bring out after "Prince Ananias." It is "A War-Time Wedding," and the music is by Oscar Weil, a musician well known in this city some years ago, while the book is by C. T. Dazey, the author of "In Old Kentucky." The entire Bostonian company will be required for the production, which is to be very elaborate in point of scenery and costumes.

Henry E. Dixey did not make a great success of his recent Sunday afternoon entertainment at the Columbia. It was a new departure for him, and he was too nervous to acquit himself well. But he has since altered and improved his programme and has had excellent success with it in the interior towns. Now he is in San Francisco again and is going to present his "Afternoon with Dixey" in its revised form. It will take place at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday afternoon, and will doubtless be well worth seeing.

Word comes from Loodon that W. S. Gilbert has finished the first act of the new comic opera which he and Sir Arthur Sullivan are to have ready some time next month. It is also stated that the collaborators never see one another, all communication between them being carried on through D'Oyly Carte as a go-between. This latter statement is extremely improbable, however, as the method of collaboration they employed before the last rupture between them required constant personal communication. When this work is completed, Sir Arthur is to write a lyric work on Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham, whose "Stories of the Foothills," a collection of Californian tales, has been received with enthusiastic praise by press and public in the East as well as here, will deliver the second of the Channio Auxiliary Lectures at the First Unitarian Church, on Geary and Franklin Streets, on Saturday evening, October 19th. Mrs. Graham's subject will be "Impedimenta," and an enjoyable evening is anticipated.

A reception and tea will be given at the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, on Golden Gate Avenue near Lott Street, on the afternoons and evenings of October 18th and 19th. Donations of any kind will be gladly received. The price of admission will be twenty-five cents. There will be dancing in the evening. The home is greatly in need of financial assistance, as it no longer receives aid from the State.

The managers of the Womao's Exchange are actively engaged in preparing for the banquet and ball they will give at Piooeer Hall on Thursday evening, October 31st. The exchange is heavily in debt and is in great need of funds to carry on its good work. The tickets are to be three dollars each.

COMMUNICATIONS.

As American Yachtswoman on Dunraven.

WHITE COTTAGE, WESTCHESTER, N. Y.,

October 12, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I beg leave to contradict a few of your statements regarding the international yacht-race in your issue of September 25th.

The yachts were interfered with only once, at the beginning of the second race. The steamer *Yorktown* was in the *Defender's* way as she went over the line. In pulling away from this danger, she was foned by the *Val-hyrie*. Outside of that, there was never an instant when there was not fully a half-mile on each side and behind the yachts and the steamers, and the steamers never were in front of the sloops. At the start of the last race there were fully three-quarters of a mile on every side of the boats and a clear course ahead. I am not enough of a yachtswoman to understand to what extent the wash of the steamers could hurt the boats, but I was on the *St. John*, one of the nearest to the racing yachts, and I can assure you that we were never within less than a half a mile and always a little behind them.

What New Yorkers are kicking about is not so much the reason Dunraven withdrew his boat in the last race, but the way he did it! News travels fast enough in this city through the medium of the newspapers, and a timely word from him would have kept thousands from going out to sea that day to witness such a walk-over. Even at the last moment he could have told the judges on the stake-boat of his determination, and signals would have been shown by them which would have explained the matter to the public. He preferred, however, to go out there and give us a deliberate and stinging slap in the face. Those on board the *Defender* had not the remotest inkling of what Dunraven intended to do, and when they saw him deliberately come over the line, with only half his sails set, and then turn around and go back, Mrs. Ollie Iselin burst into tears and went below. This is the thorn that pricks!

In this country of telegraphs, telephones, messenger-boys, and newspapers, there was no excuse for Dunraven to neglect to warn us. He is no fit representative of English yachtsmen; he is not the first, nor will he be the last, I hope, to challenge for the cup; but he is certainly the only one we have seen so far who has not represented his country either as a gentleman or a sportsman.

L. L.

A Voice from the "Sphinx."

CAIRO, EGYPT, September 16, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A certain reading-room here is much frequented by numbers of American and British travelers who visit this city during the season. I wish to tell you how much the copies of your journal are appreciated by the tourists who frequent the reading-room, not only those from the United States of America, but from other English-speaking countries as well. Believe me, dear sir,

Faithfully yours, D. G. LONGWORTH.

—THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY, having overcome the difficulties that heretofore existed in the speedy supply of sea-water for the swimming-tanks at the Lurline Baths, at the corner of Bnsb and Larkin Streets, are now prepared to refill them with fresh water in one hour and a half. The baths will be open every evening at 10.30, free to the public, to witness the process of emptying and refilling.

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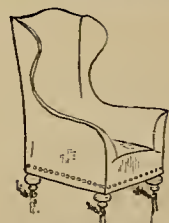
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VANITY FAIR.

It is only last year that the Princess Letizia was severely reprimanded by King Humbert and Queen Margherita for "disgraceful conduct." Her disgraceful conduct consisted in riding through the streets of Milan on a bicycle, wearing a costume which, as described by the amazed Milanese, consisted of a holero jacket and a Bersaglieri hat, a skirt, a short skirt, a very short skirt, worn over black silk tights, and with high kid boots upon the princess's feet. When this was reported to the king and queen they were much incensed, and the Princess Letizia was sent into retirement and disgrace. Yet how much can take place in a few months. Commenting on this, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger says that such has been the change in ideas concerning women's bicycling costumes that it is doubtful whether the Princess Letizia would now be considered as having disgraced herself by wearing such a dress. None the less, Mrs. Cruger does not approve of the lavish display of the princess, and probably few other ladies would. Still her offense would now be considered a venial one. Mrs. Cruger recommends for bicycling a scant skirt, and does not approve of the gaiters or leggings, which she says "greatly increase the size of the ankle." She goes on to "A black silk stocking and black kid boot four or five inches higher than the ordinary walking one, a gown somewhat narrow, reaching half-way between the ankle and the heel, made of some dark cloth, its body cut with extreme severity, is best. It may be relieved by a shirt-front of piqué or chiffon." There is no doubt that there is a marked difference between the costume of Mrs. Cruger and that of the Princess Letizia.

Almost every day one finds articles on the "woman's page" of the dailies showing how women may be made beautiful "by artificial means." Sometimes these means are pharmaceutical and sometimes surgical. Was it not in Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's book, "Hermia Suydam," that the heroine succeeded in making herself over from a plain maiden into a beautiful woman? The book was read with avidity by women, and it is probable that they believe the articles in the daily papers of which we speak. The latest that we note is in a recent number of a New York daily, where there is a five-column article headed: "Science Gave Her Beauty—A Homely Woman Transformed Suddenly To A Pretty One." It is, perhaps, a rude shock to disturb the belief of women that they can gain beauty by taking something out of a bottle or out of a box, and smearing or daubing it upon the face. But it is none the less true. Beauty can only come from good, red blood pumped through sound arteries by a vigorous heart, nourished by a sound stomach. This kind of blood goes with elastic muscles, and can be seen through a clear, transparent skin. That is one way for women to be beautiful. The other is the old way, and it consists in being born so. Always choose your parents carefully.

There are few hills in New York city. In fact, a stranger, when he stands on the crest of Murray Hill, never suspects the fact until he is told of it. Therefore, the cyclists do not find many grades to vex them. On the Riverside drive, however, at One Hundred and First Street, near Grant's Tomb, there is what is probably the highest hill in New York. In San Francisco it would be considered only a "slight rise," yet the damsels of New York find it difficult to climb this hill. The sturdy maidens of San Francisco, with the muscles of their legs and thighs developed by our soaring hills, would sneer at the hill on the Riverside drive. But the New York maidens have had so much trouble over it that two young men have posted themselves at the foot of the hill, and tow the perspiring maidens up by means of a strap, receiving for their trouble a small fee at the top.

In a recent number of a London paper, the statement is made that Englishwomen have begun wearing pyjamas instead of night-dresses. Several are described by a fashion writer, one being "a suit of pale-pink silk gauze, caught in at the waist and knees with a lovely shade of apple-green ribbon bows, which also appear on the shoulders and around the opening at the neck. The exquisitely soft material of which it is made was so filmy and diaphanous that it revealed her splendidly molded figure beneath, looking like a goddess clad in rose-tinted mist. It was made like a man's pyjamas, in two parts, with short tunic fitting inside the trousers, which were tied at the waist." Really, the feverishness of the feminine mind in copying the attire of the tyrant man is becoming dangerous. Is nothing sacred? Can she not even leave him his pyjamas?

While the bloomer question is yet raging, and the bloomer seems to be slowly settling like a deflated balloon, accounts come from many quarters of daring experiments in bloomers. Evidently the young women who are the beaten advocates of the expiring bloomer are determined to attract attention to themselves, as is shown by this, a sample item from a Brooklyn paper. It says that one day last week two plump and dashing young

women rode through Prospect Park wearing skin-tight black knickerbockers fastened at the knee with four pearl buttons. Below, they wore black silk stockings and black Oxford shoes with silver buckles. They wore short Eton jackets of black cloth, barely covering the hips, men's shirt-fronts, standing collars, and black club ties. On their heads they wore black felt derby hats. They paralyzed the Prospect Park policemen.

Mr. Robert Grant, whose clever studies in social philosophy are now running in one of the monthly magazines, has this to say of the "girl hachelor": "She is simply a nineteenth-century Joan of Arc protesting against the man of the world and his works, asking to be allowed to lead her life without molestation from him in a shrine of her own construction, rooms or a room where she can practice her calling, follow her tastes, ambitions, or hobbies, pursue her charities, and amuse herself without being accountable to him. . . . Of course she is wrong. . . . Sexual affinity is stronger than the constitution of all the women's clubs combined, as eight of ten modern young women discover to their cost, or, rather, to their happiness, sooner or later." This is very true. The way in which a New Woman who has fallen in love will instantaneously shake her shrieking sisterhood to marry is infinitely amusing to a mere man.

The *Call* has discovered a hook called "The Marriage of Guenevere," by Richard Hovey, in which there is a curious passage where Camalduna, the mother of Guenevere, gives her daughter advice concerning her conduct in the world. The verse is not of the very highest order from a literary standpoint, but it is so impregnated with what is considered to be worldly wisdom that it is not uninteresting:

CAMALDUNA—
So far, my daughter, you have walked your way
Self-willed, imperious, like a wanton child
That will not let her parents hold her hand,
Yet knows them near to save her if she fall.
Now they will not be near, and you may find
That freedom lays a weight upon our souls
That often we would like to shift to others.
I fear that counsel is poured out on you
Like an effectless wind; yet bear my words,
Take you no woman in your confidence,
But seem to do so. Each has her own ends,
And would betray you seventy times over,
And yet, repulsed, her selfishness through pique
May aggravate to active enmity.
Speak freely, but say little. Do not strive
Too far to outshine the ladies of the court
In jeweled ornaments and regal garb;
They'll hate you for it. Be profuse of favors;
They cost you little and will buy you hearts.
Yet do not play the braggart with your bounty—
Scorn lies beneath too much magnificence—
But always give as if the gifts were trifles.
To eyes that see to whom the gifts are given.
All women are your natural enemies;
Think your end gained if they refrain from hate,
But seek your friends among the other sex.
Men have no quarrel with your eminence;
Your glory with their glory does not war;
But each may gain some splendor from the other.
Therefore they may be faithful; but admit them
Only to the antechamber of your thoughts,
That their imaginations may have scope
To fashion a dream-Guenevere to serve.
Not what we are but what men deem of us
Is the true woman. Be faithful to your husband,
Yet not so servient as to jade his fondness.
Let him be often foreign to your life
That he may feel your lack and woo you over.
Be not too common to him. Hold him off
That you may bind him to you. For in him
Your domination lies. See that he has
No friend that is not yours, no counselor
Whose secret thoughts are not your interests.
Be chaste as snow in heart as well as deed;
One spark of love may light a fire to burn
The edifice of your greatness to an ash.
Now be content with the innocent fact,
But make your seeming lock the lips of slander.
And yet you may have lovers if you will;
The more the better, so you love not them.
For till we yield we are our lovers' tyrants,
But afterward their slaves. Remember this.

It would be curious to know what is the real belief of women in regard to the matters spoken of in the foregoing lines. There is no doubt that many women refrain from reposing confidence in others of their own sex, while they frequently do repose confidence in men. Is it true that men are more faithful confidants than women?

The popularity of outdoor sports in America has extended itself of late years to the women. The Westchester Country Club in New York recently had a week of sport, two days being devoted to the Gymkhana races. One of these was a tandem race, in which each competitor was to ride one pony and drive another. It was won by Mrs. J. Bordon Harriman. The next was a driving contest for women in single traps, a trial of skill and style in handling the reins and managing the horses. The women of the Westchester Club all drive well, and, as ten entered, the judges found it difficult to decide, but they finally awarded the cup to Miss Helen Benedict. Another was an obstacle race, where the women drove around and between obstacles placed in the way. There were seven starters, and Miss Anna Sands won the prize. On the last day of the Gymkhana meet there was a bicycle race in which there were six entries, and two of these were Californians, Mrs. La Montagne and Miss Catherwood. The six ladies were so much excited, however, that three of the fair cyclists came a cropper in trying to turn a corner, and the fourth went over in trying to avoid

those already fallen. Miss Eleanor Emmet won the race "in a walk," as they say at the track.

There has been much excitement in Great Britain over the latest capture of an English nobleman by an American millionaire. The papers there have been full of editorials and "letters from contributors" discussing the matter. Mr. Henry Labouchère prints in the latest number of his paper the following Lahouchèrean joke, in which the disgusted British dowagers will doubtless see very little humor: "Notice.—Several influential dowagers have combined together to charter the steamship *Frisco*, 6,000 tons, for the purpose of conveying a cargo of disappointed British girls to America, with a view of disposing of them advantageously in the States. Attention is earnestly requested to the circumstance that presentation at court is desirable, since importance is attached to this social formality across the Atlantic, and ladies who have attended a drawing-room may, therefore, be expected to obtain more satisfactory terms than those who have not. The steamship *Frisco*, according to present arrangements, will sail from Southampton for New York on October 15th next. All inquiries as to terms, etc., should be addressed to the secretary, No. 225 Belgrave Square, S. W. Office hours, ten A. M. to six P. M. upon week-days; Saturdays, close at two P. M."

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager,
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. F. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco, Agents.
GENERAL OFFICE, 501 Montgomery St.

STORVETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related of Dr. Belman that he was playing whist one evening with a maiden lady for a partner. She trumped his best card, and at the end of the hand he asked her the reason why. "Oh, Dr. Belman" (smilingly), "I judged it judicious." "Judicious! judicious!! judicious!!! You old fool!" She never again touched a card.

Not long since in New York city (says the *Tribune*), an advertiser was in the publication office of a sensational journal which makes a specialty of printing scandals, to get rates for an "ad." "Do you want your 'ad.' next to pure reading matter?" asked the clerk. "Great Scott!" was the reply, "I didn't know you had any pure reading matter."

One day a rich but ill-natured man, who made sad havoc of the French language, called upon Jules Janin, the famous French critic, and began a tirade upon some trivial matter in execrable French. After listening politely for some time, Janin at last replied to his visitor in Latin. "What do you mean, M. Janin?" demanded the man, angrily; "I don't understand you; I can't speak Latin." "Try, sir, try!" cried the great critic; "you could not speak it worse than you do French!"

General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, now dead, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the Civil War he felt his coat-tails pulled. Turning about, he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobacco factory previous to enlistment. "Why are you not in your place fighting?" the general demanded, angrily. "Why," answered the youth, "I just wanted to tell you that, if you don't mind, I reckon I will take my day off to-day!"

Back in the seventies, a report reached army headquarters that the Indians in Idaho had swarmed down on a little village and murdered every inhabitant. A second lieutenant who had just received his commission was dispatched to the scene to ascertain the authenticity of the rumor. A few hours after his arrival in the village, he sent this dispatch to the commanding officer: "Everybody is quiet here." Whereupon the commanding officer replied: "Your report is unintelligible. We have it from responsible source that Indians have massacred every inhabitant." The lieutenant answered: "Report is correct. Everybody has been massacred. Everybody is quiet."

There is a man in Alexandria (says the *Washington Post*) who has a great deal of money, to which he is deeply attached. He has a well-preserved silk hat which he would like to wear every day, but silk hats are expensive, so he has been wearing his for these many years just on Sunday. The last time the storks visited the Alexandria man's bouse they were generous. They brought twins, a boy and a girl. The father was sitting in the parlor when some one entered to bring the news. "Well, you're a father now," said he. "Boy or girl?" asked the Alexandria man. "Both—twins." "Great Scott!" cried the father, springing to his feet; "give me my silk hat. I might as well wear it every day now. What's the use trying to be economical, any way?"

Dr. Macknight, a Scotch clergyman who was the author of several books upon religious subjects, had among his parishioners a blacksmith who thought the doctor's writing learned books was a great mistake and a sad waste of time. One day this blacksmith was asked by a stranger if Dr. Macknight was then at the manse. "Na, na," replied the blacksmith, with a shake of his shaggy head, "the mon's gone to Edinbro on a vera useless job." The doctor had gone off to the printers with his learned and valuable work called "The Harmony of the Four Gospels." The stranger inquired curiously what the "useless job" was. "Aweel," said the blacksmith, looking at his questioner sharply to see if his answer met with the appreciation it merited, "he's gone to mak' four men agree wha ne'er cast out!"

Some years ago, two officers of the British army in India had a difficulty which resulted in a duel. The colonel, the challenged party, was an old campaigner who had won his laurels in the Crimea, and was a most gallant soldier. The choice of weapons being his, he named pistols, and elected that the affair should occur in a dark room. We secured a room twenty feet square (says the narrator of the incident), closed every crevice that would admit light, placed our men in corners diagonally opposite, and withdrew. Each man was provided with three charges, and when these were exhausted, we rushed in to gather up the mutilated remains. Each man stood erect and soldier-like in his corner, untouched; but directly behind the officer who had given the challenge were three bullet-holes made by the colonel's pistol. "How is this?" said a grizzled major; "had you been standing here when those shots were

fired, you would have been killed." The culprit was forced to admit that he had dropped to one knee. "You are a coward, sir, and unfit for the company of soldiers and gentlemen!" cried the major. "Hold on major!" said the colonel; "it is a stand-off. While he was on his knees in one corner, I was on my stomach in the other."

BICYCLE VERSE.

Omnia Mutantur.
1795.
A drowsy drone;
Or lane or park;
And, all alone,
In kittle neat,
So deft and prim,
To guide the reel,
With sunshine in her dove-like eyes,
The maid Priscilla daily plies
Her wheel.
1895.
A noisy street,
Or lane or park,
Where cyclists meet,
By day or dark;
In bloomers clad;
From head to heel,
And resolution in her eyes,
The modern maiden deftly plies
Her wheel.

—New York Sun.

The Scorchers.

He tumbled from his weary wheel,
And set it by the door;
Then stood as though he joyed to feel
His feet on earth once more;
And as he mopped his rumpled head
His face was wreathed in smiles;
"A very pretty run," he said;
"I did a hundred miles!"
"A hundred miles!" I cried. "Ah, think!
What heauties you have seen!
The reedy streams where cattle drink,
The meadows rich and green,
Where did you wend your rapid way—
Through lofty woodland aisles?"
He shook his head. "I can not say;
I did a hundred miles!"
"What hamlets saw your swift tires spin?"
Ah, how I envy you!
To lose the city's dust and din,
Beneath the heaven's blue;
To get a breath of country air;
To lean o'er rustic stiles!"
He only said, "The roads were fair;
I did a hundred miles!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

The Overland Flyer.

The Chicago, Union Pacific, and Northwestern Railways form the only line running Pullman drawing-room sleepers and dining-cars daily from San Francisco to Chicago without change. Time to Chicago only three and one-half days, and to New York four and one-half days. Select tourist excursions to Chicago daily without change in Pullman upholstered tourist cars. For tickets and sleeping-car accommodations call on or address C. E. Bray, 2 New Montgomery Street, under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

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FRANCAIS. CLASSES FOR FRENCH Conversation are now forming. A few pupils may still be admitted. DR. RICHARD WEILER, A. M., (of the University of Berkeley), Graduate of the Collège de France, Paris. 524 SUTTER STREET.

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AN EXPERIENCED ENGLISH LADY would like to take two or three children to board and educate. References exchanged. Terms moderate. Address, J. M. R., San Rafael.

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French, Spanish, German, English, and Latin taught by ablest professors. PROF. DE FILIPPE, graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid, continues to instruct in **SPANISH and FRENCH**, by his simplified and practical method. Saving months of study. "**UNIQUE**" METHOD for acquiring a foreign language.

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Classes from the Kindergarten Grade to Literature, History, etc. A very limited number of hoarders admitted, with references. For terms apply to MME. MARIE MARSHALL.

DEUTSCH. PUPILS DESIROUS TO join German Classes are requested to lose no time. DR. RICHARD WEILER, A. M., (of the University of Berkeley), Graduate of the University of Goettingen. 524 SUTTER STREET.



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SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS; HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS; DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

SS. Acapulco.....October 18th
SS. San José.....October 28th
SS. Colon.....November 8th
SS. City of Sydney.....November 18th
Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc. FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA: China, (via Honolulu). Tuesday, October 22, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Tuesday, November 12, at 3 P. M. City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, November 30, at 3 P. M. City of Peking.....Saturday, December 21, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at company's office. No. 425 Market Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM. Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Kumsay, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
* 8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	4.15 P.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Vossiste), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11.45 A.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	1.45 P.
12.00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.....	8.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Vossiste), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Palo Alto Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.06 P.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
* 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

For morning, P. for afternoon. Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only. † Mondays only. ‡ Sundays only. † Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, For E. C. and Pacific Sound ports, Sept. 27, Oct. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports at 8 A. M. Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Escondido, San Bernardino, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Oct. 5, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pomona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, last of season leaving Saturday, at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette* Friday, to A. M., 23th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Oct. 3, 17, Nov. 1, 15, Dec. 1, 15, 31. For E. C. and Pacific Sound ports, Sept. 27, Oct. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Oct. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports at 8 A. M. Oct. 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Escondido, San Bernardino, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Oct. 5, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. Steamer *Pomona*, Saturday to Monday excursion to Santa Cruz and Monterey, last of season leaving Saturday, at 4 P. M. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette* Friday, to A. M., 23th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

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SOCIETY.

Theatre-Party to Mrs. Bliss.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster gave an elaborate entertainment last Monday evening as a compliment to Mrs. E. W. Bliss, of New York, who has been passing the summer here as the guest of Mrs. Moses Hopkins. It began with a dinner-party which was given in the large banquet hall at the Malsinn Riche. Covers were laid for sixteen at a table that was beautifully decorated with large yellow chrysanthemums. At each cover was a corsage-bouquet or boutonniere of violets. The menu and name-cards were very artistic. An elaborate dinner was served, during which Huber's Hungarian Orchestra played at intervals. Afterward the party attended the performance of "Robin Hood" at the Columbia Theatre. The finale was a delightful supper at the Palace Hotel. Fragrant flowers graced the table prettily and Brandt's Orchestra played during the service of the repast. It was quite late when the pleasant affair terminated. Mr. Webster's guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Ann A. Clark, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jessie Coleman, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. J. A. Hart, and Mr. McKinstry.

The Schmiedell-McCutchen Wedding.

Grace Church was filled last Wednesday noon with a fashionable assemblage in attendance to witness the wedding of Miss Alice McCutchen, daughter of Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, and Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, son of the late Henry Schmiedell. The young couple enjoy a high degree of popularity among a host of friends, who have looked forward to their nuptials with much interest.

The day was bright and clear, and at the noon hour the October sunshine streamed through the stained-glass windows of the church upon a scene that was quite picturesque. Modish gowns and the newest capotes were seen in profusion, as the fair sex predominated. The chancel was a picture of beauty with its myriad of blossoms, its lighted candelabra, and the Star of Bethlehem blazing over all. Chrysanthemums, the reigning flower of the season, were seen in abundance, outlining the paneled woodwork at the rear, adorning the reredos, and forming a mantle over the polished brass railing in combination with clusters of white violets. Spreading ferns and palms were also arranged effectively and a touch of color was given by the La France roses that embellished the altar and candelabrum.

The organist played several voluntaries while the ushers were seating the guests, and promptly at the noon hour the notes of the wedding march were heard as the bridal party appeared and marched down the central aisle. Leading the way were the eight ushers, Mr. William R. Heath, Mr. Henry W. Poett, Mr. William D. Page, Mr. Charles S. Fay, Mr. George T. Cowles, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Henry R. Simpkins, and Mr. Louis Jones. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Mary Eyre, followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Sara Chiller, and Miss Grace Martin. Last of all was the fair bride, who was escorted by Mr. McCutchen. They were met at the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Stuart Brumagim. The dresses worn by the bride and her attendants are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a rich and very becoming robe of blanc-ivoire satin, made with an exceedingly long court train. The skirt was perfectly plain and the train was laid in godet plaits. The high corsage was adorned with a hertha of point applique lace, and the sleeves, which were quite bouffant, extended to the elbows. In her coiffure was a sunburst of diamonds, a gift from the groom, and a cluster of orange-blossoms which held in place the long veil of white silk moiré. Her long gloves

were of white undressed kid, and she carried a bouquet of Bride roses.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids were all attired alike in handsome gowns of lustrous white satin, made walking length, with overdresses of white mousseline de soie. The corsages were high and adorned with fichus of point applique lace, and the bouffant sleeves extended to the elbows. They wore white braided chenille picture hats trimmed with white plumes. Their long gloves were of white undressed kid and their hand-bouquets were of La France roses.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. C. L. Miel, of Sausalito, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute. Afterward a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 2508 Fillmore Street, to which about a hundred relatives and very intimate friends had been invited. The residence was prettily decorated with ferns, La France roses, and chrysanthemums, and was made very attractive. Mrs. McCutchen, who wore a beautiful gown, electric-blue silk trimmed with point applique lace, assisted the bridal party in receiving. After congratulations had been extended to the newly wedded couple, an elaborate breakfast was served under Ludwig's direction. Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Schmiedell left to make a brief southern tour. They will return in time to sail for Japan on October 21st. From there they will proceed on a tour around the world, and will return late next spring. They were particularly well remembered by their friends in the way of beautiful and costly presents.

The Newhall Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall gave a dinner-party at their residence on Post Street last Tuesday evening complimentary to Mrs. E. W. Bliss, of New York. The table was embellished with beautiful flowers and rich service, and the menu was most elaborate. The others present were:

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Peckham, Miss Tilden, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. Henry Redington, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall.

The Hill Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Horace L. Hill entertained a party of friends at dinner last Wednesday evening in a private dining-room at the Hotel Richelieu. The guest of honor was Mrs. E. W. Bliss, of New York. The round table had a large centerpiece of ferns, wild blackberry vines, and little Cecil Bruner roses, among which little green and red electric lights were placed with pretty effect. Among those present were:

Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Young, Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Mr. Pillsbury, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall.

The Phelan Dinner-Party.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mrs. E. W. Bliss prior to her return to New York after a prolonged visit here. The dining-table was artistically decorated, and a string orchestra played during the service of the dinner. The guests of Mr. Phelan were:

Mrs. E. W. Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss A. A. Clark, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Kate Clement, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. J. A. Hart, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall.

The Tobin Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin and the Misses Celia and Beatrice Tobin gave an enjoyable lunch-party at the Burlingame Club last Saturday, which was followed by a drive to various points of interest in the neighborhood. Their guests comprised:

Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Kate Clement, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. A. Macdonald, Mr. R. M. Dupern, Mr. Frederick W. McNear, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, and Mr. Addison Mizner.

Theatre-Parties at the Columbia.

Quite a number of theatre-parties were given at the Columbia during the past week to witness the performance of "Robin Hood" On Tuesday evening several were noticed.

Mrs. Peter Donahue had a party comprising Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. Dwayne Harvey, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Horace L. Pillsbury. They enjoyed a supper afterward at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant had as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Slater, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. Henry Janin, Mr. J. A. Hart, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan occupied one of the boxes, accompanied by Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Miss Ada Sullivan.

Of course, not everybody who has a bicycle has a trunk to carry it in, but the number of bicycle trunks made is considerable. Professional bicyclists use them to carry their bicycles, so as to avoid risk of injury to the wheels in transit, and amateurs, when they travel, use them for the same purpose and to keep them from being marred. The trunk is flat and thin, the handle-bar being removed and placed in holders like a bow in a violin-case. Bicycle trunks are made sometimes to carry two machines.

THE SOCIETY MAN.

"Yes," said the Society Man, "there's no doubt you're right—'Robin Hood' is pretty good, but a fellow can have too much of a good thing, don't you know. I've been invited to five theatre-parties in the last ten days, and each one of 'em went to 'Robin Hood.' I've seen it a good many times before, but this time I—why, confound it, I'm beginning to know the thing by heart. I used to be able to whistle the airs of the various songs—now I am getting so that I can whistle the orchestral accompaniment, and all the little curleykews, you know, like those that come in after the 'Bow low' in the song of the Sheriff of Nottingham. Before long, I think I shall be able to whistle the words. I know them now. I could act as prompter, 'pon my snail I could. I know the jokes—they stick up for me like milestones, and mark the gradual progress of the play toward the end. I know when Barnabee is going to say, 'Take away this rascal, and have him measured for some new socks—I mean stocks.' I know when he is going to smite his jerkin in the forest scone, and thereby terrify himself and his fellow-tinkers. I know when he is going to say to Guy of Gisbourne, 'If you tremble so, you'll shake down some of these trees.' I know just how many times he says 'Not another drop' before he buries his nose in his ale-mug. I know just when he is going to say, 'I don't want any monk monkeying around my Annabel,' and 'That will do for some other chime,' when the bells have stopped pealing their triple bob-major. I know the respective amount of laughter which each jest will receive from the audience. I know just exactly when and how many times Jessie Bartlett-Davis will smile—in 'Oh, promise me' she smiles five times on the right side of the stage and seven times on the left. My sole amusement now is studying the understudies. For I have discovered that each member of the company apparently has an understudy, and you never know when they are going to appear. One night, I watched Barnabee's understudy. He reproduced the old man's jokes as if they had been on a time-card. Otherwise, he was otherwise. Another night, Miss Barnabee as Annabel was replaced by a pretty little creature billed as Amelia Stnne. Miss Stone was so terrified that her knees knocked together. This interested me—one so rarely sees stage-fright nowadays. All of our actors and actresses step forth full-fledged—or perhaps I should say full-hatched—from out the rnc's egg of some mammoth scandal. Take our Mrs. Langtrys, Mrs. Leslie Carters, Mrs. James Brown Potters. That's what I mean—eh? Now this little girl the other night had the grace to be frightened. She was afraid—of the audience. Mrs. Langtry never was. Neither was Mrs. Potter. It flatters an audience to show them that they terrify—what? But seriously, don't you know, I think that Adelaide Neilson suffered from stage-fright when she was a novice. And Adelina Patti. And Malibran. And—er—well, all of those women, don't you know. And so the little terrified creature impressed me pleasantly, despite her terror. *Elle aura de l'avenir—peut-être.* The other understudies weren't so interesting. There was a tall, thin young man with an Injanny accent who played Robin Hood one night; he was the understudy of the other young man who plays Robin Hood, and who ought to be—if he is not—the understudy of some other understudy—the shadow of a shade, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. But my brain is gradually giving way under the strain of so much 'Robin Hood.' I find myself repeating meaningless tags of lines such as 'Hark ye, young sir, the Lady Marion Fitz-Waller is rather particular—is rather particular—is rather particular—lar-r-r-r.' I find myself babbling in my sleep. 'By the pewter platter of Saint Dunstan—By the platter pewter of Saint Dunstan—If Saint Dunstan had a pewter platter, where, oh, where's the platter pewter that Saint Dunstan had?' What's that? Lady in the carriage beckoning to me, you say? 'Scuse me, old man. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Riverleigh? Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Ah, yes. Going to sit down at seven sharp, are you? Oh, yes, I'll be on time. Decided to make it a theatre-party, did you? Yes, that will be awfully jolly, won't it? Where did you say you were going to take us? To Rob—to Robin—to 'Robin Hood!' Oh, quite well, I thank you. You think I look pale? Oh, it's nothing, I assure you. So we are all going to see 'Robin Hood,' are we? How awfully nice of you to think of it, Mrs. Riverleigh. Everybody will enjoy it so much, don't you know. Thanks, very much. Good-bye."

Good Wines.

A banquet was given lately by the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux to the Lord Mayor of London and other prominent Englishmen, which was marked by cordiality and good-fellowship. The wines were carefully selected by experts and were of the highest order of excellence, as may be seen by the subjoined list:

POMMERY SEC; Chateau Yquem, 1874; Chateau Cantenac-Brown, 1875; Port, 1863; Chateau Mouton-Rothschild, 1875; Chateau Pichon-Longueville, 1875; Chateau Léoville Puyferrière, 1875; Chateau Rauzan-Ségla, 1875; Chateau Latour, 1875; POMMERY SEC.—Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will take place at noon next Tuesday at the residence of the bride-elect, south-west corner of Sutter and Gough Streets. The wedding will be private. About one hundred intimate friends have been invited to the reception and breakfast which will follow the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Julia W. Conner and Mr. Robert Howard Bennett will take place at Trinity Church at nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, November 5th. Miss Edith Conner will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Mary Breeze, and Miss Blanche Castle. Mr. Edward Bray will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. William Callen, Mr. Albert E. Conner, and Mr. Rudolph de Ver Mehr. There will be a reception afterward at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Julia W. Conner, 2400 Fillmore Street. Only a limited number of friends will be invited.

An interesting wedding will take place at Santa Barbara next Thursday. The bride will be Miss Mary Duglass, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Douglass, of Chicago, and the groom will be Mr. Charles S. Fay, son of the late Caleb T. Fay, of this city. Mrs. William Boericke, sister of the groom, will go down to the wedding, accompanied by her little twin daughters, who will act as bridesmaids. The maid of honor will be Miss Elizabeth Douglass, of Chicago. The other bridesmaids will be Miss Julia Redington and Miss Stoddard. Mr. C. E. Bigelow will be the best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Henry R. Simpkins, cousin of the groom, Mr. George Cowles, and Mr. G. Redington.

Miss Cora Adelaide Wallace, of this city, and Mr. James Hamilton Martin, of Tulare, were united in marriage last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. William H. Wallace, 2220 Broadway. Only a few friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. D. Hansen Irwin, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will reside in Tulare.

Cards have been received announcing the wedding, on October 7th, of Mr. Adolph Caspar Miller, formerly of this city, to Miss Mary Sprague, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otho S. A. Sprague, of Chicago.

The Friday Fortnightly Dancing Club will hold its second meeting next Friday evening at Lunt's Hall.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant gave an elaborate dinner-party this week in the Red Room at the Bismarck Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Slater, of New York, who have been making a tour of the world in their steam yacht *Eleanor*, which is at present in this harbor.

Miss Kate Stone gave a lunch-party recently at the residence of Mrs. L. L. Baker, 1382 Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone, *nee* Weihe.

Mrs. William L. Ashe gave a pleasant matinee tea recently at her residence, 1005 Leavenworth Street, and was assisted in receiving by Miss Edith Findley and Miss Bessie Bowie.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Alvord will receive at her residence, 2200 Broadway, on the first and third Fridays in November, January, and February.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder have leased the Zimmerman residence, 1321 Sutter Street, for the winter season.

Mr. Edgar Mills and the Misses Adèle and Florence Mills will pass the winter in Europe.

Mr. Irving M. Scott returned from Japan last Sunday on the steamer *China*.

Mrs. L. L. Baker will return from the East early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue after passing several months at their country place in Napa County.

Mr. F. S. Gibbs, of Greenville, Me., is staying at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Curran Clark and Mrs. S. F. Sanborn have moved in from Redwood City and will occupy Mrs. James Cunningham's house, 2518 Broadway, near Scott Street. Mr. John Taylor and Miss Taylor will live with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Mary Scott returned from the East last Saturday.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs arrived here from New York city last Saturday on a brief visit.

Miss Edith Shor, of San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, is the guest of Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. F. A. Greenwood has returned from the East and is at the Hotel Pleasanton, where he will remain during the winter.

Mr. A. B. Wilberforce left last Thursday to pass a couple of weeks at a health resort in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Huntington will go to the Hotel Richelieu next Monday to reside there during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilhoit, of Stockton, are passing a few weeks at the Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston and family are now at the Hotel Richelieu, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee will come over from Fruitvale on November 1st, and he for the winter at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will leave for the East on October 26th, and will be away about eighteen days. He

will visit New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., and Atlanta, Ga., while he is away.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark returned from the East last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will leave next Saturday to make a prolonged tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall, *nee* Ashe, are expected here early in November.

Mrs. M. M. Estee and Miss Estee will receive on Fridays at their residence, 2291 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger returned from the East last Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hitchcock left for the East last Saturday, and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and Miss Ada Dougherty will receive on Fridays at their residence, 1920 Jackson Street.

Mrs. C. M. Jennings will receive on Fridays at her residence, 899 Pine Street.

Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann has returned from a prolonged visit to her sister in Helena, Mont.

Mr. William L. Gerstle left last Sunday for New York, and will be away about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chickering, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, and Miss Violet Ransome, of Oakland, are making a tour of Europe.

Mr. Claude T. Hamilton has gone East, and will pass the winter in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from a prolonged visit to Europe.

Dr. Redmond Payne has returned to the city after an absence of three years in Paris and Vienna.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Marcus and family are at The Colonial, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. F. R. King and Mr. H. A. King have returned from Sausalito, and will pass the winter at The Colonial.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James Forsyth, U. S. A., and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, U. S. A., left last Sunday to inspect the military guard of the Sequoia National Park.

Commodore Frederick V. McNair, U. S. N., will arrive here early in December, and sail for China to assume command of the Asiatic Squadron. He will relieve Rear-Admiral Charles C. Carpenter, U. S. N., who will return to the United States to be relegated to the retired list.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Edward Hunter, U. S. A., are at the Hotel Marlborough in St. Paul, Minn., where they will pass the winter.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are in Washington, D. C.

Colonel George H. Mendell, division engineer of the Pacific Division, U. S. A., was placed on the retired list on October 1st, when he reached the age limit of sixty-four years.

Colonel Charles E. Compton, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Major Washington Matthews, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been retired from active service.

Major B. F. Pope, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Captain Calvin L. Hooper, U. S. R. C. S., arrived in Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Captain E. F. Glenn, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., has left St. Paul for Vancouver, Wash., where he will assume the duties of judge-advocate of the Department of the Columbia.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, Surgeon, U. S. N., who has been on duty on the training-ship *Constellation* at Newport, R. I., during the past year, will arrive here soon for duty on the *Boston*, which is now fitting out for sea service at Mare Island. Dr. Crawford is well known in club and society circles here.

Chief-Engineer Richard Inch, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from the Presidio with Light Battery F, on its practice march to Monterey and return.

Lieutenant J. C. Drake, U. S. N., has resigned from active service.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant David D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been detailed to duty at Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant F. E. Sawyer, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, ordered home, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John Stafford, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is now on duty at Fort D. A. Russell.

To Retire from Business.

The announcement that Colonel A. Andrews is about to retire from business, and that his Diamond Palace, which has been famed throughout the civilized world, is to be closed, will be received with general regret. His magnificent jewelry store at 221 Montgomery Street has been a landmark in this city for nearly a quarter of a century, and has been visited by practically every celebrity who has been here. Colonel Andrews feels, however, that he has earned a much-needed rest, and, as the sixty cents with which he started business in his present location has grown into a fortune of half a million dollars, he is certainly entitled to cast off the cares of business. Among the notable patrons whom Colonel Andrews has had were the late Senator Sharon, who purchased, among other things, a brooch for \$75,000, Mrs. Robert Johnson, among whose purchases was the necklace of the Empress Eugénie, Joseph G. Eastland, General George T. Beargard, Jefferson Davis, Mrs. Harrison, wife of the ex-President, Mrs. Langtry, Adeline Patti, ex-President McMahon of France, Princess Louise, King Kalakaua, and thousands of others.

As a soldier, as an officer, as a politician, as a man of business, and as a public-spirited citizen, the colonel has covered himself with glory, and it is fitting that with his retirement from business his famous jewelry establishment should pass out of existence. He will sell his entire stock, and the place that knew him none will know him no more.

—COATS-OF-ARMS AND CRESTS EMBLAZONED according to College of Arms, London. Particular care is exercised in the stamping of fine papers—with monograms, etc. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market Street.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

It is now said that Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett never hesitated to spank that model child, Little Lord Fauntleroy, when occasion demanded, and it was by such a rigorous procedure that he was taught to call his mother "Dearest."

Fillsbury, the great American chess-player, is a tall, thin man, with a pallid face and an intensely earnest expression. He is never seen without a green cigar either between his lips or in process of preparation for that pasture. He will smoke seven during a single game.

Rudyard Kipling, during his residence in India, was regarded as the best amateur actor in that country. He often took part in theatricals in Lahore, and his friends earnestly urged him to adopt the stage as a profession. He was particularly effective in comedy roles.

Little Eugen d'Albert was divorced from his wife, Teresa Carreno, who is also a pianist, in Berlin on the third of this month. The wife was the plaintiff, alleging desertion; but when she was awarded the decree, she began to weep. Thereupon D'Albert wept also, and they were led weeping from the room by opposite doors by their hard-hearted counsel.

There was a romance in the history of the late Professor Riley, the famous entomologist of the Smithsonian Institute, whose death was announced a few days ago. His mother, who was a member of an old and aristocratic English family, was disowned for marrying beneath her; but her father relented so far as to give her son a superior education, which, with the use he made of it, was worth as much as name or legacy.

Robert Desty, the veteran law-writer, who died in Rochester recently, once ran for joint senator from San Francisco and San Mateo Counties. He was elected, but his election was set aside on the ground that he was not a citizen. He had come here from Canada as a child, and had never been naturalized. His name was Robert d'Estimenville, which, for convenience, he had shortened into Robert "Desty"—in fact, his entire name was "Robert d'Ailleboub d'Estimenville de Beau Mouchel." His family was noble, and in the days of Henry of Navarre, their Château de Beau Mouchel was destroyed by fire, with all their family papers. The king signed some documents attesting this fact, and Robert Desty had in his possession papers bearing the signature "Henry III." The king spelled his name with a y.

—MONEY CAN BE MADE ON SMALL INVESTMENTS in Chicago wheat or New York stocks on margin. Direct private wires East. Pamphlets explaining details free. Burbridge & Co., Commission Brokers, 325 Pine Street, San Francisco.

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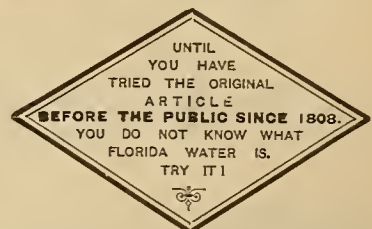
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Watts—"Do you think a man can be a Christian on a dollar a day?" Potts—"I don't see how he can afford to be anything else."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"You were a poor boy in college, weren't you?" "Yes; I had to work my way through by teaching." "What did you teach?" "Poker, principally."—*Puck.*

"Some of these days," muttered the cannibal—"some of these days he will be ringing horse meat in on me in place of corned missionary."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Cholly—"Well, I plucked up courage enough to call on her father. Great relief, Dick—great relief!" Dick—"He consents?" Cholly—"He wasn't in."—*Puck.*

Examining physician (Premium Life Insurance Company)—"Did your father die a natural death?" Applicant for policy—"Nope; we had three doctors."—*Puck.*

Cash—"Can I get off this afternoon to attend a funeral?" Floor-walker—"That is a very old game." Cash—"What is a very old game?" Floor-walker—"Baseball."—*Life.*

Maud—"What do you think? Gladys has had her beautiful golden curls dyed a dark brown!" Ethel—"Yes; she was always afraid people might think she bleached her hair."—*Puck.*

Magistrate—"You will be bound over to keep the peace toward all her majesty's subjects for six months." Bill Sykes—"Well, 'evin 'elp the fust furriner as I comes across!"—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Brown—"What is the first thing you have to learn in bicycle-riding—how to mount?" Jones—"No; how to fall so that your injuries will be merely serious and not necessarily fatal."—*Puck.*

Two ladies at afternoon tea, munching sweet cake: Younger lady—"Mon Dieu, ma chère, what exquisite teeth you possess!" Older lady—"I am glad you find them so; they were my poor husband's last gift."—*Ex.*

"I hardly know whether to marry her or not," said the count; "her father is in the clothing trade." "There is money in clothes," said the duke. "There isn't any in mine," said the count. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

Daughter—"Mamma?" Mamma—"Yes, dear?" Daughter—"If Mr. Bankleigh, that old millionaire, asks me to marry him when he calls this evening, how shall I answer him?" Mamma—"Promptly, my child."—*New York Sun.*

The old baroness has had her hair dyed the color of red ochre. "How do you like me?" she asked, addressing Reyer; "does it not make me look younger?" "Yes," the maestro replied, "about a fortnight, I should say."—*La Vie Parisienne.*

Gus—"Did you make an impression on that pretty girl you got so wild about?" George—"I'm afraid not. When I called, she summoned her chaperon, and then the two spent the evening arguing the points of a new costume, with me as umpire."—*New York Weekly.*

"Some folks has more money dan dey knows whut ter do wit'," remarked Plodding Pete, thoughtfully. "Yes," replied Meandering Mike; "I was dat way once." "Git away!" "Sure. I onced had twenty-five cents by me, and discovered I was in a prohibition town."—*Washington Star.*

Fair customer (breathlessly)—"I see you are advertising shot silks at five cents a yard." Salesman (blandly)—"Yes, madam, and they will do beautifully for mosquito-netting. You see they came in an express-car that was held up by train-robbers."—*New York Weekly.*

"There's a great deal in this science of deduction," said an ardent admirer of Sherlock Holmes to a chance acquaintance on the rear platform of a trolley-car; "for instance, I see from your bronzed cheeks that you have just returned from a long vacation; you have just dined, for you appear to enjoy that cigar hugely, and a cigar always has a finer flavor after dinner." "Deduction, is it?" said he whose family history the original Sherlock would have known at a single glance; "well, I ain't had no vacation, and I ain't had no dinner. I'm a bricklayer—been working for three weeks on the top of a five-story building, and I'm friends with this cigar because I'm uster smokin' a pipe, and it's the first rope I've thought for eight years. See?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

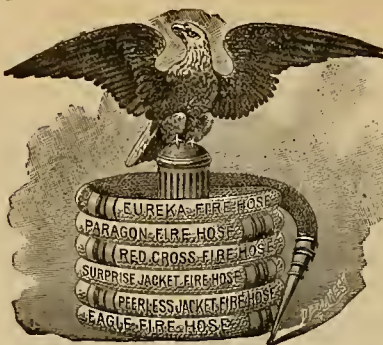
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Argonaut

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Here in California it is difficult to realize that heated election campaigns are going on in many of the States of the Union. There is no election in California this year, and hence our newspapers, instead of being filled with reports of stump-speeches and acrimonious political debates, give themselves up with placid pleasure to the more congenial task of printing minute details of scandals and murder trials. Yet in the newspapers of nearly all the large cities of the Union everything else is crowded out by political matter.

In the States of Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, New Jersey, and Ohio, governors are to be elected.

In New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, minor State officers and legislators are to be chosen.

In Utah, a State constitution, framed some months ago,

is to be voted on. The people of Utah will also elect the men to guide the destinies of the Territory under its new condition as a State, and they will choose the legislators who will elect two United States Senators. Utah has generally gone Democratic, but in last year's Republican tidal wave she was swept from her Democratic moorings. There are bitter dissensions among the Democrats this year, and a Republican victory is looked for.

In Kentucky, there is a curious contest going on. The Democrats, hoping to placate the two factions in their party, nominated a silver man for governor on an anti-silver platform. The result has been to cause anything but harmony. The Federal administration, through Secretary Carlisle, has mixed itself up in the Kentucky silver fight, with the result of bringing on an anti-administration faction. Considering the many Republican victories in Kentucky last fall, and the fact that the Republicans then elected the governor, although he was counted out by Democratic frauds, it looks as though Kentucky would go Republican this year.

In Maryland, there is a formidable revolt against Boss Gorman and the machine. Gorman has made himself extremely unpopular by his action in the Senate on the tariff bill, and his unpopularity has extended to Maryland, where for years he has reigned supreme. In a speech in Baltimore, last week, Theodore Roosevelt denounced as a falsehood certain statements made by Gorman on the floor of the United States Senate. These remarks were received with frenzied applause. That such an incident could take place in Baltimore shows the public hostility toward Gorman. The Republicans of Maryland believe that they will win this year.

Massachusetts holds its annual election for governor, other State officers, and a legislature. The campaign is a very bitter one, as the A. P. A. is taking a hand in the fight. Its members threaten to defeat those Republicans who have denounced their order. They will probably do so. This may affect the Republican ticket unfavorably.

In New York State, the outlook is most favorable for the Republicans. In the city of New York, however, it is feared that the enforcement of the Sunday excise law will result in bringing Tammany back into power again. It is quite true that the law is not a Republican measure, but a Democratic one. It is also true, however, that the festering mass of foreign riffraff that makes up the lower strata of New York's voting population could not understand this if they tried. And they will not try.

In Ohio, there is a very vigorous campaign being conducted, with General Asa S. Busbnell running for governor on the Republican ticket, against ex-Governor James E. Campbell. Senator Sherman, Governor McKinley, and ex-Governor Foraker are all taking an active part in the campaign. If Ohio goes Republican by a large majority, it is believed that Foraker will succeed Brice in the United States Senate, and that Governor McKinley will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Considering Ohio's enormous Republican majority last year, it is needless to say that the Republican party expects to carry that State by a sweeping majority this November.

On the whole, the elections of the fifth day of November, although this is an "off year" in politics, will be followed with the keenest interest by the citizens of other States where no elections are held, including the citizens of California.

The unwedded but willing ladies of the earth, if they are susceptible to the sentiment of gratitude, will take up a collection, employ M. Bartholdi to design a gigantic statue of "Hymen Enlightening the World," and present the same to Austro-Hungary. That kingdom has made an equally great and surprising advance toward solving the heart-breaking problem of why our young men do not marry. Many of our young men do, of course, but the others, the formidable body of the others, do not, and bow these may be persuaded or coerced into forsaking the pleasant meadows and shady woods of bachelorhood and allow themselves to be put on

the macadamized road of duty in the double harness of matrimony, has puzzled the social philosopher as well as agitated countless ready-to-be-fond bosoms. Austro-Hungary has cracked a new whip and herded multitudes of young men out of the fields of freedom on to the highway where they belong.

In that far country there was, about a year ago, high excitement over the threatened enactment of a new civil-marriage law. Francis Joseph, the good Kaiser, flew from Vienna to Buda-Pesth, and from Buda-Pesth back to Vienna again; cabinets fell; the government was threatened with disruption—and all because of this impending civil-marriage law. But the law was passed notwithstanding, and it went into effect on the first of October. By this law was changed the old custom under which solemnization of marriage by Roman Catholic priests was obligatory. The new law rescued marriage from among the church's sacramental monopolies and turned it into a civil ceremony; but the contracting parties, after having been joined by the government officials, retain the privilege of being married over again in any way that seems best to them. This innovation was, of course, bitterly opposed by the Roman Catholics; but as none of the saints could be got to intervene with a miracle, the goddess triumphed. Still the faithful, though beaten, were not reduced to supine submission. When it was announced that the law would go into effect on October 1st, the conservative Catholics determined to save as many souls as possible, and therefore hurried forward all the marriages that were on the stocks, and drummed up new recruits for the bit and bridle. They urged that it was the duty of all pious youths and maidens to wed before the inauguration of sinful civil marriage. Some of the results of this campaign were unexpected. Young couples whose union was opposed by unromantic parents "held up," so to speak, the stern and godly objectors, and forced them to give their consent under the threat of getting married civilly after the first of October. Hesitating Roman Catholic swains were prodded to action by impatient Roman Catholic mammas and enjoined to enter into bliss before the first of October. Coy maidens who found their Strephons sighing, but from bashfulness or other less pleasing motives disinclined to saw wood, put an end to irresolution by hinting that if they were not wives by the first of October, they would remain single forevermore.

On the other hand, the Liberals, who are fervent supporters of civil marriage, created a Liberal boycott on bridals. They "hung up" all the weddings they could, imploring their engaged friends to postpone the happy day till after the first of October. They, too, drummed up new recruits for the bit and bridle, but pledged the volunteers and conscripts not to march to the front till after the first of October. Rich and Liberal papas, when their patriotism was appealed to by needy suitors for their daughter's hands, yielded on condition that the sacrifice should not take place until after the first of October. In consequence of this animated campaign, there was an astounding boom, or rather double boom, in marriages throughout Austro-Hungary. The church party rolled up an enormous list of weddings before the first of October, and the Liberals another after the first of October—the Liberals coming out ahead on the count.

In contemplating this vast mass of matrimonial happiness now simmering in Austro-Hungary, the American lover of his country grows melancholy. In spite of every editorial appeal in behalf of the languid marriage statistics of the republic, the most eligible young citizens continue to exhibit a deplorably ungallant and disgracefully selfish preference for the glorious (but reprehensible) joys of the unsaddled state. When conscience does not serve as an efficient goad, it is obvious that extraneous aids to conscience may lawfully be called in. Austro-Hungary points the way. Chivalry, as well as concern for the future welfare of the nation, will justify the utilization of religious prejudice. It being seen that piety and impiety when provoked to conflict procure husbands for maids who else would pine and wither long.

for the ladies' sake, devise and countenance some unexampled outrage on the Holy Roman Catholic Church, to the end that she may be roused to wrath and a rounding up of her unmated sons and daughters, and that the impious, as in Austro-Hungary, may be stirred to emulation.

Under our system, unfortunately, the Federal Government can not act, but the individual States have full power. Were the legislature of California to decree at its next session that after a given date no minister of religion of any denomination could perform a legal marriage ceremony, unless a civil marriage had preceded it, the thunders of Rome would doubtless hurtle across the Atlantic, over the broad American continent, and reverberate from the trembling sides of the Sierra Nevada and the quaking hills of the Coast Range. Imported shafts of lightning would, naturally, proceed in abundance from the turrets of Brother Riordan's archiepiscopal castle, and the deuce would be to pay in general; but when the storm should have subsided there would be mighty few unmarried Catholics left, and the ranks of the Protestant bachelors be so reduced that it would require more courage than the average bachelor possesses to remain in so slim and cast-down a company. Then the law could be repealed until it should be needed again.

Austro-Hungary heads the procession, it is true, and it is a trifle humiliating to have to fall in behind any parade, but California deserves this really trifling penance for her unchivalrous backwardness. The spectacle of the waiting maids ought to move every manly and heretical homosom. The *Argonaut* is for the outrage on Rome. We are ready to snap our fingers at Papal thunderbolts, so long as the bolts shall be aimed at wedding hells and set them ringing.

A circular has been received by many persons in San Francisco soliciting their participation in a mass-meeting to be held in this city on October 30th, "to express sympathy with Cuha in her fight for independence." This circular purports to come, and very probably does come, from a "committee of one hundred," appointed at a sympathetic mass-meeting recently held in Chicago, and is signed "Edward F. Cragin, chairman; J. L. Fulton, secretary."

It is quite probable that such a sympathetic mass-meeting will be held in San Francisco. It will afford an invaluable opportunity for some of our local demagogues, politicians, and charlatans to thrust themselves forward and acquire a little cheap notoriety. Fierce denunciations of Spain will sound well from the platform, and the popular heart will be thrilled. So that it be thrilled, your politician, or your demagogue—or both, for they are frequently synonymous—cares little what he thrills it with, provided he keeps his face in the public eye and his toogie in the public ear.

But before we hold the mass-meeting, let us reason together. Who among us knows anything about the hostilities in Cuha? There is absolutely no official information, for General Martioez Campos has persistently refused to allow any newspaper correspondents to accompany his troops. The only trustworthy news that has been sent from the Spanish troops in Cuha has gone from Martinez Campos to Madrid, and the Madrid Government has divulged very little of it to the world. Such is the extraordinary amount of lying done by the American newspaper correspondents in Havana and the Cuhan Junta in New York, that the San Francisco *Chronicle* was forced to reply to an inquisitive correspondent, the other day, that it could give him no information whatever as to the success or non-success of the Cuhan arms. The *Chronicle* stated very frankly that while it was printing the Cuhan news dispatches from day to day, it was unable to make head or tail of them.

If the editors of a daily newspaper, whose business it is to purvey news to the public, confess that they can not understand their own news, it is not probable that a public mass-meeting has any higher or brighter light to shed upon the journalistic darkness.

Passing from the question of the status of military affairs in Cuba, which newspaper editors confess they can not fathom, how many citizens of San Francisco are familiar with the economic affairs of Cuha? How many know what her revenues are? How raised? What proportion goes to Spain? Does Cuba or Spain pay for the war-ships which guard the Cuban coasts? Could Cuba maintain a powerful navy, which, as an insular nation, she would need? What is the debt of Cuha? Is it guaranteed by Spain? Will Cuha's revenues pay her debt? Is Cuba represented in the Spanish legislative body, the Cortes? If she has such representation, should she be taxed or not? What is the proportion of white to colored inhabitants? Are most of the men of color on the side of the insurgents? Is this a revolt of black against white? If Cuha should throw off the Spanish yoke, would it mean the foundation of another black republic?

These are a few of the things that it would be well to

know before "recognizing" the insurgents in Cuba. We think there are very few citizens in San Francisco who are conversant with all these facts. When the sympathetic mass-meeting is held, if it ever is held, it would be interesting for some unusually well-informed person to answer a few of these questions.

In the meantime, the *Argonaut* will answer some of them. The population of Cuba is nearly one-half of it of negro blood. The insurgent forces are nearly three-fifths of them negroes. Their chieftain, Maceo, has negro blood in his veins. Such is the predominance of the negro element in the insurgent forces, that complaints have actually been made to the leaders by the white soldiers that they were being abused by the negroes. We commend these facts to our Southern friends, who may be impelled to "sympathize with Cuba." Would they use their influence to bring about recognition of a republic where whites were to be ruled by negroes? As to the character of the insurgent forces, the news, as we have said, is most untrustworthy, but occasional private letters are published from Americans who have gone to Cuha for hire; these letters may be given a certain amount of credence. In one of them, an Illinois man who had joined the insurgents at the head of a party of four Americans, relates how a small party of insurgents placed dynamite bombs in a theatre, and blew up the entire audience for the sake of killing some Spanish soldiers who were there. His letter goes on to give further details of how they had wrecked passenger trains with dynamite, killing many non-combatants, but no soldiers, as none were on the trains. This is the sort of "civilized warfare" with which American citizens are asked to sympathize.

Another point is this: if the Cuban insurgents were civilized, and if they were conducting a civilized warfare, why should the United States take the initiative in recognizing them? They are an alien race; they are foreign to us in everything; there are many negroes among them; there is much negro blood even in those who call themselves whites; they are foreign to us in language, in race, in color, in religion. They do not like us. We do not like them. Why, then, pretend to do so? The Spanish-Americans rarely speak of us "North Americans," as they call us, without a sneer. Why, then, should we make haste to assume this quixotic and chivalric attitude of admiration for this alien race? Let other nations of their own race, their own color, their own language, their own religion, take the initiative. Mexico, Venezuela, Brazil, Argentina, and other Spanish-American republics have been approached by the agents of the Cuhan insurgents, requesting recognition. All have declined. President Diaz did not even mention the subject in his message to Congress a couple of weeks ago. No one can doubt the ability of all these Spanish republics together to force the recognition of the Cuban insurgents as helligents, if they so desire. Yet they decline. Why, then, should the United States rush in, when they decline? In Spanish-America there is a population of about fifty-seven millions, all of whom are of the same race, language, and religion as the Cuhan. Let these Spanish-Americans recognize their kinsmen over seas, and then it will be time enough for the United States to follow.

It may be well to say also that before the United States starts in to recognize governments, she had better wait until there is something to recognize. This country does not officially know that there is a state of war in Cuba. We are still doing business with that island. During the last seven months we have imported from there 1,447,000,000 pounds of sugar, more tobacco than we did last year, and have exported to Cuba many millions of dollars' worth of canned goods, pork products, agricultural implements, hardware, machinery, flour, lumber, and other commodities. Smokers do not notice that the supply of cigars is falling off in consequence of the "war." The ports and custom-houses are all in possession of the Spanish authorities. To attempt to "recognize" the insurgents under such conditions would be folly. If President Cleveland were to do so, he would have to send a military force into the fastnesses of the Cuban mountains to deliver to the insurgent chieftain the message of recognition from the United States.

It gratifies the *Argonaut* to see that the more thoughtful newspapers of the East are taking up the subject of the drain upon American wealth in Europe, which the tide of travel to Europe induces. That tide is now returning, after making its annual deposit of fructifying dollars upon the Old World, like another overflowing Nile. There is no certain estimate of the numbers of these restless people. The London *Chronicle* states that one hundred and twenty-five thousand Americans have this year visited Europe by way of England; but the *Chronicle* does not count the travel to Italy and Southern Europe. This, and the second-class passengers, will bring the probable total up to two hundred thousand persons.

The New York *Evening Post* soers at the moralizings of

its contemporaries on the estimates of large amounts of gold shipped abroad to meet the travelers' letters of credit. It thinks there should be a fund, like the French Prix de Rome, for the "sending of people to Europe to study international exchange." The *Post's* study of this branch of economics has led it to the profound conclusion that "American travelers simply consume abroad the products of their country which they would otherwise consume at home." The Springfield *Republican* does not agree with the *Post*, and says it is unquestionably true "that our large tourist travel has heightened the difficulties of maintaining the gold reserve." There can be no doubt that the *Republican* is right; the soundness of its contention, indeed, is as obvious as the absurdity of the *Post's* notion that we ship food abroad, ship Americans to eat up this American food, and then ship them back again, without its costing us any more than it would if we had kept our own hog and hominy in the country and our own Americans to eat the hog and hominy.

The Springfield *Republican* goes on to say that "foreign travel is an excellent thing for this country. It would be well if every adult person in the United States could visit Europe and other foreign parts once or twice at least in the course of a life-time. Such travel broadens the individual horizon, improves the mind, quickens the sympathies, and softens the prejudices."

We are very much inclined to doubt this statement. If we were to estimate the number of adults in the United States at forty millions, and if all of them were to go abroad only once in a life-time, at the average expense paid by the tourist, it would cost the United States forty billions of dollars. We think the resulting "quickening of the sympathies and improvement of the mind" would be monstrously dear at the price. Further than that, we have grave doubts as to the improving effect of foreign travel upon the majority of people who indulge in it. The young men and women who belong to what is known as the "Four Hundred" go over to Europe a good deal, yet it will scarcely be held that they are the class of Americans most conspicuous for improved minds and quickened sympathies.

The effect of travel depends on the traveler. Those who have a specific object—painters, sculptors, musicians, physicians, architects, writers, men of letters, and students in any of the liberal and applied arts—are, of course, improved by the opportunities afforded them in Europe. But such people, who are earnest and conscientious, would improve themselves at home—possibly not so much, but certainly improve themselves. We do not believe that the average traveler does that. Travel is to most the dissipation of an empty mind, and gives about the same pleasure as card-playing or any other gently exciting diversion which calls for no intellectual exertion. It has been said that the ordinary man or woman takes away from a country just as much as he or she took into it. It has also been written that the fool who has been sent to Rome is very little different from the fool who has been kept at home. There is a Latin proverb which says: "*Celum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt*"—"It is only the skies, and not the mind, that changes to him who sails over seas." The application of all this ancient wisdom to the herds of idle summer tourists is instantly made by any one of sense who has had the fortune to mingle with them or cross their mindless paths. It is these vacuous people of imitative pleasure who constitute the majority of American travelers. It is they who carry away and spend most of the millions of American money that is lost to this country annually. They can not be prevented from going, of course, since to limit their freedom of folly would entail the limitation of rational men's liberty of movement and expenditure. But the circumstance that an evil seems cureless is no reason for not frankly acknowledging its existence. The "broadening of mind and quickening of sympathies" imparted by foreign travel to our young men and women of the decorative class commonly find manifestation in deepened vacuity, the acquirement of the priceless advantage of an English accent, a more or less improved knowledge of foreign modes of dress, an acquaintance with Continental morals—the benefit of which we leave the philosopher of the Springfield *Republican* to judge—and an increased contempt for their own country, which is still under the plebeian illusion that it is honorable to be something useful in life. Without foreign travel, New York would never have known the aoglomaniac, a thought which can not be endured, for what would the American metropolis be like were it not for his gilding presence?

Could it be decreed that only those having minds to be improved and sympathies to be quickened should be allowed the privilege of foreign travel, the transatlantic steamship lines and half of Europe's hotels would be bankrupted. In that case, it must be admitted, we should have to keep at home thousands who reconcile their countrymen to the cost of their absence when they flit, and also to the expense of exporting to them for their consumption the *Evening Post's*

hog and hominy. The experience of having to work for their living for one year would do immeasurably more for the minds and sympathies of most summer tourists than a whole lazy, selfish, and inane life-time of gadding about the earth.

President Cleveland has become somewhat disturbed by the popular fear of his financial schemes, so he has sent out his man Carlisle to explain them. Secretary Carlisle is now "swinging round the circle," endeavoring to make clear to the papers what the government is trying to do. If the government itself knew, he would be more successful. But he is valiantly struggling to explain.

In a speech at Boston, last week, he ascribed all the troubles of the Treasury to the greenback. It has seemed to us that the reason the United States Treasury is in trouble is because the Democratic tariff does not raise money enough and the Democratic administration spends too much. This simple Western explanation we respectfully submit to President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle.

As to the ruinous greenback, it has been in circulation for thirty-four years, and under Republican rule we never heard of these troubles which have begun to afflict the Treasury since the Democrats came into power.

Secretary Carlisle further said in his Boston speech that the United States Treasury would not be safe until it "went out of the banking business." We hear a good deal of this "going out of the banking business" from disturbed Democrats, who can not explain why their party seems to be confronted continually with an empty treasury, and is obliged to make up the deficits of its tariff law by raising revenue by bonds. Let us examine this phrase. Let us analyze it. Let us see what it means.

In the first place, the United States Treasury can not "go out of the banking business," because it was never in. The primary business of a bank is the lending of money received on deposit. The United States Treasury does not receive money on deposit, and does not lend money. Therefore it is not and never has been "in the banking business." There are some banks which issue notes. So does the United States Treasury. It is probably this fact which has made Secretary Carlisle think he is in the banking business. But he is mistaken. The issuance of notes is not confined to banks or to the United States Treasury. Corporations, mercantile houses, partnerships, and individuals issue notes. In every case they are based upon the credit of the issuer, as is also true with the notes issued by banks or by the United States Treasury. The \$165,000,000 borrowed on bonds by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle during the last year and a half was borrowed on the credit of the United States. But the issuance of bonds or notes does not make the issuers bankers. Neither is the United States Treasury a bank, nor is Secretary Carlisle "in the banking business."

We have another suggestion to make to Secretary Carlisle. It is made in all modesty, but we think it is a good one. It is not "going out of the banking business" that the American people desire the Treasury to do. But if Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle will kindly go out of the borrowing business, they will win the financial gratitude of an alarmed country.

Miss Anna Shaw, who believes in "equality before chivalry," is now engaged in lecturing in California. She was with us in Miss Susan B. Anthony's company some months ago, and caused much interest and excitement among the women here. We confess that we do not entirely understand Miss Anna Shaw's position on the regeneration of her sex, the New Womanhood, and all that sort of thing; indeed, we never have understood it, and do not believe that the women given over to it themselves understand it. This conclusion is forced on us by the conspicuous fact that they do not agree on any one line of action. And it is being even more strongly forced upon us that the sex as a whole is not in favor of the New Woman. If any man, who has been impressed by the clamors of the shield-bearing Amazons, will be at the pains to ask the women around him, the women he knows—his wife, his mother, his sisters, his friends' wives, and mothers, and sisters—what they think of the New Woman, he will be surprised to find how few seem to sympathize with the lecturing, writing, and organizing sisterhood.

This state of mind of normal women is manifested as often as fair opportunity is given it for expression. An election for school officers took place in Connecticut on the eleventh of October, for illustration, at which, under a new law, the women were entitled to vote. The results would depress the Miss Shaws were their fervor of a kind to be affected by a Niagara of statistical cold water. Throughout Connecticut separate ballot-boxes were provided for the women, and everything done to reduce the unpleasantness of going to the polls. Under the stimulus of agitation there had been a considerable registration, but in the space given

for reflection a great change took place. In Hartford there are about 8,000 women old enough to vote. Of these, 1,091 registered, but only 323 voted. In Norwich, where there was a large registration, less than a score voted. In East Hartford but five cast votes, at Windsor nine. At Waterbury, which has a large manufacturing population, there were five hundred female voters, "but elsewhere," the dispatches inform us, "the woman vote in Connecticut was a dismal failure." The inference to be drawn from Waterbury is negatively by the mill town of Putnam. There the factories are filled with female operatives, yet only seventeen voted. In many towns and villages no women at all availed themselves of the ballot. "In fact, it is the uniform story that city women exercised the privilege of voting in a spiritless way, if at all, while their sisters of the country towns and agricultural districts gave no heed to it whatever." This practical demonstration of the fact that women in general—the women who are not anxious to make a noise in the world—are either indifferent or averse to the ballot, is much more eloquent than the lectures of an army of Anna Shaws can possibly be.

A week or two ago the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Illinois met at Peoria, and the members of this large and significant convention by no means seemed to approve of the New Woman. The president of the Springfield Club, Mrs. E. F. Patton, said: "It strikes me that woman's work is in the home. As far as suffrage is concerned, I believe more good can be done silently by women than by voting with the masses."

The truth is that the New Woman, when she exists, is an aberration, and she does not exist in anything like the numbers that she has made herself and a good many others believe. Mrs. Fridenberg, the president of the New York Woman's Club, which is not a suffragist organization, though Mrs. Fridenberg is herself a suffragist, was measurably right when she said that "the New Woman is a myth." She explained her meaning by adding:

"The creature that exists in the minds of newspaper men and caricaturists no more exists in actual life than do the wonderful mermaids that some of the magazines and weekly papers print as representations of the girls who go in bathing at the sea-shore."

In the minds of her own sex the New Woman, whether real or the creation of the newspapers, is a strange, a repellent, and an apocryphal being who excites curiosity but does not move to imitation. No sort of woman who is not attractive to man can ever become an ideal to women. That basic truth is overlooked by the epicenes who are going up and down the land teaching in effect that wifehood and motherhood are degrading, and speech-making, and voting their new and noble substitutes. The whole tendency of this modern time is to increase woman's sense of individuality by bestowing upon her education, opening new avenues of employment, and stimulating her to material independence of man. And that tendency is not to be deplored, but welcomed, for the self-supporting woman is in harmony with the free spirit of life in America. It is a shallow view that independence necessarily lessens the womanliness of woman. On the contrary, it makes her mistress of herself, and secures to her the liberty to marry from choice and not for maintenance. The voluble New Woman of the platform, so far from being the leader, as she modestly fancies, of women's progress, is but a symptom of it—a camp-follower, not a general, of the growing army of the independent. To the extent that her influence reaches she is a detriment, since she gives occasion for ridicule of a movement which she travesties. The real New Woman is simply the woman of all time, blessed with the opportunities for enlargement of mind and social function conferred on her by modern civilization. Nature is wiser and stronger than Miss Shaw and Miss Anthony. No propaganda of theories will ever make life without man possible to woman, any more than life is possible to man without woman. Any kind of woman in whose scheme marriage is despised is pathological, and what she needs is not the ballot but the doctor.

On Tuesday, October 22d., the San Francisco *Examiner* suddenly flashed upon a startled State and city a dazzling offer. It was a subscription of \$1,000 toward the guarantee fund of \$100,000 required to bring the National Republican Convention to San Francisco. This sum, the *Examiner* handsomely said, it would give, although it was a Democratic journal, in case the Republicans would raise the other \$99,000. The *Examiner* followed this up by a vigorous appeal for subscriptions, and generally took under its Democratic wing, with a motherly air, the task of raising money for a Republican convention.

Throughout the city this caused mingled amusement and vexation—amusement in the minds of those Republicans who saw in it merely "one of the *Examiner's* snaps"; vexation to those earnest partisans who resent assistance at the hands of a Democratic paper. But in one place in San

Francisco the *Examiner's* offer caused mingled stupefaction and rage, and that was in the office of the *Call*. The stupefaction was caused at the nerve of the *Examiner* in rushing in to assume the burdens and honors of a good Republican organ like the *Call*; the rage was caused by the fact that the *Examiner* had completely ignored the *Call's* earlier efforts in the matter of bringing the convention here.

But time rectifies all things. Twenty-four hours passed. The morning of October 23d, the *Call* appeared with several columns of matter, pointing out the fact that it had begun the crusade for the National Convention many months ago; that it had subscribed \$5,000 toward the guarantee fund on February 14, 1895; that its proprietor, Charles M. Shortridge, was at present in the East, urging San Francisco's claims for the convention; and closing, in the most patronizing way, by "accepting the *Examiner* as an able ally." As a final and crushing blow, the *Call* printed a picture of a large, fat sack, labeled "S. F. *Call*—\$5,000," while beside it was a small, thin sack ticketed "S. F. *Examiner*—\$1,000."

The next day there was intense gloom in the *Examiner* office. That journal had been secretly chuckling over having "a horse" on its two Republican contemporaries. But the whirligig of events had shown that the *Call* had "a horse" on the *Examiner*. The Democratic journal had completely forgotten the *Call's* subscription of eight months before. The *Examiner* was therefore placed in the ignominious position of playing tail to the *Call's* kite. Further than that, there was that \$1,000 subscription beside the *Call's* \$5,000. Something had to be done. The following morning, the *Examiner* appeared wearing editorially the same sickly smile that a pugilist wears when his enemy has him against the ropes, and is punching him in the stomach. But our Democratic contemporary is game; it remarked that "The *Examiner's* initial subscription of \$1,000 had been promptly followed by a renewal of the *Call's* offer of \$5,000, made last February, but which had been forgotten in the interval." (The italics are ours.) The *Examiner* then went on to say that it would increase its subscription, "not in a spirit of competition with the *Call*, but merely with the design of advancing the object we both have at heart." With that, the *Examiner* went the *Call* \$6,500 better, making its subscription \$7,500. It closed with some honeyed words to the proprietor of the *Chronicle*, saying: "As California's representative in the Republican National Committee, it is his place to set an example, and we feel that he can be relied upon to do it. Undoubtedly, Mr. de Young will add at least \$10,000 to these subscriptions."

But the prudent Mr. de Young had anticipated this move of the *Examiner's*, and had already prepared a subscription list of his own. This appeared in the *Chronicle* of October 24th, and was headed with the name of "M. H. DE YOUNG—SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS," closely followed by "The *Call*—\$5,000," while far down the list—away below the salt—mixed up with hotel-keepers, cigar-dealers, Moses Gunsts, and things, appeared obscurely this legend: "*Examiner*—\$1,000." At the head of the article Mr. de Young also had a work of art. It was a symphony in sacks—three of them. The first was a large, swollen, bloated, bursting, dropsical, apoplectic sack, labeled: "SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE—SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS." The second was just a plain ordinary sack, marked "The *Call*—\$5,000." The third was a poor, thin, weakened, withered, dried-up, shrunken, desiccated sacklet, firmly held by a large hawser. This was marked "*Examiner*—\$1,000."

So the matter stands as the *Argonaut* goes to press. The *Examiner* has as yet met with nothing but discomfiture for attempting to play in the Republican back-yard. But the game of bluff will go on. The newspaper giants will continue to hurl thousands at each other—on paper. But we warn these gentlemen that if they get their subscriptions high enough they are liable to be called. Chicago is rather bilious over paying the \$100,000 debt of the last convention, and is very lukewarm about raising the money. If she does not, it is very doubtful whether Pittsburg will. If the subscriptions reach a sufficiently high figure, San Francisco will get the convention. And if she does, many of the gentlemen now subscribing freely will feel as much surprised and disgusted as some of them were when they had to "pony up" on their subscriptions for the utterly unexpected realization of the Midwinter Fair.

Already Governor Budd's offers of reward for the conviction of murderers engaged in lynching men are bearing fruit. The so-called "lynching" of Jack Littlefield in Round Valley seems to be resolving itself into a cold-blooded murder—a case of private vengeance at the hands of a few men, who, after shooting the victim, hung the body in a hangman's noose, and attributed the deed to a "mob." When there are several murderers, and a reward is offered, murder will out.

A DEFENSE OF THE FLAG.

Setting forth Certain Occurrences in an American City.

It had been the celebration of the feast of the Holy St. Patrick, and the various Irish societies of the city had turned out in great force—Sons of Erin, Fenians, Cork Rehels, and all. The procession had formed on one of the main avenues and had marched and countermarched up and down through the American city; had been reviewed by the mayor standing on the steps of the City Hall and wearing a green sash; and had finally disbanded in the afternoon in the business quarter of the city. So that now the streets in that vicinity were full of the perspiring members of the parade, the emerald color flashing in and out of the slow moving maze of the crowd, like strands of green in the warp and woof of a loom.

There were marshals of the procession, with batons and big green rosettes, breathing easily once more after the long agony of sitting upon a nervous horse that walked sideways. There were the occupants of the endless line of carriages, with their green sashes, stretching their cramped and stiffened legs. There were the members of the various political clubs and secret societies, in their one good suit of ready-made clothes, cotton gloves, and silver-fringed scarfs. There was the little girl, with green tassels on her boots, who had walked by her father's side carrying a set bouquet of cut flowers in a lace paper-holder. There was the little boy who wore a green high hat, with a pipe stuck in the brim, and who carried the water for the hand; and there were the members of the groups upon the floats, with overcoats and sacques thrown over their costumes and spangles.

The men were in great evidence in and around the corner saloons talking loud, smoking, drinking, and spitting, and calling for "Jim," or "Connors," or "Duffy," over the heads of the crowd, and what with the speeches, and the beer, and the frequent fights, and the appropriate damning of England and the Orangeries, the day promised to end in right spirit and proper mood.

It so came about that young Shotover, on his way to his club, met with one of these groups near the City Hall, and noticed that they continually looked up toward its dome and seemed very well pleased with what they saw there. After he had passed them some little distance, Shotover, as well, looked up in that direction and saw that the Irish flag was flying from the staff above the cupola.

Shotover was American-bred and American-horn, and his father and mother before him and their father and mother before them, and so on and back till one brought up in the hold of a ship called the *Mayflower*, further back than which it is not necessary to go.

He never voted. He did not know enough of the trend of national politics even to bet on the presidential elections. He did not know the names of the aldermen of his city, nor how many votes were controlled by the leaders of the Dirigo or Comanche Clubs; but when he was told that the Russian *moujik* or the Bulgarian serf, who had lived for six months in America (long enough for their votes to be worth three dollars), was as much of an American citizen as himself, he thought of the Shotovers who had framed the constitution in '75, had fought for it in '13 and '64, and wondered if this were so. He had a strange and stubborn conviction that whatever was American was right and whatever was right was American, and that somehow his country had nothing to be ashamed of in the past, not afraid of in the future, for all the monstrous corruptions and abuses that obtained at present.

But just now this belief had been rudely jarred, and he walked on slowly to his club, the blood gradually flushing his face up to the roots of his hair. Once there, he sat for a long time in the huge bay-window, looking vaguely out into the street, with eyes that saw nothing, very thoughtful. All at once he took up his hat, clapped it upon his head with the air of a man who has made up his mind, and went out, turning in the direction of the City Hall.

When he arrived there, no one noticed him, for he made it a point to walk with a brisk, determined air, as though he were bent upon some especially important business, "which I am," he said to himself as he went on and up through tessellated corridors, between court-rooms and offices of clerks, commissioners, and collectors.

It was a long time before he found the right stairway, which was a circuitous, ladder-like flight that wormed its way upward between the two walls of the dome. The door leading to this stairway was in a kind of garret above the top floor of the building proper, and was sandwiched in between coal-bunkers, water-tanks, and gas-meters. Shotover tried it, and found it locked. He swore softly to himself, and attempted to break it open. He soon concluded that this would make too much noise, and so turned about and descended to the floor below. A negro, with an immense goitre and a black velvet skull-cap, was cleaning the wood-work outside a county commissioner's door. He directed Shotover to the porter in the office of the Weather Bureau, if he wished to go up in the cupola for the view. It was after four by this time, and Shotover found the porter of the Weather Bureau piling the chairs on the tables and sweeping out after office-hours.

"Well, you see," said this one, "we don't allow nobody to go up in the cupola. You can get a permit from the architect's office, but I guess they'll be shut up there by now."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Shotover; "I'm leaving town tomorrow, and I particularly wanted to get the view from the cupola. They say you can see well out into the ocean."

The porter had ignored him by this time, and was sweeping up a great dust. Shotover waited a moment. "You don't think I could arrange to get up there this afternoon?" he went on. The porter did not turn around.

"We don't allow no one up there without a permit," he answered.

"I suppose," returned Shotover, "that you have the keys?"

No answer.

"You have the keys, haven't you—the keys to the door there at the foot of the stairs?"

"We don't allow no one to go up there without a permit. Didn't you hear me before?"

Shotover took a five-dollar gold piece from his pocket, laid it on the corner of a desk, and contemplated it with reflective sadness. "I'm sorry," he said; "I particularly wanted to see that view before I left."

"Well, you see," said the porter, straightening up, "there was a young feller jumped off there once, and a woman tried to do it a little while after, and the officers in the police station down-stairs made us shut it up; but 's long as you only want to see the view and don't want to jump off, I guess it'll be all right," and he leaned one hand against the edge of the desk and coughed slightly behind the other.

While he had been talking, Shotover had seen between the two windows on the opposite side of the room a very large wooden rack full of pigeon-holes and compartments. The weather and signal-flags were tucked away in these, but on the top was a great folded pile of hunting. It was sooty and grimy, and the new patches in it showed violently white and clean. But Shotover saw, with a strange and new catch at the heart, that it was tri-colored.

"If you will come along with me now, sir," said the porter, "I'll open the door for you."

Shotover let him go out of the room first, then jumped to the other side of the room, snatched the flag down, and, hiding it as best he could, followed him out of the room. They went up the stairs together. If the porter saw anything, he was wise enough to keep quiet about it.

"I won't bother about going up with you," said he, as he swung the door open. "Just lock the door when you come down, will you? and leave the key with me at the office. If I ain't there, just give it to the fellow at the news-stand on the first floor, and I can get it in the morning."

"All right," answered Shotover, "I will," and he hugged the flag close to him, going up the narrow stairs two at a time.

After a long while he came out on the narrow railed balcony that ran around the lantern, and paused for breath as he looked around and below him. Then he turned quite giddy and sick for a moment and clutched desperately at the hand-rail, resisting a strong impulse to sit down and close his eyes.

Seemingly insecure as a hubble, the great dome rolled away from him on all sides down to the buttresses around the drum, and below that the gulf seemed endless, stretching down, down, down, to the thin yellow ribbon of the street. Underneath him, the City Hall itself dropped away, a confused heap of tinned roofs, domes, chimneys, and cornices, and beyond that lay the city itself spreading out like a great gray map. Over it there hung a greasy, sooty fog of a dark-brown color. In places the higher buildings overtopped this fog. Here, it was pierced by a slender church-spire. In another place, a dome bulged up over it, or, again, some sky-scraping office-building shouldered itself above its level to the purer, cleaner air. Looking down at the men in the streets, Shotover could see only their feet moving back and forth underneath their hat-brims as they walked. The noises of the city reached him in a subdued and steady murmur, and the strong wind that was blowing brought him the smell of the vegetable-gardens in the suburbs, the odor of trees and hay from the more distant country, and occasionally a faint whiff of salt from the ocean.

The sight was a sort of inspiration to Shotover. The great American city, with its riches and resources, boiling with the life and energy of a new people, young, enthusiastic, ambitious, and so full of hope and promise for the future, all striving and struggling in the fore part of the march of empire, building a new nation, a new civilization, a new world.

Over it all floated the Irish flag.

Shotover turned back, seized the halyards, and brought the green banner down with a single movement of his arm. Then he knotted the other bundle of bunting to the cords and ran it up. As it reached the top, the bundle twisted, turned on itself, unfolded, suddenly caught the wind, and then, in a single, long hollow, rolled out into the stars and bars of Old Glory.

Shotover shut his teeth against a cheer, and the blood went tingling up and down through his body to his very finger-tips. He looked up, leaning his hand against the mast, and felt it quiver and thrill as the great flag tugged at it. The sound of the halyards rattling and snapping came to his ears like music.

He was not ashamed then to be enthusiastic, and did not feel in the least melodramatic or absurd. He took off his hat, and, as the great flag grew out stiffer and snapped and strained in the wind, looked up at it and said over softly to himself: "Lexington, Valley Forge, Yorktown, Mexico, the Alamo, 1812, Gettysburg, Shiloh, the Wilderness."

Meanwhile the knot of people on the sidewalk below, that had watched his doings, had grown into a crowd. The green badge was upon every breast, and there came to his ears a sound that was out of chord with the minor drone, the worst sound in the human gamut, the sound of an angry mob.

The high, windy air and the excitement of the occasion began to tell on Shotover, so that when half an hour later there came a rush of many feet up the stairway, and a crash upon the door, that led up to the lantern, he hunched his coat tightly around him, and shut his teeth and fists.

When the door finally went down and the first man jumped in, Shotover hit him.

Terence Shannon told about this afterward. "It was a birdie. Ah, but say, y'ought to of seen um. He let go with his left, like a piston-rod of de engine wot broke loose dat time at de power-house, an' Duffy's had an eye like a fried egg ever since."

The crowd paused, partly through surprise and partly because the body of Mr. Duffy lay across their feet and barred their way. There were about a dozen of them all, more or

less drunk. The one exception was Terence Shannon, who was the candidate of the boss of his ward for a number on the force. In view of this fact, Shannon was trying to preserve order. He took advantage of the moment of hesitation to step in between Shotover and the crowd.

"Aw, say, youse fellows rattle me slats, sure. Do youse think the City Hall is the place to scrap, wid the jug only two floors below? Youse'll be havin' the whole shootin'-match of the force up here in a minute. Maybe youse would like to soher up in de 'hole in de wall.' Now just pipe down quiet-like, an' swear um in reg'lar at de station-house down-stairs. Ye've got a straight disturbin'-the-peace case wid um. Ah sure, straight goods. I ain't givin' you the gee-hee."

But the crowd stood its ground and glared at Shotover over Shannon's head. Then Connors yelled and drew out his revolver. "B'yes, we've got a right," he exclaimed. "It's the boord av alderman gave us the permit to show the green flag of ould Ireland here to-day. It's him as is breaking the law, not we, confound you." (Confound you was not what Mr. Connors said.)

"He's dead on," said Shannon, turning to Shotover. "It's all ye kin do. You're actin' agin the law."

Shotover did not answer, but breathed hard through his nose, wondering at the state of things that made it an offense against the American law to protect the American flag. But all at once Shannon passed him and drew his knife across the halyards, and the great flag collapsed and sank slowly down like a wounded eagle. The crowd cheered, and Shannon said in Shotover's ear: "'Twas to save your life, sir. They're out for blood, sure."

"Now," said Connors, using several altogether impossible nouns and adjectives, "now run up the green flag of ould Ireland again, or ye'll be sorry," and he pointed his revolver at Shotover.

"Say," cried Shannon, in a low voice to Shotover—"say, he's dead stuck on doin' you dirt. I can't hold um. Aw, say, Connors, quit your foolin', will you; put up your flash-box—put it up, or—or—" But just here he broke off, and catching up the green flag, threw it out in front of Shotover, and cried, laughing, "Ye won't have de heart to shoot now."

Shotover struck the flag to the ground, set his foot on it, and catching up Old Glory again, flung it round him and faced them, shouting:

"Now shoot!"

But at this, in genuine terror, Shannon flung his hat down and ran in front of Connors himself, fearfully excited, and crying out: "For God's sake, Connors, you don't dast do it. Wake up, will you, it's mornin'. Do youse want to have us all juggled for twenty years? It's treason and rebellion, and I don't know what all, for every mug in de gang, if youse just so much as crook dat forefinger. Put it up, ye damned fool. Dis is a cat w'at has changed color, see."

Something of the gravity of the situation had forced its way through the clogged minds of the others, and, as Shannon spoke the last words, Connors's fore-arm was knocked up and he himself was pulled back into the crowd. But when Shotover backed to the flag-staff and started to raise Old Glory once more, they grew angry again, and Shannon lost control of them. However, by the time they drew near, Shotover had the flag up for the second time, even though it was at half-mast.

You can not always foretell how one man is going to act, but it is easy to read the intentions of a crowd. Shotover saw a rush in the eyes of the circle that was contracting about him, and turned to face the danger and to fight for the flag as the Shotovers of the old days had so often done.

In the books, the young aristocrat invariably thrashes the clowns who set upon him. But somehow Shotover had no chance with his clowns at all. He hit out wildly into the air as they ran in, and tried to guard against the scores of fists. But their way of fighting was not that which he had learned at his athletic club. They kicked him in the stomach, and, when they had knocked him down, stamped upon his face. It is hard to feel like a martyr and a hero when you can't draw your breath and when your mouth is full of blood and dust and broken teeth. Accordingly Shotover gave it up, and fainted away.

When the officers finally arrived, they made no distinction between the combatants, but locked them all up under the charge of drunk and disorderly.

FRANK NORRIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1895.

In future, we are told, "a regular staff of dentists, under a Brigade-Dentist-Major-General," is to accompany all British military expeditions. The order has been evoked by an extraordinary prevalence of toothache among the officers engaged at Chitral. Commenting on this, James Payn says: "When even a peaceful man has the toothache, he does not care what happens, but is endowed with the courage of despair. Seasickness alone produces the same indifference to fate, but seasickness is sluggish. Toothache turns 'the sluggard's blood to flame, the coward's heart to steel,' and should not therefore be lightly dispensed with. The fury it evokes is excessive, and lasts much longer than Dutch courage. I have known a philosopher thus afflicted express a desire to run amuck and destroy everybody. I have even known a man with a 'raging tooth' to tell his mother-in-law what he thinks of her. In the face of an enemy—unless they are in very inferior numbers—I can fancy myself having all sorts of aches, demanding immediate removal to the hospital; but give me toothache, and (while it lasted) I should be very formidable."

The Mississippi River at St. Louis is at its lowest point in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and navigation is practically suspended. There is barely sufficient water in the river to enable the ferry-boats to cross between the Illinois and Missouri shores and not enough to permit the freight and packet steamers to ply between St. Louis and Cairo. But slight hopes are entertained that navigation will be resumed this season.

MODJESKA AND GREER HARRISON.

The Actress Agrees with the Playwright in Condemning New York's Lack of Culture—The Political Pot—Republicans, Democrats, Goo Goos, Garoos, and Gazoos.

The New York papers have recently been printing brief paragraphs copied from the San Francisco papers, in which a Mr. Greer Harrison, of your city, expresses his distaste for New York. These expressions of Mr. Harrison's dislike for Gotham have been accompanied with more or less sarcastic comments by the New York press. It is certain that Mr. Harrison does not occupy a position wherein he can speak depreciatingly of New York without suspicion of prejudice. A man who has just had his play damned by a city is very apt to retort by damning the city. But in the minds of his hearers there will arise a suspicion that he is scarcely a just judge.

I did not see Mr. Harrison's play, but from what I have heard and read of it, I should imagine that it was very bad. But, whether bad or good, the fact remains that no modern play written in blank verse could succeed in New York. If it could not succeed in New York, it certainly could not in Brooklyn. Bad as Mr. Harrison may consider the judgment of New York, low and bourgeois as he may believe its citizens to be, they are demigods infused with the sacred fire when compared with the dwellers in Brooklyn. I should advise Mr. Harrison, if he writes another play, not to write it in blank verse; further, if he writes another play, and writes it in blank verse, not to produce it in New York. But my best advice to him would be, if he writes another play, not to produce it at all.

It is only fair to say that much of what Mr. Harrison says is admitted by many fair-minded dwellers in New York. The only objection is, as I have observed, that he is not in a position to speak calmly. He is "the galled jade whose withers have been wrung." Therefore, no one will heed his criticisms, but will ascribe them to wounded vanity.

Yet Mr. Harrison has been corroborated by no less an authority than Mme. Helena Modjeska. Mme. Modjeska has been saying good-bye at the Garrick Theatre. This is really her farewell engagement, although she expects to appear in several Western cities, including San Francisco. Her engagement, however, has not been a success. She put on "Measure for Measure," and the houses gradually dwindled until she was forced to withdraw it in favor of a new play written by Clyde Fitch, entitled "Mistress Betty." Even this did not succeed, and Mme. Modjeska is very much disgruntled. She did not care so much, she said, for the failure of "Mistress Betty," but the indifference of the public to her Shakespearean productions cut her to the quick. She told a reporter the other day that "New York, the greatest American city, was smaller than any other in appreciation of Shakespearean performances," and she implied that "therefore New York's theatrical taste was low. Once," she continued, "when I played with Mr. Booth in Shakespeare, our New York engagement lasted for eight weeks. He was then the most popular actor in America. Four weeks he drew largely, and then the people stopped coming, and for the rest of the engagement he acted to poor audiences. That is the experience of every man and woman who comes to New York to act in Shakespearean plays. So the actors are keeping away. Julia Marlowe and her husband, with their splendid production of 'Henry IV.,' are not coming near New York, although they are successful everywhere else. Chicago sends large audiences to see Shakespearean plays. Certainly that does not appear uncultured. Next to Chicago comes Boston. In the smaller towns, the interest in Shakespearean plays is remarkable. New York audiences do not care for classic plays. They want something that diverts by spectacle and liveliness. New Yorkers do not care for Shakespeare."

In this Mme. Modjeska agrees with Mr. Harrison, and I must confess that I am inclined to agree with them. It is true that a Shakespearean reproduction put on at a popular house like Daly's Theatre, with a popular leading lady like Ada Rehan, with a popular company, and with every adventitious aid that music, costuming, and elaborate stage-setting can give it (*vide* the panorama in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"), will succeed in paying measurably well, but even then it does not pay big money.

We might as well admit it frankly—to win New York you must give them legs. When all the theatres in this city are in full blast, as they are now, in mid-October, about five-sixths of them are engaged in giving leg shows. Even the production of "Tribby," which afforded no apparent reason for leg shows, had interpolated into the studio scene a wild cancan with the most elaborate wriggling, twisting, and high-kicking possible. It is the opinion of most theatrical experts that much of the New York success of "Tribby" was due to the cancan business in the second act.

Apropos of Mr. Greer Harrison's play, there may be some consolation to him in the announcement printed in the papers that Frederick Warde has decided to retain "Runnymede" in his repertoire, but that he will act the part of Friar Tuck instead of Robin Hood.

The political pot is bubbling actively at this moment. The election is only a couple of weeks off, and registration has begun. There is no doubt about it, there is gloom in the Republican camp. The rigid enforcement of the Sunday excise law has hurt the party, although the Republicans claim, and with justice, that the law was a Democratic law and that they are only enforcing the law. The average beer-swilling German or whisky-drinking Irishman can not differentiate to that extent. All they know is that under Democratic rule they could drink on Sundays and under Republican rule they can not. That settles it. They will vote against the Republicans. There is a fight in the Republican ranks, for that matter, and when the campaign opened with a speech by Senator Warner Miller, he caused bitter comment by coming out boldly in favor of the Sunday

excise law. Many Republicans were very indignant at him for hurling this fire-brand, but others, like Theodore Roosevelt, commended him for his pluck.

But the Germans have resented the enforcement of the law, and particularly resent certain allusions in Warner Miller's speech, one, for example, where he said: "Is there any respectable man who would take his wife and daughter into a drinking saloon?" This has caused intense excitement in such clubs as the Arion and the Liederkrantz, and their members have all decided to vote against the Republican ticket. There is, however, not only a split in the Republican ranks, but a split in the German wing of the Republican party. There is also a split among the German Democrats. The anti-Tammany German Democrats are now said to be fusing with the anti-Excise German Republicans. The German Democrats who support Tammany call themselves the "German-American Reform Union." This has been shortened into "G. A. R. U.," or the "Garoos." A split of their ranks has brought about the "German-American Citizens' Union," which has been similarly shortened into "G. A. C. U.," popularly known as the "Gazoos." To add to these curiosities of nomenclature, there is still another party in New York which includes the reformers of both Democrats and Republicans. This is called the "Good Government party," and is largely made up of what "the boys" call "the kid-glove element." Richard Watson Gilder and men of similar education and standing make up the Good Government clubs. The Good Governments are abbreviated into the "Goo Goos." We thus have in addition to the old parties the "Garoos," the "Gazoos," and the "Goo Goos," in New York politics this year.

Amidst all this turmoil, the present Republican municipal administration is disposed to admit that it has brought on the defeat which the Republicans anticipate in the city. Mayor Strong spoke at a mass-meeting last night to indorse the fusion ticket. On the platform with him were Theodore Roosevelt, president of the board of police commissioners, and Colonel George E. Waring, the commissioner of street-cleaning. Among other things, the mayor said, when he was called on to speak: "I came down here to-night to hear Roosevelt speak. He is one of the talking members of this administration. (Laughter.) I also expected to hear Colonel Waring. He is one of the writing members of the administration. (Renewed laughter.) When I was elected mayor, I was told that I would alienate all the politicians if I carried out the principles of the platform on which I ran. I did not think that that would be so, but I guess now that it is so."

There is no doubt that the mayor is right. The present administration has alienated all the politicians. The enforcement of the excise law has alienated nearly all the foreigners, and Colonel Waring's enormous appropriations for street-cleaning have scared the tax-payers. Altogether it looks as if Tammany would come back again with a whoop and a yell. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, October 17, 1895.

Less than ten years ago Johannesburg was a mining-camp, with a few tents and primitive galvanized huts. Now it is a bustling city. The enormous traffic of ox and mule-teams and transport-wagons, tram-cars, rickshaws, vehicles of all kinds, and up-to-date bicycles, shows what is going on in the brick-and-mortar oasis on this vast African veldt. Outside Eckstein's buildings is a sort of open-air stock exchange, known as "The Chains"—the chains keep the traffic out of this side-street, and allow men to trade without danger of being run over. The coach that runs to Heidelberg is the most ramsbuckle, dingy affair ever seen. The driver holds a horn, while a Kaffir holds the reins and drives a ten-in-hand team. Horses are used in the towns for effect, but crossing the veldt they will drive anything that will pull. The other day, a box containing two thousand pounds in gold was missed when the coach arrived, but nothing has been said about it. Hotels are chock-full, with a tariff of fourteen dollars a week and upwards for board and lodging. The principal club is the Rand Club, "which," says a correspondent of the *Sketch*, "is managed with a business method that rather takes your breath away. Elected as an *honorary* member, the notification informed me that I must send a check for two guineas for one month (this is at the rate of twenty-four guineas a year), and the rules further state that members must pay one pound an hour if they stay there after two A. M. I don't grudge the fee, for the club has every well-known paper, well-appointed card, billiard, reading, writing, and dining-rooms, neat and well-kept lavatories, and a bar. Trials are conducted in Dutch, which may account for the unpopularity of litigation and the insignificance of the temple dedicated to the disputes of mankind. The Dutch rule is fit matter for a Gilbertian comic opera. Every one speaks English, yet the post-office notices and directions are in Dutch, and every one is bewildered. The bitter feeling against the British Government, that lost the country of gold and diamonds, is easily understandable."

Liechtenstein is going through a constitutional crisis. The prince has prorogued the Diet, and the Diet has censured the prince. Liechtenstein is seven miles by nine, it has a public debt of four thousand four hundred dollars, and used to furnish a contingent of seventy-nine men to the German army.

It is reported that the domestic organization of the Vatican is such that if the Pope were to be taken fatally ill it would be kept a secret for several days. Lately it has been arranged that not even the body-servants of the Pope could penetrate the secret.

An artificial larynx has been invented by Professor Stuart, of the University of Sydney, and tried with success on a man who had lost his voice. The mechanism can be regulated so as to make the voice soprano, tenor, contralto, or bass, at will.

LONDON ON "FRISCO" BLOOMERS.

An Englishwoman Comments on Pictures of Women Bicyclists in Golden Gate Park—John Bull Sulking at American Victories in Yachting, Cricket, and General Athletics.

A friend in San Francisco sent me, the other day, an illustration from one of the Sunday newspapers showing a few types and styles of the lady bicyclist as seen in Golden Gate Park. It amused me considerably, and I showed it to a lady friend here, who is one of the best lady riders in England. I do not mean female riders, but just what I say—*lady* riders. She is not a she-scorcher, nor does she wear knickers or bloomers, nor yet does she put her chin on her handle-bar or bring her knees up to her chin when she pedals up. No, she is simply a lady rider, one among hundreds in England whose ladyhood is exhibited equally by their quiet and graceful riding and the severe femininity of their attire. I suppose these ladies in the 'Frisco illustration are apparently drawn from life. I should like them to have seen the look of disgust which came into the face of my English lady cyclist as she looked at the picture.

"What horrid women!" she exclaimed. "They're not ladies, surely?" I told her it would not be safe for her to make that assertion where they lived. "Oh, they can't be," she went on. "Isn't it too dreadful! Just look at this one labeled 'from Bonny Scotland.' And do look! She's actually riding a man's bicycle! How disgraceful!"

I looked. Sure enough, the Scotch lassie, in plaid "trews" and blouse and Tam o' Shanter, was leaning jauntily on a man's racer, with high, straight saddle-bar, called a "towel horse" in England.

"However does the horrid thing get on to it?" asked my friend. "Jumps up behind, I suppose. But fancy, a lady doing such a thing. Haven't they ladies' bicycles in America?"

I told her I did not know, but should imagine not, if the portraits could be relied on, for all the other fair creatures depicted were astride a high saddle-bar.

"I daresay they wouldn't ride a lady's bicycle if they had one," added my lady friend. "It gives them an excuse to wear those disgusting bloomers."

However this may be, I can only repeat what I said in a former letter. No lady—*real* lady—in England would be seen on a bicycle in other than an ordinary skirt, made shorter and scantier in width than a common walking-skirt. The word "ordinary" must be qualified to this extent, but no more. The shortness is only to the instep. Everything below the waist must be black—dark, at all events. Yellow or tan shoes can, of course, be worn. But not a scrap or suspicion of white undergarment of any sort or description of a length that could possibly come in sight, not only when pedaling, but in case of a "cropper," which even the best riders might be subject to from side-slip, punctured tire, or sudden impediment in street traffic. This is what my lady friend tells me, and she is an expert. As I overheard her telling a young lady beginner the other day:

"You must run tucks in *everything*, my dear."

In short, in bicycling, it is the English ladies' aim and object to conceal both limbs and underclothing, not to exhibit them. If this intent be followed strictly, there will be an end to straight, high saddle-bars and bloomers for women.

A most interesting article, by Lady Jeune, on ladies' bicycling has just appeared in the current number of the *Badminton Magazine*. Lady Jeune is a great bicyclist herself, and a thoroughly competent authority on the subject, as every one knows. You may safely go by whatever she says. The article is well worth reading, and its illustrations are in pleasant contrast to those of Golden Gate Park, wherein the 'Frisco lady cyclists are disporting themselves and exploiting their nether extremities. They will show to these ladies—if they care to take pattern—what English lady cyclists look and dress like when riding.

There is one occasion upon which Englishmen are unanimous in the belief that "silence is golden." It is when they come out second-best in any competition, from warfare to athletics. This principle will account for the speechlessness that occurs on the part of otherwise loquacious people when mention is made of any of the recent sporting victories in America by Americans over Englishmen. It is funny, but it is always the way. And it isn't that Englishmen dislike to be beaten. That would be natural. No one could find fault with them for that. Everybody admires national pride, and lauds its exhibition. It is that they hate to see any other nation or people succeed. There are no people so mean about the success of other people under any conditions. But when the victory is gained from themselves, the ungenerosity is intensified.

Beginning with the success of *Defender* over *Valkyrie III.*, and running down through the winning by Philadelphia of the cricket match against the Oxford and Cambridge Eleven to the Waterloo defeat in New York of the London athletes, I positively can not call to mind a single utterance from English lips on either subject, except one. And that was a comment in less than half a dozen words, and went to the fact that the English athletes were not a representative team. The papers have said the same. Why have sent them then? one is tempted to ask. They would have been representative enough had they won.

To me, one of the most glaring instances and pitiable exhibitions of this was displayed in the late yacht-races for the America cup. It must have been apparent to the world after the first race that *Defender* was the better boat. But was there anything to show by word or deed that any Englishman thought so? Excuse after excuse and complaint after complaint was all you heard, and, finally, the vaunted British yacht sailed home through a technical loophole. Had *Valkyrie III.* won the first heat, or even the second, do you believe the world would ever have heard anything about the hustling and crowding of the steamers? COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 4, 1895.

MARLBOROUGH-VANDERBILT.

An ocean of ink is being shed throughout the land upon the absorbing subject of the approaching nuptials of a Churchill and a Vanderbilt, and it is one of the unwholesome signs of the times that all fashionable America, all sweldom, has prostrated itself at the feet of this young man.

It reminds one of the loves of the angels: "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." But this young man is not heaven descended—on the contrary, he is of the earth earthy. He is a descendant of that John Churchill who commenced his career at the minor court of the Duke of York, afterward James the Second, and Sarah Jennings, who afterward so successfully managed James's daughter, the stupid Queen Ann. Churchill owed his introduction into court circles to a pair of very handsome legs, which, however, were not his own. His sister, Arabella Churchill, was, at the time of her brother's appointment as page, one of the ladies-in-waiting upon the Duchess of York—Ann Hyde that was—and through an accident became the mistress of the duke and mother of several of his natural children, including James, Duke of Berwick. Arabella Churchill, who was not beautiful—her face is described as of the skinny type—was riding one day in company with the Duke of York when her horse ran away, throwing her violently to the ground, and there was revealed to the enraptured gaze of his royal highness the most beautiful limbs in all England. If he had any misgivings up to that time as to the place this young lady should occupy in his household, they were instantly removed; she became one of his harem, and her brother was provided for as stated above.

Young Churchill was at that time an ensign in the Guards, eighteen years old, and, unlike his sister, singularly handsome. Lord Chesterfield says that of all the men he ever knew, Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, and got the most by them, and he ascribes the better part of the greatness and riches he acquired to those graces. He also says that he was eminently illiterate, wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse; but that he had most undoubtedly an excellent, good, plain understanding, with sound judgment. Just then fortune seems to have adopted him as her very own, because we find that the beautiful but dissolute Duchess of Cleveland (she was formerly Barbara Villiers and Lady Castlemain in the Kingdom of Ireland—poor Ireland—one of the most celebrated of Charles the Second's mistresses) became enamored of those graces of person described by Chesterfield, and history tells us that she divided her purse and her charms between him and the then famous rope-dancer, Jacob Hall.

With the five thousand pounds received from the Duchess of Cleveland, Churchill—who was throughout his whole life a very mercenary character—purchased a life annuity of five hundred pounds from Lord Halifax, which was the foundation of his fortune. The fact is recorded by an eye-witness that this man, who had received thousands from the hand of the Duchess of Cleveland, actually refused to lend her twenty pounds when she went broke at a card-table. Churchill, forgetting his habitual prudence, boasted of his conquest of *la belle* Cleveland, and the knowledge of it reached the king, who immediately banished him from the court.

Later in life this man developed great talents as a soldier, and won great battles which shaped the history of Europe, and won for himself both fame and fortune, including the Palace of Blenheim, which but recently had its roof mended by an American, and hereafter the Vanderbilt millions will, it is presumed, keep it in a habitable state. But had it not been for a fractious horse and an amorous duchess, Miss Arabella might have blushed unseen, and handsome Jack Churchill might not have been the Duke of Marlborough.

Suppose this young man, who resents being arrested for violating the laws of the land and says he is tired of America, and wishes to get out of it, were plain John Churchill, descendant of Court-Page John Churchill and his wife, Sarah Jennings, would the Four Hundred be now upon all-fours and heaving him to wipe his feet upon them? And when this fair young American girl becomes established in England, she will be stared at, criticised, and elbowed by the descendants of the hasty children of the brothers Charles the Second and James the Second, because she is but the descendant of old Commodore Vanderbilt, who, whatever may have been his faults, was a sturdy American citizen, and one who, when his country was in the stress of civil war, presented the government with a war-ship that cost him one million dollars. Vanderbilt was true to himself and to his country. Churchill was true to no one but himself; he betrayed, deceived, deserted all who trusted him, and especially those to whom he was most deeply obligated. All English historians who have written upon the subject, while crediting Churchill with transcendent abilities as soldier and statesman, have mercilessly laid bare his rapacity, treachery, and mendacity. He had been raised from the rank of page, had been invested with high command in the army, had been created a peer, and had owed his whole fortune to King James's favor; yet, as Hume says, in the very crisis of his fate, he deserted his unhappy master and went over to the Prince of Orange. For this unparalleled treachery he was made "Duke of Marlborough" by William. That is the origin of the title which is being worshiped by the American snobocracy of to-day. He also estranged the Princess Anne from her father at that time, and prevailed upon her to join his enemies. "Of honor or the finer sentiments of mankind he knew nothing; and he turned without a shock from guiding Europe and winning great victories to heap up a matchless fortune by speculation and greed." [See Greene's History of the English people.] At a later period he stood ready to betray William, and, with that end in view, opened a reasonable correspondence with James, with the cooperation of whose friends he hoped to drive William from the throne,

but his real, ultimate object was to place his tool, the Princess Anne, upon it. The unexpected death of William, however, hastened events, and brought Anne into power, to the great contentment of Marlborough and his wife. In their social intercourse, Queen Anne and Lady Marlborough were "Mrs. Morley" and "Mrs. Freeman." The only disinterested act ever ascribed to Churchill was his marrying Sarah Jennings, a penniless girl of much beauty and high spirit, who, however, proved to be as rapacious as her husband. Though the father of Churchill was an adherent of the house of Stuart, history says that "the shame of Arabella did more than her father's loyalty to win for her brother a commission in the Royal Guards."

FRANK MCCOPPIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 23, 1895.

THE MATCH-MAKING MAMMA.

A Warning to Eligible Bachelors.

SCENE.—A drawing-room in a French country house.

MONSIEUR—Well, at last we are to have a little rest, after a season of sea-side casinos which, I confess, I find rather wearing.

MADAME—Wearing indeed, especially for a mother, who must sit against the wall for five mortal hours at a time, while her daughter is being whirled about the room, with her head pressed against a lot of polished shirt-fronts, under any one of which may beat the heart of a future son-in-law.

MONSIEUR—It was for her sake that I have suffered a similar martyrdom myself. But after five years of this sort of thing, it seems to me Agnes might be able to make up her mind. What is she waiting for?

MADAME—Let me question her. It may be that she has singled out some one without our suspecting it. Ah, here she is.

AGNES [entering]—I have just been feeding my doves. They look at each other in such a funny way.

MADAME—Come and sit here beside me. I want to talk seriously to you.

AGNES—Yes, mamma. [She sits.]

MADAME [solemnly]—My child, you are now old enough to marry.

AGNES—Yes, mamma.

MADAME—You know that every year since you were eighteen we have taken you to all the sea-side resorts that seemed to promise best. Well, my child, we can not go on like this forever. You do not wish to sentence your father and mother to a round of casinos forever, I hope. Haven't you made a choice from among all your partners?

AGNES—A choice? I thought it was the gentlemen's place to—

MADAME—To propose—of course, my child. But it is the girl's part to make them wish to do so.

AGNES—But I don't know how, mamma.

MADAME [a little sharply]—Let us see—haven't your partners said anything to you?

AGNES—Oh, yes, they generally say: "It is very warm this evening, don't you think?"

MADAME—Well, what more do you want? That is the first step—that is the way I married your father. I scarcely knew him. One night at a ball, he said to me: "It is quite warm this evening, don't you think?" I replied, with a smile: "Oh, yes, sir." And a fortnight later he was—

MONSIEUR—Caught!

MADAME—My poor child, you are desperately simple. Life is a highway in which two go easily in double harness; but, on the other hand, it is a hard road to travel alone.

AGNES—I suppose I shall have to travel it alone, mamma.

MADAME—Nonsense, child. A marriageable young girl should read men's thoughts in their glances. And even if the gentleman does not say anything, it is often just then that he is most eloquent.

AGNES—Ah, I thought so. One gentleman who never says anything when he is with me is M. Latour.

MADAME—Our new country neighbor! He has a substantial fortune and a good presence. And he is a confirmed bachelor, in the bargain. They are always the easiest to land. Where have you met him?

AGNES—Since we have been back here, he has called three times when you were out. He has always been shown into the drawing-room, and he never says anything but: "Pardon me, mademoiselle, but I wished to see your father," and then he goes away.

MADAME—He wished to see your father, and you did not detain him?

AGNES—But he didn't come to see me.

MADAME—You poor innocent! Why should he call on the father of a marriageable young girl except to propose for her hand? A husband, let me tell you, should be taken by assault. And if a girl wishes it, in an instant—

MONSIEUR [aside]—My wife is an admirable tactician—when she is attacking somebody else.

AGNES—Oh, here he comes now! He is coming up the walk.

MADAME [triumphantly]—Well, we shall try conclusions, M. Latour. Your father and I shall leave you, Agnes, and you will receive him. Don't by any chance let him get away. I shall be here when I am needed. [They go out.]

AGNES [alone]—I don't know what to say to this young man. I certainly can not propose to him myself.

[A servant shows in M. LATOUR.]

LATOUR—Pray forgive me for disturbing you, mademoiselle. I called to see your father.

AGNES [aside]—There—what did I say? [Aloud.] My father is at home, I believe. Will you not sit down, while he is being informed that you are here?

LATOUR [aside, as he sits]—The old gentleman seems to be pretty hard to catch. However, I am glad to have a moment's respite to run over my plan of campaign. I have certainly a very delicate matter to propose. Had I better say to him, boldly: "Sir, I am an enthusiastic sports-

man. My preserves are not large enough for me, and you have four partridge fields on your estate, as I am informed. At what figure would you be willing to lease them to me?" But perhaps he might not like to lease his ground, he might be offended. Would it be better, then, to ask permission to ramble over his fields with my gun?—for he doesn't shoot.

AGNES [aside]—And this is the gentleman mamma wishes me to talk to! How easy it is!

LATOUR [aloud]—Perhaps your father is busy. I will call again. [He is about to rise.]

AGNES—Do not go, sir. He can not be long. I have already told him that you have called several times to see him.

LATOUR—It is a matter of great importance to me.

AGNES [aside]—According to mamma, I should consider "great importance" an avowal. [A pause.]

AGNES [aside]—Now it is my turn to say something. [Aloud.] It is quite warm to-day, is it not?

LATOUR—Oh, yes, indeed, mademoiselle.

[The door opens, and MADAME enters.]

MADAME [with empressment]—M. Latour, our neighbor, is it not?

LATOUR—Yes, madame; I called to see your husband—

MADAME—My husband or myself, it makes no difference.

LATOUR—Oh, certainly. [Aside.] How much shall I offer her for her partridge fields?

MADAME [affectionately]—I have divined, sir, the object of your visit.

LATOUR [surprised]—Indeed? [Aside.] My game-keeper must have been gossiping.

MADAME—Your intentions do us honor.

LATOUR—I shall not haggle over the matter. So—

MADAME [quickly]—Nor shall we, for we deem you worthy to possess such a treasure.

LATOUR [aside]—Four wretched partridge fields a treasure!

MADAME—In a word, we confide to you our most cherished possession.

LATOUR [aside]—Does she imagine I am going to rob her of her crops? [Aloud.] Madame, you may rest assured no one could husband more carefully—

MADAME [exploding]—Now that we understand each other, come to my arms, my son-in-law!

LATOUR [startled]—Me! I—

MADAME—And kiss my daughter, I permit it.

LATOUR—Pardon me, I—

MADAME—Nay, banish your timidity!

LATOUR [bewildered]—But I assure you, I—[stammering.] Marriage? No—partridges!

MADAME—Ah, what a mother feels at such a moment! But, calm yourself, son-in-law. [She throws herself upon him and clasps him in her arms.]

LATOUR [aside, weakly]—I must have suddenly gone mad!

MADAME [triumphantly]—In a fortnight we shall have the wedding.

MONSIEUR [opening the door and contemplating the group]—There you are! [Sighing.] Caught!—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Desmoliens by L. S. Vassault.

From Morbihan, La Trinité-s-Mer, France, there comes to us a letter from Mme. A. de Meriun, horn Russum. The lady writes from her château in Brittany to say that she had read the article on the Broderick-Terry duel, by Mr. Frank McCoppin, in the *Argonaut* of September 9th, and that some of the names of the men mentioned therein recalled to her the fact that about the time of the duel her father, Thomas Bailey Russum, was a large land-owner in San Francisco; that he was engaged in building speculations, and was the man who erected the first iron house on Dupont Street. Mme. de Meriun goes on to say that, in some way which she does not understand, her father's property was seized by others, and that she is anxious to secure information concerning it. We may state to the lady that land titles in San Francisco forty-five years ago were very complicated, and we think it extremely improbable that title which has been vested in other persons since her father's departure from San Francisco in 1854, could be set aside by her. It is a matter, however, for the searchers of real-estate titles and lawyers to settle. We advise her to apply to some such persons.

We are gratified to see that the board of education has decided not to fill the place of the late James G. Kennedy, principal of the "City" Normal School, as the *Argonaut* has already recommended. The board has further decided to allow the "City" Normal School to go out of existence. This is as it should be. The way that institution has been evolved from a normal class to a full-fledged "school," with principal, vice-principal, and assistants, was a fraud upon the tax-payers of San Francisco. Closing the school will save from ten to twelve thousand dollars per year. Inasmuch as the board of education have not enough money to pay the teachers their full salaries for October; inasmuch as they lack the money to repair faulty plumbing in the schools; inasmuch as three primary and grammar schools are closed for these reasons—we think it high time to close this expensive, unnecessary, and illegal "City" Normal School. We shall point out to the board of education some other way in which they can save money.

A movement is on foot to organize a revolver club, from which a team of experts, numbering four to ten men, will be chosen, and a challenge will be sent to England for an international match by cable.

There are now about twenty thousand golf-players in the United States, although the game was not introduced as a club sport in this country until 1888.

LITERARY NOTES.

Does International Copyright Pay?

Hall Caine, the popular English author, is now in Canada, as the agent of an association of English authors to induce the Kanucks to enter into a copyright agreement by which English writers will secure similar rights in the Dominion to those they now enjoy in the United States. For the Canadians have so far been sharp enough to keep out of any such arrangement, and it is a question if their wisdom has been not greater than ours.

We would like to see what conclusion a convention of American authors would come to now, if they were to discuss the question of international copyright. We remember the enthusiastic movement of some years ago, the meetings, the speeches, and petitions that were made to Congress and other bodies, declaring that the American author was having bread taken out of his mouth by English reprints selling at low prices, which finally resulted in the passage of the international copyright law. The law has now been in existence for four years. It went into effect on the first day of July, 1891. What has been its result? We do not see that it has advantaged the American author particularly. Running in the periodicals, in the weekly papers, syndicated in the dailies, and in the magazines, we find the following stories:

Harper's Magazine for November concludes the serial, "Hearts Insurgent," by Thomas Hardy, a British author, and in the next issue will begin a new serial by William Black, a British author.

In *The Century*, the serial story for November is "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, a British author.

In *Scribner's*, the serial story is "The Amazing Marriage," by George Meredith, a British author.

In *The Atlantic*, the serial story is "The Seats of the Mighty," by Gilbert Parker, a British (Canadian) author. In *Leslie's Weekly*, the serial story is "When Greek Meets Greek," by Joseph Hatton, a British author.

In *The Illustrated American*, the serial story is "The Broom Squire," by S. Earing-Gould, a British author.

The largest newspaper syndicates, including representative journals from the New York *Sun* and the Washington *Star* to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, are printing series of short stories—such as "The Victory of the Grand Duke of Mittenheim," "The Love of the Prince of Glottenberg," and "The Indifference of the Miller of Hofbrau"—by Anthony Hope, a British author.

The eight books enjoying the largest sales in New York at last accounts, which may be taken as the most popular books of the day, are:

"The Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren, a British author.

"My Lady Nobody," by Maarten Maartens, a Dutch author who writes in English and publishes in England. "The Heart of Life," by W. H. Mallock, a British author.

"The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," by John Oliver Hobbess, a British author—she was born in America but is now a British subject, and publishes in England.

"The Master," by I. Zangwill, a British author.

"The Little Huguenot," by Max Pemberton, a British author.

"Strange Secrets," by A. Conan Doyle and others, British authors.

"The Story of Bessie Costrell," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, a British author.

Since the copyright law has been passed, the enormous American sale resulting from the protection given to British authors has made reputation and fortune for such authors as Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Rider Haggard, S. R. Crockett, J. M. Barrie, etc. A. P. Watt, the English "literary agent" who has built up a splendid business for himself by placing to the best advantage the productions of the leading English writers, and whose opinion is consequently entitled to respect, recently got back to London from a visit to the United States, where he had been looking over the field, and he expresses himself as "immensely impressed by the market he found there for British literary wares."

But has international copyright resulted in an increased sale for American books? Has it resulted in an increased demand for American stories from American magazines, weeklies, or American daily newspapers? If so, the *Argonaut* would be gratified if American authors would lay these facts before the public. We are quite willing to be convinced of it, but it does not seem to us that it is so.

The "Literary Blackleg."

A question that is agitating the English press just now is "What is a literary blackleg?" A recent paragraph says:

"According to Robert Sherard, it is a reviewer, a man who is hired by newspaper proprietors to write down 'innovators.' A 'literary blackleg' is also a successful author who reads manuscripts for a publisher. 'These literary blacklegs,' says Mr. Sherard, 'are so-called men of letters, and should be with us, but prefer to be Ishmaels, with one hand against the authors and the other hand extended for the coppers of those who are not the friends of men of letters.' From this it appears that you can not be a reviewer without being an Ishmael, that no newspaper proprietor ever heeds men of letters, that a successful author—say, George Meredith or James Payn—who reads for a publisher is a 'blackleg,' and also, in the elegant diction of Mr. Sherard, a 'public spittoon.' The 'blacklegs' stalk untarred and unfeathered," and Mr. Sherard proposes that a 'black book,' containing their names and addresses, should be carried by every honest author, who will then know the company he ought to kick. And, if anybody thinks all this is rather extravagant, Mr. Sherard is prepared to give him satisfaction."

Prize Winners for Stories.

The results of the *Youth's Companion* competition for general stories, begun last November and offering thirty-five prizes of an aggregate value of

two thousand five hundred dollars, is announced as follows:

First prize, five hundred dollars, to Mary Brewster Downs, Chicago—title of story, "Mother"; second prize, five hundred dollars, to Ada M. Trotter, Akron, O.—title of story, "Josey's Family"; third prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, to William J. Long, Attleboro, Mass.—title of story, "The Seal of the Rapids"; fourth prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, to Ethel Parton, Newburyport, Mass.—title of story, "The Launch of the *Mariana*"; fifth prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, to M. C. Skeel, Cimarron, Kan.—title of story, "Across the River"; sixth prize, two hundred and fifty dollars, to Guilma Zolinger, Newton, Ia.—title of story, "Sim's Father"; seventh prize, one hundred dollars, to Jessie Wright Whitcomb, Topeka—title of story, "Elizabeth"; eighth prize, one hundred dollars, to Grace E. Johnson, St. Louis—title of story, "Dorothy's Naval Capture"; ninth prize, one hundred dollars, to Arthur Stanwood Pier, Pittsburgh—title of story, "Frank Carter's Football Game"; tenth prize, one hundred dollars, to Helen W. Banks, Englewood, N. J.—title of story, "The Story of a Basket"; and eleventh prize, one hundred dollars, to Mrs. M. C. Dillon, Fredonia, N. Y.—title of story, "Tom's Dress Suit."

OLD FAVORITES.

Madame La Marquise.

The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings!

Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid:
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans—the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans—where your eye, by her beauty subdued,
Droops—from under warm fringes of broiery white
The slightest of feet—silk-slipped, protrude,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With herself; and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtained, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and
flowers,

When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters
white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold—heath the low leaden sky!
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the gen-
darme
Stalks surly: a distant carriage hums by—
All within is so bright and so warm!

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of court,
How the courtesan pushes: the charlatan thrives:
We put horns on the heads of our friends, just for sport:
Put intrigues in the heads of their wives.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrilled mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say—
Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon—then's the time to behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath that veil—o'er the velvets and furs which enfold
her,

Leaning back with a queenly repose—

As she glides up the sunlight! . . . You'd say she was
made
To loil back in a carriage, all day, with a smile,
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be wooed for a while.

Could we find out her heart through that velvet and lace!
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the world—
(Live with sorrow and sin—live with pain and with
passion)—
Who could live with a doll, though its locks should be
curled,
And its petticoats trimmed in the fashion?

'Tis so fair! . . . would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood?
. . . Is it worth while to guess at all this?

—Owen Meredith.

A handsome illustrated catalogue of "Paintings from the Salon and the Champ de Mars—Paris: 1895" has just been issued by the Jordan Art Gallery, of Boston. It contains a list of two hundred and fourteen pictures, collected and arranged by Les Arts Reunis, of Paris, the entries being arranged alphabetically according to the artists' names. To each name is appended the artist's birth-place and the honors he or she has achieved in the artistic world. The principal feature of the volume, however, will be, to most people, the reproductions, by an excellent process, of the noted pictures in the two Salons. These are some thirty in number, and the artists represented include Bonnat, Gustave Courtois, Dauphin, Detti, Eugene Girardet, Millet, Henri Perrault, Roybet, Schenck, Toudouze, Wagrez, and others of note.

Judge and Mrs. Robert Grant have just returned to Boston from their wheeling tour through rural France. Judge Grant's father, Mr. Patrick Grant, who died in Boston a few days ago at the age of eighty-six, was a successful merchant of the old school. He was a Harvard graduate in the class of 1828.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Theodore Roosevelt has made a collection of cartoons about himself, and has pasted them on the walls of a room at his home. He says he gets a lot of fun out of showing his "cartoon room" to his friends.

Great interest is being displayed by the queen in the cycling efforts of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Louise of Lorne. Once upon a time her majesty was dead against the practice, but she now offers no objection.

The late Professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, in addition to his wonderful command of the English language proper, which he learned in two years, was (says the *Sun*) a past-master in American slang and idiom. He used to say that the French alone approached the Americans in the richness and expressiveness of their slang. He was well up in the hobo talk of trampdom, he knew something of the gypsy patter, and from the pigeon English of Chinatown to the thieves' slang of the dock rats, there was not a slang spoken in New York of which he had not a basic knowledge.

The bicycle craze has at last invaded the sacred precincts of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Justice White is in daily practice, and appeared in public a few days ago on Massachusetts Avenue. Senators, famous army and navy officers, high public officials, and distinguished private citizens are daily seen astride the wheel. Members of the Chinese Embassy have stuck to it, notwithstanding their fellow-diplomats have pointed out to them that they are hardly fitting representatives of the majesty of the Oriental empire, as they daily coast down the Fourteenth Street hill from the big legation building, with their silk robes fluttering in the wind.

Ex-President Harrison has made more in fees from his practice in the past eighteen months than the President's salary amounts to. In the case of the City of Indianapolis against the Street Railroad Company, he received a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars; in the McKee-Ives case, involving the ownership of the Vandalia Railroad, he also received a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars; in the Morrisson will case at Richmond, he was paid nineteen thousand dollars; and in addition to this he received one thousand dollars for each of sixteen law lectures delivered at the Stanford University. These four services alone aggregated him eighty-five thousand dollars.

Ada Cavendish, the actress, who died in London on the seventh instant, was the only child of the late Duke of Devonshire and a Miss Cameron, of Edinburgh, who were united in 1848 by a sort of morganatic marriage. Miss Cavendish was proud of her ducal parentage and always carried an elaborately jeweled miniature of her father. Upon his death, in 1870, she inherited his personal estate of fifty thousand dollars and a valuable collection of jewels. It is told of the duke that, changed by her mother's death from a jovial patron of society and the turf into a nervous recluse, he kept himself in strict retirement at Brighton until the day of his death. Nothing but the appearance of his talented daughter in a new rôle could lure him from his seclusion.

The New Rochelle home of E. W. Kemble, the artist, was huzarized on the twelfth of last August and the thief got away with a lot of silverware, leaving no clew but the imprint of his bare foot on the veranda. Mr. Kemble made a sketch of this foot-print and sent copies and a description of the property to all the police stations near his home and in New York city. The thief subsequently tried to pawn the silver in New York and was arrested; but he denied his guilt until his shoe was removed and his foot compared with Mr. Kemble's drawing, when he broke down and confessed. Once before Mr. Kemble caught a thief by a similar scheme. The thief "stood him up" and robbed him, and Mr. Kemble drew a portrait of him from memory which resulted in his capture.

Here is a contemporary's amusing picture of the late General Mahone, of Virginia, in the duel with John Wise in the Republican convention of 1888: "Who can forget the dapper figure, the exquisite whiteness of the dainty hands, the singularly small and slender feet bound in the tiniest of boots, the lace at the wrists, the flowing cambric ruffles at the throat? The face and head of an *ert-konig* given up by some Thuringian forest for the occasion; the figure and nervousness of a woman; the dress of a planter of the '50's—some dueling, love-making, fire-eating squire, up from Dinwiddie County to see James Buchanan sworn President and make his compliment to Mr. Mason and Mr. Hunter. It was almost too much for the will power to judge impartially between Mahone and his opponent, who might have blown him, ruffles, frills, and all, into his native clement with one stentorian blast."

The Boston Public Library has instituted an ambulance service for the quick delivery of books. In what city but Boston would books be delivered to the ringing of a gong and at a pace that is set for ambulances?

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

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The Haunts of Some Famous American Authors. By THEODORE F. WOLFE, M. D., Ph. D. Illustrated with four photogravures. 12mo. Crushed buckram extra, gilt top, deckel edges, \$1.25; half calf or half morocco, \$3.00.

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SOME JUVENILES.

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The demand for Miss Wharton's previous works bears witness to her popularity as an author, and this work will show her to be as warmly welcomed by the young folks as she has previously been by their elders.

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This book introduces the same characters as in "Two Girls," so popular last year.

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J. B. Lippincott Company,
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LITERARY NOTES.

The Shadowy Second Empire.

The third volume of M. Pierre de Lano's Secret of an Empire Series has just been issued, and is translated by Helen Hunt Johnson. It is called "Napoleon III.," and consists of an anecdotal review of the emperor's career. The work is written with a freshness of style and vividness of feeling which will insure its being read with deep interest; but M. de Lano is too strong a partisan to be called a faithful or valuable historian. In his hands Napoleon the Third becomes a greater man than the events of his reign will permit us to believe, and Eugénie, correspondingly, a more resolute and dominating schemer.

However, it is hardly fair to criticize him as an historian in the ordinary sense of the term, since he lays no claim to the title. The character of the emperor, both in his private life and as a statesman, is reviewed, and it is particularly in the latter capacity that an over-lenient view is expressed. The *Coup d'Etat* is passed over with only a brief allusion, but reading between the lines, we can discern no feeling of blame, and even something of sympathy. The war of 1870 is charged entirely to the empress's account, who, we are told, seeing age and disease creeping on Napoleon, felt that the opportunity had come for substituting her own will and that of her partisans for his feeble one.

An interesting chapter is that devoted to Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome, and he, too, is placed in a more heroic light than that in which we are accustomed to regard him. Rouher and Emile Ollivier also have a chapter apiece, and forcible and striking pen-pictures of Jules Favre and Léon Gambetta are given. The tragic figure of the Empress Carlotta, too, passes across the page, in a dramatic scene with the emperor.

Perhaps the most brilliant chapter is that called the "Apotheosis," where the superficial splendors which distinguished the close of the Second Empire are described and the review of Longchamps, famous in the annals of France. And a contrasting picture to this meeting of emperors is afforded, when weary and discouraged, racked by fierce bodily suffering, just before the disastrous day at Sedan, Napoleon the Third gives vent to his feelings of despair. Altogether, the book is written with a command of picturesque language and a Gallic intensity of feeling for the romantic element in the lives of sovereigns that make it interesting reading.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.; price, \$1.25.

A Gibson Garden of Girls.

In these days of the higher education of women, college-bred girls are as common as blackberries, but something of novelty still attaches to tales of their school days. Abbe Carter Goodloe has had the happy thought of writing them up in the midst of their environment, Wellesley being the *alma mater* she has chosen. The life she depicts is a gay and joyous one, hard work and study playing no part, being used merely to fill in a rather hazy background. The typical spectacled, straight-locked, intensely intellectual young college woman is entirely absent from her pages. The girls who gather in each other's rooms to drink chocolate, who play at athletics, and go boating and sleighing with Harvard men, are all pretty, stylish, and thorough-bred. Their rooms are adorned with innumerable trophies and cotillion favors, and they all have affairs of the heart. They are "Gibson girls," as the authoress tells us a shade too often, considering that Mr. Gibson has illustrated her book—rather badly, by the way. Miss Goodloe's standard of style is an artificial one, and her stories have a decidedly sentimental tendency; she does better when she drops into a humorous vein and tells how a pretty professor was not above beguiling a stray youth into the belief that she was a student; or when she relates the revenge of the college athletes on the newspaper man who dared to ridicule them. The book is readable, and will be popular with those who are seeking light literature.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Page at Napoleon's Court.

Napoleon literature is still pouring in. This time it is for juveniles. In "A Boy of the First Empire," Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks has given a vivid portrayal of the days when Napoleon's power was at its climax, and from there on to his fall and exile. Philip, from whom the book is named, is one of the pages of the court and a favorite with the emperor. In following his fortunes, therefore, opportunity is given for a glittering series of historical pictures. Among the most striking of these are the fêtes and ceremonials when Napoleon married Marie Louise of Austria and those that followed on the birth of the King of Rome. The pages fairly shine with the pomp and pageantry that appeal to a young imagination. Yet so much information is woven in that no boy can read them without benefit. The view given of Napoleon's character is a rose-colored one. The small meannesses that defaced him are ignored, and his love of power is glorified into love of country. But perhaps no one is the worse for an enthusiasm; at any rate, to a boy who reads this book Napoleon

will no longer be a mere name, but a living, breathing man. Other real personages of the times appear and have to do with the events of the story.

Though Mr. Brooks's conscientious purpose of implanting a love of history in young minds becomes a little too manifest at times, when he abandons his romance and takes to plain facts, yet the youthful audience for whom the work is intended will be apt to have nothing but praise for it.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Taming of Another Shrew.

Florence Warden's new novel, "A Spoilt Girl," opens with a scene which conclusively proves that her heroine is not maligned in the title. An English gentleman, being taken in a carrier's cart to a home he has leased in Kent, hears terrible tales of his neighbors, the Brancepeths. There are five of them, ranging from Giles, aged twenty-five, to seventeen-year-old Harry, and they are the scourge of the country round. His first meeting with them is when they come tearing up the highway like a cyclone, cut the traces of the cart, and leave him to walk a muddy mile to his new home. They have galloped through his garden and orchard on their way to the Hall, and when next they ride through his grounds, he throws the youngest and wildest to the ground, and then discovers that "Harry" is a woman.

Any one with half an eye can see that Harry and the new tenant are to lovers and probably marry on the last page; but it is interesting to find out just how Miss Warden is to mingle two such warring elements into a harmonious *ménage*, especially as she soon introduces a carefully preserved viscount to whom Harry is engaged. Miss Warden has well acquitted herself of her task, however, and "A Spoilt Girl" is an excellent story of its kind.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price: cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

A New Version of Guenevere's Love.

"The Marriage of Guenevere," by Richard Hovey, is a tragedy in blank verse, giving another version of the story of Launcelot and Guenevere. According to Mr. Hovey, Launcelot had met and wooed the fair Guenevere before King Arthur had seen her; and the sinning of the king's bride and the knight was brought about through the machinations of Morgause, Arthur's sister, while the king is away at the wars in Cornwall. On his return, Morgause impeaches the queen before all the court, but Arthur refuses to believe Guenevere not spotless, and banishes her accuser. The guilty pair are filled with remorse, of course, but the ending seems entirely inadequate and tame. "The Marriage of Guenevere" is far from being a work of inspired genius, but it is carefully thought out and contains much good sense—as, for example, the mother's advice to Guenevere on her wedding day, which we quoted in our issue of last week.

Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"At Tuxter's," a story by G. B. Burgin, has just been issued in the Hudson Library published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

Tolstoy's "Master and Man," translated from the Russian by S. Rapoport and John C. Kenworthy, has been published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 35 cents.

"Twenty-Five Letters on English Authors" is a collection of letters written by Mary Fisher to a pupil to whom she gave a course in English literature; they give an outline of the work the author wished to have prepared, they suggest what should be read, and they give the reader the benefit of the author's reading and reflections. There are chronological tables of eminent English authors and an index at the end of the volume. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

"The Desert Ship," by John Blundelle Burton, is the story of a lad's adventures during the opening years of the present century in a search for a treasure-laden Spanish galleon that had sailed up the Vermilion Sea (the Gulf of California), and been stranded by the receding waters of the great inland sea, where is now the Desert of Colorado. The story lacks verisimilitude, and the average American boy would derive less pleasure from it than from re-reading "Treasure Island" or "King Solomon's Mines." Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Strange Secrets: Told by A. Conan Doyle and Others" is a volume containing fourteen tales of the weird, supernatural, terrible, gruesome, and thrilling kind that are collectively called "ghost stories." Dr. Doyle's story is "The Secret of Goresthorpe Grange"—which is quite a model title for that kind of a story—and some of the others are: "The Box with the Iron Clamps," by Florence Marryat; "The Veiled Portrait," by James Grant; "A Coachful of Ghosts," by Eleanor C. Price; and "A Very Queer Inn," by M. B. Archer. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

F. Marion Crawford's magazine paper on "Constantinople" has been re-issued in sumptuous fashion, and makes a handsome holiday book.

Those who read "Paul Patoff" will recall how well equipped Mr. Crawford is to write of the Turkish capital, and in this article he describes every phase of its life picturesquely and vividly, setting forth a wealth of information accessible in no other book and such as only an accomplished cosmopolite could bring together. The book is lavishly illustrated by Edwin Lord Weeks, who knows and depicts the Orient better than any other American painter. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Idiomatic Study of German" (first series), by Otto Kuptal, Ph.D., seems to be a sufficient guide to the acquisition of a speaking, reading, and writing of the German language so far as it goes. The method employed is for the student to repeat certain phrases—which become more complex with each new lesson—until his ear is accustomed to these idioms correctly used; he also learns gradually the conjugations and declensions; and, finally, the analytical notes impress the grammatical rules applied in each lesson by explaining their effect in the now familiar phrases. Published by George Gottsberger Peck, New York; price, \$1.75.

Publishers' Announcements.

Stone & Kimball announce a well-chosen list of books, among them:

A few little-known biographies by Izaak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler"; a new volume of short stories, entitled "The Sin Eater, and Other Stories" in the Carnation Series; "The Massacre of the Innocents and Others," by Mrs. Wingate Rinder in the Green Tree Library; Stevenson's long-expected "Vallima Letters"; and a volume of ghost-stories by Ralph Adams Cram, entitled "Black Spirits and White," the first of which appeared in the August *Clapham Book*, the others being new.

Among the standard books announced by D. Appleton & Co. are:

"Genius and Degeneration," by Dr. William Hirsch; "Gustave Flaubert, as seen in his Works and Correspondence," by John Charles Tarver, with two portraits; "The Beginnings of Writing," by W. J. Hoffman, a new volume in the Anthropological Series; "Criminal Sociology," by Professor E. Ferri, a new volume in the Criminology Series; "General Sherman," by General M. F. Force, a new volume in the Great Commanders Series; "The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell, the first volume in the Story of the West Series, edited by Ripley Hitchcock; "The Intellectual Rise in Electricity," by Park Benjamin; "The Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play," edited by Miss Susan E. Blow; "The Mottoes and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother Play," edited by H. R. Eliot and Susan E. Blow; and "The Psychology of Number," by Dr. J. A. McClellan and Professor John Dewey, three volumes in the International Education Series; "The Story of the Earth," by H. G. Seeley, a new volume in the popular Library of Useful Stories; and a new edition, revised and rewritten, of "The Sun," by Professor C. A. Young.

Included among the books announced for publication this fall by the J. B. Lippincott Company are:

"Literary Shrines and a Literary Pilgrimage," by Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe; "Advance Japan," by J. Morris; "Africa," by A. H. Keane, as Vol. III. of Stanford's Compendium of Geography and Travels; "The Evergreen," the Scottish rival of *The Yellow Book*; "Hill Caves of Yucatan," by Henry C. Mercer, of the Cornish Expedition; "Songs and Other Verses," by Dollie Radford; "Bismarck's Table Talk," edited by Charles Lowe; "The Great Astronomers," by Sir Robert Ball; "Napoleon's Last Voyages," the diaries of Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher and Rear-Admiral Cockburn; "The American in Paris," by Dr. Eugene C. Savidge; "Haas Breimann in Germany," by C. G. Leland; "From Manassas to Appomattox," General James Longstreet's memoirs; "Turning on the Light," ex-postmaster-General Horatio King's review of Buchanan's administration; "A Colonial Wooing," by Dr. C. C. Abbott; "The Secret of the Court," by Frank Frankfort Moore; "The Black Lamb," by Anna R. Brown; "The Track of a Storm," by Owen Hall; "A Wedding, and Other Stories," by Julien Gordon; "The Wizard King," by David Kerr; "A Point of Conscience," by "The Duchess"; "The Bend Sinister," by Mrs. Alexander; and "When Greek Meets Greek," by Joseph Hatton.

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"Nothing in recent fiction is stronger than the sketch of Valmond's first meeting with the veteran of Jena and Friedland, who went out to confound the impostor and ended by swearing loyalty to him. This book, like all of Parker's, is written with so much spirit that the interest is sustained to the end."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER NUMBER

PLUMBLOSSOM BEE-BE'S ADVENTURES.—By JULIAN RALPH.

THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.—By POULTNEY BIGELOW.

OUT OF THE WORLD AT CORINTH.—By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Recent Impressions of Anglo-Indian Life. By EDWIN LORD WEEKS. Illustrated by the Author.—A Pilgrim on the Gila. A Story. By OWEN WISTER. Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON.—Hearts Insurgent. By THOMAS HARDY. (Conclusion).—A Thanksgiving Breakfast. A Story. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.—Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Rudyard Kipling's new story—one which is of considerable length—is to bear the title of "William the Conqueror." It is described as a thrilling love-story, and the accompanying illustrations are said to have been inspired by Mr. Kipling himself. It will probably appear in December. The author's next book of verse, to be called "Ballads," is coming out next year.

Napoleon's invasion of Russia will be described in the next installment of Poultney Bigelow's popular history of "The German Struggle for Liberty" in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. Stevenson's melodramatic farce of "Macaire" is coming from the press of Stone & Kimball.

Walter H. Page, until recently editor of the *Forum*, has joined the editorial forces of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., his field comprising work on the *Atlantic* and in the book department.

"Napoleon's Last Voyages" is the title of a book, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, in which are printed together the diaries of Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher, of the *Undaunted*, and John R. Glover, secretary to Rear-Admiral Cockburn, of the *Northumberland*.

A novelist's amusing blunder is thus described by the Boston *Transcript's* Paris correspondent:

"A great master of the art of throwing off stories by daily installments was Ponson du Terrail. When he was at the height of his vogue, he kept three running at the same time in different papers. His fertile imagination was never at a loss, but his memory frequently was. He was apt to forget to-day what he did with a hero or heroine yesterday. To help his memory, he at first noted down briefly in copy-books what happened to his men and women; but finding that often he could not read his own writing, he invented a new system. He procured little leaded figures, on which he gummed the names of his characters as they were born. Supposing there were three stories running, there were three sets of figure in different drawers. When a character was settled off, the little man or woman in lead was taken away from its companions and laid aside. One day when Ponson du Terrail was all behind in his work, he set himself to his task without examining the slain. His had memory led him into a terrible blunder. He had forgotten that he had killed Rocambole—the still famous Rocambole—in the previous *feuilleton*, and, to the great surprise of the reader, he made him talk again as if nothing out of the common had befallen him."

Harper's Weekly for October 19th contains an article on German Army Manoeuvres, by Poultney Bigelow, and a fully illustrated supplement, by R. F. Zogbaum, on the results obtained by Admiral Buncce's Squadron of Evolution. Another prominent feature in the same issue of the *Weekly* is a paper on the Atlanta Exposition.

Aubrey Beardsley's novel—illustrated by himself—will be brought out soon. W. E. Norris's new book, "The Dancer in Yellow," is also announced.

The new book of "Julien Gordon's" short stories which the Lippincotts publish is entitled "A Wedding, and Other Stories." None of the stories have previously appeared in book-form.

Anthony Hope's new romance, "Chronicles of Count Antonio," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., with a frontispiece by S. W. Van Schaick. This romance is said to represent Mr. Hope's best work in the vein of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Richard Harding Davis is putting the finishing touches to his first long novel, "Soldiers of Fortune"—a tale of love-making, filibusters, concession-hunters, promoters, soldiers of fortune, and a South American revolution. Mr. Davis's recent trip to Central America was taken partly for the sake of local color.

The leading articles in *Harper's Magazine* for November are:

A New York horse-show story by Brander Matthews, entitled "Men and Women and Horses"; "A Pilgrim on the Gila," a tale of politics and highway robbery in Arizona, by Owen Wister; "A Thanksgiving Breakfast," a tale of Washington life, by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; Julian Ralph's second story of life in China, "Pinnhlossom Beebe's Adventure"; the conclusion of Thomas Hardy's "Hearts Insurgent"; another installment of "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; "Out of the World at Corinto," by Richard Harding Davis; "Literary Boston Thirty Years Ago," by W. D. Howells; another installment of "The German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow; "Recent Impressions of Anglo-Indian Life," written and illustrated by Edwina Lord Weeks; and the usual departments.

Stone & Kimball will publish in the spring a new novel by Miss Alice S. Wolf, of this city. It will be entitled "A House of Cards."

J. A. Mitchell, the editor of *Life*, has written a book, a love-story which he calls "Amos Judd." The course of this love runs in America, but the hero is a prince of India, a youth who has been educated in this country.

"A Bid for Fortune" is the title of an exciting novel by Guy Boothby, which is to be published by D. Appleton & Co.

Frank R. Stockton wanted to tell how Captain Horn's friends all spent their money, after they had found it, but space did not permit. "I was particularly sorry," says Mr. Stockton, "not to be able to relate the experiences of Mrs. Cliff after her return, as a millionaire, to her native town of

Plainton. I am now engaged on a novelette to be called 'Mrs. Cliff in Plainton.'"

Thomas Hardy can not again change the title of his new novel—to be completed as "Hearts Insurgent" in the November *Harper's*—for as "Jude the Obscure" it has now gone to press in book-form.

Arthur Sinclair has put into a bulky volume his experiences as a Confederate lieutenant on board the *Alabama*. The book is to be brought out under the title of "Two Years on the Alabama."

Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, whose "Travels in a Tree-Top" and "The Birds All About Us" are familiar to lovers of nature, has tried his hand at a novel, as to which there is no little curiosity. It is called "A Colonial Wooing," and is published by the Lippincotts.

Stone & Kimball will bring out soon a second series of Masterlinck's plays.

"From New England to the Golden Gate" is the title of a volume of memoirs by General Nelson A. Miles, for which Frederic Remington and others have furnished the illustrations.

An article in *Harper's Bazar* for October 19th is entitled "Small Dinners." The invitations, the menu, the decorations, the service—everything that the hostess requires to know in order to plan and triumphantly carry out her entertainment is there set forth with all the fullness of practical experience by a successful hostess.

A forthcoming volume by Henry James will contain his two stories, "The House Beautiful" and "An Awkward Age." A new long novel from Mr. James's pen will follow.

The J. B. Lippincott Company is publishing an unusually long and good list of juvenile fiction this year.

Probably the latest and best description of Madagascar, the scene of the French military operations against the natives, appears in "Actual Africa," by Frank Vincent, recently published by D. Appleton & Co.

William Black's new novel, "Briseis," will appear shortly as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*.

A work on Westminster Abbey, by Miss Bradley, daughter of the Dean of Westminster, is announced by the Appletons. It will be fully illustrated.

Ralph Adams Cram, who has written a book of ghost-stories, shortly to be issued by Messrs. Stone & Kimball under the title "Black Spirits and White," is a young architect of Boston. Only one of the stories has already appeared in print, although his verses have attracted some attention.

PRIZE BICYCLE POEMS.

Last August the *Critic* offered two prizes of twenty-five dollars and ten dollars for the first and second best original poems on the bicycle or bicycling that should be submitted before the expiration of the competition. From several hundred manuscripts received, some coming even from France and England, the two following have been selected to receive the first and second prizes respectively:

The Bicycle.

Spun in some mighty wizard's brain,
The potent spell that gave thee birth!
He questioned nature, not in vain,
And called thy being from the earth;
To share the task, he summoned fire;
Æolus at his bidding came;
He fashioned by his vast desire
The mystic bond of steel and flame.

The subtle genies of the Greek,
That had swift Hermes tread the air,
And Icarus, on pinions weak,
The vast ethereal spaces dare,
And Phaeton forgot his fears,
And speed the cloud-horne chariot free—
Prophetic looked down the years,
And dreamt a deed fulfilled in thee.

What if he wrought not what he sang?
The vision into being came;
And it were meet the Grecian tongue
Should lend the magic wheel a name.
For sure, the god-like force that woke
The pulsings of the Attic heart
Is present here in every spoke,
And latent dwells in every part.

The Caliph's carpet, magic-spun,
The Lord of Bagdad hore alone,
None other ever gazed upon
Or mounted on that airy throne;
The modern necromancer weaves
A myriad mystic steeds of steel,
Alike, or king or common cleaves
The gale upon the ready wheel.

Outdone, outdone, O genii, ye
Who wrought that Orient fabric rare!
A nobler steed is waiting me,
And I am regent of the air.
With regal foot I spurn the dust,
All hater harhs are left behind,
I launch me like the lance's thrust,
And speed triumphant down the wind.

—Robert Clarkson Tongue.

A-Wheel.

It's joy to be up in the morning when the dew's on the grass and clover,
And the air is full of a freshness that makes it a draught divine—

To mount one's wheel and go flying away and away—a rover
In the wide, bright world of beauty—and all the world seems mine!

There's a breath of halm on the breezes from the cups of the wayside posies;
A hint of the incense-odors that blow through the hill-side pines,
And ever a shifting landscape that some new, bright charm discloses
As I flash from nooks of shadow to plains where the sunlight shines.

Along by the hrambled hedges where the sweet wild roses redden
In the kiss of morning sunshine that woos their leaves apart,
Over cool, damp sward and mosses that the sound of my swift flight deaden—
I leave the world behind me and am close to Nature's heart.

I hear the lark in the heavens and his silver song seems sweeter
Than ever before, I fancy, since I have found my wings.
Ah—the long, smooth stretch before me! and my flight grows hither, fleet—
Good-bye to the lark above me who soars in the sun and sings!

I see a flash in the bushes, and I hear a squirrel's chatter,
Half frightened, and full of wonder, as I go gliding by.
Perhaps—who knows?—he is saying that something strange is the matter
In the world beyond the woodland, since its creatures learn to fly!

I am up on the windy hilltop; oh, the fair, bright world below me!
I see the flash of the river through the forest at my feet.
What heauty, what strange, new heauty has Nature deigned to show me
In the world of which I wearied ere I felt her warm heart beat!

I sing in my care-free gladness. I am kin to the wind that's howling!
I am thrilled with the hiss of motion like the bird that skims the down.
I feel the blood of a gypsy in my pulses coming—going!
Give me my wheel for a comrade and the king may keep his crown!—Eben E. Rexford.

Newspaper Circulations.

Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, owns a controlling interest in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He became dissatisfied with the policy of its editor, Colonel Jones, and attempted to remove him. Although Pulitzer held a large majority of the stock, Jones refused to give up, and the courts decided in his favor. Concerning some revelations made in testimony, the Washington *Post* says:

"The wrangle which has recently broken out among the stockholders of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* is to be credited with some good results. It has at least let the public into the secret of the manufactured 'circulation,' by means of which newspapers of a certain class obtain patronage from the public.

"The 'circulation affidavit' has been greatly overworked, in and out of St. Louis. Advertisers have been defrauded and fleeced not only by means of figures that were bogus, but by means of figures which, even though they might be accurate in themselves, did not represent advantage to the merchant. What the advertiser really wants is to reach the people to whose taste he caters. First-class merchants seek the patronage of first-class buyers. It is nothing to them to lay their wares before people who are not likely under any circumstances to trade with them.

"This case of the *Post-Dispatch*, however, is a very different matter. Into this the element of wisdom and discrimination on the part of the advertiser does not enter at all. The question is one of fraudulent pretense, pure and simple. The *Post-Dispatch's* circulation, upon the faith of which St. Louis tradesmen patronized the paper, was fictitious. It did not exist. The business manager of the paper now admits it under oath, and the confession is confirmed editorially. The advertisers were not deluded as to the character of the circulation. They were just swindled. Nevertheless, we maintain that merchants would save themselves a great deal of money and withdraw from dishonest and disreputable newspapers a great deal of temptation by adhering to the very simple rule of GIVING THEIR PATRONAGE TO THE PUBLICATIONS THAT NOTORIOUSLY GO TO THE HOUSES OF INTELLIGENT, INDUSTRIOUS, AND WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE. THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO DEAL WITH THEM—THE ONLY PEOPLE WHOM IT IS THEIR INTEREST TO REACH."

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And Observations on Nature. By GILBERT WHITE. With an Introduction by John Burroughs, 80 Illustrations by Clifton Johnson, and the Text and New Letters of the Buckland edition. In 2 volumes. 12mo. Cloth, \$4.00.

In order to present a satisfactory and final edition of this classic, Mr. Clifton Johnson visited Selborne and secured pictures of the actual scenes amid which White's life was passed. The photographs and the drawings form in themselves a most delightful gallery of pictures of unspoiled English rural life. This new edition can not be neglected by any one who cares for Nature or for the classics of English literature.

A Bid for Fortune.

By GUY BOOTHBY, author of "The Marriage of Esther," etc. No. 179, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00.

The unexpected incidents and strange adventures which follow thick and fast in Mr. Boothby's stirring story maintain the interest of the reader at the highest point throughout. It would be unfair to sketch the plot of his thrilling tale, which will be welcomed as a relief from the novel of analysis and the discussions of marital infelicity.

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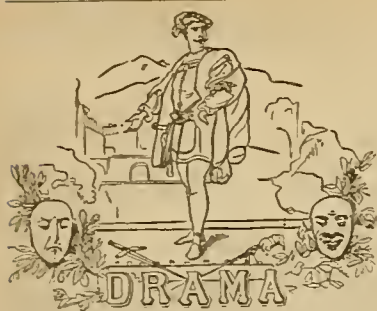
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The local habitation of a play has much to do with the critical estimate of its power of attraction. What would rejoice Tar Flat would receive the cold shoulder from Pacific Avenue. Melodrama, in its temple on the other side of Market Street, would lose its glamour if it were transported to this side. Aod genteel comedy would have a desolate, home-sick air if they tried to domesticate it at the Tivoli.

This is what is the matter with "The Passing Show." It is out of its sphere. If it were placed, say, at the old Bush Street Theatre, nobody would have any reason to find fault with it. But when plays, like people, presume to a position to which they have no right, the victims of their presumption are justified in lifting up their voices in protest.

"The Passing Show" is not the class of performance one expects to find at the Baldwin. It is a loud, vulgar variety show which, placed in one of the minor theatres, would draw its own crowd and probably enjoy a brilliant success among that class of theatre patrons who enjoy seeing under-dressed coryphees and olin performers who come on and "do their turn." But the Baldwin patrons are not supposed to be of this sort, and it is a little hard on them to make them pay a dollar and a half to see a show that had no attractions for a great many of them, even if there were one hundred and ten people in the cast.

From New York "The Passing Show" comes stamped with the approval of that metropolis. It has been running at the Casio there, but in Sao Francisco it is put on at the Baldwin. Three years ago the Casin passed from the home of light opera to the home of vaudeville and variety. Its patrons changed accordingly. "The Passing Show," making its appeal for popularity here to the same type of audience that enjoyed it there, would undoubtedly rejoice in the same degree of public favor. In transit across the continent it rose in the social scale, and when it reached the uttermost limits of things out here, it was supposed to be sufficiently elevated to be presented to a representative audience of Sao Francisco's best. It was a mistake.

The performance seems to be a vaudeville, in which its author strove to introduce characters from many of the recent popular plays. The father from "Sowing the Wind" is easily recognized. His daughter, Rosamond, is a tall woman, who breaks forth in song upon the slightest provocation, her warblings showing the peculiarity of over being on the key. Three women, in black-satin trousers and white blouses, who came in and turned somersaults and leap-frogged over each other, were recognized as being Pinero's Amazons. Their entire interest being concentrated upon the audience in the boxes and the front rows, it was somewhat difficult to say how graceful and agile they could be if they turned their attention to it.

The Woman with the Past heroine was contributed by Miss Vernona Jarbeau, who has cast the glamour of her talents over this astonished metropolis several times ere this. Time has added a few superfluous pounds to Miss Jarbeau's anatomy and a strange, weird twang to her accent. She was vivacious, unintelligible, and vulgar as ever. Her song in the second act, about a kiss which is bestowed upon a willing maid, was the sort of song which is appreciated at Tony Pastor's and Koster & Bial's. The difference between rank vulgarity and an artistic reproduction from low life could not have been more aptly shown than it was by this song and the one of Albert Chevalier's, by which it was followed. It is not good to sing Albert Chevalier in the same way that a lady of Miss Jarbeau's mannerisms sings gems culled from the French *cafés-chantants*. If Miss Jarbeau would sing that one song of Chevalier's simply, it would do much to make one forgive her previous vocal flights.

The author of "The Passing Show" was evidently something of a satirist. The second act appears to be a representation of the late Vaudeville Club, to which Ward McAllister had sense enough to object. Numerous females sit about at round tables drinking property champagne and wearing black tights and swallow-tailed coats, with that *aplomb* which distinguishes high life above stairs. Then the performance begins, and those of the hundred and ten members of the company, whose repertoire contains something more remarkable than an ability to wear tights and ogle the front rows of the orchestra, come out and "do their turn."

Rosamond plays a piece on the piano and sings a song, to which a small boy in the gods sings an

answer. One John Gilbert, a name of great dignity in stage annals, gives some imitations of the popular figures of the drama, and does it very well. John Gilbert, indeed, is the star of the performance and he is a clever fellow, if he does give imitations. Then a male quartet sang, and sang well. Last of all came Lucy Daly and some pickaninnies, and they carried off the honors.

Lucy Daly does much toward keeping the head of "The Passing Show" above water. She is a little, wiry thing with the spirit of dancio in her. At the head of her pickaninnies she daced with a sort of *bizarre*, electric fervor that held the audience. Dancing is one of the great arts, but one of the great arts dying and debased. A dancer who has within her the spirit of music and movement is born, not a thing of schools and gymnastics and practice at the bar. She is born with the knowledge of her art, and is moved by the music that contains the secrets of dancio in its measures as the cavalry horse is stirred by the notes of the trumpet.

She takes many forms, is a Fanny Ellsler in one generation and a Carmencita in another, is thin and spidery like Madeleine Guimar and muscular and forbidding like Cavalazzi. Lucy Daly is a magnetic dancer, without softness, litherness, or charm; but she has an extraordinary, almost fierce, vivacity, a lightning-like precision, a wild, impish impetuosity. There is an electric quality in the stiff, tenuous movements of her small body, the rhythmic pat of her impatient feet. As she begins to stir and vibrate to the rising dance-measure, she seems to be beating up her blood into a sudden whirl of frenzied movement, and breaks into the dance with a tumultuous, almost savage exhilaration. The fiery *dan* of her performance woke the audience from a state of phlegmatic boredom, and they rewarded her efforts by a really enthusiastic encore. The programme, *en passant*, announced that only one encore would be given, but the indefatigable performers returned and returned, and the hours waxed late, and still they kept on returning.

Though Boniface, King of Navarre, had endured many comedies to smileless gloom, he had never seen a farce. He had never had the flow of his regal tears checked by seeing such a side-splitting performance as "The Passing Show." When La Footaioe, the strolling player, manager, and dramatist, undertook to play before him, Boniface's patience gave out before "the opening agonies of epigram" were over. Had a farce been procurable at short notice, Boniface's sad case might have been mended and La Footaioe never had before him the fear of being tortured to a dungeon with boiling ink and red-hot pens.

"Prince Ananias" is a comedietta of amiable absurdities. It is not astonishing in any direction, and is laid on the conventional lines of comic opera with exactitude and care. The dialogue shows some humor, and La Fontaine's character, with its dry tendencies toward up-to-date witticisms and a shamefaced inclination to lapse into puns, appears to have been written expressly for Mr. Barnabee. Francis Neilson, whose name is not yet known to fame, wants to trust his own judgment a little more and comic-opera tradition a little less. He is a burning genius, radiating the celestial fire of divine intelligence, compared to De Koven's collaborator, Henry Smith. In fact, it sometimes looks as if composers of comic opera chose librettists for their lack of brains. Next time Mr. Neilson writes a libretto, let him take a natural story and treat it realistically, like a little comedy. One of the charms of "Erminie" was the possibility of the plot.

The Bostonians do not suit the gay whimsicalities of "Prince Ananias" as well as they did "Robin Hood." Outside Mr. Baraboe, they are not largely dowered with humor. They are a serious, painstaking company, whose conventional talents and geouice voices fit them for soberer, heavier work than that of fantastic operetta. In truth, they sing too well for comic opera. Such voices as Jessie Bartlett-Davis's, Eugene Cowles's, and Macdooald's are too rich for such trifling music. Eugene Cowles, especially, has a voice that belongs by right to grand opera. It is too heavy for the unklung trivialities of the comedietta sort. He, himself, is too grave a personality for the light-opera stage. The glee, the fantastic mirth, the flippant gaiety that belong to the art that Offenbach glorified and Sullivan broadened, are excluded from his dignified make-up. Mr. Barnabee is the only real comic-opera-ite in the company. He has got just enough voice and just the right sort of dry, whimsical humor. He furnished the entire fun for "Robin Hood" and most of that in "Prince Ananias."

The music of "Prince Ananias" is pretty, gay, and sufficiently original not to be remembered. The piece is sprinkled thick with tuneless songs and rollicking choruses. The new leading lady, Helen Bertram, was even more successful than in "Robin Hood." She wears her boy's clothes very prettily, and this is an important talent for the heroine of comic opera to possess, for, like the heroine of the Elizabethan play, she is expected to speed half her life in a page's doublet and hose. Mrs. Davis was magnificent in empire gowns with court trains and huge and feathered hats, a La Tosca cane adding the completing touch of the picturesque.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Fritz Scheel.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: About twenty-five hundred men and women of various nationalities, but with one creed in common—love for music—were assembled at the Mechanics' Pavilion on last Saturday evening, to show by their presence the esteem in which they hold Fritz Scheel as a musician and conductor. The hearty and long-continued applause that greeted his appearance on the platform, coupled with the "Fanfare" tendered him by the band, must have convinced Herr Scheel that his ability as an artist is duly appreciated.

With the advent of Scheel, a new era in musical affairs began in our city. His knowledge and ability inspired the musicians under his charge with confidence, and his personal magnetism effected results in orchestral playing that had hitherto been unknown in our midst. Having been closely connected with that great musician, Hans Von Bülow, for a number of years, he acquired that enviable method of discipline and transmission of conception that made a unit of himself and the orchestra, and without which qualities no musician can ever become a great or even a good conductor. His acute sense of hearing is remarkable, and his ability to memorize the details of the most difficult Wagnerian compositions has been his most valuable aid in producing those *ensemble* effects that have so often charmed his audiences. By the departure of Fritz Scheel, San Francisco loses a musician whose place it will be difficult to fill, and he carries with him the appreciation and good wishes of every one interested in music.

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Miss Helen Hyde has been holding an exhibition of her paintings and drawings at Vickery's Gallery, 224 Post Street, and it will continue for several days.

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Monday, November 4th—Opening of the Comic-Opera Season. MADAME FAYART. First Appearance of Emilie Melville.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Bostonians' New Opera.

The production of "A War-Time Wedding" by the Bostonians at the Columbia, next Monday night, will be an event of unusual interest. The music was written by Oscar Weil, an accomplished musician and critic who was well known in this city some years ago, and the libretto is by C. T. Dazey. The story is a romantic one of the Mexican War in 1848, dealing with the love of a young American dragoon for an heiress of mixed Spanish and American blood, and the location gives occasion for picturesque scenes and incidents of which the librettist has made good use. Miss Bertram, Mrs. Davis, Macdonald, Barnabee, Cowles, and Frothingham all have rôles well suited to their abilities, and the performance is to be an elaborate one in point of scenery and costume. This week will conclude the Bostonians' engagement at the Columbia.

John Drew Gaggling.

John Drew stands accused—and apparently convicted—of gagging, an offense of which an actor of his standing should scorn to be guilty. It seems that, in a recent performance of "That Imprudent Young Couple" in New York, when the butler informed him that he had lost his wife, Drew responded with the comment "How careless!" Thereupon the *Sun* characterized the jest as acient and musty, and in a few days received a note from the author of the play, Henry Guy Carleton, in which he says: "There is no such line in 'That Imprudent Young Couple' as the reply, 'How careless!' to the butler's statement that he had lost his wife. If Mr. Drew spoke such a line, it was an interpolation and in violation of a clause of contract which permits no change in business or text without my consent." This is "important if true," and shows how powerful the successful dramatist has grown in these days.

A Gala Week at the Tivoli.

The final week of the grand opera season at the Tivoli begins on Monday night, and it has been decided to devote it to repetitions of the successes of the season. The programme for the week is therefore as follows:

Monday and Friday nights, "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Miss Valera in the title rôle; Tuesday, "Martha," with Miss Millard in the title rôle; Wednesday, "Il Trovatore," with Miss Valera as Leonora; Thursday and Saturday evenings, "The Bohemian Girl," with Miss Millard as Arline; and Sunday night, a double bill, consisting of "Martha," with Miss Millard in the title rôle, and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Miss Valera as Santuzza.

The comic-opera season will begin on Monday, November 4th, when Emilie Melville and Ferris Hartman will reappear in a revival of Offenbach's "Madame Favart." Among the operas to follow are "The Lucky Star," "Lorraine," "The Merry Wives," and "Carmen."

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

"The Dark Secret" has attracted the usual crowded houses to Morosco's Grand Opera House, during the week, but on Monday it will give place to "The Stowaway." This popular melodrama has a record of seven years of unbroken success, and the production at the Grand will give it new laurels. A full-rigged yacht will be used in the fourth act, the scene representing a portion of the harbor at Cowes on the Isle of Wight during the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

A New Concert-Hall.

The rooms over the market, on the corner of Sutter Street and Grant Avenue, which have been unused since the San Francisco Verein moved into its own building on Post Street, are now undergoing notable alterations, and it is expected that by the end of the year they will have been transformed into a concert-hall, banquet-room, and suites of smaller apartments such as San Francisco has long needed.

The enterprise is being managed by General Theodore Reichert, assisted by W. H. Davis, and they have the backing of a number of capitalists who have the musical interests of the city at heart. The rooms already include a theatre capable of accommodating six hundred and fifty persons, but an iron gallery will be put in, increasing the seating capacity to one thousand. Here high-class concerts are to be given, and it may also be used for halls, while the smaller rooms will be arranged for chamber-concerts. The kitchen will be retained and used as an adjunct to the banqueting-hall.

These alterations are now being made by the owner of the building, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, from whom the gentlemen interested in the enterprise have secured a five years' lease.

Gilbert Edited by Ellaline Terriss.

Ellaline Terriss, who came over from London for the New York production of W. S. Gilbert's latest work, "His Excellency"—with music by Dr. Osmond Carr—probably has no intention of returning to England in the near future. Mr. Gilbert is an irascible man and a great stickler for the presentation of his works exactly as he means them to be presented, and he will probably be afflicted with homicidal mania when he hears that Miss

Terriss has interpolated into "His Excellency" a music-hall song, with the refrain, "Jim, jam, that's the sort of girl I am," accompanied with whacks of a blown-up bladder on a stick.

Notes.

Augustin Daly's company is to come to the Baldwin in April.

Minnie Seligman is now in Munich, and announces that she has retired from the stage for good.

"The Passing Show" runs for another week at the Baldwin, the last performance being on Sunday night, November 3d.

E. H. Sothorn and "The Prisoner of Zenda" are such a success in New York that the management has tried the experiment of giving three matinees a week—on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Walden Ramsay, a capable actor, for many years a member of A. M. Palmer's companies, died recently in New York. He was to have appeared in "Trilby" at the Garden Theatre, a month ago, but ill-health prevented.

Jessie Bartlett-Davis, as the vengeful Mexican girl in "A War-Time Wedding" at the Columbia next week, will wear a very valuable mantilla of hand-made lace that has been an heirloom in one of the old Californian families for many years.

Bessie Bonehill, a very fetching graduate of the London music-halls, and Richard Harlow, who caused much remark in New York as Queen Isabella, are the leading lights of Rice's "1892," which is to be the holiday attraction at the Baldwin.

Henry E. Dixey will give his third "Afternoon with Dixey" at the Baldwin next Sunday afternoon. He has been adding new features and revising others in this unique entertainment, until it is now in a very satisfactory shape, and, with the help of several clever specialists, he promises to give a very enjoyable afternoon.

Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Contented Woman," will follow "The Passing Show" at the Baldwin on Monday, November 4th. It satirizes the women suffragists, the scene is laid in Denver, where a woman is a candidate for mayor, and the leading person in the company is Caroline Miskel Hoyt, the handsome young wife of the maker of farce-comedies.

The winter season at the California Theatre is to be an interesting one, both from the character of the companies engaged and the frequency with which they will be changed. "Charley's Aunt," Brandon Thomas's funny comedy, will be the first attraction, and after it come "The War of Wealth," Herrmann, Robert Downing, May Irwin, and a long line of well-known plays and players.

J. H. Haverly, who made several fortunes in managing minstrels and lost them in outside speculation, has organized a new company and is to inaugurate his season at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, November 11th. He has secured for his company some of the best of the old-timers who are left to us, including Billy Rice, Lew Dockstader, and Bert Shepard, and, with some new and good material, he hopes to prove that the taste for good negro minstrelsy is not yet dead.

Alice Nielsen, who has been one of the leading members of the Tivoli company for a year past, has joined the Bostonians and will make her debut with them next week in "A War-Time Wedding." She first appeared on the stage as Yum Yum in a production of "The Mikado" in 1892, then she sang at one of the minor places of amusement, and a year ago she joined the Tivoli company. For the present she will sing the operatic equivalent of *ingenue* rôles and he understudy to Helen Bertram.

The secretary of the United States Board on Geographical Names has forwarded to us a copy of the "Decisions" of the board from January, 1892, to September, 1895. Of the pamphlet but six hundred copies were printed, of which the board received three hundred. Numerous requests for it have been and continue to be received by the secretary. Owing, however, to the small number of copies printed, the board is unable to supply the demand, and has directed that distribution be made to a "selected list of publishing houses, newspapers, and libraries." This little sixteen-page pamphlet contains the board's decisions in nearly eight hundred cases of irregular geographic nomenclature and orthography, and will be of great value to all who strive for precision in those matters. We thank the board for the pamphlet and also for the compliment in making the *Argonaut* one of the selected "three hundred."

The inaugural meeting of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club at the new track at Ingleside will be opened on November 16th. The track is an excellent one, the accommodations combine all the latest devices for the convenience of members and others in attendance, and the list of events for the season is a very attractive one. Mr. Adolph B. Sprecker is the president of the club, Mr. Henry J. Crocker is the vice-president, and Mr. W. S. Leake is the secretary.

The Durrant Case.

As we close our pages this week, the evidence in the Durrant case is practically finished, and argument is about to begin. Since our *resumé* of the case a fortnight ago, not much of interest has been brought to light; during most of that time the case has not been before the court, owing to the illness of Eugene Deuprey, senior counsel for Durrant. It seems to be the general opinion that the defense broke down completely; Durrant's attorneys attempted to impeach several of their own witnesses. At present, the evidence for the defense practically consists of oathing but testimony as to the good character of the accused. The only scrap of new evidence of apparent importance is that found in the testimony of Miss Carrie Cunningham, a newspaper reporter; she swore that Durrant told her he "saw Blanche Lamont's body on the second landing; she was murdered on the second landing in the hallway." As Durrant had sworn that he had not seen the girl after the morning of the day she was murdered, this testimony by Miss Cunningham directly impeaches his, and as he is practically the only witness for the defense, the defense cannot afford to have its single witness impeached. Another important point is this: two of Durrant's fellow-students, Glasier and Graham, swore that he had asked for copies of their notes of the college lecture on the afternoon when the murder was committed; one refused, the other gave Durrant a copy. The prosecution claims that Durrant was not at the lecture, and desired to prepare a false set of notes in order to establish an alibi.

UP-TO-DATE SHOE HOUSE.

One of the Most Notable Mercantile Developments of the Season.

A few days ago the San Francisco Shoe House opened in Gutzkow Building on Market Street, opposite Mason, in many respects the finest shoe house west of New York, and fills a long felt want for a complete up-town shoe store. It is not the magnificent salesroom of the establishment, extending from Market to Stevenson, that lends the greatest interest to the store, but the fact that George E. Fairchild, the president and manager, is the Napoleon of shoe merchants in the West. Less than three years ago he came to this coast a stranger. Now he has four stores in Oakland, one in Alameda, and one in Berkeley. The San Francisco Shoe House is but the tardy fulfillment of his determination to open on this side of the bay a model shoe emporium.

HAVING OVERCOME ALL MECHANICAL DIFFICULTIES, the Lurline Baths can now refill the swimming tank in one hour and a half. In this altered condition of things they propose to empty the tank at ten o'clock every night and to forthwith refill it. Wishing to afford bathers and the public every satisfaction, they will throw their doors open and permit all persons to witness the operation free of charge.

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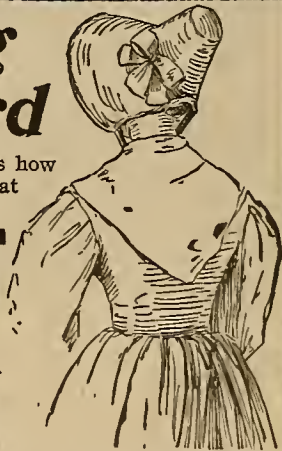
to the good old days one wonders how the colonial housewife succeeded at all without

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VANITY FAIR.

New Yorkers who come West are struck by the predominance of the bloomer in Western cities. In Chicago, the magnificent boulevards and the equally magnificent distances have caused people to take to the wheel by thousands. The bloomer is seen everywhere on the streets of Chicago, and in many cases it has given place to knickerbockers. In New York and Brooklyn, the bloomer seems to be disappearing before the skirt. Women who wore bloomers a few weeks ago now wear a skirt over them. In San Francisco, the bloomer holds its own measurably, although the ups and downs of that garment might be summarized as follows: a year ago, all skirts and no bloomers; nine months ago, one-fourth bloomers, three-fourths skirts; six months ago, one-half bloomers and one-half skirts; three months ago, three-fourths bloomers and one-fourth skirts; to-day, two-thirds skirts and one-third bloomers. San Francisco has often had local fashions of her own, and whatever may be the fate of the bloomer in the East and in Europe, she may adhere to it, owing to her distance from the great centres of fashion.

The rage this autumn in the East seems to be for plaid waists. Silks, wooleens, and even velvets are used. They are all made with fitted linings, and are quite warm, even when made of silk. They seem to be becoming to most women except stout ones, but by properly manipulating the seams and bias effects, even fat ladies are wearing them, too.

A London correspondent of *Vogue* says that a feature of the autumn season in England is the decline in formality in men's attire. "No man," says the correspondent, "would once have dreamed of going down to stay over Sunday in a country-house without taking with him a frock-coat and tall silk hat to wear at church on Sunday." Women also "would have taken along, if not a bonnet, a dressy hat and handsome toilet." This autumn, however, the frock-coat and the tall hat are unusual, and the men seem to go around, not only Sunday but every other day, in their knickerbockers and tweeds. They do it on the plea that they may on Sunday want to have a ride on the wheel before church. But when church-time comes very few of them go. This is another departure from English habit, for up to a recent period all the guests at country-houses were expected to go to church. The Prince of Wales is very strict in that regard. At Sandringham, he marshals his entire party on Sunday mornings, sending the Catholics to their church near his estate, while the Protestants go to the chapel presided over by the prince's chaplain, Mr. Hervey.

The newest and most popular dress-boot for women is called the "Tokio." The dearest are made of French kid, with patent-leather trimmings. Lace boots are used more for the street than button boots, and are preferable for walking, as they can be made tight or loose about the ankle. The pointed Piccadilly toe is being modified. Toes are still pointed, but not quite so sharp as what is called the "toothpick" toe.

There is a difference of opinion in regard to the pronunciation of the word "bicycle." For the information of the uncertain, it may be well to say that at Newport it is called "bi-cycling." Many people call it "bi-cycling." The Newport people make a distinction, and sound it with the long sound of the y. We may state that we think that the Newport people are perfectly right, for as all similar words, "cycle," "unicycle," "monocycle," "tricycle," "quadricycle," and "multicycle," are sounded with the long y, there can be no reason, in our opinion, for sounding "bicycle" with a short y. However, that is neither here nor there. It was of cycling, and not of pronunciation that we started in to write. At Newport this year bicycling has completely changed the complexion of society. Old, young, and middle-aged have been devoted to the wheel, and chaperons have not been insisted upon as hitherto. Greater liberty has been allowed in going about with the bicycle than in driving and other sports. The women at Newport have worn very many pretty costumes, but they are conservative in their wheeling garb. The best-dressed of them wear short skirts and leggings. Now and then one is seen with high-beeled slippers and silk stockings, but this is rare, and only when the foot is very pretty and the wearer is oppressed with the fact. The fact that they dress that way in Paris has not convinced the conservative Newporters. The shirt-waist has been universally worn; sometimes a plain affair of wash material starched at neck and wrist, sometimes a dainty bit of mull, sometimes chiffon. The favorite ride has been along the ocean drive to the Golf Club, and there the merry groups of cyclists would take tea in the afternoons in the long arcade protected by awnings. At one end of the arcade the band would play, and at the other the cycling athletes would repair their wasted tissues by tea, toast, and hot muffins with cream.

Gossips say in New York that Mrs. Alva Vanderbilt has decided that the wedding of her daughter shall be a "white wedding." The bride and brides-

maids will all be in white. Mrs. Vanderbilt expects that the woe-guests will compliment the desire of the bride by appearing in white. At St. Thomas's Church white blossoms will be massed about the chancel, and the chancel-rail and pews will be decorated with white roses, lilies of the valley, and bunches of orange-blossoms tied to long wands with white ribbons. It is said that the gowns of the bridesmaids will have the biggest sleeves and the widest skirts seen this season. There is no doubt that if all these arrangements are carried out, St. Thomas's Church, with its wealth of white flowers and white ribbons and wealth of wealthy women in white, will be an opulent spectacle.

Baron Hirsch, the rich Jew, who is a great friend of the Prince of Wales, is a very hospitable entertainer. He has a shooting-hox in Bohemia, where he entertains many of the swells of the English aristocracy. It was at the Emperor Francis Joseph's shooting-hox, by the way, that the Baron Hirsch met a rebuff. When the emperor invited the Prince of Wales to a shooting-party, with a request that he send a list of guests to be invited with him, the Prince of Wales sent the name of Baron Hirsch. The emperor ran his pen through it, because the baron was a Jew, and the prince refused to accept the invitation. But the English aristocracy do not object to the baron, because he is renowned for his liberality. He always subscribes heavily to charities, and gives to all the hospitals in London. Once there was a lady at his country-house who came down to breakfast one morning in what the other women declared was a silk petticoat, and not a gown. The baron immediately offered her the prettiest dress that she could buy in Paris, and she accepted. No wonder the ladies like him. He is always giving away cigar-cases, set with diamonds, and other costly knickknacks. As for the men, unlimited cartridges are provided at shooting-parties, and if a man comes without a gun, the baron always has extra guns, and if he takes a fancy to his guest, is apt to present him with a costly fowling-piece. No wonder he is popular with the British aristocracy.

Women are often puzzled as to what to wear on their feet when bicycling, and they have not yet apparently hit upon the ideal attire. Low shoes, with gaiters or leggings, are liked by some, while others object to them, on the ground that leggings increase the size of the ankle. The ladies who have large ankles seem to object most strongly to them. During the summer, canvas and cloth have been the favorite materials for leggings, but now that winter is coming on, the ladies incline to leather. Soft tan-colored leather, with gray and dark-blue costumes, and untanned suede leather, with gray costumes, seem to be the thing. The bicycle boot in the East seems to be very popular. It is cut very high, coming up almost to the knee, is made of pliable leather, is alternately laced and buttoned, and is cut so as to give the desired appearance of a narrow foot and a slim ankle.

Tranby Croft, the famous place where the Prince of Wales played cards, is noted in England for its lively house-parties. This season they have started a game called "Billiard Buff." It is played by two people, both blind-folded. One strives to catch the other, and neither is allowed to let go of the billiard-table, although they may go around it, under it, or over it, so long as they do not cease touching it. It is a very amusing game, but a couple of weeks ago a lady playing it fell down and broke her leg. It was at Tranby Croft this season that a young gentleman danced "Ta-ra Boom-de-ay" on top of a billiard-table, while two people were playing billiard buff around the table. Her blind-folded friends were in the utmost perplexity as to the cause of the shrieks of laughter and applause which received their attempts to catch each other.

The Newport season just ended has been the most successful for many years. There were a great many large entertainments like Mrs. Vanderbilt's ball, the Brice lawn-party, Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont's party, and a number of others, and it is said that at least three hundred thousand dollars has been put into circulation during the season. The shop-keepers near the Newport Casino are packing up to return to New York. They have done an excellent business, and are all in high spirits. It is a curious fact that on the Avenue in Newport one may see the signs of all the leading shop-keepers in New York, for they run branch houses there during the season. But if you leave the Avenue and go down into the old town of Newport itself, you will find there shops of a much more modest order which are patronized by the natives. A feature of the season has been the success of the Brices there. It was supposed they would take the Astor house for another season, but they have not done so, and it is believed that they will spend next season abroad. They have entertained continuously throughout the season, and all their entertainments have been successful. They will open Corcoran House in Washington by the first of December. If they go abroad, it will probably be because Senator Brice will run for office again. Whenever he runs for office and the free

America press begin slinging their torrents of mud, Senator Brice sends his family abroad.

Paris, having finished discussing the question of President Faure's white spats, has now taken up the question of the color of women's stockings. M. Gabriel Prevost, the art critic, has vehemently denounced black stockings, which apparently prevail in Paris. A gentleman who hid himself under the signature of "Melanophobe" upheld M. Prevost, and remarked that black stockings have what he mysteriously calls "an attenuating effect." The famous author of the "Demi-Vierges," when interviewed upon the subject, stated that a preference in stockings was invariably based upon some particular wearer. This sounds plausible. The actress, Mlle. Duclerc, was also interviewed, and said: "Black is the only classical color." Then she asked, excitedly: "What would they have us wear? Red? Why all the world would cry: 'En voulez-vous des z-homards!'" Probably the lady is right.

The Associated Press dispatches not long ago gave a detailed narrative stating that Mrs. Hammersley, Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, had intended to retain her title of duchess when she married Lord William Beresford, and call herself "Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough"; but that Queen Victoria had informed her that she must bear the name and title of her husband or she would not be received at court. We noticed two weeks ago that the *Court Journal*, which is always precise, spoke of the lady as "Lady William Beresford," and supposed that that settled the matter; but in its latest issue it again speaks of her, saying that she and Lord William Beresford are at Deepdene, a country place that they have leased since Bleheim is no longer hers, and on this occasion the *Court Journal* spoke of her as "Duchess of Marlborough." What is the lady's title?

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some gentleman once wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, the great preacher, saying "he had heard he smoked, and could not believe it true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so?" The reply sent was as follows: "DEAR —: I cultivate my flowers and hurn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. SPURGEON."

Down to Charles the Second's reign, women were not permitted on the English stage, and their parts were taken by men. Kynaston was to act thus in the "Maid's Tragedy," and, not being ready, the curtain did not rise. His majesty, losing patience, sent to know the meaning of the delay, and was told by the nanager that "the queen was not shaved yet."

Lord Carrington, when lord chamberlain, sometimes made mistakes, says *Vanity*. At one of the drawing rooms last year he announced Mrs. Whatshername as Lady Whatshername, and then, suddenly seeing his error, called out: "Don't kiss her, ma'am; don't kiss her. She's not a lady after all." It is only perrees who, upon their presentation, are honored by their sovereign's embrace.

The late Dean Stanley used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been into the abhey, and had knelt down to pray, when the verger had come up to him and told him he must not kneel there. On asking why not, the verger had said: "Why, sir, if I was once to allow it, we should have them praying all over the place." This recalls the gentleman visiting a church, and asking the sexton whether people ever used it for private prayer, to which he replied: "I ketch'd two of 'em at it once."

A good story is told of an English family living in Norfolk County who possessed the euphonious name of "Bug." As that term in England is never mentioned in polite society, and signifies a minute insect noted for its power of jumping, the family of that name did not appreciate its uniqueness. Upon coming into possession of some money, they at once petitioned to have it changed to "Howard." Their request was granted, but, alas for them, the hugs of that portion of the country were henceforth known by the more refined title of the "Norfolk Howards."

A well-known Boston clergyman had such a complete abhorrence for profanity in any form that in his family he would not even tolerate polite slang. At one time a well-known parishioner and intimate friend of this minister delivered, at a semi-religious meeting, a vigorous talk on the evils of profanity. Next morning the layman, thinking his friend would be interested, sent him a newspaper report of the speech. In a few days came the reply: "MY DEAR X.: I have read most carefully your talk upon the violation of the Third Commandment, and you will be glad to learn that I have completely abandoned the habit."

During the war, while in command of a division of Confederates, the late General Mahone was slightly wounded. An acquaintance about to visit Richmond was requested to call upon Mrs. Mahone to relieve her anxiety by explaining the nature of her husband's injury. He found her in tears, having been acquainted already by telegraph with the news. "Why, madam," he expostulated, "you ought not to give yourself so much concern. Your husband received only a flesh wound; no bones were injured." [General Mahone was very small and very lean.] "Ah, colonel," she sobbed; "you—don't know the—general as well as I—I do, or you wouldn't tell me—he he could be—be wounded without striking a bone!"

James Payn relates a curious coincidence: "A young engineer was describing to the occupants of a railway carriage a late experience on an engine: 'We were making up time between two stations, and going at a great rate, when we suddenly sighted an old gentleman walking quietly in front of us along the line. We screeched and whistled, but he was very deaf, and we could not attract his attention.' An old lady, horrified by the situation, and hoping there was some way out of it, here exclaimed: 'But you didn't hurt him?' 'We were down upon him, na'am, like one o'clock! Hurt him, indeed! Did you ever hear such a question, sir?' addressing a young man in deep mourning, who had maintained a melancholy silence. 'I have heard the story before,' he replied, in explanation of his want of interest; 'it was my father.'"

When Hans von Bülow went to England for the first time on a concert tour, he was much surprised to find that the custom of the country made his dress-suit inappropriate at afternoon concerts, where he was expected to appear in a frock-coat with light trousers. Soon after his return from his tour, a young pianist called on him to get his advice and opinion in regard to a comprehensive pianoforte method which he had just published

under the title of "L'Indispensable du Pianiste." "Ah! my dear young friend," cried the great musician, with a whimsical smile, "you are far behind the times. You ought to travel and enlarge your mind; then you will find out that the pianist's only 'indispensable' is a pair of light trousers!"

After the regular service at the Baptist Temple, on a recent Sunday in Philadelphia (according to the *Record*), the communion-tables were uncovered, and while those who had merely come to hear the sermon were going out, the pastor, the Rev. Russell H. Conwell, and the deacons prepared for the solemn rite that was to follow. The audience was already hushed by the impressive preliminaries, when a man, a little past middle age, with unkempt whiskers and linen hemisrched, stepped forward to the altar. His gloves and hat were all that remained of respectability, and these were the worse for wear; but his manners were exquisite. He stepped blithely up to Dr. Conwell, touched him gently on the shoulder, and, with the air of a man paying profuse compliments, he said: "My friend, may I touch you for a five to get back to New York?" Dr. Conwell was not touched.

A noted American singer is fond of telling of a little experience she had in Boston once upon a time. She was to sing at an evening concert, and a carriage was to be sent for her. She was staying at the time with a friend, who had a suite of rooms in a large apartment-house, in which the tube system of communication with the outer world prevailed. It was past the time when the carriage should have appeared, and the lady was growing a little nervous. She was sitting with her wraps on, when the bell rang furiously. Hurrying to the tube herself, the prima donna said: "Well?" The reply came in a voice heavily charged with irritation. "I'm a hackman," said the voice, "an' I was sent here to get some cussed lady, an' I don't know what in time her last name is! I've rung every bell in this house! Are you her?" When informed that the "cussed lady" herself was speaking to him, he coolly replied: "Well, come on; we'll have to lope it all the way to the hall to get there on time."

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The Sunset Limited.

The Sunset Limited trains, which proved so popular last winter, will begin to run again on Tuesday, November 5th, and will continue thereafter twice a week, leaving San Francisco every Tuesday and Saturday evenings at ten o'clock. They will run through to New Orleans, a distance of 2,500 miles in 78 hours, and without change of cars. At New Orleans the only change will be made by those traveling to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

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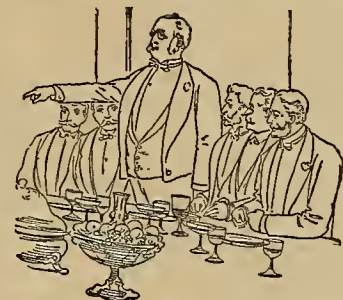


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LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9.15 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis, Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	10.50 P.
7.30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	10.15 A.
9.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	4.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	7.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	11.45 A.
10.00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles Stations.....	2.45 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	8.45 A.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
† 1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7.45 P.
3.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10.45 A.
5.00 P.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7.15 P.
5.30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8.45 P.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	4.45 P.
5.30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7.45 A.
† 7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10.45 A.
7.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10.50 P.
9.00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 12.00 A.
† 11.15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7.45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	1.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P.
* 2.15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11.20 A.
4.45 P.	Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6.45 A.	San José, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1.45 P.
† 7.30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San José, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8.35 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7.05 P.
† 9.47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1.45 P.
10.40 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.00 P.
11.45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
† 2.15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11.20 A.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10.40 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.05 A.
5.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 8.48 A.
6.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
* 11.30 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	* 7.45 P.

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Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
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Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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DORCHESTER, MASS.



SOCIETY.

The Darling-Catherwood Wedding.

The most prominent social event of the week was the wedding of Mrs. Clara Catherwood, daughter of the late Judge S. Clinton Hastings, and Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A. Mrs. Catherwood has been very prominent socially and has a large circle of friends. Major Darling is one of the most popular officers in the army, and has been in service since the commencement of the War of the Rebellion. Under the pseudonym of "August Mignon," he has achieved fame as a composer of ballads.

There were about one hundred guests invited to the wedding, which took place last Tuesday noon at the home of the bride, formerly the Low residence, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets. Red, which is the color of the artillery branch of the service, predominated in the decorations of the residence, which was beautified with great quantities of roses, carnations, and chrysanthemums.

Promptly at noon the strains of the wedding march were heard as the bridal party descended the stairs and proceeded through the hall to the main salon, where, under a canopy of flowers and vines, the wedding ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. The bride was escorted by Mr. Thomas P. Madden, and her daughter, Miss Jenioe Catherwood, acted as maid of honor. The groom was attended by Lieutenant William H. Coffin, U. S. A., and Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., both of the Fifth Artillery. The officers were in the full-dress uniform of the service. Miss Ethel Hastings and Master Floyd Hastings, the young children of Mrs. C. F. Dio Hastings, were the ribbon-bearers. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome accompanied the bridal party. The dresses worn by the ladies are described as follows:

The bride wore an elegant gown of bluish-gray satin made with a short demi-train. The corsage was cut décolleté, filled in with white chiffon, and trimmed with a border of Honiton lace more than one hundred yards old. At the edge of the corsage was a crescent brooch of diamonds, a gift from Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, and encircling her neck was a triple row of pearls, a gift from the groom. The sleeves were bouffant at the shoulders and long, with a gariture of crimson silk bows, and her gloves were of delicate pearl-gray undressed kid. She carried a handsome fan, the gift of Mrs. J. D. Fry.

The maid of honor appeared in a stylish and becoming Parisian gown of white satin, made walking length. The high corsage was trimmed with spangled chiffon, and around the neck was a collar of pink silk, with flowing ribbons of the same material at the back. The sleeves were bouffant and extended to the elbows, meeting long gloves of white undressed kid.

Mrs. Harry Jerome wore a handsome gown of embroidered gray silk, en demi train. The high corsage was yoked with purple velvet and the bouffant sleeves were long. She wore gray undressed kid gloves.

After the ceremony congratulations were extended to the newly wedded couple, and Mr. Alfred Kelleher entertained the guests by singing two of Major Darling's compositions, "My Dear Lady's Sake" and "Recompense," which were repeated later in the afternoon by request. At one o'clock an elaborate breakfast was served under Ludwig's direction. The bride's table in the dining-room was covered with a cloth that was woven some two years ago when the groom was in the First Artillery. In the centre of the table was a large basket of Jacqueminot roses, which were flanked by two miniature cannons wrought of red and white blossoms. Seated at the bride's table were:

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, General and Mrs. W. M. Graham, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Captain and Mrs. N. T. Smith, Captain and Mrs. Niehaum, Judge and Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. Peter Donabue, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. O. E. Wood, Mrs. Morrison, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, Dr. Harkness, General W. H. L. Barnes, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., and Mr. Poor.

During the afternoon the Fifth Artillery Band,

from the Presidio, was stationed on the lawn and played concert selections. Major and Mrs. Darling left in the afternoon for the country home of the bride, Madrono Villa, in Napa Valley, where they will remain a month. After that they will reside in the major's quarters at the Presidio. The wedding gifts were numerous and exceptionally elegant.

The Jewett Matinée Tea.

Mrs. John H. Jewett most hospitably entertained about fifty of her friends recently at a matinee tea which she gave at her residence, 931 Bush Street, in honor of Mrs. George Crocker. The rooms were all handsomely decorated with chrysanthemums and other flowers that gave an added lustre to the beautiful furnishings. The guests were most cordially received by the hostess, who was assisted by Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman. The pleasures of the afternoon were varied by musical and literary numbers, among them being some German and French songs by Miss Adler, "Recompense" and "Good-Bye Sweet Day," by Miss Daisy May Cressy, and some interesting and well-delivered recitations by Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman.

The Woman's Exchange.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the hall and banquet that the managers of the Woman's Exchange are to give next Thursday evening at Pioneer Hall. The exchange is heavily in debt, and takes this means of raising funds to enable it to carry on its work. The tickets are three dollars each. The names of the patronesses are as follows:

Mrs. J. R. Davidson, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. M. S. Grinbaum, Mrs. James Goodman, Mrs. James R. Garness, Mrs. H. E. Highton, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. E. T. Mills, Mrs. Henry Martinez, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. A. T. Spotts, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Adolph Unger, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, Mrs. T. Wilson, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. Julius Baum, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. William B. Bunker, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Palache, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Mammie Burling, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Martha P. Gibbs, Miss Emily Hughes, Miss Josephine Scott, and Miss E. E. Hughes.

Parties have so far been organized by Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobio, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, and others, who will give dinners prior to the ball. A new caucus will be laid on the floor, and the decorations of the hall will be crimson and green. The president and several of the managers will form the reception committee.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mary Breeze, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Breeze, and Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., will take place early in December.

The wedding of Miss Emma Childs, daughter of Mrs. O. W. Childs, of Los Angeles, and Mr. Jobo W. Dwight, of Elmira, N. Y., will take place at Los Angeles on Tuesday, December 10th.

Cards have been received announcing the wedding of Colonel William David Saoborn and Mrs. Virginia de Greayer, of this city, who were married at Pasadena last Thursday. They will return to this city about November 1st, and will reside at 1406 Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Richard H. Sprague will give a ball at National Hall about November 20th, in honor of her sister, Miss Romietta Wallace.

The first assembly of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, November 29th.

The Monday Evening Dancig Class will hold its first party of this season at Luot's Hall on Monday night, November 25th.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace gave an enjoyable luncheon-party recently at her residence, 2214 Clay Street, as a farewell compliment to Mrs. G. L. Bradley, prior to her departure for Europe. The others present were Mrs. Montgomery Godley, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Gilbert Palache, and Mrs. E. W. Tewksbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Monday evening and entertained their guests at supper afterward. The others in the party were Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Mr. Samuel C. Buckbee, and Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, U. S. A.

Mr. William B. Bourn gave a dinner at the University Club last Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Herman Oelrichs.

Mrs. Selim E. Woodworth gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, 2121 Lyoo Street. Her guests were invited to meet Miss Sibley, and she was assisted in receiving by her sister, Miss Wethered.

Mme. B. Ziska and the young ladies of Ziska Institute gave a pleasant "small and early" to their friends recently at 1606 Vao Ness Avenue. Music and recitations made the hours pass very quickly. Mr. Martio's pupils furnished the piano numbers,

Dr. A. T. Regensburger played the violoncello, and Mrs. C. M. Jennings, *de Ziska*, sang some Freoch songs in excellent style. Refreshments were served in the tea-room until eleven o'clock, when the guests made their adieux.

The Friday Fortnightly Dancing Club gave its second party of this season at Lunt's Hall last Friday evening. Almost all of the members and several guests were present and passed the evening pleasantly in dancing.

One of the most notable facts tending to show the inroads of the bicycle is that the famous old firm of J. B. Brewster & Co., manufacturers of carriages, has just failed in New York city. This firm dealt exclusively in vehicles of pleasure—articles of pure luxury. It is natural that in hard times their business should fall off, but it has been more than hard times. It has been the bicycle boom and the fall-off in the demand for carriages, carts, and other vehicles of pleasure that has led to the failure of the old firm of J. B. Brewster & Co.

"The last sighs of Sarah Bernhardt" are of a hoarse, gurgling, rasping, lingering nature, and are produced by means of a little wooden instrument which is all the rage in Paris now. What was the original name of this instrument is now unknown. The boulevards christened it "le derrier soupir de Sarah Bernhardt," and the same clings.

The winter exhibition of the Sao Francisco Art Association will open on Thursday evening, November 14th and continue five weeks. There will be concerts every Thursday evening. This will be an art-love exhibition of the work of local artists and works of foreign artists owned by members.

Hammersmith & Field's Sale.

Owing to the depression in business that almost every firm in the United States has experienced during the past two years, the well-known jewellers, Hammersmith & Field, were obliged recently to make a bill of sale to their creditors. In order to raise funds with which to pay their debts the firm is holding auction sales every afternoon from two until five o'clock; but as soon as the sum they require is obtained these sales will be stopped. It is merely a temporary difficulty, but in the meantime it affords those who desire to purchase fine silverware and rare jewels an opportunity to obtain them at far below the regular prices. The high reputation of this firm is a guarantee of the excellence of their stock.

— COATS-OF-ARMS AND CRESTS EMBLAZONED according to College of Arms, London. Particular care is exercised in the stamping of fine papers with monograms, etc. Cooper & Co., Art Stationers and Heraldic Engravers, 746 Market Street.

— MONEY CAN BE MADE ON SMALL INVESTMENTS in Chicago wheat or New York stocks on margin. Direct private wires East. Pamphlets explaining details free. Burbridge & Co., Commission Brokers, 325 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— PAY A VISIT TO S. & G. GUNP'S ART GALLERY, 113 Geary Street, and inspect their new oil-paintings and other pictures just received from European art-centres.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

— SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES OF LATEST models accurately fitted. Henry Kaho & Co., 642 Market Street.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmaoy, 25 Kearny Street.

— DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

— USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

The members of the Sao Francisco Verein are making arrangements to produce a travesty, entitled "The Babes in the Woods," some time in November.

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In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin and Blood.

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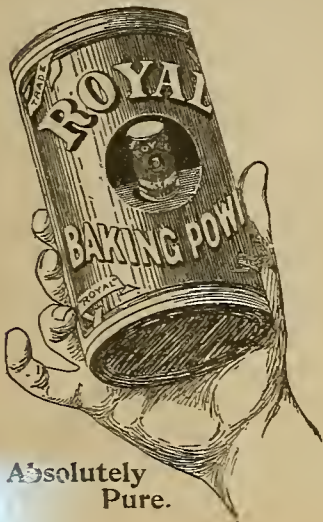
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will leave to-day to visit the Eastern States for a few weeks.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott will receive on the first and second Wednesdays from November to March inclusive at her residence on Harrison Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, *né* McCutchen, sailed last Monday for Japan, en route for a tour around the world.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Mrs. E. W. Bliss are at the Hotel Holland, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister *né* Decker, will return to the city next week, after passing the season in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are occupying their residence, 1030 Jackson Street, after passing the summer at Ross Valley.

Mrs. Thornburgh Cropper, who is now in London, has been passing the summer in Homberg with the Countess Münster.

Mrs. John H. Jewett will receive on Thursdays in November and December at her residence, 937 Bush Street.

Miss Jennie Catherwood, with her aunt, Miss Ella Hastings, and her companion, Miss Chalmers, will pass the winter at the Low residence, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets. During the season, Miss Catherwood will be chaperoned by her aunt, Mrs. Harry Jerome, of New York.

Mrs. Volney Spalding returned to the city last Tuesday after an absence of four months, most of which she passed at Carlsbad. She is greatly improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig will reside during the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will come down from Stag's Leap on Monday, and will be for the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Dr. and Mrs. George Merritt, *né* Sutro, have just returned from Europe, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Miss Katherine Elliott is visiting friends at Governor's Island, N. Y.

Mrs. B. F. Norris will be for the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Shepard and Miss Shepard are residing at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Huntington are residing at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton will be for the winter at 1001 Pine Street. Mr. Dutton recently returned from a three months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. S. B. Tohey left last Saturday for New York, and will soon return with Mrs. Tohey. They will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Charles Sutro and Miss Clara Sutro have returned from a prolonged tour of Europe.

Mrs. C. W. Gates, of Los Angeles, is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. Walter G. Haxe has taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mrs. J. S. Boynton, of New York, is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Johnson will be for the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. James Jerome has arrived here from Michigan, and will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton. His family will arrive here early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Swanton, of Santa Cruz, are staying temporarily at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Folsom have apartments engaged for the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

The Misses Morrison have returned to their home in San José after a prolonged trip through Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. They visited Judge and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert at their country-place on the Columbia River, and in Portland, Or., they were the guests of Judge and Mrs. C. B. Bellinger, who gave several entertainments in their honor.

The Misses Eva, Blanche, and Hilda Castle will receive on Fridays in January and February at their residence 2489 Jackson Street.

Judge and Mrs. George E. Williams will be for the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot are traveling in Germany. Mrs. William P. Harrington and the Misses Mary and Louise Harrington, of Colusa, will pass the winter here at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. John E. de Ruyter is visiting relatives in New York city. She will visit friends in Baltimore before returning home.

The Misses Emily and Helen Potter, of Philadelphia, will pass the winter here.

Mrs. C. V. Gummer will reside at 1001 Pine Street during the winter.

Mrs. C. L. Weller and Mrs. Thornburgh Cropper will be for the season at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. William L. Gerstle is in New York city.

Dr. Redmond Payne is staying at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels are at the Hotel Savoy in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Naglee Burk, of San José, who have been making an extended tour of the Eastern States, will return to the Naglee Place early next week. Mr. Burk's fine string of horses have arrived in San José covered with honors from the Eastern tracks.

Mr. J. Talbot Clifton returned from Alaska last Monday, after making a trip down the Yukon River. He is at the Palace Hotel.

Judge Bond returned to San José last Saturday, after a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker will leave late in November for New York city, where they have secured a house for the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, passed several days at the Palace Hotel during this week.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker left last Monday for New York city to attend the horse show.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, who have been passing the summer at their country place, Redwood Farm, near Redwood City, are at the California Hotel, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. A. W. Scott has returned to her residence, 305 Buchanan Street, after an absence of two years in Southern California, where she went for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague are now residing at 2316 Pacific Avenue.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, *né* Ashe, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer have returned to the city, and are residing at the north-west corner of Sutter and Mason Streets. Mrs. Mayer is slowly recovering from the effects of her recent severe accident.

Mr. James M. Wilson returned from St. Michael's Station, Alaska, last Tuesday on the steamer *Bertha*, accompanied by his wife and his little daughter, who was born there on January 1st. They will all leave on

Sunday for Belfast, Ireland, where Mrs. Wilson will remain for a year. Mr. Wilson will return here next April to go to Alaska again in the interests of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned from the East, and is at her home in Fruitvale.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frank, Miss Elsa Frank, and Mr. Rudolph Frank, who have been traveling for the past fifteen months in Europe, arrived home Monday morning after a most enjoyable trip. En route they visited Portland, Or., where they were the guests of Mrs. Frank's brother, Mr. Charles Koher, at the Hotel Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Mrs. A. J. Pope, are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg is en route home from New York.

Miss Ella Hobart and Miss Vassault have returned from their visit to New York.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann returned to the city from Unalaklast Tuesday on the steamer *Bertha*. He may go to Europe before he returns north next spring.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with the privilege of applying for an extension of fifteen days.

Captain G. C. Remy, U. S. N., has been ordered as a member of the Naval Examining and Retiring Board. Chief Engineer and Mrs. Joseph Trille, U. S. N., will reside during the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

Lieutenant Thomas H. Winston, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence to take effect November 8th.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., will soon leave Fort Sheridan, Ill., to visit his family at Culpepper, Va.

Lieutenant W. McLean, U. S. N., has been ordered to take effect November 8th.

Ensign C. T. Vogelgesang, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty in the Bureau of Navigation.

Miss Skerrett, daughter of Admiral Skerrett, U. S. N. (retired), will make her debut in society circles this winter.

Mrs. H. D. Landis, mother of Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to General Forsyth, U. S. A., is now residing at 1222 Locust Street in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frank H. Holmes, wife of Lieutenant Holmes, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*, will pass the winter at 1001 Pine Street with her aunt, Mrs. Wright.

Rear Admiral William A. Kirkland, U. S. N., has been relieved of the command of the European Squadron, and ordered home. He will be succeeded by Commodore Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N.

Mr. Yates Sterling, Jr., son of Commander Yates Sterling, U. S. N., of the *Baltimore*, was the guest during his visit here of his cousin, Mrs. C. M. Dougherty, at 1920 Jackson Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give three song-recitals in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on November 6th and 27th and December 18th. He will be assisted by Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, contralto, Miss Sophie Newlands, soprano, and a quartet of mixed voices. There will be no instrumental soloists. The recitals will last about an hour.

An illustrated musical lecture was given by Mr. J. H. Rosewald on Friday evening at Stiles's Hall, in Berkeley, for the benefit of the Students' Loan Fund. He was ably assisted by Miss Lillian Murey, Miss Ada E. Weigel, and Mr. Frank Coffin.

The California Branch of the Boston Society to Encourage Studies at Home announces the beginning of a new term. The twenty-second annual report has just been issued, and shows that during the past year there were 348 students. Of these, 189 have been in the work from two to eighteen years, and 39 represent clubs, amounting to 409 people. The two largest clubs are in Fort Worth, Tex., and San Francisco. The California branch reports students from Japan, Sandwich Islands, and all points west of the Rocky Mountains. All inquiries should be addressed to the secretary for the Pacific Coast, Mrs. Isidore Burns, 404 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

A new bird's-eye-view map of San Francisco and vicinity, looking east, has just been issued by the San Francisco *Daily Report*. It shows the city of San Francisco in the centre of the map with the surrounding country, from the ocean to Santa Rosa on the north and San José on the south, with all the leading towns, and the railways plainly indicated. On the margin is printed a table giving the distances from San Francisco of more than one hundred towns and points of interest.

Judge Maguire and Mr. Marcus Rosenthal will have a debate on the single-tax issue on Monday evening, October 28th, at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall for the benefit of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

— BIG MONEY IS MADE FROM SMALL INVESTMENTS on margin in Chicago wheat and New York stocks. You can invest from \$10 up. Direct Eastern wires. Pamphlets explaining details free. Burbridge & Co., Commission Brokers, 325 Pine St.

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— Rountree's English Chocolates. The finest confectionery at Wm. L. Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St.

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Teacher—"What excuse have you for being late?" Truthful James—"Me watch was stole by a highwayman; an' it took me half an hour ter kill him an' git it back!"—Puck.

He—"You say you love me, but can not be my wife. Is it because I am poor? There are better things in this world than money." She—"Quite true, but it takes money to buy them."—Texas Siftings.

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He was visiting the scenes of his youth: "And what became of that pestiferous little beast Wallie Hayseed?" he asked of the brawny farmer with whom he was talking. "That pestiferous little beast Wallie Hayseed," said the farmer, smashing the visitor's hat down over his eyes and setting his black-spotted carriage-dog upon him, "was me, Mr. Man. What shrimp-eyed little punkin-bead was you them days?"—Bazar.

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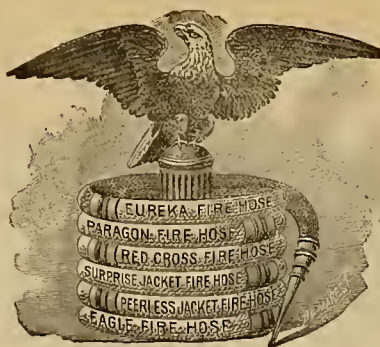
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Argonaut

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Round Valley, in this State, stands in conspicuous need of the application of some cold, harsh law. MIDNIGHT MUR- DERS MASKED AS The San Francisco Call has been investi- "LYNCHINGS." gating an alleged lynching there, and if the paper's disclosures be correct, it was no lynching by "enraged citizens," but a premeditated murder, resulting from a feud between rival cattle-men. The so-called mob, it is as- serted, consisted of three or four men who, after they had murdered their victim, set afloat the report that the man had been lynched.

Round Valley appears to be under the law of the pistol,

as if this were the year 1850 and not 1895. If half be true that the Call sets forth, the legal hanging of some of the "best citizens" of Round Valley would about meet the requirements of the situation. There is no excuse whatever at this day for the people of any part of California to go outside the courts for justice. When a lynching occurs in a settled community, the presumption is fairly against the disinterestedness of the volunteer hangmen. Midnight hanging is a very convenient method of getting an enemy out of the way. It has also been pretty safe heretofore. The crime is committed in a sparsely settled district, where the people have reason to be afraid of provoking vengeance against themselves. There is, therefore, seldom much inquiry into a lynching. The coroner's jury finds that the deceased came to his death "at the hands of persons unknown," and that commonly ends it. But since the proclamation of Governor Budd offering rewards for the arrest and conviction of those concerned in lynchings, dark deeds are coming to light, and more may be expected, to show that many of these "popular executions" have been murders simply, inspired by private revenge.

Governor Budd did a wise thing when he put forth that proclamation. It will do much toward giving the quiet people of some of our remoter mountain and agricultural districts a feeling that there is law in the land, and it will make murderous ruffians, such as those who terrorize Round Valley, extremely cautious hereafter. Men capable of joining in a cowardly conspiracy to commit murder are not of the sort to be above betraying their confederates for coin. The fear of that contingency will help to tame a type of man who survives in the back districts—a violent, passionate, conscienceless brute, owning land and cattle, and so accustomed to lord it over the rough fellows in his employ and to dominate his neighbors that he fancies himself entitled to rule by his royal will, and stands ready, either for vengeance or to prevent the encroachments of business competitors, to do safe murder after dark, with the aid of a rope and a gang of debased dependents. The execution of one or two of these rural monarchs at San Quentin is to be desired.

Such "lynchings" as the Call describes as having occurred in Round Valley, resemble genuine lynchings by an exasperated new community only in their illegality. But the time has passed in California and throughout the Pacific Coast for lynchings of any kind. In early days, when every man was compelled to be his own policeman, vigilance committees did bloody but necessary work. Where there is no law, men must protect their own lives and property. Years ago, vigilance committees swept California, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana clear of organized bands of ruffians, whose trade was robbery and assassination. One of these bands, led by Plummer, the desperado, while he was a sheriff in Idaho, had hundreds of murders to its account, and no man's life was safe if he had anything that could be stolen. But even under those circumstances the vigilance committee was found to be a dangerous instrument. When the hanging of Plummer and his gang was accomplished, criminals for their own safety became members of the committees, and as vigilantes resumed their trade. The kind of men who in the wild frontier time joined forces to secure order when the law failed to provide it, now are the law's firmest supporters. They are not found in the mobs which disgrace civilized communities by capturing jails and hanging prisoners.

One of these latter-day "vigilance committees" received a lesson in Tiffin, O., last week. The sheriff happened to be a brave man and a dutiful officer. When the mob broke into his jail, he opened fire, and several of the invaders were killed and others wounded. It is needless to say that the mob retired. If all sheriffs were of Sheriff Vannest's mettle, there would be very few mobs, for men who form mobs rely on one another for courage, and most of them join in the enterprise for the lawless excitement it affords.

It is always best for a community that possesses courts to rely on the law. If the courts are not doing their duty, the remedy is with the citizens at the polls. That is American doctrine and plain common sense. We trust that Gov-

ernor Budd's proclamation will make an end of lynching in California, or at least lead to some exemplary convictions and hangings. If the plan of rewards shall work well in this State, there will be a wide field for its adoption elsewhere, especially in the South.

The New Woman, who is concerning herself altogether with her place in the social economy, would be spared much vain labor and agitation were she seriously to set about learning her place in nature. In a recent issue we gave the archæological view of woman suffrage, as presented by Mr. James Weir in the *American Naturalist*. Mr. Weir's paper showed that in the light of sociological, ethnological, and archæological investigation, the assumption of a responsible part in government by woman would be a reversion to the matriarchate, a distinct atavistic step down to lower ancestral customs, for the matriarchate has usually been complicated with polyandry. This was the judgment of an archæologist coldly studying ancient social and political forms. Now a paper has come under our observation that was read before the Anthropological Congress at Cassel by Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin. This sheds a purely scientific illumination upon the subject of sex-differences which seem to render it impossible for woman to be the equal of man. Professor Waldeyer does not attack woman's claims to equality from any standpoint other than a scientific one. He goes to the physical root of the matter, and says that, in addition to many points of divergence between man and woman, their blood is not the same—that the vital fluid which nourishes the tissues, the brain, the nerves, the bony system, and the viscera differs in the sexes. He enters into an elaborate discussion of sex differences and points out in his thorough German way that in various kinds of animal organisms there are various kinds of males and females; that in many species the female is far superior to the male; that in some the male is but a wretched little parasite of the female—but that the higher the genus and species the more developed becomes the muscular and bony system of the male. Professor Waldeyer makes an elaborate comparison of the osseous and muscular structure of male and female human beings, their teeth, and skull, and brain formation, and he lays the utmost stress upon the difference existing between the blood of man and woman. He finds that one cubic centimetre of blood taken from a man contains an average of five thousand red corpuscles, while the same quantity of blood in a woman never contains more than four thousand five hundred red corpuscles. To use his words, "these red blood-cells are the very quintessence of existence."

Of course there is nothing very new in all this—new to biologists, that is; but the reiteration of the physical facts which demonstrate that men are men and women are women will continue to be timely so long as there are numbers of the weaker sex making themselves conspicuous in behalf of a social movement which ignores what is written in the very flesh and blood of the human species. Strive as she may, no woman can overcome the irreversible laws of nature. In height, and weight, and strength, in brain and capacity, woman is cast in a smaller mold than man. Some women are superior, physically and mentally, to some men, but the rule is the other way, and countless congresses, an infinity of conventions and speeches, can in nowise affect that rule.

The deduction which science draws directly from the facts of structure, the race has always derived from instinct and surface observation. Man in assuming mastership has usurped nothing, and the ladies who are setting the skies ashiver by the shrillness of their protests are in rebellion against nature. However hot the flush of indignation which inflames the cheek of the Rev. Miss Anna Shaw at the spectacle of woman's subordination, it yet remains true that there are five hundred fewer red corpuscles in that flush than in the answering one which her eloquence may draw to the cheek of an affronted man in her audience. His brain is bigger, too, and outfitted with finer convolutions and more gray matter. All his senses are more delicate. A

does not yield quite so much perfume to the small and prettily chiseled nose of beauty as it does to the apparently wider organ of her brother. Her tongue is not so quick to taste as his, her nerves to feel pain.

Science has no gallantry in its facts, and scientists have not much more in their phraseology. Professor Waldeyer says that "the advocates of the emancipation of women should not forget that the task of the human female is above all else to employ her activity within the home circle." This is less forthright than Dr. Forbes Winslow's declaration that "woman's place is in the nursery," though it means essentially the same thing. But within the home and the nursery there is a career for the best of women. It is the highest of all for the sex, and the wisest know it. No achievements outside the home can compensate a true woman if she sacrifices for them any of the duties and happinesses of the home and nursery. Literature, art—every field is far her empty by comparison. Her heart, no matter how many or how few red corpuscles pass through it, is her best guide, and that will never fail to teach her that the figure of a woman marching to the polls with a ballot has in it immeasurably less of dignity, as well as of sweetness, than the old ideal of the mother with her child at her breast.

One of the familiar devices of the heretic, ever anxious to discredit another Church, is to pretend that in these modern days her miracles are taken seriously only by the lowly and ignorant—that her prelates and the educated laity have no more real belief in them than have such of their neighbors as are also able to read and write. Yet this insulting assumption is made in the face of overwhelming proof to the contrary. The highest prelate and the most enlightened Roman Catholic layman are bound equally with the humblest hand-carrier to accept in full faith the wonders performed by Heaven's favor in behalf of the one true church.

For example, all Mexico last month was agog over the re-opening of the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, which has long been to our sister republic what Lourdes is to Europe. Multitudes of the afflicted have been miraculously healed at the Mexican shrine, as the infidel very well knows. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was present at the October ceremonies. Surely it will not be asserted that when the archbishop of the most important diocese in the United States gives his countenance to Our Lady of Guadalupe, adoration of her and faith in her miracles is repugnant to the best intellect of the Roman Catholic Church in America. There were present besides Archbishop Corrigan, the cultured and broad-minded spiritual guide of the American metropolis, "six archbishops of Mexico, and a vast concourse of people, a large number of whom were Indians." That ought to be conclusive. How reverential credence can be withheld when the facts are known, passes the regenerate understanding. We learn from that authority in things relating to the soul, the New York *World*, that "the legend of the Virgin of Guadalupe is one of the most impressive and beautiful in the history of the Catholic Church." That impressive and beautiful legend is as follows:

"On the spot where the Virgin's church stands, the Indian chiefs of Mexico were wont for many centuries before the introduction of Christianity to assemble to be cured by Tonantzin, the 'Mother of the Gods.' On the morning of December 12, 1531, an Indian, on going up to the pagan temple to consult the doctors of Tonantzin about a sick uncle, saw a phenomenal atmospheric disturbance and heard the voices of a choir of angels singing. While he gazed in wonder and amazement, a beautiful lady was evolved out of the clouds who told him that she was the Mother of God, and commanded him to go and see the Bishop of Mexico and advise him to build her a church upon that sacred spot."

Bishop Zumarraga was, however, an obdurate person. He told Juan Diego, the Indian, that he was dreaming, and the abnegation, much cast down, returned to the mountain. "Upon hearing what he said, the lady angrily stamped her right foot upon the earth, and from the impression made by her heel there sprang forth a stream of brackish water," which is there to this day. Under her orders, Juan Diego went again to the unbelieving bishop, whose eyes were finally opened by a visit from the Indian carrying an armful of miraculous roses, gathered from the bare rock of the mountain. On Juan's blanket, also, was a lovely portrait of the Holy Virgin, which is at present framed in the church. Of course Bishop Zumarraga could not resist such perseverance, and complied with the wishes of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the temple which he erected in her honor being very fine. Its total cost up to date has been above two millions of dollars.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, which is a well-known and extremely able Roman Catholic weekly, shares the *Argonaut's* impatience of the spirit of skepticism that is abroad in some quarters. In a recent issue the *Review* said:

"The assertions of those Protestant preachers in Mexico who have been publicly proclaiming of late that the belief of the Mexican people in the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Juan Diego is simply superstition—apart from the fact that such insolent attacks

upon their faith naturally awakened a just indignation among the Mexican Catholics—run counter to a tradition which is not only believed firmly throughout Mexico, but which is attested by proofs and evidences that suffice to satisfy any mind which has not altogether rejected belief in supernatural happenings, that the apparition actually occurred."

The *Review*, after presenting in eloquent detail the facts already set forth by the *Argonaut*, exclaims with a warmth that certainly is excusable under the circumstances:

"Yet in the face of all these evidences and proofs, the Protestant preachers now in Mexico City insolently declare that the apparition which Juan Diego saw was nothing but a fraud, and that belief in it is simply superstition!"

It is, indeed, difficult to keep one's temper with these sneering Protestant preachers of Mexico. That they are willfully blind is obvious, for, in order to satisfy themselves of the genuineness of the apparition, they have but to climb the mountain and use their eyes. The church is there, the records are there, the brackish spring is there. There also are the miraculous portrait of the Virgin and the crutches and canes of the devout who have been cured of painful diseases. There also it can be learned that the ailing uncle, in whose behalf Juan Diego made his first ascent, was made well in the twinkling of a paternoster. And, above all, there is the preserved tibia of Juan Diego himself! The *Sacred Heart Review* would be justified in holding that if the legend of Our Lady of Guadalupe and her miracles are not to be given credence, then all the legends and miracles of Holy Church may as well be rejected and the world abandoned to mere reason and common sense. None are better authenticated.

It is to be regretted that it was left for Archbishop Corrigan to represent the United States at the ceremonies in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. As not half a century has passed since California was Mexican territory, in which Spanish was the only language spoken, and where miracles were as plentiful as cattle, it would have been peculiarly fitting if Archbishop Riordan had joined Archbishop Corrigan. The *Argonaut* is being reluctantly forced to the conclusion that our friend Riordan, whose diocese before the American occupation was on as familiar terms with Heaven as Mexico still is, has fallen under the baneful effect of his Anglo-Saxon environment and would, it is to be feared, be more embarrassed than delighted by an apparition of the Virgin at Petaluma or Milpitas. Would that we had a Corrigan among us!

As the *Argonaut* goes to press, the famous Durrant case goes to the jury. During the week just ending, the arguments of counsel have been made. The case for the prosecution was opened by Assistant District Attorney Peixotto; his speech was long, and not, to our thinking, particularly effective in its composition. Interlarding arguments in murder cases with scraps of cheap verse does not strike us as being calculated to convince jurors. Yet Mr. Peixotto has precedent for this peculiarity. The late Hall McAllister, on more than one occasion, quoted at length from English classics in his arguments in criminal cases. It goes without saying, however, that the poets quoted by Hall McAllister were not the same as those affected by Attorney Peixotto. The assistant district attorney was followed by Attorney J. H. Dickinson, junior counsel for the defense. His argument, too, was long, but ineffective. The illness of the senior counsel for Durrant, Attorney Deuprey, kept him out of the court-room for some days, but he closed with a lengthy argument, in which he attempted to break down the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution. It did not seem as if he succeeded. District Attorney Barnes closed for the prosecution in an eloquent argument, and the case went to the jury.

It may be interesting to sum up here the leading facts in the curious chain of evidence wound around Durrant. Here is the chain: On the third day of April, 1895, about 3 P. M., Mrs. Vogel swears she saw Durrant loitering around the Normal School on Powell Street, opposite her house; two of Blanche Lamont's fellow-pupils swear they saw him meet her about 3:15, and get upon a snuth-bound Powell Street car with her; a Powell Street car-conductor swears they rode together to Powell and Market Streets at about half-past three; Mrs. Crossett swears that she saw them in a Valencia Street car together, on their way to the Mission; Martin Quinlan swears that he saw them out in the Mission district, near Emmanuel Church, about 4:15, which is about the hour that they would reach there; Mrs. Leek, who lives across the street from the church, swears that she saw them enter the side-door of Emmanuel Church together about 4:30; George R. King, the organist, swears that he entered the basement of the church about five o'clock to practice; that about 5:15 Durrant appeared from the door leading to the belfry, in his shirt-sleeves, pale and exhausted; Durrant claimed that he had been overcome by gas escaping from some fixtures he was repairing; a gas-fitter swears that he had finished repairing all the gas-fixtures in the church on

the second of April, so that there was nothing for Durrant to repair; Blanche Lamont's relatives swear that they never saw her again in life after the third of April; two detectives swear that ten days later they found the nude body of Blanche Lamont in the belfry, with the door locked and the door-knob broken off.

There are a number of other points which the prosecution have used against Durrant, but the preceding facts form the main links in the chain. Some minor points are the anonymous mailing to her aunt of Blanche Lamont's diamond ring wrapped in a newspaper, on the wrapper of which were scrawled various names, including those of Organist King and Pastor Gibson, apparently with the purpose of diverting suspicion toward them; the testimony of Pawnbroker Oppenheimer, that Durrant had tried to sell him this very diamond ring; the testimony of Newspaper Reporter Carrie Cunningham that Durrant told her that "Blanche Lamont was murdered on the second landing of the belfry—he had seen the body there"; the receipt by the Coroner of documents from an intending suicide, who, before quitting this world, wished to clear Durrant by establishing an alibi for him. But all of these, as we have said, are minor points. If the jury convict or acquit, it will be on the chain of evidence which traced Durrant and Blanche Lamont from the Normal School to Emmanuel Church.

As we write, the verdict is in doubt. Whatever may be the result of the present trial, Durrant is at once to be tried for the murder of Minnie Williams, the other girl whose mutilated body was found in Emmanuel Church. All mention of this murder was carefully excluded from the Lamont case. It is even a more ghastly case than the Lamont murder, and some of the medical testimony is said to reveal a depth of depravity which is extraordinary and revolting. The marked difference in the methods of the two murders has made many believe that there were two murderers.

The dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela over certain lands in the rich delta of the Orinoco seems to be fast coming to a climax. As usual, when Great Britain becomes aggressive upon this continent, it calls forth a responsive aggressiveness from the United States. We note with pain that Senator Chandler is about to declare war upon Great Britain, and General Longstreet says: "The next war between England and the United States must be fought in the English Channel, where the Yankee huzza and the rebel yell should resound along the British sea-coast." The majority of the papers of the United States are also in favor of at once declaring war upon Great Britain. Before doing so, however, it would be well to examine into the merits of the case.

When Holland, in 1814, ceded to England the territory now called British Guiana, Venezuela claimed that the River Essequibo was the boundary. England claimed that the true boundary was an imaginary line west of the Essequibo. For many decades the dispute slumbered, but some years ago gold was discovered in large quantities near the Orinoco, and England proceeded stealthily to occupy the disputed territory. She steadily moved forward each year. Venezuela begged England to submit the question to arbitration, but as the offer was curtly declined, Venezuela broke off diplomatic relations with England. Since then, there has been no official communication between them. Diplomatic intercourse now is conducted through the German minister at Caracas.

It is claimed by many American newspapers that the Monroe doctrine is involved. This doctrine was first promulgated in a message sent by President Monroe to Congress on December 2, 1823. Shortly before, a number of Spanish-American colonies had declared their independence, which had been acknowledged by the United States. The European powers from whom they had revolted continued their efforts to subjugate them. President Monroe thereupon wrote: "We owe it to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the allied powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." In subsequent dispatches this doctrine was so developed as to imply that the United States would "view with an unfriendly eye" any attempt by European powers to conquer fresh territory in this hemisphere. This is the Monroe doctrine as it is at present understood. But the adjustment of disputed boundaries, as in the case of Venezuela, or the collection of indemnities for injuries, as in the recent case of Nicaragua, are matters to which the Monroe doctrine does not apply. This country can not be made the wet-nurse of all the mewling and puking Spanish-American infants in the lands to the south of us. In this world there are no rights without attendant duties. If it is our duty to defend the Spanish-American republics when they become involved in war, it is our right to expect aid from them when we are attacked. But would we receive such

aid? We think that no candid man can answer this except in the negative.

If we were to undertake to defend the Spanish-American republics from foreign aggression, we would be practically assuming a protectorate over them. We would be allowing them to force the United States into war, a privilege which is denied to the States of this Union. The State of California is under the control of the Federal Government. It therefore could be restrained from acting in any manner which would bring about a state of war between this country and a foreign power. If the coast of California were attacked by a foreign navy, the State of California would be defended with all the men, all the ships, and all the guns of the Federal Government. The reason is plain. The State of California owes allegiance to the Federal Government, and would share in its defense if attacked. Therefore it is entitled to protection. But Venezuela owes us no allegiance. If we were attacked, we could not rely upon aid from Venezuela. Therefore it is folly for us to attempt to protect a distant republic over whose acts we have no control.

It is proper to say here that the government of Great Britain has placed Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle in a most awkward position in these negotiations. The present crisis does not hinge upon an arbitrament over the disputed territory. That matter is still *in statu quo*, as it has been for three-quarters of a century. The present crisis is due to the fact that the Venezuelan Government had arrested certain British colonial police officers on the frontier, and Great Britain has demanded indemnity therefor. This is what is known as the Yuruan incident. It is believed by students of international law—among others, by John A. Kasson, formerly American Minister to Germany—that Great Britain may press her claim for indemnity for the arrest of the colonial police without taking up the question of territorial dispute. Lord Salisbury is clever enough to see that fact, and will press those claims, leaving the territorial dispute still unsettled.

But in any event, there is no danger of war. We fear that the bellicose Senator Chandler and the bloody-minded General Longstreet will be forced to delay their threatened invasion of England. There are many steps yet to be taken before the United States and Great Britain become involved in a war over this disputed boundary in South America. Even if Great Britain should carry the present crisis to an extremity, it would probably result only in her seizing the Venezuelan seaport, La Guayra, taking the custom-house, and arbitrarily collecting the indemnity which she demands for the Yuruan arrests. As that case would be precisely similar to the seizure of the Nicaraguan custom-house, which this country tolerated, it is probable that the United States could not consistently object to such a procedure. This would leave the question of the disputed territory still open.

But although the *Argonaut* does not believe that the United States should constitute itself the guardian of all the squabbling republics to the south of us, this does not make the position of Great Britain an honest or an honorable one. Historically the British claim can not be maintained. The English got their rights from the Dutch, and the Dutch claimed nothing north of the Essequibo River. Venezuela has regarded that river as its southern line ever since the territory was ceded by Spain in 1822. The British Government in 1836 asked Venezuela to erect a light-house at the mouth of the Orinoco on territory now claimed by Great Britain. This shows that she then admitted it was Venezuelan territory. Venezuela has repeatedly proposed arbitration, and the United States in a friendly way has advised Great Britain to accept the offer. But John Bull's overweening avarice since the gold mines have been discovered, and the fact that Venezuela is a small and weak republic, has inspired the British Government to attempt to hully her out of her own. The whole history of England has been a continuous record of hullyng weaker nations. Beginning with India, England provoked conflicts with the small principalities between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin, and then took their country from them to punish them. England bullied China into accepting the opium product of her Indian territories, and then extorted from her a large sum of money and the island of Hong-Kong as indemnity for resisting this unjust war. England bullied the Boers, who were peacefully living on the limits of Cape Colony, drove them out of their settlements, and occupied Natal. England annexed their settlement, and began to hully them again. Once more they migrated. A third time the English attempted to hully them out of their new territory, but the Dutch blood rose, and they resisted. The English, when confronted with a determined opponent, yielded, and recognized the Orange Free State. England bullied Egypt, winding up her bullying by the wanton bombardment of Alexandria. England hulled the Portuguese out of their territory in Matabeleland and Mashonaland. She is now trying to hully Venezuela out of the rich

territory in the delta of the Orinoco. Her great empire has been built up by hullyng and robbery. We hope she will fail in Venezuela. We think that she will soon find herself so much occupied with Russian aggression in the East that she will be obliged to let Venezuela alone.

Some one has sent us a marked copy of the Portland, Or., *Tomahawk*, from which we learn that the *Argonaut* has incurred the undeserved scorn of that possibly influential journal. Its editor comments upon a recent editorial in these columns, entitled "The Awe-Stricken Press on the Vanderbilt Marriage," and is good enough to place us in the ranks of the awe-stricken press aforesaid. He does us too much honor. The *Argonaut* is not at all impressed with the title of the Duke of Marlborough or the millions of Miss Vanderbilt. But what has impressed us, and impressed us most unpleasantly, is the flunkeyish attitude of the American press toward this young couple. Our Portland censor says:

"The *Argonaut* makes the following astounding declaration: 'Miss Vanderbilt is used to this publicity, because of her father being a multi-millionaire. That has made her an American princess.' 'Made her a princess! Miss Vanderbilt may be a princess in the eyes of the editor of the *Argonaut*, but to most of its readers this young lady will always remain the daughter of a father who, apart from having immense wealth, can advance no other claim to any one's good opinion. But it is just such idle talk as this that has given our American girls the big head. . . . If the editor of the *Argonaut* would kindly inform us in what particular Miss Vanderbilt is superior to any of the vast number of Oregon and California girls who take pleasure in reading his paper, we will furnish him a list of Portland's young ladies, every one of whom would make as good a wife and mother.'"

If the editor of the *Tomahawk* will kindly inform us in what particular portion of his occiput his skull is permeable, we will furnish him with an annotated copy of the article to which he refers. The burden of that article was to the effect that Miss Vanderbilt was an American princess in the estimation of the awe-stricken newspapers of the United States because she was the daughter of a multi-millionaire. We repeat the assertion. We think that the flunkeyish and sensational press of this country treats millionaires as royal personages are treated in monarchical countries. This same lackeyish press treats the daughters of millionaires as if they were princesses. Does our Portland critic understand now?

As for the remark that there are "vast numbers of Oregon and California girls who would make as good wives and mothers as Miss Vanderbilt," we do not doubt that it is true. We will go further, and say that we think there are many who will make better wives and mothers. For the girl who is born on American soil, who plights her troth to one of her own country and her own race, and who bears to him stalwart sons to defend this republic and virtuous daughters to become mothers of yet other stalwart sons—such a girl is a better woman, a better wife, a better mother than she who abandons her native land and weds over seas, lured by the tinsel of title.

We make our compliment to the editor of the Portland *Tomahawk*. We hope he understands us now. We would not willingly be misconstrued in this regard by that or any other journal. As to the *Tomahawk's* jibe, that "Miss Vanderbilt may be an American princess in the eyes of the editor of the *Argonaut*," we wish to inform our esteemed contemporary that we know of but one American princess. That is the Princess Sarah Winnemucca, daughter of King Winnemucca, chieftain of the once powerful Pi-Ute tribe in Nevada. The Princess Sarah was taken from savagery at an early age by kindly people, taught Christianity, and carefully educated in the East. When she returned to Nevada, however, her royal and ancestral traits awoke within her, and she went off on a terrific spree. Civilization had left her a thin veneer upon the Princess Sarah. She relapsed into her tribal ways, retaining of the higher civilization nothing but a yearning for high-beeled French slippers and champagne.

We learn by the Associated Press cablegrams that "Europe is waiting to learn whether Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has sold himself to Russia, which fact will be indicated by the baptism of his son, the baby Prince Boris, into the orthodox Greek Catholic faith." This grave matter, it seems, will be settled in a few days. Until then, Europe will have to wait.

The *Argonaut* is not profoundly interested in Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Whether that long-nosed knave shall or shall not sell himself to Russia does not concern us. His mother, Princess Clementine, inherited from King Louis Philippe, of inglorious memory, both avarice and craft; she has transmitted these to her ignoble son, together with the long nose which goes with the male line of the Orleans family, and the thin lips which go with the female line. She has transmitted to him, in short, every one of the baser characteristics of the Orleans family, and they are many. But she has failed to tinge his semi-Coburg blood with any of the bravery which most of the Orleans princes possessed, for many of them have been stout soldiers. In short, Prince

Ferdinand, in addition to being half a Jesuit, is wholly a coward.

Let us leave Prince Ferdinand. He is an unlovely thing to contemplate. It is in his son, the baby Prince Boris, that we are interested now. It seems that when Baby Boris was baptized, nearly two years ago, his father Ferdinand was still a Roman Catholic, because his mother was. Little Boris therefore was baptized a Roman Catholic. Now Prince Ferdinand has found it expedient to change his own religion, and become a Greek Catholic, because the Czar is. Baby Boris will therefore be baptized as a Greek Catholic. If the whirligig of politics in the Balkan Peninsula should bring about a decline in Russian influence there—as is not unlikely in case of a European war—Austria will become predominant. Ferdinand would then baptize Baby Boris as a Roman Catholic all over again.

Now the question arises, which of these various baptisms sticks?—or let us say, soaks in? Is it the first? Or is it the last? The more recent sprinkling would seem to be the most potent one, like vaccination. Or are they all worthless? Is it possible to make Baby Boris a Greek Catholic by sprinkling him while he is yet a baby and can not understand the Filioque and the other awful things which separate the Greek and Roman Churches? And can he—while yet a baby—be made to look with loathing on all these beliefs by sprinkling him again? Can he be made—while yet a baby—to believe alternately in Rome and Moscow, in Pope and Czar, by sprinkling him? And when he is made—while yet a baby—to disbelieve in Pope and to believe in Czar, should he not be unsprinkled before he is sprinkled again?

In this troubled world of ours, there should be a process of *de-baptism* for any baby with such perplexing surroundings as Baby Boris of Bulgaria. Yet if he were incautiously *de-baptized*, and no new religious serum at once administered, he might reach manhood and reasonhood with his mind a blank, religiously speaking.

Seriously, it is melancholy to reflect how many millions of men and women believe that the destiny of a human being, the fate of an immortal soul, can be affected by such theological thaumaturgy as is now being performed over Baby Boris of Bulgaria.

Since our last issue, the millionaires of the dailies have quit raising one another's subscriptions toward the Republican National Convention, and the Convention have concluded to stand pat; at present, the *Call* subscribes \$10,000, and the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* each \$7,500. The three dailies have tacitly agreed to stop making individual and journalistic booms out of the matter, and to work in earnest for securing the convention. Altogether, there is subscribed up to date about \$70,000. Much more will be needed. The debt left over from the last national convention is nearly \$100,000. In addition to this, a large sum will be required to handle the convention properly. It may even be necessary to erect a temporary building for its accommodation. Even if that old barn, the Mechanics' Pavilion, could be made available in other ways, its acoustics are bad. It would take a leather-lunged man to make himself heard throughout the building.

Even if San Francisco should raise enough money, we very much doubt whether the convention can be induced to come here. The principal objections are the distance, the time involved in coming and going, and the lack of telegraphic facilities. The last objection seems almost insuperable. During the great national conventions, from three to four hundred thousand words a day go over the wires to the metropolitan journals of the country. The Western Union and Pacific Postal Companies with their present facilities in San Francisco could not handle more than a hundred and fifty thousand words. It has been suggested that a "joint special" be prepared for all the newspapers, which could be wired to Chicago, and there distributed. But the great journals of the country would not be satisfied with this scheme. This is the age of "specials." In Chicago and Minneapolis, many of the leading journals not only had special correspondents, but special wires. This would be impossible in this city. San Francisco may therefore expect the opposition of the great newspapers of the country. In addition to that, Platt and Quay, the Republican leaders in the two great States of New York and Pennsylvania, are opposed to San Francisco. They have marked influence. But the most potent objection of all is the question of distance and time. Even in a central point like Chicago, the last day of the convention is generally marked by the fast-thinning ranks of the delegates. They can not spare even the few days required to get to the centre of the United States, transact their business, and return. We question much, therefore, whether they will spend ten days in traveling to and from a three days' convention.

We sincerely hope that the praiseworthy efforts of the dailies may be crowned with success, and that San Francisco will secure the convention. But we doubt it.

THE REFORMATION OF WILLIE.

How It Was Effected in Face of Death and How Long It Lasted.

It was a cheerful day for Badger Willie. When, in the gray of the early morning, she had entered the Tucson stage and found that Wylie Kimball, manager of the Star and Crescent, was to be her fellow-passenger, she had looked for a decidedly disagreeable trip, and had almost decided on the spur of the moment to wait for the next stage. But when Kimball, who had been one of her lesser victims for a brief space of time, and had hated himself and her accordingly ever since, in response to her cheerful query as to his reasons for going to Tucson, remarked very pointedly that it was "none of her d—d business," that settled it. Willie liked nothing better than making some one else uncomfortable, even at the expense of her own comfort; so it took her less than one second to make up her mind to carry out her original intention as regarded the date of her departure. For this resolution she shortly had reason to congratulate herself; for at the outskirts of the camp the stage stopped to take on three more passengers—miners, going in to town to "hlow in" the results of months of hard work—and Willie well knew that before she got to Tucson she would have one or all of them "on her staff."

She was a bit abashed at first, maybe, by the presence of Kimball, whose aversion to herself she understood perfectly; he did not look at her at all, however, but sat and smoked and stared moodily out of the window. He had got aboard in the most cheerful mood imaginable, for he was going to meet his wife and babies, who were coming out to join him after a separation of two years—and then this harpy must needs intrude herself upon his pleasant thoughts, and, worse still, thrust her society upon him, to be a journey-long reminder of his one-time mad weakness. How could he, he asked himself, go from her presence into that of the pure, sweet, trusting woman he called wife and look into her honest eyes without flinching? She would never know, of course, but that would not prevent his feeling like a scoundrel. And hereupon Wylie Kimball passed another half-hour or so with his very active conscience.

But this could not last long. Two of the miners were Kimball's own employees, and he knew the other one very well also; so it was impossible to avoid taking a part in the conversation, even had he not desired to get away from his conscience. Thus, after a couple of hours, during which the hotted went the rounds more often than was necessary, he found himself laughing, chatting, and "swapping lies" with the rest, with all the permissible freedom of a popular mine-manager off duty.

About the middle of the day the stage left the foot-hills, and, branching off the main road, took a short cut across the desert, beyond which loomed, through the heated, quivering atmosphere, the last spur of mountains to be crossed before the desert proper was reached. By this time the three miners and Badger Willie had succumbed, in greater or less degree to the soothing influences of the heat, the bottle, and the swaying of the vehicle, and one by one they dropped off to sleep.

Kimball then got outside with Dan Latham, the driver, and rode on the box. He did not mind the heat very much, and he did want some one to talk to, and even the monosyllabic Daniel was better company than none at all. He told Dan about expecting to meet his family at Tucson, and the surly driver was so pleased over the prospect of seeing "kids" at the camp that he grew quite loquacious, and told Kimball a few "yarns" about his experiences when the country was "new."

The road through the mountains they had been approaching was a new one, just built by the stage company and the mining operators, at considerable cost. It was looked upon by them as a good investment, as saving considerable time in freighting, but Dan Latham, who was opposed to innovations, could not see it in that light; so he and Kimball, as the horses climbed the first graded stretch, were engaged in a heated argument on the subject, when Dan suddenly straightened up and asked, sharply, as he stared hard at a point above them on the right:

"God! did ye see that?"

"What?"

"There she goes ag'in!" ejaculated the driver, excitedly, pointing with the butt of his whip.

Kimball looked, and saw a bright spark of light, like a diamond-flash, gleam for an instant, then disappear, and, a moment later, there was an answering flash from a rocky peak two miles away.

"Troopers, heliographing," said the manager, easily.

"Troopers, nothin'," snorted Dan, in deep disgust. "They don't use no two-inch lookin'-glasses, man. There's another one—see? Say, mister, we got t' git a move on. Wake them drunks up will ye? an' tell 'em they's a scrap in sight. Then we makes hot-foot fr a place a piece up th' road, where they's some show to fight."

Why the Apaches did not wait for and ambush the stage at some favorable point, it is impossible to say. It did not take their lookouts long to understand, however, when they saw the passengers helping the vehicle on the up-grades, that their signals had been seen and understood. "They'll close in quick, now," said Dan, "so we got t' push along."

After about twenty minutes' travel, the temporary fortress was reached, and there were hurried preparations for defense. The horses were unhitched and taken back a short distance, where Badger Willie remained to hold them, and the stage was hauled across the mouth of the ravine they had entered to serve as a breastwork. Dan had chosen their refuge admirably. The ravine was the entrance to a narrow crevice (probably the result of an earthquake), with walls which, a short distance back, rose precipitously to an enormous height, shutting out the light completely. "I d'no' how fur it goes back," chuckled Dan, "but ef it goes fur enough, we-all c'n make a right good back-door sneak, ef we have t' git out o' yere."

For two or three hours they waited on the alert for some hostile demonstration from the unseen redskins, who kept carefully out of sight. It was nervous work, this waiting. From their location the whites could see but a short distance up or down the road, and when the reds chose, they might come almost upon them without discovering themselves.

"Pshaw!" said Kimball, as it neared sundown and there were no signs of an attack, "I don't believe they'll bother us at all. I haven't heard of any of them being out lately, anyway."

"Le' me tell ye," angrily retorted Dan, from his post behind the stage, "these signalin' means somethin'. Anyways, don't git gay none, an' go stickin' y'r carcass up too fur above them rocks, 'r ye'll feel real sorry."

Even as he spoke, the miner beside Kimball unthinkingly stood up to get a better view of some object he thought he saw moving, and then dodged quickly behind his rock just in time to avoid a bullet aimed at him by that same "object." Then Dan and one of the miners each got a shot at a crawling Apache, and for a short time thereafter snapshots were frequent.

After awhile Dan remembered something and had an idea at the same time. "Look yere, fellers," he called, without looking around, "we-all cain't stay yere f'rever. None at all. Now, s'posin' Kimball an' th' woman takes th' hosses an' makes out th' back way? Ef they gits out, they'll most prob'ly strike th' trail an' git help about t' we-all. Ef they don't, they c'n stay back about o' sight awhile, an' then git away."

"Go back and leave you here?" spoke Kimball, warmly. "Not if I know it."

"Oh, ya-as," drawled Dan, and the others echoed him. "Th' female's got t' have some'n t' ta' care o' her, hain't she? An' ye're th' only married man in th' crowd. B'sides, we-all c'n come th' same way, ef we chooses."

"But—" Kimball protested, at the same time thinking how precious life was, after all, and feeling ashamedly conscious of a hope that his protest would not count.

"Don't stop t' argify," one of the miners pleaded. "Hurry up; we c'n hold up our end fr awhile."

As Kimball and the woman mounted and prepared to start, Dan ran back to them. "Ef they's any other eod o' this," he muttered, hastily, "it'll be miles south o' th' road. So, ef ye git out, head north by west untill ye strikes it, an' then—fy! Good-hye. Good-hye, Willie; ef I don't see ye ag'in, hrace up an' be a good gyurl."

He left them, and in a moment Kimball's horse was leading the way between walls of rock so close together that passage was with difficulty accomplished, and at times a turn would be reached, so abrupt that it seemed a wonder that the horses could make it. Light there was none. In some places, when Kimball looked up, he could catch a fleeting glimpse of a patch of starry sky; then the overhanging walls would again close together, and the darkness would be complete. The echo and reëcho of the horses' foot-falls made conversation impossible most of the time, even had the fugitives desired to talk; but now and then the passage would widen and heighten into a large chamber, with sandy floor on which the hoofs of the animals made almost no sound, and in these places Kimball could hear the woman sobbing weakly and pleading with her horse to make haste, evidently possessed by the fear that the man would get ahead too far and leave her alone in the dark. He only spoke to her once, however, and that was when he called back:

"Stop your d—d sniveling, will you?"

They had ridden for hours, it seemed, when Kimball's horse halted suddenly, as though he had met an obstruction. Kimball dismounted, and, with the aid of a match, found this to be indeed the case. The passage was barred, or rather, that was the end of it. They had reached another chamber, which seemed to have no outlet save that by which they had entered. Through the roof, to be sure, it was open, for they could see a large patch of sky, but that was all. There was nothing to be done but wait for daylight, which might penetrate to their dungeon; so Kimball, briefly telling the shivering Willie to dismount and try to sleep a bit, sat down by the entrance to keep guard, fearing that possibly the Apaches might have killed the outfit at the stage and followed up the trail the horses had made.

Up to this time the girl had not addressed Kimball, but presently she hroke in upon his none-too-cheerful meditations with:

"Mr. Kimball?"

Kimball started, then growled, roughly:

"What do you want? Can't you shut up?"

She whimpered quietly in her corner a little while, then the man heard her coming toward him, feeling her way.

"Now, what?" he snapped.

"Oh, I'm so-o afraid. Please let me get near you."

He did not reply, so she felt along the wall until suddenly her cold hand came in contact with his face, and both recoiled. Then the girl sat down and was quiet for a while, except for her staccato breathing. Then:

"Mr. Kimball."

"What?" he asked, quietly, taking pity on her at last, for he felt himself a brute to repulse her at such a time.

And the girl asked him to forgive her, and to try to pity, instead of hating her. She felt, it seemed, that they were doomed never to get out of their predicament alive, and she did not want the last civilized being she was to look upon to spurn her as she had for years been spurned by society. She told him her story—a sad, sad story enough. When she had finished, in tears, Kimball was silent for a moment before he said, gently:

"Willie, I think we are in for it together, sure enough. Now, understand me. I am not a religious man, more's the pity, but I don't feel that I can afford to be called to face my Maker with hatred in my heart for any living creature. Now that I think it over, I see it was all my own fault; but let's not quibble over that point. Let us forgive each other and pray that God Almighty may forgive us both. Shake, Willie."

Their cold hands met in the darkness and clasped for a moment, and Kimball continued:

"As to your story, Willie, it is the same I have heard thousands of times before, and—I do not believe it. Not that I don't believe that you think you are telling the truth all right, but you don't understand. I have a theory, Willie, and that is that you and other unfortunates were horn into this world to become as—as you have been, you know, and that no human agency is responsible—that is, primarily. Do you get the idea? It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and each must occupy the sphere for which he was destined, and he can't help it. I have thought for years that no one in your position ever cared to—to better her condition, you know. But, Willie, if you ever have the chance, I want you to 'hust' my theory, and show the world that there is one of you who wants to be something different, after all. If I get out, too, I'll help you do it. Is it a go?"

"So help me, God!" said the repentant one, solemnly, and they shook hands again.

It was in that interval between darkness and dawn. In a few moments they saw the sky above them redden with the tints of the sunrise, and very shortly the cavern was well lighted from the opening above. Objects in the chamber could be discerned now, and Kimball saw, with a throbbing of his heart, that one of the horses was missing. It was impossible for it to have passed him at the opening, so he proceeded to examine carefully the walls all around, and presently, behind a huge rock, he found what seemed to be another exit, through which, a lighted match showed him, the horse had passed. He felt his way slowly along this, and within twenty feet came in sight of daylight, shining across the mouth of an opening in the south side of the mountain. Calling to Willie to follow him with the other horse, he hurried to the cave's mouth. Before him lay the brown desert, and only a short distance away stood the missing horse, placidly licking the scanty dew from a rock. . . .

It must have been about noon when they halted to give their tired, heated horses a brief rest before pushing forward to Tucson, which was now but three hours' hard ride distant. They had dismounted, without a thought of danger, to get the benefit of the shelter of a group of rocks, and had turned one of the horses loose, knowing that it would not stray far from its mate. It had ambled down the slope a short distance, and seemed nosing quietly about for a stray spear of grass, when, with a shrill cry of pain, it suddenly threw its head up and dashed madly toward where its mate stood. Something dangled from its nose for a moment, and was then shaken off. Kimball saw it, and his face blanched as he ran forward and caught the horse, which had stopped and was shaking its head frantically.

"Rattlesnake!" he gasped. "Get up, Willie! We'll have to get all we can out of this poor devil."

For three or four miles they pounded along in silence, the wounded horse, which Kimball was riding, becoming more and more distressed, until, finally, it halted and lay down, groaning pitifully. Kimball left it where it lay and hurried along to walk beside Willie's horse, holding by its mane to increase his speed. He had just begun to tell her that she had better hurry on alone, and that he would follow as best he could, when a brown figure, flitting from one rock to another on the hill-side above him, caught his none-too-observant eye. He looked sharply at the same place and saw another skulking figure run lightly down to a point ten yards or so nearer him; but his voice was steady as he asked, hurriedly:

"Got your gun, Willie? Well, you'll need it, maybe. Save a shot for yourself, if—they're all around us right now. For God's sake, Willie, get help as quick as you can! Go, girl, and don't forget!"

"I won't!"

Two or three rifle-shots followed the girl as she galloped, white-faced, out of range, and Kimball's heart sickened with the fear that she might have been struck; but she held her seat firmly, and he breathed more freely as he took to the rocks.

When the rescuing party, a few hours later, came to the place where Badger Willie had left Kimball, they found no sign of him, so they hurried on to help Latham and the three miners, two of whom were badly wounded, but still alive. But in the morning they found him. He lay behind a rock—shot to pieces and scalped. All around him the ground was strewn with empty cartridges, which showed what kind of a fight he had made against long odds.

* * * * *

"There she goes again, the dam hyena!" growled Uncle Hank Barr, from his post on the hee-ker in front of Bill Allen's. "Why th'—don't some public-spirited gent kill her up a lot? It'd be a deed o' mercy to a long-suffrin' c'munity, it would." And he scowled disgustfully at a tall, handsome, flashily dressed female who was just then picking her way daintily across the street toward the OK Restaurant. "That there woman has sp'it more good fellers, rooned more lives, an' broke up more families th' any other dern she-critter in this yere part o' th' country she has, an' she ought t' git th' run, that's what. An' they hain't no let-up to 'er, none at all. Ye'd think, sen'ce that time she got Wylie Kimball skelped an' 'most lost 'er owt wavin' tresses, she'd hrace up a few, she was that had scairt hut—"

"Who was this fellow, Uncle Hank?" some one asked Hank told the story.

"So she didn't hrace up, after all?" remarked one auditor musingly, when the veteran cow-puncher had concluded.

The old man turned on his questioner with a jerk. "Didn't I jes' say," he snorted, "th't she's wuss'n ever?"

LESTER KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1895.

Lady Haberton, inventor of the divided skirt, contend that female servants should wear knickerbockers.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRAZE.

A Threatened Crash in Kaffirs—The Market Upheld by the Rich Witwatersrand—A New Golconda—\$40,000,000 a Year—Barney Barnato's Many Millions.

For many months all the world has been predicting a crash in Kaffirs. It is the old story of "threatened men live long." The crash has not yet come, and it is remarkable that it has not done so, such has been the flood of warning poured forth by the press. But there has been a marked decline, although not a panic. During the last fortnight, some thirty South African stock companies have shrunk more than \$80,000,000 in value. In fact, it is believed that if Barney Barnato had not checked the decline there would have been a panic. The so-called Barnato stocks—which include "development companies" as well as gold mines and diamond mines—have declined in value about \$30,000,000 within three weeks, but the gold and diamond-mine stocks are still about 150 per cent. higher than they were in October, 1894.

It is very difficult to get the public out of a pool where so many are drawing prizes. Every day there are tales told of penniless people winning great wealth. There is one Florence O'Driscoll who went to your country as delegate to the Chicago World's Fair. He was a mechanical engineer, and was absolutely without means. During the mining boom he has "cleaned up" £400,000. A number of the Irish members in the House of Commons have also made big winnings, and one of them, Tim Healey, is about to put £60,000, which he has drawn out of Throgmorton Street, into starting a daily paper in Dublin. He will probably drop in Sackville Street what he picked up in Throgmorton Street.

It is very difficult to flatten out the present mining boom when it is considered that it is supported by more than one European country. Hitherto mining booms have been confined, as a rule, to the stock exchange of one city. Such, however, is the rapidity with which intelligence may now be diffused, and so near together have the great cities of the world been brought, that the present boom is shared by three vast human hives. London, Paris, and Berlin are keeping up the market for South African shares, and each of those vast sponges draw into them the financial life-blood of the millions surrounding them. It is currently said on the street to-day that London is unloading on the Continent. But if it is, the Continent does not yet fear it. An attempt was made by some of the Conservative members of the Paris Bourse the other day to defer the listing of new mining stocks until the first of the year, but it has caused such violent opposition that the project was dropped. The brokers said that such a procedure would only drive business across the channel to London. This shows that the Frenchmen are still crazy after Kaffirs. From Berlin comes the same story.

Another striking fact is that those who predict a complete paralysis of the mining boom forget that, while there are many worthless companies, there are many based on a good, solid, golden foundation. The gold mines of the district in South Africa called the Witwatersrand are phenomenal in the history of mining. Nothing like them has ever been known in Australia, California, or in any part of the world. Elsewhere, gold is distributed irregularly, and is found in lodes and pockets, but in the Witwatersrand the gold seems to be distributed with a certain regularity. The contents of the mines can be predicted with an amount of certainty. The reefs dip at an angle of from twenty-five to sixty degrees, and it is known that they do not break or disappear. This peculiar geological formation is about fifty miles long. It has been reported upon by two experts. The German Government sent Dr. Schmeisser, who reported favorably after a thorough investigation. Mr. Hamilton Smith, an American mining engineer who is said to be in the employment of the Rothschilds, also reported favorably on the Witwatersrand district. These two experts agree in their estimates of the value of the gold in this district. They say that within a depth of 1,200 feet there will be found in the fifty miles somewhere between £300,000,000 and £350,000,000 in gold.

When it is considered that there are many good mines within this rich auriferous district paying large dividends, it is not to be wondered at that almost any kind of mine, whether in or out of the Witwatersrand district, can be laced upon the London market. The Witwatersrand mines are producing over 200,000 ounces of gold per month. They employ fifty thousand native miners and eight thousand Europeans. Thousands of chimneys vomit their smoke toward the heavens from the endless rows of works engaged in reducing the Witwatersrand ores. By the improvement in gold extraction, and by the aid of the cyanide processes, from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the gold in the ore is obtained. In the earlier days no more than fifty per cent. could be extracted.

The yield of the Witwatersrand mines for 1894 was 2,000,000 ounces, worth in American money \$37,500,000. Of this, one-third may be reckoned as gross profit. In fact, \$7,500,000 was disbursed in dividends. For this year, the yield is estimated at 2,500,000 ounces, and next year an increase of stamps will warrant a yield of 3,000,000 ounces, out of which there will be an estimated dividend of \$11,500,000. But the Witwatersrand shares are now selling at over \$750,000,000, and the dividend would only be 53 per cent on the selling value, making no allowance for the exhaustion of the mines. And when the mines in the unproductive districts are considered, the stocks of the South African mines are selling for more than the total output that all the mines for the next ten years might be expected to bring.

Turning from the Witwatersrand mines to the others, the teifying is more apparent. The banking, development, and exploration companies are the ones to which I refer. For example, the Barnato Bank is selling at 350 per cent. of

its par value; the Barnato Bank Consolidated is selling for 525 per cent. of its par value; and the Robinson Bank is selling for 255 per cent. of its par value. These three schemes alone represent a par value of \$34,000,000 swollen to \$116,000,000.

The man who is at the head of these developments is Barney Barnato. The mass of fable and fact printed about him in the last year is amusing. Already his origin is becoming mythical and legendary, like that of Napoleon. Already his enthusiastic adherents are discovering that his mother was unfaithful and that his father was of royal blood. It is certain, however, that he was born in London, not far from Hyde Park, forty-three years ago. When he was twenty-one years old, which was in 1873, he got tired of being a clerk, and set sail for the South African diamond fields, about which there was then much talk. He arrived at Capetown with twenty shillings in his pocket. He managed soon, however, to become a diamond peddler, what they call in South Africa a "kopjewalloper." There is a business in South Africa which is generally spoken of as "I. D. B.," or illicit diamond buying. It is a serious offense, the laws being very strict against it. Much money, however, has been made by I. D. B.'s purchasing diamonds from the Kaffir workmen in the mines who had secreted them about their persons. Barney Barnato's enemies hint that he laid the foundation of his immense fortune as an I. D. B. However that may be, it is certain that after he had been in Capetown about four years he had accumulated about £5,000, and with this he bought four diamond claims of prospective value. He then started in as a promoter, and was so successful that he sold out his four claims in 1881 at something like £100,000. From this on he devoted himself to promoting, and has been so successful that his fortune is estimated up in the hundreds of millions. He is rather a good-looking fellow, with an unmistakably Jewish face, fair complexion, reddish-blond hair, and blue eyes. He has a very handsome wife, who was born in Capetown. Mrs. Barnato has borne to her liege lord three children, and if Barney does not go "stone broke" before they grow up, they will have large enough fortunes to buy English titles, as the American heiresses do. Although Barnato has been a promoter, and is for that reason looked upon askance, there is no doubt that he and men like him have done much to promote the interests of South Africa. When he went there in 1873, there were no railways. Travel was by cart or wagon. Now there are over three thousand miles of railway, and the country is producing in gold and diamonds over £12,000,000 a year. Altogether, Barney Barnato has great confidence in his own companies, and, having the courage of his convictions, he has within the last few days thrown large amounts of money into the market to support the Barnato stocks. In fact, he has held up the market during the last two or three days. His name has not yet lost its magic when it is considered that it is only a few weeks since he created a paper corporation with a capital of £1,000,000, sold it to a syndicate for £2,500,000, and the syndicate sold it to the public for £5,000,000 in twenty-four hours. This is exactly what happened with the Barnato Bank.

Within the last fortnight a crusade has been opened on the Barnato shares by a Mr. Joseph Aron. Mr. Aron is a former resident of San Francisco and New York. He accumulated a fortune in mines and went to Paris to live. He conducts a paper there, called *Les Mines d'Or*. Mr. Aron was once interested in the Suto Tunnel, and, in common with many other Europeans, held shares in that enterprise. For a number of months he conducted a violent crusade against Mr. Adolph Suto for his conduct toward the European stockholders. Mr. Aron printed fac-similes of letters from Mr. Adolph Suto in the early days of the tunnel scheme, and generally made it very unpleasant for that gentleman in European financial circles. Mr. Aron has carried on a similar crusade against the Barnato stocks, and seems to be causing some slight doubt in Paris as to their stability. This is only within the past few days, as I have said, but he is now warning the French people against investing in those enterprises, and has stated to them that they would be exposed to a crash and resultant loss like that of the Panama Canal. It was Mr. Aron who addressed open letters in his paper to the president of the republic, to the cabinet ministers, and to the officials of the Bourse, urging them not to allow England to milk the French by what he called "those fraudulent South African securities." It was through his influence that the order was issued of which I spoke in the first part of this letter, postponing the listing of new South African securities until the first of the year. The brokers succeeded in defeating this purely by reason of their desire for commissions, but Mr. Aron is still hard at work and may succeed in his attempt. If he succeeds, it will at once stop all demand for South Africans from Paris.

LONDON, October 19, 1895.

PICCADILLY.

In *Les Débats*, of Paris, there recently appeared the following verses about bicycling:

"Nul ne connaît ici-bas
La félicité complète
Tant qu'il ne possède pas
Sa p'tit' bi—
Sa p'tit' cy—
Sa p'tit' bicyclette.

"Je ne sais rien de là,
Si ce n'est la paix parfaite,
Qu'on goûte ayant planté là
Sa p'tit' bi—
Sa p'tit' cy—
Sa p'tit' bicyclette."

Winderford, Klavirta, and Vleckdora are the names of three children of George Frye, of Kansas. When asked where he got the names of the children, Mr. Frye said his wife chose them from among those of various brands of collars.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The value of the late Professor Huxley's estate is estimated at forty-five thousand dollars. Not a great sum, considering his fame.

The bicyclist Zimmerman's great success is ascribed to his abnormally large heart, which is declared by the doctors to be two inches longer than the average.

Von Suppé, the Viennese composer, found light opera remunerative. He left ninety thousand dollars in real estate and about one hundred thousand dollars in cash and personal property.

It is reported that Louise Michel, the French anarchist, is coming to this country to lecture in December. The money which she earns by lecturing is to be used for founding a home in England for political refugees from the continent of Europe.

Mrs. Nansen, like most Norwegian ladies, whether they need it for a livelihood or not, works hard, her work consisting of giving lessons in music. Before they married, Dr. Nansen and his *fiancée* agreed that nothing should be changed in their modes of life—that he should not abandon his adventurous explorations, and that she should continue her teaching.

The sad death of John W. Mackay, Jr., recalls the fact that he gave a dinner to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt at the Waldorf last year that was one of the most sumptuous affairs ever given in that house. It was rumored, at the time, that they were engaged to be married, but, while this was untrue, they were very warm friends. Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter were among the first to send messages of condolence to the afflicted parents.

Colonel Romero, the Mexican duelist, who appealed from the decision of the lower court which decided against him, has again been worsted, as the higher court sustains the sentence of the lower court as to the three years and eight months' imprisonment, but reduces the amount to be paid annually for eighteen years to the family of his victim, Verastegui, from four thousand five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars, and relieves him from paying the funeral expenses.

King Francis of Assisi, the tiny husband of old Queen Isabella of Spain, is reported to be dying. He has lived, since the deposition of his consort in 1868, in the suburbs of Paris, with an annual visit to the Court of Spain, where of late years he has always been welcomed with the fondest affection by the little king, his grandson. King Francis was suddenly struck down by apoplexy. He has had two strokes previously. As soon as his wife, from whom he had been separated many years, heard of his illness, she rushed to his bedside, full of sympathy.

Mme. de Rute, who has had an adventurous career as Marie Bonaparte-Wyse, the Princess of Solms, and Mme. Ratazzi, is mixed up in a mysterious jewel robbery that occurred lately in Paris. Her jewelry was given to a man for repairs, and soon after the police commissary of the quarter received an anonymous note accusing the jeweler of substituting false gems for the real in the objects confided to him. His stock was seized and the statement found to be true. But no sooner did the man surrender himself and acknowledge what he had done, than Mme. de Rute ran away from Paris.

Spanish hull-fighters get salaries as large as those of exceptionally great actors. "First swords," like Mazzantini or Guerrita, are among the richest men in Spain. Guerrita, who is not yet thirty, earns an income which is never less than forty thousand dollars in one year, and owns near Cadiz a villa and park, where in the winter he entertains his friends with lavish hospitality. Mazzantini has four hundred thousand dollars invested, and it is a bad year when he does not earn fifty thousand dollars. Reverte once, after a triumphant *corrida* in San Sebastian, lighted a cigarette with a spill rolled out of a French bank-note for a thousand francs to show his contempt for money in general and French money in particular.

Ex-Queen Natalie of Servia has settled old scores with her husband. She took good care that her son, Alexander, should be kept in the dark regarding their domestic differences until he was sufficiently powerful to be of assistance to her. Recently, King Milan and a French ballet girl were creating a sensation at Lucerne, and were held by the hotel-keeper as security for an unpaid board bill. When the young king heard these scandalous stories, he started for Lucerne post-haste, traveling *incognito*. In the presence of the terpsichorean artist he covered his father with reproaches, and Milan, losing all patience, struck the young king and tried to push him from the room. Alexander then telegraphed to Belgrade that his father should never be allowed to put foot in that city again, and his belongings should be sent to Paris immediately. Both orders were executed.

Jean de Reszké recently announced his intention of investing every penny he could dispose of in land in his own country. The great tenor hardly ever transacts any business himself; his brother, Victor, looks after the horses and racing-stables, and his brother-in-law, M. Michalewicz, looks after the estates. Another brother-in-law, Leopold Kronenberg, looks after his finances, and all his professional movements and engagements are in the hands of Mr. Willy Schultz, a brother-in-law of Edouard de Reszké. The racing-stable is at present a most profitable investment, though such was not the case at first. M. Edouard, in a moment of good-hearted weakness, bought the stud of a friend who was sorely in need, losing many thousands every year by the venture. Edouard married, and Jean bought the stable to make things easier for his brother. Now both are partners in the well-paying concern.

THE ANACONDA MINES.

Newspaper Row Speculates upon the Sale—Its Effect upon the
"Morning Journal"—Mr. Hearst Said to Have
"Mooney to Burn."

There has been much speculation in New York newspaper circles as to the way in which young Mr. Hearst, of California, is going to run his new purchase, the *Morning Journal*. Wild speculations as to his wealth have run around Park Row. Even the fact that there has been as yet no marked change in the *Morning Journal* has not quieted the rumors, although the wild-eyed newspaper gossips have calmed down slightly. "If Mr. Hearst," say they, "intends to shake her up, he is not ready yet, that is all." Still there was a pained feeling in Newspaper Row. The idea of a young millionaire coming out of the West with a large roll appealed powerfully to the newspaper men. His delay in disbursing his roll has brought about the pained feeling of which I speak. The last number of the *Morning Journal* is apparently unchanged.

But an event has taken place within the last few days which has given fresh food to the newspaper gossips. It is the sale of the Anaconda mines. A transaction of such magnitude is most unusual in America, or, for that matter, in the world. But inasmuch as the Hearst estate, of which young Mr. Hearst is presumably an heir, owns nearly half of these rich mines, the newspaper quidnuncs are rolling the Anaconda sale as a rich morsel under their tongues. And well they may.

The Anaconda and St. Lawrence Mines were originally opened up as silver mines. The surface ore was silver, but as the company went deeper they found veins of copper ore heavily sulphurated, carrying twenty to thirty-five per cent. of silver to the ton. Marcus Daly, the present manager, induced Senator George Hearst and James B. Haggin to go in with him and purchase the Anaconda and St. Lawrence Mines. When they had purchased these, they investigated the surrounding country, and as a result purchased the Chambers' Syndicate Mines, adjoining their own ground. About four years ago, the Ground Squirrel Mine, below the St. Lawrence, was added to their holdings. This last mine is said to be the richest copper property in the world. In addition to the mines I have mentioned, the Anaconda Company own the Mountain Consolidated, the High-Ore, the Green Mountain, the Wake-up-Jim, and the Modoc. In addition to the mines, the Anaconda Company owns much other valuable property, among which is the refining and smelting works at Anaconda. This represents an investment of about \$9,000,000. The plant at Anaconda is admittedly the finest in the world. The company practically owns the city of Anaconda, twenty-eight miles from Butte City. It is one of the handsomest cities in the West. It was built to order, and is handsomely laid out. It has well-paved streets, electric street-railways, is lighted by electricity, and its spacious streets are lined with handsome buildings. It is sometimes called "Marcus Daly's town," but it belongs to the Anaconda Company, although Marcus Daly holds it in the hollow of his hand. It is only about a year since the redoubtable Daly tried to make Anaconda the capital of Montana, and he nearly succeeded, too.

It is owing to the overweening energy of Marcus Daly that the Anaconda Company has practically paid no dividends. All of the immense output of the mines has been devoted by Daly to the acquisition of other mines, to the erection of refineries and smelting plants, to the acquisition of railways, to the founding of newspapers, and to the building of towns. But the stockholders, not having the personal pleasure of ruling Montana, have slightly wearied of this, and it is in consequence of their desire for some ready money from the mines that a one-fourth interest has been sold. It is said that with the sale there goes an implied contract that Marcus Daly will now devote himself to taking money out of the mine instead of putting it back into the ground.

The owners of the Anaconda include James B. Haggin, the Estate of Senator Hearst, Lloyd Tevis, of California, and Marcus Daly, of Montana. When the company was organized, the holdings were divided as follows: Senator George Hearst, 39 per cent.; James B. Haggin, 26 per cent.; Marcus Daly, 25 per cent.; and Lloyd Tevis, 10 per cent. The organization remained the same until the death of Senator George Hearst, when James B. Haggin acquired a controlling interest in the management. Whether this was by actual purchase, or whether Mrs. Hearst simply put enough stock in his name to give him the control, is not known. It is believed, however, that the latter hypothesis is correct. Mrs. Hearst is currently reported still to own 39 per cent. of this vast property, of which one-fourth has been sold at a total valuation of \$30,000,000.

The sale which has just been consummated is the result of negotiations extending over a period of six years. Four different times the Rothschilds have attempted to purchase the Anaconda mines. Each time the Rothschilds have refused to pay the price, and each time the price has been raised on them. Now they have purchased it on the recommendation of Hamilton Smith, the famous mining expert. By this last deal the Rothschild syndicate has purchased one-fourth of the company's stock. The stock is capitalized at \$30,000,000, at a par value of \$25 for 120,000 shares. The shares sold to the Rothschild syndicate were put at par. On this basis the value of the Anaconda mines amounts to about \$30,000,000. Their one-fourth interest has cost them \$7,500,000. If they place the stock on the London market at \$30, of which there seems to be no doubt, they will make a profit of \$1,500,000.

There can be no question as to the richness of the mines. During the last two years alone the company took out \$6,500,000 over expenses. As I said, the earnings have not been paid out in dividends, but expended in betterments and in the purchase of new properties. The transfer of

this large sum of \$7,500,000 from the Rothschilds to the stockholders will go far to recompense them for the previous lack of dividends. To sell one-fourth of a \$30,000,000 property for \$7,500,000 cash, retaining three-fourths and the control, ought to satisfy even millionaires. Mrs. Hearst, as I said, is currently reported to be in receipt of 39 per cent. of the \$7,500,000, or in round numbers, \$3,000,000 in good, red, English gold.

It is therefore easy to understand why the sale of the Anaconda mines should have caused so much excitement in Newspaper Row. The gentlemen who call themselves "pencil-pushers" do not know the ins and outs of the mining business, nor of the manner in which the Hearst Estate was divided up. But they do know that the young man from the West already has a "large roll"; that he has an indulgent mother who owns one-half of a mine worth \$30,000,000; that she has just received \$3,000,000 for one-half of one-fourth of it. Such a young man, the "pencil-pushers" say, is just the kind of a young man that they want on Newspaper Row.

NEW YORK, October, 21, 1895.

At his homestead, near Petersburgh, General Mahone maintained a table which was celebrated far and near for its fowl, game, vegetables, bacon, and ham, all of which were raised on the general's farm and under his personal supervision. In the old days, all the cooking was done before an open fire. The bread was baked in the hot ashes on the hearth, and the fowl, game, and roasts were put on the spit, which was turned by one old colored mammy, while another stood by and industriously basted the savory meat. Mrs. Mahone one day bought a cook-stove and had it set up in the kitchen. When General Mahone sat down to the table that evening, he took a few mouthfuls, paused, looked inquiringly at Mrs. Mahone, and then put down his knife and fork and leaned back in his chair. "There is something wrong about this dinner," he exclaimed; "it doesn't taste right." Seeing that she was caught, Mrs. Mahone concluded to make a clean breast of it. "Yes, William," she said, "it was cooked on my new range, and I think it is all right." "All right," retorted the general, testily, "it's all wrong. That stuff isn't fit to eat. Do you think I would eat a dinner cooked on one of those blamed air-tight things?" There was nothing to do but to put the old mammy at work preparing another dinner for General Mahone in the old-fashioned way, and for some weeks thereafter there were two kitchens in the Mahone household. One morning Mrs. Mahone came down to breakfast, and there was a look of triumph in the old general's eye. He took her to a window and pointed to the back-yard, where lay the wreck and remnants of her nice new cook-stove. "I couldn't stand it, Mary," he explained; "I just had to break it up and pitch it out. I never felt right while the heathly thing was in the house."

The Lutheran General Council, recently convened at Easton, Pa., represents one of the largest of the many branches into which the Lutherans of this country are divided. All told, they numbered in 1890 nearly one million and a quarter, or very nearly as many as the total membership of the various divisions of the Presbyterian family. Thus the Lutherans are fourth in numerical strength among the Protestant denominations in the United States, only the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians exceeding them in total membership. They are more than twice as many as the Episcopalians and as the Congregationalists. The doctrines of Lutheranism generally are embodied in the Augsburg Confession and other standards, and justification by faith alone is the cardinal article of its creed. It rejects the transubstantiation of the Roman Church, yet holds that "in the holy supper there are present with the elements, and are received sacramentally and supernaturally, the body and the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a popular impression that the government finds difficulty in manning the navy. Rear-Admiral Ramsay, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department, says that this impression is wholly erroneous. As a matter of fact, his figures demonstrate that more men offer themselves for enlistment than the government can enlist. Last year, 15,318 persons applied for enlistment, 6,318 more than the law allowed. The government takes only the best, and is getting an admirable class of sailors.

The New York health board has adopted a resolution requesting the Street Sprinkling Association and others to leave all asphalt pavements dry for a space of three feet on the side of each kerf for the benefit of bicyclists, whose wheels are liable to slip on wet pavements. It is also requested that a strip six feet wide be left dry on all railroad crossings for the same purpose.

Although the late Professor Boyesen was an assiduous student of English for some time before he began to write it for publication, he never felt that he had really mastered his adopted tongue until he began to dream in English. "Then," he said, "I knew I had conquered the language."

The Rev. W. Carlile, an English rector, has just issued the remarkable statement that he has made arrangements for the safe custody of bicycles while the riders are attending his services. The machines will be under the ægis of the verger in one of the vestibules of the church.

At a gathering of King's Daughters at London, Ontario, the other day, Mrs. Graham, of Toronto, on being asked if dancing should be tolerated, replied: "Yes, but only in the morning, an hour before breakfast, and then the woman should dance with her husband or brother."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

While we do not at all like to see the office of lieutenant-governor of California filled by William T. Jeter, of Santa Cruz, we do not see that there is any way to prevent it. The law seems to us plain. But that the people of California did not want Mr. Jeter for lieutenant-governor is shown by the fact that he received but 98,641 votes as against 120,309 for the late Lieutenant-Governor Millard.

Still, it is not the people of California who are making Mr. Jeter lieutenant-governor, but Governor Budd. The governor claims that he has the power to appoint under Sec. 8 of Art. V. of the constitution, which says:

"When any office shall, from any cause, become vacant, and no mode is provided by the constitution and law for filling such vacancy, the governor shall have power to fill such vacancy by granting a commission, which shall expire at the end of the next session of the legislature, or at the next election by the people."

To sustain his position, Governor Budd quotes from Sec. 15 of Art. V., defining the powers and duties of the lieutenant-governor; it says:

"... If, during a vacancy of the office of governor, the lieutenant-governor shall be impeached, displaced, resign, die, or become incapable of performing the duties of his office, or be absent from the State, the president *pro tempore* of the senate shall act as governor until the vacancy shall be filled or the disability shall cease."

These two provisions of the constitution seem to give the governor the power to appoint. Section eight says distinctly "any office," which would include even legislative offices, a fact borne out by the further provision, "which shall expire at the end of the next session of the legislature." Section fifteen provides explicitly under what circumstances the president of the senate may act as governor, but expressly refrains from providing how he may act as lieutenant-governor. We think that Governor Budd is acting constitutionally in appointing a successor to Lieutenant-Governor Millard.

But the fact remains that his action, while constitutional, is diametrically opposed to our system of government. The office of lieutenant-governor is a legislative office; his chief duty is to preside over the senate; he should come directly from the people. It is not fitting that the executive of the State should appoint the chief legislative officer of the State. It is not seemly that he should appoint his own possible successor. And that he should possess the power of forcing upon the State senate a man not chosen by the people, whose casting vote might settle grave questions in the State, is a danger to republican government.

If Senator Flint, of San Benito, President of the Senate, should contest the appointment of Mr. Jeter, we think the supreme court would uphold Governor Budd. But our organic law in this regard is dangerous. It should be amended as speedily as may be.

This journal has many times urged on the supervisors of San Francisco that they should pass an ordinance regulating bicycle-riding in the streets. Our persistence in this regard has brought not a few abusive—and anonymous—letters from bicycle-riders. But the supervisors have done nothing, and there is still no law in San Francisco regulating the bicycle. Many people have been injured by reckless riders, and at last a man has been killed. Frank Williams, a pedestrian, was run into by G. C. Sparrowe, a bicyclist, and knocked down with such violence that his injuries resulted in death. We hope that this shocking affair will spur on the supervisors to taking immediate action. The speed of bicyclists upon the down-town streets should not be allowed to exceed the rate permitted to street-cars; upon street-crossings, they should, like the conductors of other vehicles, be made to move at a rate of speed not faster than a walk; they should be made to carry bells, and to sound them on approaching crossings; and after dark they should be made to carry lights. As matters are at present in San Francisco, the use of the bicycle in the streets is becoming a grave danger to pedestrians. Other vehicles give warning by the rattle of their wheels, the street-cars by their bells, but the silent bicycle shoots out from behind other vehicles without any warning of its approach. We call upon the supervisors to pass a bicycle ordinance at once, and to see that it is enforced.

A London photographer publishes a seventy-page pamphlet catalogue of celebrities whose photographs he has on sale. The Americans on his list embrace the Lord Bishops of Albany, the Lord Bishop of Minnesota, the late Lord Bishop Harvey (*sic*) Brooks, of Massachusetts; the Lord Bishop of Vermont, the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Theodore Cuyler, the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, Dr. Mary Walker, Dr. Felix Adler, Mrs. F. Hodgson-Burnett, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, LL. D., the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., Buffalo Bill, and Red Shirt.

The distinction of possessing the fastest vessel in the world belongs for the present to Russia—the *Sokol* anglicized *Hawk*, which has just been constructed for the Muscovite Government, having attained at her trial trip, a few weeks ago, twenty-nine and three-quarter knots, or thirty-four and one-quarter miles, an hour, nearly four knots more than Great Britain's much-vaunted *Havock*.

As an indication of the extreme rarity of possibly unjust convictions, Dr. Austin Flint says that "in the examination of nearly one hundred and fifty convict witnesses in the late investigation of the Elmira Reformatory, not more than one or two hesitated to admit their guilt."

The announcement that Yale has a smaller freshman class this fall than last, while Harvard has a larger, undoubtedly surprises the public.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Charming Study of Matrimony.

"Reflections of a Married Man" and "Opinions of a Philosopher," those delightful books by Robert Grant which most of us have laughed over many a time since the first reading, form two of the dozen which make up the Cameo Edition. They are worthy a place in the collection, for their status is not that of ephemeral productions. In these two volumes, which are so essential to each other as to be incomplete apart, Mr. Grant has made an addition to literature in the shape of the most perfect picture of married happiness to be found in the pages of any book. Where can be matched the delicious Josephine, most loving of wives, most womanly of women, and past-mistress in the art of managing a man—and where else a husband to be found so truly content? Novels and romances furnish us in plenty with uxorious husbands and managing wives, but no such complete and congenial union as this. The bachelor who reads the healthy tale of this domestic interior, where all the comforts and the trials of modern housekeeping are touched upon, with plenty of babies to brighten it, and love to sweeten it—he who reads this cynically and does not confess that it is better than his own scheme of life, is a hopeless celibate. And Josephine's destiny is an ideal one. Was there ever a husband more docile, more manageable, and yet more satisfactorily manly? But we all enjoy it, when for once he turns the tables and manages Josephine in her turn in the matter of buying the new house.

The book is so rich in sparkles of whimsical humor that one stops to dwell upon a dozen favorite places. There is the naive, mutual confession of the pair that post-nuptial flirtation has lost all spice and savor, since the too obtrusive image of the other will insist on rising at the wrong moment; and surely there never was a better burglar story or a more exciting foot-ball game than those two episodes of their careers. That is a delicious moment, too, when the host at his own party is rebuked for purloining one of the german favors for baby to play with.

The concluding incident of the silver wedding, where our two favorites, Fred and Josephine, though grandparents now, keep their youth and freshness of feeling, and hold the stage in spite of the younger generation rising up and marrying about them, is a pleasant picture to end with. It is a humorous tale, not to be read with a grave face; but there is more in it than fun and laughter. It is palpitating with life and reality, and is full of mellow wisdom, too. Assuredly no library will be complete without this pretty little pair of volumes.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 2 vols., \$2.50.

A Romance of Revolutionary Days.

"In Defence of the King," by Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, is a work of romantic fiction whose appearance is well timed. The romanticists are still having their day, and realism is no longer in the ascendant, but we are growing a trifle weary of the fields which Dumas has so well explored, and which his followers are still scouring. Instead of placing himself in competition with these, Mr. Hotchkiss has chosen our own country during revolutionary times as his scene of action, and the change is a refreshing one. The tale is full of stirring adventures, and the author has caught well the spirit of the times. He fails, however, in giving a sense of roundness and completeness to the story, making it read too much like a series of exciting exploits. His models are apparently the romance writers of an elder day, with Scott at their head, but he has gathered in more of their vices than of their better parts. A sedateness of style and a too great deliberation in setting about the story prevent it from being engrossing throughout. The sea episodes are the most absorbing, and these, with a battle or two, a glance at a few historical characters, and a bit of old-fashioned love-making, constitute the elements of a work which, while not reaching a high mark of excellence, holds a promise of better things in the future.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

The South in Colonial Days.

"The Colonial Cavalier," by Maud Wilder Goodwin, is plainly a work undertaken *con amore*. The aim of the book is to give a truthful picture of life in the South in colonial times, with the object of showing the influence of the Southern element in the development of American character and history. The Puritan, we are told, is a familiar figure, and has been faithfully presented many times; but the Cavalier has suffered so much, both at the hands of friends and enemies, from florid exaggeration on the one hand, from caricature on the other, that it is time we should know him as he really was. Setting aside the old extravagant tales of baronial halls and lordly state, an accurate portrayal is given of Southern dames and cavaliers in their homes.

It is a pleasant life that is called up from the past—very leisurely, with none of the rush of these latter days that all decay, and yet can not escape. Their ideal of living was that of the English landed

gentry, and village life like that to which the New Englanders settled down was unknown among them. Each plantation was a little kingdom in itself, though a very primitive one. Their surroundings were often rough; luxuries were unknown. Books troubled them but little, and they were none the worse for that, the authoress thinks. The women led lives of domesticity, the men had their healthy outdoor sports, with gambling for the common amusement of all. The silent advance of slavery over the country is described; its pleasant side, the happy relations between master and man, is not lost sight of, but the fact that slavery was the curse of all classes at the South is dwelt upon at length.

There is much in the history of the times that kindles the fancy of the writer. The picturesque dress of the period, the old-time lavish hospitality, the antiquated methods of travel, their balls and Virginia reels—all these sometimes make her pen run away with her, and she has much ado not to paint the scenes in colors too alluring. The work is an unpretending one, but it has been prepared with painstaking care and research, and it has just such homely details of daily custom that history often fails to present.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

Magazine Notes.

The feature of the November *Century* which will appeal to the greatest number is the opening installment of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new story, "Sir George Tressady." A portrait of the author precedes the first chapter. The story introduces the American readers to the relation of politics to the English "country-house." Marcella, as Lady Maxwell, becomes later on the potent feminine character of the story. There are papers by Theodore Roosevelt and ex-Governor William E. Russell on "The Issues of 1896." Both writers believe the financial question will overtop the tariff in importance. The frontispiece is a figure from Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," engraved by Timothy Cole. Other art features of this number are an introductory article on "Mural Decoration in America," by Royal Cortissoz; a full-page illustration, "The Missionary's Story," the first of a series of reproductions of some of Jehan-Georges Vibert's paintings, with descriptive text supplied by the artist himself; and an autobiographical sketch. Two articles of personal interest are an essay by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer on "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writings," with a reproduction of Augustus St. Gaudens's bas-relief portrait; and a study of the art of the Italian actress, "Eleonora Duse," by J. Ranken Towse. There are three short stories: "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte; "On Account of Emmanuel," by Miss Bride Neill Taylor; and "The Tragedy of the Comedy," by Chester Bailey Fernald.

Brander Matthews's story in the November *Harper's*, "Men and Women and Horses," is a vivid little sketch of the New York Horse Show, with a little thread of romance in it. It is the first of a series of Sketches of New York Society, somewhat resembling his "Vignettes of Manhattan." Owen Wister's "A Pilgrim on the Gila" begins with a scene in the House where the Territorial Delegate is pleading for admission to the Union, and then he describes the corrupt politicians and stage-robbers who would seem to be her sole population. It can not be pleasant reading for Arizonans. Julian Ralph's Chinese story reverses the conditions of its predecessor, the heroine being the Chinese wife of a foreign resident. John Kendrick Bangs contributes an amusing farce, "The Bicyclers," to the Editor's Drawer.

St. Nicholas begins a new year with the number for November, and two new serials are begun, "The Swordmaker's Son," by William O. Stoddard, a story of the Holy Land in the year 30 A. D., and "The Prize Cup," by J. T. Trowbridge. "A Famous French Painter," by Arthur Hoeber, is a sketch of J. L. Gérôme, several of whose pictures are reproduced in the article. Franklin Matthews has a descriptive paper, "Launching a Great Vessel," of particular interest in these busy days of American ship-building.

The twenty-eighth annual report of the San Francisco Produce Exchange contains a deal of information that will prove of value to the members of the exchange and to many others beside. In addition to the lists of officers since 1867, of the standing committees of the present year, and of members, and the reports of the president, the treasurer, and other officials, it contains the annual statistical report prepared by the secretary, T. C. Friedlander, in which is given more than fifty pages of statistical tables. These have to do with the production and sales of cereals and other commodities handled by the exchange, the freight charges, the nationality of tonnage, the shipments of fresh and dried fruits and wines, the wheat crops of various sections, and so on, all conveniently and compactly arranged. An alphabetical index increases the value of the report as a book of reference.

A BOOK SALE.

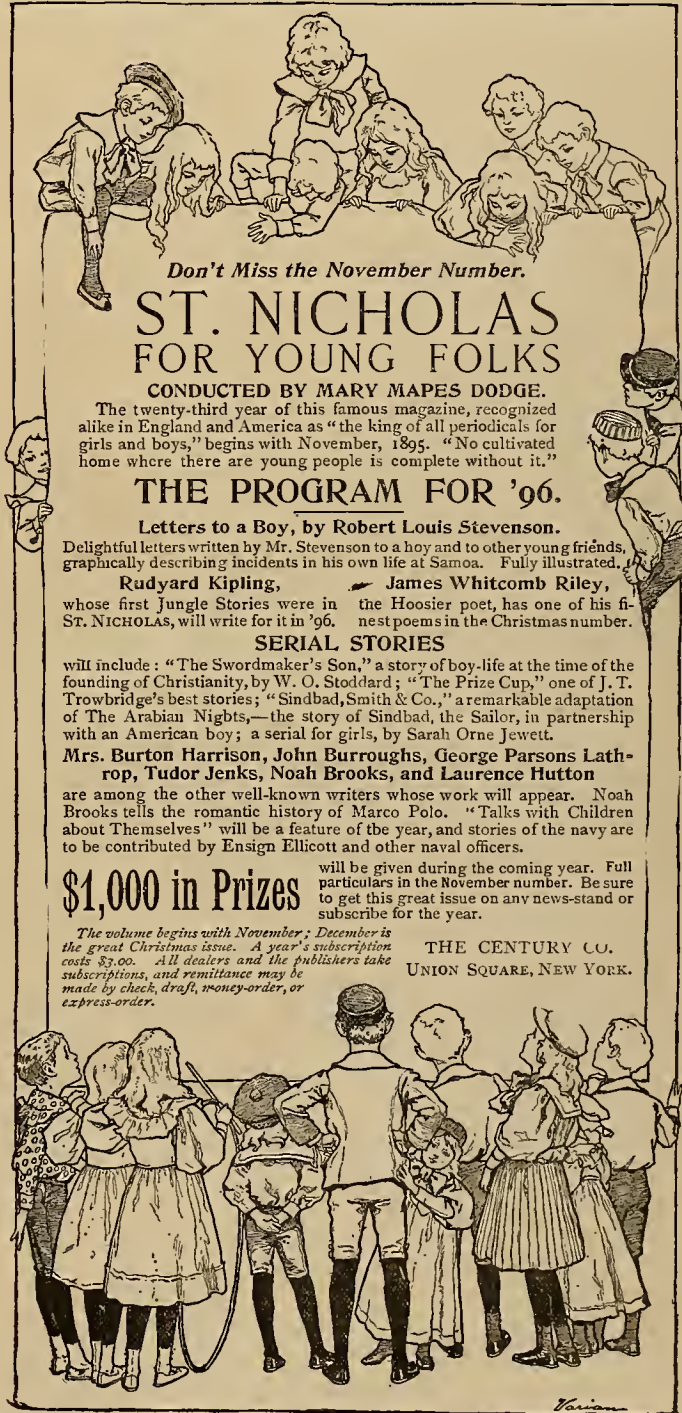
Having made arrangements to move into the Emporium on March 1st, and desiring to open in the new place with an entirely new stock of Books, Stationery, and Leather Goods, we have decided to offer to the public during the intervening four months the greater portion of our present stock at large reductions from the publisher's prices. We have thousands of volumes of the very best in History, Poetry, Biography, and Fiction on our shelves, as well as the new and popular books.

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THE PROGRAM FOR '96.

Letters to a Boy, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
Delightful letters written by Mr. Stevenson to a boy and to other young friends, graphically describing incidents in his own life at Samoa. Fully illustrated.

Rudyard Kipling, James Whitcomb Riley,
whose first Jungle Stories were in the Hoosier poet, has one of his finest poems in the Christmas number.

SERIAL STORIES

will include: "The Swordmaker's Son," a story of boy-life at the time of the founding of Christianity, by W. O. Stoddard; "The Prize Cup," one of J. T. Trowbridge's best stories; "Sindbad, Smith & Co.," a remarkable adaptation of The Arabian Nights,—the story of Sindbad, the Sailor, in partnership with an American boy; a serial for girls, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, John Burroughs, George Parsons Lathrop, Tudor Jenks, Noah Brooks, and Laurence Hutton
are among the other well-known writers whose work will appear. Noah Brooks tells the romantic history of Marco Polo. "Talks with Children about Themselves" will be a feature of the year, and stories of the navy are to be contributed by Ensign Ellicott and other naval officers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An American Girl on a Throne.

"Her Majesty," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, deserves its sub-title of "a romance of to-day." It belongs to the same class of fiction as "The Prisoner of Zenda" and Stevenson's "Prince Ottor," its heroine being the girl-queen of a realm even harder to locate than Ruritania. Queco Honoria is nineteen when we meet her, and the ideas she has imbibed from her nihilist governess make her chafe under the honeyed methods of her wicked prime minister until she determines, like Harnuo Al Raschid of old, to go disguised among her people and learn with her own eyes the justice of their complaints.

But Miss Tompkins has not written a politico-economic treatise in the guise of a novel; her story is a real romance. The young queen in her gingham dress and sun-bonnet is no sooner alone in the streets of her capital than fate sets in her path the eloquent young democrat, Hiller. These two find a wonderful harmony in their ideas, and do not a little love-making under guise of working for the people's good, until at last it is inevitable that they discover each other's identity—he learns that she is his queen, and she that he is Count Waldeck, head of the most powerful family in the kingdom. Of course it is impossible even for the greatest noble in the land to marry his queen, and so the course of their love runs far from smooth; but in the end the people revolt, the queen flies with Count Hugon and they are married, and they are finally recalled, to reign as "Hugo and Honoria the First."

Miss Tompkins has written a very charming romance from this material. To be sure, Honoria is utterly unlike all one's preconceived notions of an hereditary monarch; it is with a shock that one hears such democratic sentiments from a ruler by divine right, and her use of slang phrases is frequent and varied. One might expect such sentiments and language only from a girl American born and bred who had suddenly been raised to a European throne. In fact, in Honoria Miss Tompkins has given us as fascinating an American girl as any Gibsons ever drew. Count Waldeck, too, is a well-drawn character, though he seems a little too good for this world, and it decidedly grates on one to hear him indulge in a "cuss-word" in his lady's presence. Not that such profanities have not been committed, but only by men of Count Waldeck's kind.

Another point that jars is Miss Tompkins's slang. To have an old German woman—a subject of Queen Honoria—refer in a covert way to a "building" may be quite right; but the author herself says that the queen's little dog is fond of a "scrap," and describes her ability to bend her father-confessor to her will as due to a "pull." And her majesty's conversation is studded with such expressions as "too fresh," "see the circus," "what's the matter with," "give her away," and "so long." Slang is often forcible and, perhaps, a good thing in its place, but it seems to us a blemish in this really pretty love-story.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price (paper), 50 cents.

A Handsome Edition of "The Wandering Jew."

A handsome new edition of Eugene Sue's famous story of "The Wandering Jew" has just been reprinted in this country from the original Chapman & Hall edition. It is in two volumes, well printed in fair type and on good paper, and it is handsomely bound in green linen with gilt tops.

Sue was one of the picturesque figures of Paris in the first half of the present century; he spent his early years in obscurity as a military and naval surgeon, and then, inheriting a fortune, set himself to the writing of long and exciting stories. His first great success was "The Mysteries of Paris," and this he followed with "The Wandering Jew," a French classic which has gone through many editions and translations. The famous figure to whom the Saviour said "you shall tarry till I come again," and who was thereby doomed to wander the earth till the Judgment Day, cuts but a small figure in the tale, but it is a terrible indictment of the Jesuits, setting forth a long account of the machinations by which the Society of Jesus sought to win for themselves a fortune that, by being preserved at compound interest for a long term of years, came to amount to two hundred millions of francs—a sum enormous half a century ago, but now only a quarter or fifth of the wealth of the Duke of Westminster or of that plain American citizen, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$3.00 for the two volumes.

A Boy's Adventures among Pirates.

A "redemptioneer" in colonial days was a white person who had been sold into slavery for a term of years, and such a person was Howard Pyle taken for the hero of his boys' story, "Jack Ballister." Jack was "a Young Gentleman of Good Family, Who Was Kidnapped in the Year 1719 and Carried to the Plantations of the Continent of Virginia"—an English lad, of course, and he ran

away from his bondage and fell into the hands of Captain Teach, the famous pirate "Blackbeard." Naturally Jack's life was one of adventure, and Mr. Pyle has made a vastly entertaining story of it, and one, at the same time, that presents a true picture of colonial times, when the blackest pirate was merely a privateer and on land a person of consideration with whom even the English governors did not scorn to have dealings. The story was originally printed in *St. Nicholas*, but it is considerably expanded in book-form. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A Novelette by a Theatrical Man.

Bram Stoker, who has been Henry Irving's man of business for several years, has a way of dropping into literature to the extent of writing a short story now and then. His latest effort is "The Watter's Mnu," a novelette dealing with a young coast-guard on the North Sea coast of Scotland and a fisherman's daughter. Under stress of hard times, the fisherman engages in a smuggling venture, and the girl tries to get the young coast-guard to betray his trust; but, failing in this, she sets out to sea and warns the smugglers, and in returning is drowned; and her lover meets the same fate in an attempt to rescue her body.

Mr. Stoker's theatrical experience is apparent in the melodramatic way he has handled the incident, but he has made a pretty and pathetic story of it.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Publication of Edward W. Townsend's novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements," which we reviewed at length a fortnight ago, was originally announced by Lovell, Coryell & Co. for October 15th, but the advance orders were so heavy that it was found necessary to delay the delivery until the 25th. "Chimmie Fadden," by the way, is now in its sixtieth thousand.

"Under the Old Elms," by Mary B. Claflin, which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish, contains reminiscences of Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, and others.

Talking of the expurgations made by the editor of *Harper's* in "Hearts Insurgent," Mr. Hardy says:

"As abridged in the magazine, I venture to think the novel a not uninteresting one for the general family circle, to which the magazine is primarily addressed—to use the editor's own words to me—while the novel, as originally written, addressed mainly to middle-aged readers, and of less interest than as now printed to those young ladies for whose innocence we are all so solicitous, will be published in a volume a month hence under a new title."

The California Author Series will be issued quarterly, and will comprise fiction by California writers. The first volume is entitled "In the Sanctuary," by A. Van der Naillen, whose novel, "On the Heights of Himalay," published two years ago, went through several editions in this country and in Europe.

Eleanor Merron, the author of "The Last Rehearsal," "The Toilers," and other novels, has just issued a new story, "As the Wind Blows," through Lovell, Coryell & Co. A portrait of the author serves as frontispiece.

"In printing its 'White List of Editors' of periodicals that deal fairly and honestly with contributors," says the *Independent*, "the *Author's Journal* finds but thirty-one that are not under suspicion. Of course there are many periodicals not mentioned that belong on the list, and their names will no doubt be added in due time." The *Argonaut* is glad to note that it is accorded a place of honor among the thirty-one elect.

Decorations for the new Congressional Library will be reproduced for publication in *Harper's Weekly* of November 2d.

Rudyard Kipling's new "Jungle Book," to be published on November 10th, will contain initials, emblematic head-bands, etc., by Mr. Kipling's father. As a matter of course, the advance sale of this book is very large. By the way, there was a striking little paragraph in the *New York Sun*, a few days ago, which ran as follows:

"There was nothing uncommon in the fact that a dainty little girl should walk boldly up to the rail in front of the lion's cage in Central Park yesterday, and should call out to the monster: 'Good Hunting.' She talked to him as to an old friend. 'Good Hunting,' said she, 'I have seen Baghera and Shere Khan and Atela, the big gray wolf, and I'm going to see the others; but, oh, how beautiful you are!' The lion looked sleepily at her and doubled up his front paws and rolled over on his side most impolitely, but the child was not disappointed. She went from cage to cage afterward, calling the animals by the strange names Kipling gives them in his jungle stories. Of late such visitors, on apparently the most intimate terms with the captive animals, are frequent comers to the public menagerie."

A translation of "Cuore," Edmondo de Amicis's journal of an Italian school-boy, is issued by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Lieutenant Yates Stirling, appreciating that Sao Francisco would be the most vital spot at which a foreign naval power could strike, writes an entertaining and instructive article, profusely illustrated, in *Harper's Round Table* for October 29th, on how this great city could be defended, describing vari-

ous land batteries, submarine torpedoes, and the manoeuvres of our war-ships and their crews during an imaginary attack and defense of the Golden Gate.

Miss Mary Berri Chapman, of Washington, D. C., whose poems have appeared in the *Century* and other periodicals, announces that her volume entitled "Lyrics of Love and Nature" will be presented to the public on November 15th. It is illustrated by the author.

"The Little Boy Who Lived on the Hill," a book containing seven stories for children, by "Annie Laurie," and drollily illustrated by James Swinnerton, the clever young caricaturist of the *San Francisco Examiner*, will be ready in a few days.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. print a new illustrated edition of "Captain Coignet, Soldier of the Empire, 1776-1851," an autobiographical account of one of Napoleon's body-guard.

"Shark-Catching in Mid-Ocean" is the title of an article by A. J. Kenealy in *Harper's Round Table* for October 29th, and in the same issue Elizabeth Bisland treats of "How a Girl can Come to New York and Find Employment"—a commonplace article to the one for boys in the preceding issue.

Of authors' appreciation of their own works, James Payn writes in the *Illustrated London News*:

"Authors naturally know more about the beauties of their own productions than other people; and the subject is tempting to them. Among the interesting collection of letters addressed to the late Baron Tauchnitz there is one from Charles Reade, which may fairly be called appreciative. He can not conceive how the Continental series could have existed so long without him. 'Surely,' he says, 'it is not complete without my works; it contains those of many writers who do not come up to my knee.' 'Christie Johnson' and 'Peg Woffington' belong to that small class of one-volume stories of which England produces not more than six in a century.' It is not every novelist who has the courage of his opinions as Reade had, but their opinions of their own works are often of a similar kind. As in his case, they are sometimes right, but not always. Lady Blessington hopes that the haron will 'not think her unreasonable in expecting the same remuneration for her works that her friend, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, is to receive.' Lytton, in his turn, is solicitous to be assured that 'the sum you offer to me is the same that Dickens has accepted.' He also ventures to remark that 'The New Timon' has had an immense sale in this country—larger than any poem since Byron.' It is, in fact, not quite true that writers are modest in proportion to their literary powers: had writers are often as vain as peacocks, but good ones—as one may read in Walter Scott's *Journal*—are also not unaware of their own merits; it would be no credit to their intelligence if they were."

In "The Day of Their Wedding," W. D. Howells's new serial story now running in *Harper's Bazar*, the couple whose "Day" it is are Shakers, who have elected to leave the communal family to which they have lived from childhood and to become a part of the "world-outside." Mr. Howells's delineation of their naive experiences in such alien surroundings is infinitely amusing.

Clarence Army, the young Californian whose poems have been appearing of late in the *Independent*, *Cosmopolitan*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other Eastern periodicals, is in New York preparing for publication his second volume of verse. His first volume was published in San Francisco several years ago. Mr. Army is one of the few Californian writers who were born in California, most of them, like Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and John Vance Cheney, having migrated here from other parts of the country.

The arrival of "Trilby" in Australia was much delayed, and the public had anticipated it with an eagerness which no other volume has ever called out. The two thousand copies landed one Saturday morning, and the booksellers made special arrangements for immediate sale. Many a Sunday congregation was sadly reduced in consequence.

The *Land of Sunshine* pronounces Rider Haggard's "Heart of the World" a "gorgeously readable book," but before doing so remarks that "Mr. Haggard conscientiously misspells two-thirds of the Spanish words he uses, and misuses a fair share of the rest; and this is his least blunder"; and that "there is hardly a turn in his clever plot which does not betray impossible ignorance of his material."

M. Paul Bourget's new novel, "L'Idylle Tragique," is almost ready for publication. So is Pierre Loti's story, "La Galilée." Zola's "Rome," is out to be brought out in book-form until next spring. This author, we are told, always advises his friends in confidence not to read his stories in their serial form, as he always makes many alterations before they appear within book covers.

William R. Hearst, publisher of the *San Francisco Examiner* and *New York Morning Journal*, has been sued for fifty thousand dollars damages by W. H. Chambliss, the author of a book called "Chambliss's Diary, or Society as It Really Is," an alleged exposé of society. The *Examiner* published a number of extracts from the book, together with several illustrations, and neglected to note that the work was copyrighted. It is for infringement of the copyright that Chambliss sues. Joseph Choate has been retained to prosecute the case.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Coolbrith's Poems.

A selection from the poems of Ina D. Coolbrith has just been issued as the initial publication of the California Guild of Letters. The book, which bears the title "Songs from the Goldeo Gate," is handsomely printed and tastefully bound in red cloth, and it is illustrated with reproductions of four paintings by William Keith.

It would have been difficult for the guild to choose a fitter representative of California letters than Miss Coolbrith. For years she has been writing in this State, and its varied beauties have furnished her a fecund inspiration. The longest and in some respects the best poem in the book is the ode "California," which has the place of honor, and, as one turns the pages, other verses that could have had their inspiration nowhere else constantly meet the eye, such as "The Mariposa Lily," "With a Wreath of Laurel," "Two Pictures," "Siesta," and "Copa de Oro." One of the longest poems is "The Captive of the White City," apropos of the Indian Rain-in-the-Face, the slayer of Custer, who was confined in the log-cabin owned by Sitting Bull in the Midway Plaisance of the World's Fair at Chicago; but of oarvative poems there are oooe. The "Memorial Poem," written for the Grand Army of the Republic on Decoration Day, 1891, is a stately occasional poem, and with it are to be classed the verses on Frederick the Third of Germany and the soooet on Booth. "Without prejudice," as the lawyers say, we may state that the ooe of Miss Coolbrith's poems which we have always most admired begins "When the Grass shall Cover Me."

Miss Coolbrith's muse is not heroic, but she is infused with the feelings of the genuine poet—that much abused term. And—*chore rare*—oo fault can be found with the technical construction of her verses. The book is ooe of which she may be proud, and it augurs well for the future labors of the guild.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"The Holly and the Rose," by Annie Key Barrow, a story for little children, has been published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; price, 50 cents.

"A Dash to the Pole," by Herbert D. Ward, is a romance such as Jules Verne used to write, detailing the adventures of an Arctic explorer, an inventor, a scientist, and two young men who reach the North Pole by means of an air-ship, meeting with a sufficiency of adventures on the way and on their return. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Warren Lee Goss, whose "Recollections of a Private" will be pleasantly remembered, has followed "Jed" and "Tom Clifton" with a third story of the Civil War for young readers. It is "Jack Aldeo," and details a lad's adventures in the Virginia campaigns of 1861-65, including descriptions of the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts through Baltimore in 1861 and an escape by tunnel from Libby Prison. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Electricity is coming to enter so intimately into our daily life that we all feel it necessary to know something of the present state and possibilities of electrical science, and for this purpose an admirable hand-book is "Electricity for Everybody," by Philip Atkins. This little book is an exposition of the nature and uses of electricity, and of the various apparatus by which it is generated and employed. It is a scientific work, without being too technical for the lay reader, and its explanations are made clearer by many diagrams. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

There are twenty-six chapters from the annals of our country in "Hero Tales from American History," by Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt. They were originally contributed to our bright contemporary for young readers, *St. Nicholas*, and are here reproduced with portraits and the original illustrations. Beginning with a sketch of George Washington, the heroes in the list range through Daniel Boone, Gouverneur Morris, and Stoweall Jackson, to Sheridan, Farragut, and Abraham Lincoln. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Three Apprentices of Moon Street," which has been translated from the French of Georges Montorgueil by Huotigtoo Smith, is an excellent example of the stories Frenchmen write for boys. Its three heroes are the apprentices of a jeweler, and their daring leads them into many harmless adventures, from which their wit rescues them with whole skins and sometimes even with honor. To their most exciting escapade, ooe of the boys becomes a member of a traveling show. The book is well printed, and it is copiously illustrated from designs by Louis le Révérend and Paul Steck. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Washington in Lincoln's Time," by Noah Brooks, is a graphic picture of the martyr President and his contemporaries in the most trying times of the Civil War. The author was a trusted newspaper correspondent in the national capital in

those days, and he here sets forth a most interesting chapter of reminiscences, evincing an intimacy with President Lincoln such as no man not in official life could then enjoy, and considered from a new and unfettered point of view. Mr. Brooks's reminiscences begin in 1862, when he went to Washington as the correspondent of the *Sacramento Union*, and they end with the death of Lincoln and the grand review at the close of the war. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

"La Belle Nivernaise, and Other Stories," translated from the French of Alphonse Daudet by Huntington Smith, contains half a dozen short tales by this most delightful of French story-tellers. It is from such tales as "La Belle Nivernaise" that Daudet gets his oame of "The French Dickens": it tells of a big-hearted coal-boat owner, who adopts a stranded waif into his already large family, and finds in the lad not only a child to love, but a veritable mascot. "Jarjaille's Visit to the Good God" is a story that some people might find blasphemous, while others will find it simple-hearted and amusing. "The Fig and the Slugard" is an Algerian legend. "My First Dress-Coat" is a reminiscence of Daudet's youth, and the two remaining tales are "Father Balaguère's Christmas Feast" and "The New Teacher." The illustrations are taken from a French edition. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Publishers' Announcements.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce a long list of publications for the fall, including:

"Keats's Complete Poetical Works," in two volumes; Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," in two volumes; Irving's "Life of Washington," in two volumes; "Moore's Complete Poetical Works," in two volumes; Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," in two volumes; and Sue's "Wandering Jew," in two volumes—all in Crowell's New Illustrated Library; Lamb's "Essays of Elia," George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda" and "Essays of Theophrastus Such," "David Copperfield," Cooper's "Deerslayer," Emerson's "Essays," Anna L. Ward's "Dictionary of Prose Quotations," Spooner's "Data of Ethics," Darwin's "Descent of Man," Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," "Count Fridolin," George Long's translation of "Discourses of Epictetus," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Sue's "Wandering Jew," in Crowell's Standard Library; W. H. Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower," in the Popular Library of Notable Books; "Poe's Tales," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon," in the Handy Volume Classics; and a judicious selection from the works of the most noted religious leaders in the Vesper Library.

Lovell, Coryell & Co. have in press for the autumn a notable list of books, among which we notice:

Two novels of New York life by E. S. Van Zile, of the New York *World*, to be entitled "Tilting with Straws" and "The Manhattaners"; "The Sheikh's White Slave," by Raymond Kiffe; "Eucioa Quince," a story of New England life in 1800, by Mrs. L. P. M. Curran; "As the Wind Blows," a novel by Eleanor Merron; "A Dash to the Pole," by Herbert D. Ward; Edward W. Townsend's "A Daughter of the Tenements," translations of Bjornstjerne Bjornson's "The Heritage of the Karts," and of Jonas Lie's "The Commodore's Daughter"; also "The Old Maid's Love," by Maarten Maartens; "The Old Maid's Cluh," by I. Zangwill; "The Old Settler, the Squire, and Little Peleg," by Edward Mott, of the New York *Sun*; and "Legends of Fire Island Beach and the Southside," by Professor E. R. Shaw, of the University of New York City.

TO OMAR'S FRIENDS AT BURFORD BRIDGE.

(WRITTEN FOR A MEETING OF THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.)

Mr. Stevenson tells in one of his Essays how, at Burford Bridge, he was haunted by the notion of a man riding past in the dark, beating with his whip on the shutters, for a warning to those met within. He was thinking of a story on this subject, and in one of my last letters I told him that such an incident had actually occurred, probably about 1750, when "Jemmy Dawkins," in a Jacobite meeting at Burford Bridge, got sudden warning to rise and ride. This information (traditional) I have not yet verified. Mr. Dawkins was a West Indian landowner, and agent between Prince Charles and Frederick the Great.—ANDREW LANG.

Not mid the London dust and glare,
The wheels that rattle, the lamps that flare,
But down in the deep green Surrey dingle,
You drink to Omar in fragrant air.

He who sleeps on the Vaea crest
Came to your tavern for work or rest,
There he lingered, and there, he told us,
Was by the Shade of a Sonnd possessed!

Men in the darkling inn that meet,
Heard the sound of a horse's feet,
Hooves that scatter the flying pebbles,
And a warning whip on the casement beat.

Boat and saddle! was the cry,
Mount and ride, for the foe is nigh!
Over the water, or high in the heather,
Thither the friends of the king must fly.

Such was the sound that Louis heard,
Out of the silence a single word,
Out of the dust of the withered ages,
Something that awakened, and beat, and stirred!

Here, he said, was a tale to tell
Of Burford Bridge in the lonely dell.
A tale of the friends of the leal White Roses,
But he told it not, who had told it well.

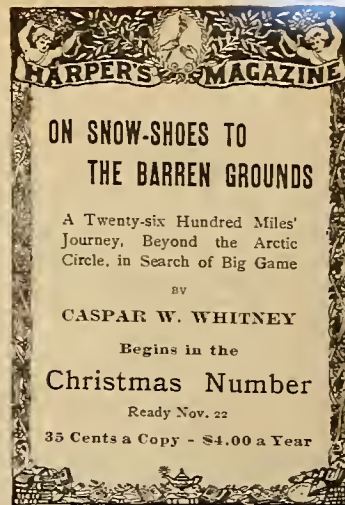
Drink to him, then, e'er the night be sped!
Drink to his name while the wine is red!
To Tealach drink, and Tustala,
The King that is gone, and the friend that's dead!

Out of the silence if men may hear,
Into the silence faint and clear,
The voice may pierce of loving kindness,
And lead remembrance may yet be dear.

—Andrew Lang in November Scribner's.

Frederick Masson, until recently business-manager of New York *Life*, is said by the *Fourth Estate* to be negotiating for a controlling interest in the *Sao Francisco Overland Monthly*. Says our informant:

"He agreed a few days ago to buy an interest for twenty thousand dollars, but when he came to send to New York for funds, he could not get the money. His position is peculiar. While in New York he was attacked by nervous prostration, and his affairs were placed in trust in the hands of Mr. Pratt, ooe of the officials of the Standard Oil Company. The doctors advised that Masson be sent out to San Francisco on a sailing-vessel for the benefit of his health. When he reached there, he received remittances regularly through the local San Francisco manager. The climate agreed so well with Masson that he decided to stay, and in looking around for an investment he heard of the *Overland*, which Rounsville Wildman wished to sell. Wildman had found magazine publishing on the coast uphill work, and he readily agreed to sell a controlling interest to Masson for twenty thousand dollars. When Masson sent to Pratt, the latter refused to forward the money. So Masson has returned to New York to procure the needed funds."



T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s New Publications.

Under the Old Elms.

By MARY B. CLAFLIN. Photogravure Frontispiece. 16mo, \$1.00.

Reminiscences of Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, and others.

Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage,

By C. E. L. WINGATE, Managing Editor of the Boston Journal. Fully illustrated. 12mo, \$2.00.

Contains an extraordinary amount of information relating to Elieo Tree, Mrs. Siddons, Elieo Terry, and other famous actresses who have identified themselves with "Juliet," "Beatrice," "Cleopatra," etc. It serves as a running history of the English stage in one of its most interesting phases.

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THE NOVEMBER CENTURY is a richly illustrated issue celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the magazine, beginning the use of new type and new paper, and containing first chapters of

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL,
all serial rights in which, for America and England, have been secured by THE CENTURY. Also:

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"The Painter Vibert," and his famous picture "The Missionary's Story," contributed by himself; "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writing," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Mural Decorations in America," with illustrations by La Farge, Sargent, Abbey, Simmons, and Dewing; a superb frontispiece from Titian, engraved by Cole; an article on Eleonora Duse, etc.

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THE COMING YEAR

of THE CENTURY will contain a great number of attractions, many of which cannot yet be announced. Besides "Sir George Tressady," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, there will be printed

FOUR NOVELETTES
BY POPULAR AMERICAN WRITERS.
A story of Saratoga life, by W. D. Howells; a novel of the American laboring classes by F. Hopkinson Smith; and novelettes by Mary Halleck Foote and Amelia E. Barr.

SLOANE'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON, which, with November, reaches the establishment of the Empire and the most picturesque part of Napoleon's career, will be continued in '96.

MARK TWAIN and RUDYARD KIPLING will contribute during the coming year.

George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, will tell interesting stories of the Mountaineers of the Eastern Caucasus; Captain Alfred T. Mahan, author of "Influence of Sea Power upon History," will write of famous naval engagements; Marion Crawford will contribute a striking group of articles on the city of Rome, which Castaigne is illustrating; Dr. Albert Shaw will write of city government in the United States; and Henry M. Stanley will preface a series made up from the material left by the young African traveler, E. J. Olive. A great number of short stories by the leading writers of fiction, and a number of novel papers on art subjects, will appear.

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There are some writers who never can let another's work pass by without lifting the finger of scorn and raising the cry of plagiarism. They think they have here a charge of damning import, and that the literary robber is of the same despised breed as the small thief who steals from his employer's till or the large thief who appropriates the funds of "the complaining millions of men."

Plagiarism, understood to mean the taking of another's ideas and working them up in one's own especial manner, is a perfectly permissible branch of the craft. There have been many illustrious plagiarists. Shakespeare took his ideas wherever he found them, borrowing mainly from those Italian story-tellers whose works proved so rich a mine to the great English dramatists. Molière was a plagiarist. In our own day, so great an author as Robert Louis Stevenson frankly avowed that his delightful tale "Treasure Island" contained many incidents borrowed from the works of others. To take a suggestion, to filch an idea, to appropriate a situation or incident, and to work these up into something better than they were originally, is as permissible in literature as it is in art to pick a flower in the field and, taking it home, paint a copy of it. Who knows of Luigi Porta now? Yet the whole English-speaking world reads the story of Romeo and Juliet. The carping small fry who raised the cry of plagiarism against Charles Reade have been silenced by years; but "The Cloister and the Hearth" remains an enduring monument.

Messrs. Weil and Dazey have availed themselves of these illustrious examples, and have sought in many places for the materials used in "A War-Time Wedding." The source that they have most openly drawn from is "Cavalleria Rusticana." The picture of Teresa dogging the footsteps of the faithless Ramon, and, all pride vanquished in the wretchedness of her desertion, suing again for a return of his love, is a very close copy of Mascagni's Santuzza. The likeness is accentuated by the similarity in costume. Mrs. Davis, with her face darkened by some reddish cosmetic, her hair hidden under a jet-black wig which purports to grow low down on her brow, a low-necked white shirt and a gaudy petticoat lending the foreign note in costume, is a sister figure to that of the Italian peasant girl whose story has interested half a world.

The similarity in character and fate wears away in the second act. No such fiery passion for revenge as brought blood and death upon the rustic cavalier burns in the heart of Teresa. She is more an Ariadne than a Phædra. It is in this second act that Mrs. Davis wears the shawl she is said to have bought from one of the old Spanish-Californian families. Wherever it came from, it is an exquisite thing—a fine black veil sown with flowers in colored silks, delicate as a cobweb, but heavy with its thick embroideries. She wears it gracefully, too, like a woman of Spanish blood, its filmy folds falling about her from her head, down over arms and shoulders to her ankles. The brown skin of cheek and throat seen through its drooping meshes, the black sweep of the heavy hair, the gleam of gold from long, pendant ear-rings, the shifting glint of dark eyes that move restlessly—make a brilliant picture. And this richly tinted head, glowing through the veil of the mantilla, is backed by the glitter of orange-leaves starred with white blossoms. Only the trees do look like those that came in the toy villages which delighted our childhood, a tall, thin stalk, and then a neat little bush of foliage, rounded as a ball. But this is a trifle—no pent-up Utopia of that sort confines a lively imagination. One of the delights of an imaginative temperament is that its possessor can see the real thing the scene-painter has been merely indicating.

The charming legend of *Cœur de Lion* and Blondel, the faithful troubadour, is another idea that Messrs. Weil and Dazey have been clever enough to utilize. It is a strange thing that this has not been oftener pressed into the service, it is so essentially operatic and picturesque. The legend goes that Blondel went through Hungary and Austria playing at the foot of every prison tower, crying in the night on his lost master, "Richard, O mon Roi, l'univers t'abandonne!"—a real song in after years that loyal nobles sang on one eventful night of fierce enthusiasm, when a fair-faced queen held up to their sight a little, yellow-haired prince.

In the legend, on one dark and silent night, a voice answered Blondel, a well-beloved voice, singing down from the tower window the second verse of the song. People in the opera singing in towers suggest Manrico and Leonora; but in that

case the troubadour was inside, and then their story is retiring into the limbo of forgotten things. In "A War-Time Wedding," Felipe, the faithful *peon*, sings, outside a small adobe guard-house, of his love for his master for whom he is searching. Then, from the barred window of the guard-house, comes the answering strain. The melody is pensive and tender, and the situation so effective that it is singular operatic composers have not worn it threadbare long ago.

"A War-Time Wedding" is not Mr. Weil's first successful opera. The Bostonians gave an initial performance here of an early work of his called "Suzette." It was very dull, and was an error of Mr. Weil's youth, of which he has probably sincerely repented. There was little indication of "A War-Time Wedding" in "Suzette." The former is an ambitious work, a sort of return to that form of operatic composition that was originally known as *opéra comique*. It is serious in intention and deals with a serious story. There are *finales* in it, *ensembles*, duets, and choruses that are sufficiently pretentious to be classed as grand opera. At the same time, long stretches of dialogue, some of it comic, place it on the level of the operetta, where the singing and the talking are sandwiched together in equal layers.

The *ensemble* of the first act was a most ambitious piece of work, brilliant, serious, and heavy. The voices of the principals rose in powerful volume above the background of sound of a conscientious and well-trained chorus. Here Mr. Cowles' deeply toned bass rolled out with the richness of Tyrian dye. At the first rendering he lost the key, and for a bar or two wandered about in desperate independence, the effect, with so dominating a voice, being most unpleasant. In the encore, however, he kept fast to his moorings, and his deeply reverberant notes swelled upward above the waves of sound with sonorous and majestic evenness.

Of the women, Mrs. Davis had not only the most picturesque part, but the most attractive music. She had one charming duet with MacDonald in which she showed herself to be an old student of grand opera. She was almost the only person in the cast who both acted and sang. The finale of this duet, when her dark and sombre face was suddenly crossed by a smile of gratitude and tenderness, was one of the successes of the evening. Miss Bertram was cast for the good little convent girl who has a soldier lover who hides in the garden, as the soldier lovers of little convent girls always do. She is a sad and tragic girl, and, with the tenor, has to sing long love duets which ought to be pruned down into a length more consistent with the hour at which people are accustomed to getting out of the theatre. Mr. Weil could not resist giving his soprano the usual solo, wherein she expresses the joy of her heart to the accompaniment of birds trilling in the orchestra. As even so modern a spirit as Leoncavallo subscribed to this time-honored custom, Oscar Weil can not be censured. But it would be a change to have the heroine hear something besides birds—the honest watch-dog barking, the frogs singing in a distant pool, the lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea—anything for a change from birds.

There is comedy in "A War-Time Wedding," and also melodrama. Mr. MacDonald furnishes this latter, being a villain of mighty stature and appalling wickedness, a grand, cool creature, who negligently reposes on a rock, smoking cigarettes, while Teresa weeps at his feet. Some of the lines given to Mr. MacDonald verge on that form of melodrama where "the villain still pursued her," and it is difficult, especially garbed in a costume like that of the *torreador* in "Carmen," to keep them down to the pitch which the gods will stand without becoming derisive. When Mr. MacDonald seizes Miss Bertram by the arm and tramps across the stage with her toward the secret passageway in which her doughty soldier-boy is hiding, one fully expects to hear him say: "Back, gurrel, another step at your peril!" and draw a weeping from his boot.

The comic element is furnished by Mr. Barnabee and the Bostonians' latest recruit, Miss Nielson, of the Tivoli. Mr. Barnabee as a New Englander and Miss Nielson's infatuated admirer is clever, but, as the book-reviewers say, not convincing. Indeed, in these days, when it is the fashion for women to fall in love with men ten years their junior, to see such a refutation of popular custom as Miss Nielson, who looks about fourteen, in love with Mr. Barnabee, who looks, perhaps, forty, is quite unusual and startling. Miss Nielson is somewhat of an acquisition to the company. She is a little, demure thing, with a face of round, childish gravity, and a neat little figure, and a neat little voice. She has humor, however, and a knack at dancing, and though her face is set in an expression of quite puritanical gravity, she has a very piquant sparkle in her eye.

—THE TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS FOR ladies, at the Lurline Baths, continue to be extremely popular. Large parties of ladies go regularly on these mornings to enjoy the exclusive swim afforded them. They being centrally located, and having the tank refilled each day with the pure ocean salt water, make them the favored baths of San Francisco. The emptying of the tank every night at 10:30 o'clock is free to public view.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To J. H. Rosewald—In Memoriam.

"We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it to some small circle of survivors thoughts of so much omitted and so little done"—in the knowledge of this truth, we find meagre satisfaction in granting posthumous justice and praise to a man, who, in life, reaped less of either than his honest dues. Mr. Rosewald's career was the uphill struggle of a self-made man and musician. He was not spared the disappointments incidental to a profession specially overcrowded in our city; the sacrifice of literary and musical ambitions for lack of the financial means to go ahead; the pangs of a hypersensitive nature placed at the mercy of public and press criticism. But the innate geniality and sweetness of the man remained unimpaired. He knew, in intercourse with men and women, how to gather sympathies by bestowing sympathy; how to generate wit by radiating wit; how to evoke amiability in response to amiability. One was ever merrier for his coming. The sad experiences of his life were reflected not in his social moods, but in his artistic interpretations. With his violin's heart throbbing against his own, he could draw forth those mournful, soulful *legato* notes in which he was past-master, and which betrayed the resentment and sadness of an originally happy nature embittered by lack of appreciation.

I hope these thoughts may not be mistaken for an eulogy. Such is not the intention. I am simply assuming toward Mr. Rosewald a friend's privilege of showing appreciation of and loyalty to an absent friend; and since this absence needs be for all time, it becomes a melancholy pleasure to acknowledge openly the profit and delight derived from many happy hours spent in *insouciant camaraderie* and unvarying affection. As an expression of gratitude, this homely tribute is "too small a payment for so great a debt."

A strange sight was seen in London at the great fire in the grain warehouses near Blackfriars Bridge. As the buildings, which were on the water's edge, were burning, a black mass was seen in the river floating from the Surrey to the Middlesex side. It was composed of thousands of rats, cut off from escape on the land side. Many thousands of them succeeded in crossing the river, but were then unable to get up the smooth side of the Thames embankment, and were carried downstream and drowned.

A new method of spoiling natural scenery for advertising purposes has been devised in Switzerland. Large white and yellow letters, placed on the bottom of the Lake of Geneva, are made visible on the surface by refraction.

—SPECIAL THEATRE CANDIES—STRONG CINNAMON a specialty at Reed's, 113 Powell Street.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

BEETHOVEN HALL, SAVOY HOTEL,

N. E. corner Post and Powell Streets.
The elegant Hall (with comfortable anteroom), brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. Perfect ventilation. Specially adapted for Concerts, Parties, and Balls, can be rented at reasonable rates.
Apply: DEUTSCHER VEREIN, adjoining.

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Ladies' Cloaks and Furs

—AT THE—
CALIFORNIA CLOAK CO.
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Tailor-made Suits to Order.

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PLAYING AT THE ORPHEUM,
Can be engaged for Parties, Receptions, Weddings, etc.
Address to E. M. Rosner or E. Janlns, care Sherman, Clay & Co.

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PROF. HOLMES, - - 523 Geary Street.
Horoscopes, questions, advice, correspondence.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

Mrs. ERNESTINE KREILING...PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
Monday Evening, Nov. 4th, opening of the Comic-Opera Season, Offenbach's Melodious Opera Comique,
MADAME FAVORIT
First appearance of the gifted artist, Emilie Melville. Reappearance of the Favorite Comedian, Ferris Hartman. New Scenery. Correct Costumes. Appropriate Accessories.
Next Opera.....CARMEN
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO.,(INCORPORATED)...PROPRIETORS
Next Week, Monday, Nov. 4th, One Week Only (Seven Nights and Saturday Matinee), Charles Hoyt's Latest Successful Satirical Comedy.
--A CONTENTED WOMAN--
Interpreted by a Large and Capable Company, headed by Caroline Miskel Hoyt.
Monday, Nov. 11th--De Wolf Hopper Comic Opera Company.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO.,(INCORPORATED)...PROPRIETORS
Commencing Monday, Nov. 4th, Seven Nights and Saturday Matinee, And the Cat Came Back. The King Laugh-Maker, the Bright Comedy,
--CHARLEY'S AUNT--
By Brandon Thomas. Management Charles Frohman. Don't do anything until you see auntie.
Monday, Nov. 11th, The War of Wealth.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO.,LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Farewell Week. Warning--You may never see them again. The Famous, Original Bostonians.

NOTICE--Owing to the tremendous demand for Robin Hood, that greatest of all Comic Operas will be given at every performance during the week of Nov. 4th, excepting on Wednesday night, when Prince Ananias will be repeated.

November 11th, Haverly's Minstrels.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

The Handsomest Family Theatre in the World.
WALTER MOROSCO.....SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER
Last Nights of THE STOWAWAY.
Monday Evening, November 4th.

--THE DIAMOND BREAKER--

Evening Prices--25 cts. and 50 cts.; Family Circle and Gallery, 10 cts. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Seats on sale from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

MAPLE ROOM, PALACE HOTEL

November 6th, 27th, and December 18th.
Three Song Recitals
--TO BE GIVEN BY--
MR. ANDREW BOGART and well-known Vocalists

Subscription Ticket for 3 Concerts \$1.00
Single Ticket......50

BEETHOVEN HALL.

Tuesday Evenings..November 5th and 19th

TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

OTTO BENDIX
Pupil of Gade, Kullak, and Liszt.

Great Enthusiasm! Extraordinary Programmes!
SINGLE ADMISSION.....\$1.00
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MECHANICS' PAVILION.

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FESTIVAL CONCERTS

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BENEFIT OF THE

Children's Hospital

The Difference in Cost

between Apollo and other makes of galvanized iron is offset by the difference in working; so that, generally, one is considered about as cheap as the other for common work. For rough work, the other makes are good enough; for particular work, Apollo not only makes a better job, but makes more money; it works so easily.

Every man must decide for himself as to whether it pays to carry in stock two grades of galvanized iron. We doubt it.

APOLLO IRON AND STEEL COMPANY

Pittsburgh Pennsylvania

STAGE GOSSIP.

Re-Opening of the California.

The regular winter season at the California Theatre will be opened on Monday night with a revival of Brandon Thomas's funny comedy, "Charley's Aunt," which will be played for one week only. Grace Thorne Coulter will be in the cast. It will be followed by the first production in this city of "The War of Wealth," a stirring melodrama by Charles F. Dazey, the librettist of the Bostonians' new opera, "A War-Time Wedding," and of "In Old Kentucky." After this come a long line of successes, including Herrmann, Robert Downing, May Irwin in "The Widow Jones," Louis James, Corinne, Peter Dailey in "The Night Clerk," Roland Reed, Robert Mantell, "The Twentieth-Century Girl," and other new and standard attractions.

Emilie Melville's Reappearance.

After a prosperous ten weeks of grand and romantic opera, the comic opera season will be inaugurated next week at the Tivoli Opera House with Offenbach's "Madame Favart." The opera will be materially strengthened by the first appearance in some years of Emilie Melville and the reappearance of Ferris Hartman. Miss Melville appears in the title-role; John J. Raffael as Charles Favart, her husband, actor, author, and manager; Ferris Hartman as the Marquis de Pont-Sablé, a part in which he has scored a great success. Miss Laura Millard will sing the rôle of Suzanne; Martin Paché that of Hector, her lover; and George H. Broderick, W. H. West, Irene Mull, and Vera Werden will fill out the cast. Mr. Bauer has especially composed a romance for tenor to be sung by Mr. Paché and a vocal valse by Miss Millard. The celebrated "Minuet-de-la-Cœur" and the grand march of Marshal Saxe's forces will be features of the production.

The next opera to be sung will be Bizet's romantic work, "Carmen," one of the rôles in which Miss Melville made her greatest success in the antipodes. Miss Alice Carlé will alternate with her in this part. The stage artists are at work upon the preparations for the production of "The Lucky Star." Several other novelties are also in the course of preparation.

A New Melodrama.

"The Stowaway," with Spike Hennessy in the safe-cracking scene, is proving a strong attraction at Morosco's Grand Opera House, and it will be continued until Monday night, when "The Diamond Breaker" will be given its first representation in San Francisco. The action of the play takes place in the Pennsylvania coal-fields, and is one of the scenes a thrilling situation is brought about through the agency of a "breaker," the ponderous machine with which coal is crushed. H. Coulter Brinker, Fred J. Butler, Frank Wyman, Leslie Morosco, Maud Edna Hall, Julia Blanc, and Florence Thropp have the leading rôles.

De Wolf Hopper in "Wang."

De Wolf Hopper will be the attraction at the Baldwin after the single week of "A Contented Woman." This will be the first time he has ventured as far West as San Francisco, but his reputation has preceded him, and there is already a lively demand for seats. He brings a very large and well-trained company with him, and the leading female member of the cast is his wife, Edna Wallace-Hopper. She is a San Francisco girl, and played for one season with one of A. M. Palmer's companies. Then she married the big comedian and took Della Fox's place in his company. Della Fox thereupon tried her luck as a star, but, despite her thirty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, she did not make a success. The first opera Mr. Hopper will present is "Wang."

Notes.

Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Contented Woman," is to be given at the Baldwin on Monday. The engagement is for only one week. The play concerns the question of woman suffrage, and the scene is laid in Denver. The leading female rôle is taken by Mr. Hoyt's wife, Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, whose pictures show her to be a very handsome young woman, and others in the cast whose names are familiar are Frank Lane, Josephine Stanton, and Will H. Bray.

Fanny Rice will come to the Columbia next month, with her new musical comedy, "Nancy."

Lulu Glaser, the arch little beauty who has been Francis Wilson's right-hand girl, so to speak, since they were here two years ago, is going to retire from the stage next year. The reason is, a rich Pittsburg manufacturer.

An open-air performance of "As You Like It" will be given at Palo Alto on Friday afternoon, November 8th. It will be under the auspices of the Stanford students and for the benefit of their "97 Annual," and many of the people in the Sutro Heights performance will be in the cast. It is possible that Henry E. Dixey will be the Orlando.

It will be remembered that in one scene in "The Masked Ball," John Drew snatches a champagne-glass from Maude Adams's lips and hurls it into

the wings. Ordinarily there is a stage-hand there to catch it. The other night in New York this man was not at his post, and the glass hurtled past the head of another stage-hand, who happened to be passing, and was shattered against the wall. The man was considerably startled, and was presently heard confiding to one of his mates: "Say, you'd better look out for his ribs. He's hot in de collar to-night—trun a tumbler at me head just now."

In the Baldwin Theatre programme there is a staring ad., beginning: "Do You Dine After The Theatre?" This is reminiscent of another staring ad. in the newspapers which begins: "Do You Wear Pants?" What mental reply women make to it we can not say, but to many men the thought comes like a flash, "No—I wear trousers." Correspondingly, when one reads the staring line in the Baldwin programme, "Do You Dine After The Theatre?" the natural tendency is to say: "No, I don't—I sup."

Henry E. Dixey has secured the Columbia for one week for a presentation of Carré & Bisson's comedy, "A Lottery of Love." Margaret Craven and Pauline French will be members of the company supporting him.

Dollie Chestic, the young actress who has got herself into the papers to a notable extent by wearing bloomers for her street costume and by riding astride in Central Park, has come to grief. She started on a barn-storming expedition with a play called "The Newest Woman," and the company went to pieces after a continuous run of one night. The show was backed by Miss Chestic's brother, Mr. Bruce, who acknowledges Chicago as his home.

An indignant German writes to a Berlin paper giving a list of the dramas performed in all the Berlin theatres on the evening of Sedan Day. In every case but three, the piece was a translation or an adaptation from the French.

The fourth of the Saturday Lectures and Conversazioni, given under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary at the Unitarian Church, will be a Shakespearean reading by Hanoibal A. Williams, who comes highly recommended by New York. This will be Mr. Williams's first appearance in San Francisco, and he will read "King Henry IV.," the only time he will read this play during his present visit.

Ben Teal, who is now in Atlanta producing a new play, is due in New York during the latter part of this month to begin rehearsing the company with which Georgia Cayvan is to star.

Beebohm Tree's version of "Trilby," which the Londoners are soon to see, will be changed materially from that which Paul Potter made. The piece is to end happily, with Trilby alive and in love with Little Billee. Instead of the photograph of Svengali in the last act, there is to be a portrait into which Tree will put his head, thus being on the stage when the curtain falls.

Lydia Thompson has recently been playing at the Lyric, in London, in "The Artist's Model." She first went on the stage in the ballet in 1852.

Poe's life has been dramatized by George C. Hazelton, Jr., and the play was produced recently in Baltimore with fair success. The play hinges on the dualistic idea embodied in "The Raven," Lenore representing the happy periods in the poet's life and the raven the shadows.

Haverley's new minstrel company will open at the Columbia with a Sunday matinee performance on November 10th. The principals will be Billy Rice, Bert Shepard, Ed. Cain, and William Ernest, and there are many others in the company. Beginning with this engagement, the charge for admission at the Columbia will be reduced to "popular" prices.

Otis Skinner will soon be in San Francisco on his starring tour. His repertoire comprises "His Grace, de Grammont," "The King's Jester," and "Villon, the Vagabond."

The Mercantile Library Auxiliary announces a classical and Shakespearian reading for Thursday evening, November 7th, when Mr. George Valter Egan, a talented young historian, will give scenes from "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Caesar," "Richard III.," and "Francesca da Rimini." The incidental music is in the able hands of Mr. Frederick Biggerstaff and Mrs. Osborne.

Nat Goodwin's impersonation of David Garrick is tersely described as "rotten" by almost everybody who has seen it. The other afternoon he dropped into the Lambs Club, and remarked: "I'm glad I'm soon to change my bill. I feel that I'm growing more and more like Garrick every day." "Yes," responded one of the wits of the club, "and less like him every night."

Herrmann, the magician, had a little surprise at the Grand Opera House in New York, a few nights ago, that he did not particularly enjoy. He had just called up the committee from the audience to investigate one of his illusions, when one of the men who came up pressed a paper into his hand. Visions of some testimonial to his genius, such as a deed to a house and lot, rose before the magician's

mental vision. But on examining the document it proved to be a summons in a suit for forty-odd thousand dollars still due on his Brooklyn Theatre. Herrmann is now observed to start nervously when a newsboy tries to press a paper on him.

Mascagni produced his new opera, "Sylvano," at the New Theatre in Berlin on Tuesday, October 8th. He himself led the orchestra, and was received with an ovation of applause. Although the singers and orchestra were unsatisfactory and the stage unsuited to an adequate setting of the opera, "Sylvano" was a pronounced success.

MAID MARIAN'S SONG.

So-ho! so-ho! for the hunting
In the crisp October morn,
With the lace of the frost like a kerchief tost
On the hlaek of the twisted thorn!

Dark was the wood ere dawning,
When the moon her bow unstrung
(When russet and green the tall trees lean,
And never a bird gives tongue),

Till the sun sprang up in scarlet
And hurled his shafts afar,
And the last star fled where the night lies dead
And the meadows of morning are.

Up! up! my lads o' Lincoln!
Up! up! my merry men all!
The pheasant whirs in the clustered furze,
And hark how the plovers call!

See trampled brake and osier;
Who slept in the bosky hollow?
A stag-of-ten!—Up! up! my men!
Oh, follow—follow—follow!

On to the chase, naught fearing—
We maids o' the kirtle green,
We wait you here, with cap and cheer,
And the kiss that laughs between.

A fig for the white-checked gallant
That never the stout how drew,
With his mincing ways and his honeyed phrase
Ambling the greenwood through.

Not so, not so, my gentles
Ye go a-hunting here!
Who rides to the hilt, he his own blood spilt,
Brings home the fallow deer!

Oh, give me the lad in the jerkin,
With the red blood 'neath the tan,
Who can harry a glade, or hold a maid,
With the heart and arm of a man!

Then ho for the lads o' Lincoln!
And ho for the hunting morn!
For love that doth woo with the twanging yew,
And the lift of the lusty horn!

—Ednah Proctor Clarke in November Century.

William N. Hart, late city editor of the *Examiner*, died in New York, October 27th, from cancer of the face. Through the generosity of W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the *Examiner*, Mr. Hart was removed to the Pasteur Institute in New York, where everything was done for him that money could procure. But the anti-toxic treatment was ineffectual, the physicians at the institute saying that the disease had progressed too far when the patient came under their care. Mr. Hart was told that there was no hope, and met his fate with calmness and courage.

—VERONICA IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DIABETES and other forms of kidney troubles. So wonderful has been the result, that physicians now admit its great curative properties. Veronica is a natural medicinal spring water, and is for sale everywhere. Beware of imitations.

—Rountree's English Chocolates. The finest confectionery at Wm. L. Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St.

—USE ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI CHEWING GUM.

"VIN MARIANI" restores strength quicker, and sustains vitality more than any other tonic." Juliet Corson



pronounced unequalled by all who test it.

Mailed Free. Descriptive Book with Testimony and Portraits OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

Beneficial and Agreeable. Every Test Proves Reputation. Aroid Substitutions. Ask for 'Vin Mariani.' At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

MARIANI & CO., PARIS: 41 Bd. Haussmann. 52 W. 15th St., New York. LONDON: 229 Oxford St. W.

Made in a Minute!

A delicious drink instantly made from WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE. Perfect in flavor and quality. Put up in pound and half-pound tins. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Sole Mfrs., Philadelphia.

A Word About Beds

Usually when you want to buy an "odd" bed you have to pay more than its real value on account of "breaking" the suit.

Now we have a lot of "odd" beds with no bureaus to match, and in order to sell them have made the prices exceptionally low. The beds are strictly high-class—out of \$60 and \$75 suits. Made of solid oak of beautiful grain, highly polished, and rich in carvings. Some at \$11, \$12, and \$13.50.

A lioe of "three-quarter" sizes just suited for "twin" beds—so much in use.

Nobody buys Lace Curtains from us because they have to. They like to—new patterns.

Carpets, Rugs, Mattings.

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY, (N. P. Cole & Co.) 117-123 Geary Street.

A Mountain of Dishes

confronts the average housewife after all the family have dined. They are greasy dishes, too, and hard to get perfectly clean with ordinary soap and water. A good many thoughtful wives have discovered that the best, easiest and quickest way to wash dishes is to use

GOLD DUST

Washing Powder

in the dish water. It acts like magic—cuts the grease and makes the dishes clean. All cleaning is made easier by this great cleanser. It is cheap, too—that's the best of it. 25c. for a large package. Sold by all grocers.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

VANITY FAIR.

It has long been said in Europe that American tourists lead the world for rudeness and vulgarity. But what will be said when our sister republic of Mexico condemns us for the same traits—Mexico, a country which we look upon as infinitely our inferior. Such, however, is the case. In a recent number of a Mexican paper this story is told: A wealthy Mexican gentleman and his wife were living upon their *hacienda*, a vast plantation. Both were highly educated and living in luxury; both spoke English, French, and Spanish, and had traveled extensively. From the adjacent city it was telephoned that a number of American tourists desired to come out and see the sugar-mills at work. The Mexican planter had his two horse-car line; he telephoned back a hospitable invitation, and sent out special cars to bring the tourists. Thirty of them presently arrived, well-dressed and apparently well-to-do. Without waiting to be asked, they at once entered the residence, ransacked the house, looked at the bric-à-brac, went into the kitchen, lifted the lids off the pots and pans, and indulged in such remarks as "How can these people eat such filthy messes?" They even went so far as to enter the library, where the mistress of the house was writing, and one woman remarked, "How black she is, but she has fine hair, hasn't she?" and the whole party immediately felt of her hair. The unfortunate Mexican lady was so astonished and terrified at the time that she submitted without remonstrance to this unparalleled indignity, and did not recover from her amazement in time to be angry until the party had gone.

Whenever President Faure goes off on a trip from Paris, he takes three black dress-coats, with trousers and waistcoats to match, a dozen shirts, placed in a trunk with partitions to prevent them from being rumpled, three grand cordons of the Legion of Honor, four pairs of varnished shoes, socks and cravats by the dozen, and a dozen pairs of white kid gloves, with two buttons. He also takes, to complete his outfit, four silk hats.

In commenting on international marriages, Mr. Thomas Westworth Higginson discusses what he calls "The Transplantation of Wealth" in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar*. He remarks with much truth that "to women, aristocratic life has the greatest charm," and that the greater part of those American women who marry into the higher circles of English life are said to be extremely high Tory—there is scarcely a Liberal among them. "Wealth," he says, "in England can buy hereditary rank. Wealth in the United States can only buy a little more of those comforts and luxuries of which everybody has something." He considers it, therefore, not surprising that American women should run after foreign titles. He hints that American men are not above the snobbish delight caused by having titles applied to them. He says: "Even an American bishop, it is said, is not altogether free from the delight inspired on English soil by hearing himself called 'My Lord.'"

In New York, the modern bachelor apartment-houses are adding so much to the comfort of the young men that they are seriously considered as an additional drawback to matrimony. The boarding-houses there are losing their patrons. These apartment-houses are fitted up in various styles, and the young man can either have one room, with the use of a bath-room near at hand, or two rooms—a bedroom and a sitting-room—with a bath-room of his own. Several of these apartment-houses have restaurants in the building, and all of them are equipped with fast-running elevators and the best of service. It is no wonder that the bachelors are flocking into them.

It looks as if Monte Carlo were running downhill. The annual meeting of the share-holders was held the other day, and the reports showed that there was a falling off of more than 3,000,000 francs from the previous year and nearly 5,000,000 less than in 1892-3. The sum of 8,000,000 francs was deducted for expenses, leaving 11,000,000 francs for a dividend on the 60,000 shares, so a dividend of 183 francs per share was declared, or about eight per cent. per annum on the selling value of the shares. Still the share-holders are dissatisfied, because this is the lowest return made in years. The kicking stock-holders have ordered retrenchments. They have cut off the 20,000 francs a year allowed by them to the Governor of Monaco and the 15,000 francs to the chief of the Monaco police. Both these officials at once resigned. They reduced the salary of the general manager of the Casino from 100,000 francs to 75,000 francs a year. This magnificent individual has also resigned. They are now talking about charging for admission to the rooms. It is doubtful whether the Casino will continue to run until 1913, when its concession expires.

In Washington, the other day, there was an auction held at the Russian Embassy. Prince Cantacuzene was leaving for another diplomatic post, and announced all his effects for sale. There was a large and fashionable crowd there. People

thought it would be rather nice to say to their friends, "That rug came from the Russian Legation," or "This bottle of wine came from the cellars of Prince Cantacuzene." When the sale began, however, the fashionable throng were rather surprised to find that the prince had filled up his house with job-lot stuff from furniture and carpet-dealers, and there were a number of cases of wine which evidently had just been delivered. The sale was a failure.

In a recent book of reminiscences, by Sir Joseph Crow, there is a paragraph describing the ordinary dress of Charles Dickens as he wore it about thirty-five years ago. Sir Joseph says: "Dickens's dress was florid: a satin cravat of the deepest blue relieved by embroideries; a green waistcoat with gold flowers; a dress-coat with a velvet collar and satin facings; opulence of white cuffs; rings in excess. These made up rather a striking whole." Commenting on this, the New York *Sun* remarks that if a man were to wear such a dress nowadays, crowds would hoot him on the streets. "Yet," says the *Sun*, "the famous novelist Dickens wore it publicly in London not so long ago without disturbing the peace." That may be true, but it is none the less true that all of Dickens's contemporaries speak of him as being rather an over-dressed man. The combination of colors alone in the foregoing description of his dress suffices to damn it. Brother Dana goes on to say, with a tender melancholy: "We are led to inquire why it is that, in our time, the dress of every man is so commonplace, so dull in color, so severe of cut, so bald in its whole get-up." It is odd that Brother Dana should choose this time for his remarks when the dress of man, with the various costumes worn for outing recreations, is taking on more life and color than it has had for many years.

In all large cities, when the news of an engagement is printed in the papers, the home of the hapless young woman is bombarded with circulars and letters. The mail is swollen to large proportions. There are letters offering to furnish flowers for the wedding, to furnish the wedding-cake, to cook the wedding repast, to supply the china-ware, to supply the music, to print the wedding-cards, to make gowns, to make bonnets, to furnish waiters, to furnish chioa, napery, glass, plate, to furnish everything except the bridegroom, and there is generally a suggestion from a jeweler or two offering to hire a number of handsome things in gold and silver in order to swell the display of wedding-presents.

How American women of moderate means can live comfortably while abroad seems to perplex them. Living in lodgings in London is disagreeable for a woman. There is, however, to be found there an apartment-house for women known as the "Sloane Garden House," on Sloane Street, off Piccadilly. There is a lady superintendent in charge, a large and beautiful drawing-room, where residents may receive callers, and a handsome music-room. The house is closed at eleven o'clock, but latch-keys are furnished for a small fee. The best furnished rooms range in price, in American money, from \$2.62 to \$3.37 per week; unfurnished rooms are as low as \$1.75 a week. Baths are charged at the rate of one penny. The dining-room is large and well ventilated, and furnished with numbers of small tables. The charge for breakfast is from eight to sixteen cents; luncheon from eight to twenty-four cents; dinner is invariably one shilling, or twenty-four cents. The food is excellent and includes soup, a joint of some sort, two vegetables, and a simple dessert. Cooking in rooms, driving nails in the walls, throwing things from the windows, and leaving boxes or bundles in the halls are prohibited. Each guest must furnish her own linen, towels, sheets, and pillow-cases. This is customary in nearly all furnished lodgings in London. The applicant must make a deposit of one pound, which is refunded when she goes away, and is required to "give her name in full, with present address, approximate age and general state of health, single, married, or widowed, and profession or occupation of father." The "approximate age" rather staggers some women, but they manage to get around it, as women will; the exact date of birth is not demanded. As for the "occupation of father," that is designed to insure that the occupants of Sloane Garden House shall be what in England are termed "gentlewomen."

William, the German emperor, has just added another uniform to his collection. He is said now to have several hundred. The Emperor of Austria has appointed Emperor William a general of Hungarian cavalry. He has sent a letter to that effect to the German emperor. The uniform is scarlet, with a white dolman, and Emperor William is said to be tickled to death over it. He is as fond of clothes as a girl. Recently when he accompanied the Prince of Wales on a shooting trip on the Continent, Wales had great difficulty in restraining him from wearing his favorite costume. This consists of a tight-fitting gray tunic, tight-fitting gray breeches, patent-leather boots with castled toes coming above the knees, a Tyrolean hat with a

feather, and gold frogs, gold lace, and gold gallons stuck all over the costume wherever there was room to put them on. It is said that William in this rig looks like a comic-opera sportsman, and the Prince of Wales, having some sense of humor, was unwilling to have his English attendants see his German nephew in these extraordinary togs.

POLLY.

Miss Moneybags the sunrise
Hath never viewed afar,
Nor in the dawn-enchanted skies
Beheld the morning star.
But Polly trips at five o'clock
Across the twinkling dew
To milk the cows
'Neath apple boughs,
With petals drifting through.

Miss Moneybags the hall-room
Adorns with gems agleam,
And sinks to rest with faded bloom,
Of conquered hearts to dream.
But winsome Polly goes to bed
With heels and hutterflies,
And softly sleeps,
And ever keeps
The dewlight in her eyes.

Miss Moneybags in satin
May dazzle half the world,
And oft the glance of Envy win,
Bediamonded and pearled.
But Polly in a cotton gown—
What need hath she of art,
When just to see
Her lissome glee
Hath robbed me of my heart?
—Samuel Minturn Peck in *Harper's Bazar*.

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In other words: "What is your favorite dissipation?" "Sir!" "Beg pardon; I mean of what sin are you most tolerant in others?"—*Ex.*

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Just think: 135 Times Around the Earth!

Query: How many more would have been sold if all had been as good at the price as

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Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

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GENERAL OFFICE, 501 Montgomery St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Archbishop Trench was a victim of absent-mindedness. Dining at home one evening, he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner-party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench: "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

While traveling in a country village in Northern England, Mr. Blank left one of his shirts behind in a small tavern. Upon finding his loss, he wrote at once to the chambermaid asking for its return. She answered as follows: "DEAR SIR: Your letter came too late. I have made your shirt into a shift, so now you will have to shift for a shirt. Your humble servant, MARY JONES."

During the whole of the last Parliament, it is said, there was only one instance of a member addressing the House after having dined not wisely but too well. It was during the debate on the disestablishment of the church in Wales, which is a difficult matter to discuss in liquor. He made, however, no mistake in his arguments, but persistently addressed the Front Bench as the French Bench. The repetition of this term was greeted with excusable delight.

An examination in astronomy had begun in a certain college recently (says the Boston Transcript). A student came in, glanced over the list of questions, was appalled at their character, and, hastily scribbling something in his book, left the room. The professor was curious to see what he had written, and went to the desk and looked at the book. This was what he found—being a couplet from a well-known hymn:

"Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly!"

Dr. Belman, a well-known Suffolk doctor, had a great contempt for homoeopathy. An old lady who pinned her faith to Hahnemann one day took five globules by mistake for three, and, her own doctor being absent, Dr. Belman was sent for post-haste. He came, looked grave, shook his head, said if people would meddle with dangerous drugs they must take the consequences. "But, madam," he added, "I will die with you," and lifting the bottle of globules to his mouth, he swallowed its entire contents.

President Lincoln was attracted to Governor Tod, of Ohio, on first meeting him by his name, and took an early occasion to say: "I never could understand how you come to spell your name with only one *d*. Now, I married a Todd, and she spells her name with two *d*'s, and I believe she knows how to spell. What is your authority for using only one?" "Well," drawled Governor Tod, "my authority for it is in part the fact that God spells His name with only one *d*, and it seems I should be satisfied if He is."

One cold, blustering morning in December, 1864, the late General Mahone's tent was pitched on a bleak Virginia hill-side. He was indulging in a morning nap, when Uncle Davy, his negro body-servant, tiptoed in, and, stumbling over something, knocked down the general's cot and spilled him on the ground. Springing to his feet, the irate officer seized a sword and gave chase to the flying Davy. The darkey jumped a fence, and, feeling safe, turned back toward his master, whose notably slender, unclad limbs were shaking with cold, and yelled: "Good Lawd, Massa William, you ain't trustin' yo'self in dis wind on dem legs, is you?"

President Hayes had for one of his Ohio neighbors a testy old fellow who kept a small truck farm. During Mr. Hayes's four years in the White House, on one of his visits home he passed this old man's farm, and found him planting potatoes. The President, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some eccentricity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a little chat, called attention to it. The old man defended his method, and finally Mr. Hayes said, as he started along: "Well, I don't think you will get the best kind of a crop if you plant in that manner." The farmer rested his elbows on the fence. "They ain't neither one of us above havin' fault found with us," he said; "but if you jest go on presidentin' the United States your way, an' I go on plantin' pertaters my way, I guess we won't be no wuss off in the end."

One of the Portuguese kings—who has Semitic blood in his veins—married a bigoted wife, who once persuaded him to order the banishment of all Jews, and to issue a decree commanding that all those who were in any way "tainted" with Hebrew blood should wear white hats, in order that they might be recognized and subjected to ostracism. The prime minister, finding remonstrances ineffective, pretended compliance with the edict, and, presenting himself before his majesty, drew forth from under his cloak two white hats,

which he solemnly placed upon the table. The astonished king inquired the meaning of the extraordinary action of the premier. Said the latter: "I have come prepared to obey your majesty's commands, with one hat for you and the other for myself." The king had the good sense to laugh and to cancel the decree concerning the hats.

Early in the war, before Lee had demonstrated his preëminence as the Southern leader, he was severely criticised on more than one occasion by a certain General Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point, and was considered a very bright and capable man. One day President Davis, wishing an officer for some important command, called upon General Lee for advice. "What do you think of Whiting?" asked Davis. Lee answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest men in the army, well qualified in every way for even the most responsible position. One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and at the first opportunity drew Lee aside. "Don't you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?" he inquired. Lee's answer was of the best. "I understood," he said, "that the president desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me."

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

A Picturesque Romance of Ancient Bicycling.

"Grammercy!" quoth the Baron d'Agincourt, as he rolled off his bicycle into a potato-hed, "'tis a full-mettled steed! Methinks those varlets have fed him with overmuch oil of late, so restive is he become. And, lack-a-day! My doublet is besmirched with mire! Thou smilest, I see, Agatha. There is hut scant reason for merriment, shameless girl!"

"Nay," replied the beautiful Lady Agatha, as with exquisite skill she rode her dainty steed (a thoroughbred Coventry) up and down the terrace, "'twas not at thy mishap, dear father! Of a truth thou must be sorely bruised. Was not that thy seventh fall this afternoon? If I smile, 'tis but that I am happy."

"Humph!" said the baron, as he hopped painfully behind his machine, vainly endeavoring to mount anew. "Happy, eh? And wherefore? Whom hast thou seen to change thy mood so since this morning? 'Twas but a few hours ago that thou wast weeping over some trifle of a spilt oil-can. Ah, I am up at last!"

"I have seen none," said the lovely maiden, with blushing cheeks; "at least, save only—"

She hesitated, doubtfully.

"Whom, girl?" insisted her father.

"Sir Algernon Fitzclarence."

With a desperate swerve the baron rode toward her, his face purple with passion.

"What, thou hast chosen to disobey me again?"

Talking with him whom I had forbidden to come within twenty leagues of my castle! Now, by St. Humber, both thou and he shall rue this day! I say that—"

The baron's skill failed him once more, and he was shot off into the gooseberry bushes.

"Nay, hear me, dear father—"

"Cease!" roared the angry baron. "What ho, there! Lead the Lady Agatha," he commanded, as twenty men rushed forward in answer to his summons, "into the upper dungeon. And, varlets, bring me the sticking-plaster."

"'Twas midnight. Alone in the dismal cell to which her father's cruelty had consigned her, the Lady Agatha wept unceasingly. Sleep came not to her weary eyes; she paced restlessly up and down or gazed through the narrow bars of the window over the moonlit landscape.

Suddenly she started. Was it fancy? Nay, 'twas a human voice, manly, resonant, and strong, that sang beneath her window. She could catch some of the words:

"O sweetest blossom of the lea,
O daintiest flower of the field!
For love, for hopeless love of thee
My reason must her kingdom yield."

Good heavens! It was Algernon Fitzclarence!

"Across the land, across the main,
A single steed shall bear us twain."

He was ascending by a ladder! His face appeared at the window!

"Ah, darling Agatha," he said, "news was brought me of thy parlous state! But dry thy tears, my sweet! See"—he snapped the massive bars with the little finger of his left hand—"the cage is broken. Two of the swiftest Singers are saddled for us at the castle gate. Let us fly together!"

Noiselessly the gallant steeds flitted along the road.

"Were't not best to light our lamps?" whispered Agatha. "Methinks that the sage councillors of the parish—"

"Nay, I fear them not," said the intrepid Fitzclarence. "Enough for me is the light of thine eyes."

Suddenly their steeds slackened pace simultane-

ously, and a faint hissing sound was heard. They looked at one another and groaned.

"We are punctured!" cried Agatha. It was too true. At the foot of a steep hill, they dismounted, their tires flabby, shapeless, useless. Fitzclarence passed his hand over the ground.

"As I thought," he said, bitterly, "'tis thy father that hath contrived this! He hath scattered tin-tacks broadcast over the road to foil our attempt to escape! But we will baffle him."

For some minutes he worked his air-pumps in silence. Suddenly a sound was heard, at which Agatha grew deathly pale. It was the clear, resonant note of a bicycle-bell.

"We are pursued!" she cried. "Let us fly, Algernon."

"We can not," said her practical lover; "the tires are almost empty. We can but meet our doom bravely!"

Louder and louder came the noise of whirling wheels. Then—a whir, and the baron, breathless, pale with terror, went by them like a flash of lightning. Fitzclarence understood in a moment what had happened. The baron was but an unskillful rider, and had allowed his machine to run away with him down the hill.

To stop him was impossible. He went along the highway for thirty-two and a half miles, and then, with a last despairing yell, he vanished over the cliff, still seated on his steed, and was buried beneath the waves of the English Channel. So Fitzclarence and Agatha returned to the castle and lived happily ever after.—Punch.

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SOCIETY.

Woman's Exchange Ball.

The annual ball of the Woman's Exchange was held at Pioneer Hall last Thursday evening. It is a matter of regret that the attendance was not large, but those who were in attendance enjoyed the dancing very much. The decorations of the hall were in quiet taste. On the stage was a mass of palms, ferns, hamboos, and chrysanthemums, with a number of fancy lamps interspersed, and along the balcony were large clusters of chrysanthemums. Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra volunteered its services for the dancing and played delightfully. At eleven o'clock a delicious supper was served under Ludwig's direction, after which dancing was resumed until a late hour. The committees were as follows:

Reception Committee—Mrs. John Carrey, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. William P. Morgan, and Mrs. Albert T. Spotts; Floor Committee—Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Addison Mizner, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Mr. Tarn McGrew, Lieutenant Haan, U. S. A., and Mr. George A. Newhall; Decoration Committee—Mrs. A. T. Spotts, Mrs. Henry Martinez, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Miss Emily Hughes.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Julia W. Conner and Mr. Robert Howard Bennett will be united in marriage next Tuesday evening at Trinity Church at nine o'clock. There will be a reception afterward to a few relatives and intimate friends at the home of the bride's mother, 2400 Fillmore Street.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Millie C. Badger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Badger, to Mr. H. S. Foote, Jr., son of Judge H. S. Foote, present United States Attorney.

Mrs. Austin Sperry will give a matinee tea at her residence, 2100 Pacific Avenue, from four until seven o'clock to-day. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horace B. Sperry, the Misses Sperry, Miss Margaret E. Simpson, of Stockton, and Miss E. S. Richards, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. P. Jones will give a matinee tea next Thursday at her residence on Pine Street.

The first assembly of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, November 29th.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will hold its first party at Lunt's Hall on Monday evening, November 25th.

The next meeting of the Friday Fortnightly Dancing Club will be held at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening, November 22d.

The Concordia Club will give an entertainment and hall this evening at the club-house on Van Ness Avenue.

The members of the San Francisco Verein are making arrangements to give an entertainment at the club on Saturday evening, November 16th. It will be a travesty entitled "The Babes in the Woods," and will be on the same standard as "Romeo and Juliet," which they produced last year. All of the characters will be taken by gentlemen. Mr. Nash, stage-manager of the Bostonians, and Mr. Hirschbach, formerly musical director at the Tivoli, have the affair in charge. There will be dancing and an elaborate supper after the entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker gave a dinner-party at their home on California Street on Friday, October 25th, and hospitably entertained ten of their friends.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a theatre-party at the Columbia last Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Childs, of Los Angeles. After the performance, the party enjoyed an elaborate supper in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club.

Several theatre-parties were given at the Colum-

bia last Monday evening, and among the hosts were General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., Mr. I. W. Hellman, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mr. Eugene Lent, and Mrs. B. Schweitzer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker gave a dinner to fourteen young people Monday evening, complimentary to Mr. Alexander Rutherford, who departed for the East the following evening.

Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, 2214 Clay Street, and entertained a couple of hundred of her friends. This is the first time Mrs. Wallace has entertained for a long time, as she only recently came out of mourning. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Hnrace L. Hill, Mrs. Spencer C. Buckhee, Mrs. James N. Brown, Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Miss Mary Bowen. The rooms were all prettily decorated with flowers and foliage. The hours of the reception were from three until six o'clock.

Mme. B. Ziska entertained a number of friends at her residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, on Friday evening. One of the attractions of the evening was a monologue by Mr. John Banner, entitled "An Hour in Fairyland," which was quite interesting. A delicious supper was served and a number of dances were enjoyed.

As an example of woman as a diplomatist, the *Evening Sun* prints this story: "Mrs. A. had gone away from home for a day's visit. During her absence her fellow-townswoman, Mrs. B., decided, after the rural, self-inviting fashion, that she would spend the night with Mrs. A. In spite of Mrs. A.'s absence the thing was easy to accomplish, for the latch-keys of the two houses were alike. Mrs. B. therefore effected an entrance and found the house deserted. 'Oh, well, I'll just wait till Mrs. A. gets home,' she said to herself. Night came. Still no Mrs. A. 'I won't light a lamp,' philosophized Mrs. B., 'because seeing a light in the house might scare Mrs. A. clear out of her senses.' So the unexpected guest sat in the dark awaiting the arrival of her hostess. At last the rattle of Mrs. A.'s key was heard in the door-latch. She entered the house and slowly made her way to the 'sitting-room,' of course unconscious that there was another human being within breathing range. 'Don't be frightened Mrs. A.,' suddenly spoke a voice from the darkness; 'it's only I, Mrs. B. I didn't light a lamp for fear you'd be scared, you know, and—' But the diplomatic Mrs. B. never finished her sentence, for just here Mrs. A. fell on the floor in a dead faint. 'It was queer she should have been so scared,' said Mrs. B. afterward; 'for I took every precaution not to frighten her.'"

In an interesting article upon "Professional Secrecy," the *Spectator* very justly remarks that it is, on the whole, rigidly observed both by doctors and lawyers; what is confided to them is as closely kept as the secrets of the confessional. On the other hand, neither doctors nor lawyers, especially when they are good talkers, forbear to enliven their talk, or, still more often, to make it dramatic, with incidents out of their own experience. Like novelists who know their business, they render what is drawn from real life unrecognizable by a few unreal touches. But, nevertheless, persons who have long memories, and have given their attention to such matters, can generally "dot the i's and cross the t's" of their anecdotes.

The inartistic and most unpicturesque sight of ten caws being mechanically milked has proved one of the great attractions at the London Dairy Show. A certain sentiment has always been attached to the milkmaid, and she has ever been used in song and fiction. Yet no doubt the "milkmaid" of steel springs and nicely adjusted screws is infinitely more serviceable and cleanly.

New York will soon be treated to the spectacle of fifty-eight or more men speeding on bicycles around town and arrayed in flat white nickel caps and blue overcoats, decorated with military frags. They will be section foremen of Colonel Waring's Street Cleaning Department, hustling about to see that the white-garbed sweepers are industriously sweeping.

In New Orleans, at all the bars that serve free lunches, onion soup, very strong, is the standard dish on Monday morning. It is provided for the benefit of a large clientele that has for the previous twenty-four hours worshiped fervently at the shrine of Bourbon, Rye & Co.

John Skelton, otherwise "Shirley," has written a volume of reminiscences of Thackeray, Huxley, Browning, Froude, Disraeli, and other interesting personages. The book will be brought out in a few weeks.

St. Nicholas is soon to publish Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy," which were written to his wife's grandson, Austin Strong, a favored member of the household at Valhalla.

Ethel (to Cynthia)—"I saw Maud just now. She really ought to do something for her figure. It's getting as bad as the Venus of Milo's."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Two festival concerts will be given at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, November 19th and 20th, in aid of the Children's Hospital, which is now caring for nearly one hundred sick, motherless children. As this is not an endowed institution, all aid must come from the general public. The need of it in this instance is manifest. The president and board of managers have worked untiringly to maintain this charity, but they must have financial assistance to enable them to carry on their good work. Hence the present appeal. On the two evenings mentioned there will be singing by a chorus of twelve hundred selected voices and by Miss Elizabeth Bell, who has just returned from Europe after five years of study at the leading conservatories. A large orchestra will provide instrumental music. It is proposed to sell the boxes and seats at auction next week.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give his first song recital next Wednesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. He will have the assistance of Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder, contralto; Miss Sophie Newlands, soprano; and a quartet comprising Mrs. Melville Dewing, soprano; Mrs. Batchelder, contralto; Mr. Gilbert F. Graham, tenor; and Mr. Harry B. Melvin, tenor.

Mr. Otto Bendix will give his second piano recital next Tuesday evening at Beethoven Hall, and will present some interesting numbers by such composers as Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Tschai-kowsky, Chopin, Strauss-Taussig, and Liszt. The final concert will be given on Tuesday evening, November 19th.

The Pianists' Club has tendered a benefit performance to little Elsa von Manderscheid, to help her to continue her studies in Europe. It will take place at the Association Auditorium on Friday evening, November 8th.

The series of nonsense-rhymes and pictures that Gelett Burgess has been printing in his unique publication, *The Lark*, have been collected and are now issued in a pamphlet, similar in general appearance to *The Lark*, entitled "The Purple Cow." It contains "The Giant Horse," "My Feet," "The Invisible Bridge," "The Lamp-Post Theory," "The Purple Cow," "On Digital Extremities," "My House," and the legend of "The Chewing-Gum Man." They are all extraordinary productions, taking rank somewhere between Edwin Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes" and the jingles Lewis Carroll has scattered through his "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." Published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

"On the Cranial Characters of the Genus *Sehaslodes* (Rock-Fish)," by Frank Cramer, the second Contribution to Biology from the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory, has been issued from the Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, Cal.

A novel by William Black will be begun in the December *Harper's*. The title of the story, "Briseis," is taken from its heroine, a Greek maiden, who is first introduced to the reader among the hills of Aherdeenshire.

Alphonse Daudet's new book, which will shortly be published, is "Soutien de Famille," in which he has turned to account some of his London experiences of last spring.

"Blanche says she will have her furniture plain but rich." "That's just like Blanche."—*Vogue*.

Champagne Sec.

The discerning judgment of the late Mme. Pommeroy in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. The firm of Veuve Pommeroy, Fils and Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommeroy, Henry Vassier, the experienced director, and the Comtesse de Plignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne, regardless of cost, that Pommeroy Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds, it being more the favorite of the refined and fastidious classes of Europe than that of the sporting fraternity. At the English wine sales Pommeroy always commands the highest prices.—*Ex.*

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels have returned from a four months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin have leased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, 2548 Jackson Street, for the winter season.

Colonel C. F. Crocker left for New York city on Thursday night for a flying trip. While there he will attend the Whitney wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will soon leave for New York to meet Prince and Princess Poniatowski, *de Sperry*.

Mrs. L. L. Baker has returned from a prolonged visit in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy have delayed their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot McAllister, *de Decker*, have returned to the city after passing the summer in Ross Valley.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker left last Sunday for New York city to attend the horse-show.

Mr. Charles Adler and the Misses Alice and Irma Adler were in Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine, *de Bucknall*, are still the guests of Lady Jardine, of Ainsfield Towers, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, but will soon leave for London.

Miss Oxnard and Miss Marie Oxnard returned to the city last Monday, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, of San Mateo, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Goodman came down from Napa last Monday, and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Fisher Ames is visiting relatives in the Eastern States.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg has returned from his Eastern trip.

Miss Laura Henshaw has returned to Boston, after a visit here to her sister, Mrs. Hall McAllister.

Mrs. A. A. Martin has returned from Mill Valley, and will receive with her sister, Mrs. Charles H. Abbott, on the first, second, and third Fridays of each month at 1632 Vallejo Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone, *de Weihe*, will receive on the first, second, and third Wednesdays in November from four until seven o'clock at their residence, 210 Locust Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Lemon, of Boston, are here on a visit to friends at 2405 Van Ness Avenue. After remaining here a month they will go to Portland and Tacoma, afterward returning East via this city.

Lemon was formerly Miss Frances Bancroft Wardwell, of this city. She was entertained at luncheon last Thursday by Miss Bishop at her residence, 730 Central Avenue.

Miss Foulkes has returned to her residence, 2500 Washington Street, after passing two years in the Eastern States. She visited the exposition at Atlanta while en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Pearce and Mrs. M. L. Pearce will pass the winter at The Colonial.

Miss M. B. Brittan is staying at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Wilson, of Alaska, will sail from New York to-day for Belfast, Ireland.

Mrs. C. E. Hayes, of East Oakland, left last Tuesday to visit the Eastern States and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Porter and Miss Porter are at The Colonial, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. Max Stahl and family, of Guatemala, are passing a few weeks at The Colonial.

Mrs. Rohles and family, of Guatemala, will reside at The Colonial during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lukens and Miss Lukens have returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern and Southern States, and are at their residence, 1350 Madison Street, Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Allison Clarke Bonnell have returned from a tour of Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle will sail from New York for Europe December 4th on the White Star steamship *Teutonic*.

Dr. Grant Selfridge has returned from a month's visit to New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have returned from their wedding tour and are occupying their residence, 2406 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Crockett left Liverpool on Friday en route home.

Miss Grace Llewellyn Jones, of this city, will pursue the regular courses at the Paris University of the Sorbonne this winter, and will attend the lectures in French literature and art. This will be her last year of study leading to the degree of bachelor of arts from Bryn Mawr College, in Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Arnhold are now occupying their new residence, 2930 Sacramento Street, and will receive on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Williams have returned from the East, and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. James Denman will receive on the second and third Fridays of each month at her residence, south-west corner of Clay and Devisadero Streets.

Mrs. Robert W. W. Cryan, who has been abroad for the past two years, is now in Italy, but leaves at once for California on a brief visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Matthews, in Oakland. Mrs. Cryan will join Mr. Cryan and their children for Christmas.

Mrs. Charles B. Stone will receive on the first and second Fridays of each month at her residence, 2217 Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spruance have returned from the East, and are residing at 2504 Jackson Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has returned from a visit to the Sequoia National Park.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., are passing a month at their country home, Madrona Villa, in Napa County.

Captain F. E. Pierce, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to duty at Benicia Barracks.

Passed-Assistant Surgeon C. J. Decker, U. S. N., has been transferred from the marine rendezvous in this city to the naval hospital at Mare Island, exchanging places with Passed-Assistant Surgeon C. H. F. Lowndes, U. S. N.

The cruiser *Boston* will be put in commission at Mare Island on November 18th. Captain Frank White, U. S. N., will have the command, with Lieutenant A. V. Waughan, U. S. N., as executive, and Lieutenant H. B. Tyler, U. S. N., navigating officer.

Sixteen out of the twenty-one candidates who were examined at Fort Leavenworth for promotion to a second

lieutenancy have safely passed the ordeal. Among them were Privates Anderson, of the Sixth Cavalry, and Merchant, of the First. The others were First Sergeant Sydenham, Quartermaster-Sergeant Ryther, and Sergeants Creary, Cochran, and Munson, of the infantry, and Corporals French, Allen, and Drips, of the cavalry, and Rethers, Hartmann, Thurman, Shaw, and Simonds, with Lance Corporal Sievert, of the infantry. It is not strange that non-commissioned officers should form a large majority of the candidates, inasmuch as a service of at least two years is required for a commission, and during that interval a capable soldier often has a chance of promotion, unless, indeed, the retention of old sergeants and corporals in his company keeps him back. But the chances of the immediate commissioning of these sixteen men are not very good at present, inasmuch as there are now only two vacancies for them.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., have returned from Fort Hamilton, N. Y., and are at the Palace Hotel.

Chief Engineer Richard Inch, U. S. N., is now examining officer on the *Independence*.

Ensign S. S. Robison, U. S. N., is under orders to the *Boston*.

Mrs. Norman J. Blackwood, wife of Passed Assistant Surgeon Blackwood, U. S. N., sailed last Saturday for China to join her husband, who is on the *Concord*.

Mrs. John A. Sherman and Miss Leslie Sherman sailed last Saturday for China to meet Lieutenant Sherman, U. S. N., who is attached to the *Olympia*.

Mrs. F. E. Greene, wife of Lieutenant Greene, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, has returned from Wisconsin, where she passed the summer.

English sportsmen are particular as to what they shoot at. The *Daily Telegraph*, having spoken inaccurately of a covey of pheasants, received the following list of correct names for assemblages of birds: "A covey of partridges; a nye, nide, or nest of pheasants; a herd of swans; an exalting of larks; a watching of nightingales; a team of ducks; a muster of peacocks; a hevy of quails; a flight of doves; a flock or gaggle of geese; a spring of teals; a fall of woodcocks; a pack of grouse; a sedge of herons; a shoal of rooks; a trip of widgeon; a wisp or walk of snipe."

A confirmed woman-hater, an old bachelor of Vienna, who has just died, left instructions that his heirs should buy a vacant grave on each side of his, so that even in death no woman could be placed near him.

Telephones are to be admitted into Italian nunneries by a recent decision of the Congregation of Bishops, but a strict censorship will be exercised over the wires.

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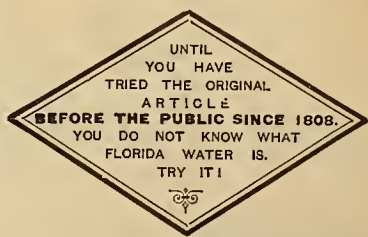
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Merritt—She has such a pretty foot. I don't know where you would find anything smaller, do you?" Cora—"There is the shoe she wears."—Life.

Cittiman (pompously)—"I work with my head, sir, instead of my hands." Jay Green—"Huh! That ain't nuthin'! So does a woodpecker."—Puck.

She—"When I really think, Fred, I find I don't like you!" He—"You darling! Thank you! What a too delicious sense of security."—The New Budget.

He—"I confess I do not quite understand what a woman means by a confidante." She—"A confidante is the first one to whom a woman tells a secret."—Puck.

"Paw," said Tommy Tucker, "am I descended from the monkeys?" "Not on my side of the house," replied Mr. Tucker, with much positiveness.—Chicago Tribune.

"When he proposed last night he told me he had actually bought the ring." "Have you accepted him?" "Not yet. He forgot to bring it with him."—Town Topics.

Friend—"Why didn't you ever marry?" Maiden lady—"Because, by the time my relatives thought I was old enough to marry, the men thought I was too old."—New York Weekly.

Proprietor—"Where is the bookkeeper?" Office-boy—"He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like."—Texas Siftings.

Miss Ingenue—"Is there really a cable in the ocean?" Sailor—"Yes, mum." Miss Ingenue (with conviction, after studying the man at the wheel)—"Then that must be the gripman."—Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Sauer (to his wife)—"How horrid of you to be always looking as sour as a crab apple! Just look at Mrs. X—over yonder; the very picture of cheerfulness." Mrs. Sauer—"You seem to forget, my dear, that Mrs. X—is a widow."—Neue Welt.

Wife—"Do you think there is a man that could conscientiously say to his wife: 'You are the only woman I ever loved'?" Hubby—"Only one that I can think of." Wife—"Who? You, dearest?" Hubby—"Oh, no; Adam."—Town Topics.

A beggar stopped a lady on the steps of a church. "Kind lady, have you not a pair of old shoes to give me?" "No, I have not; besides those you are now wearing seem to be brand new." "That's just it, ma'am—they spoil my business."—La Riforma.

Mrs. Slimson (severely)—"Willie, this lady complains that you have been fighting with her little boy, and wants you to promise never to do so again." Willie (to lady)—"You needn't be afraid, ma'am. Your boy will keep out of my way after this."—Bazar.

"There," said the playwright, "that play is finished." "Why, George, dear," said his wife, "you've only been at it ten minutes." "I know it, my dear, but it isn't part of my work to introduce the dances and comic songs. It's only three acts, you know."—Bazar.

"Do you have any luck in your literary work, Wilkins?" "Yes. I didn't use to think so, but I do now." "What has caused you to change your mind?" "I've been reading over my rejected stuff, and I'm perfectly delighted to think it didn't get printed over my name."—Bazar.

In the art gallery: Lad of ten—"I say, pa, what is the meaning of these numbers at the bottom of every picture? Look at this one, 'Shakespeare, 153.'" Perplexed father (who has never been in a gallery before)—"Oh!—ah—I expect that is his telephone number."—Humoristische Blätter.

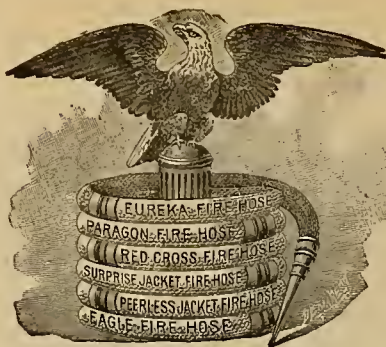
"I see that you have been buying a bicycle," he casually remarked, as they sat side by side on the sofa. "Yes." "Cash or installment?" "Two dollars a week," she admitted. And thus it was she unknowingly caused him to postpone his proposal for nearly a year.—Indianapolis Journal.

Irate manufacturer—"See here! I sent you an advertisement saying my pianos were 'inferior to none.'" Editor—"Yes, sir." Irate manufacturer—"You printed it 'inferior in tone.'" Editor—"Oh, well, never mind; that's easily fixed." Irate manufacturer—"Eh? Easily fixed?" Editor—"Certainly. Change the name of your pianos and send me another advertisement. Here's a card showing our rates. Good-day, sir."—New York Weekly.

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The Argonaut.

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The elections of 1895 are over. The electors of thirteen States have spoken. The Republicans have swept everything before them, with practically two exceptions. Those exceptions are the State of Mississippi and the city of New York.

The State of Mississippi is probably one of the most retrograde in the American Union. The black vote there in many districts largely outnumbers the white. Mississippi takes a high rank in murder and a low rank in learning. There are more illiterate voters there per thousand—more "intelligent electors" who can not read and write—than in any other State in the Union. Mississippi was also the first American State to repudiate her honest debts, which she did some fifty years ago. The Democrats have carried Mississippi by 50,000 majority. We congratulate them. The Democrats carried New York city by 20,000 majority. We congratulate them again. We also congratulate New

York city on her company. To find herself standing alone with Mississippi, when the rest of the country is going in a different direction, would imply a marked kinship in tastes.

But Mississippi is apparently the only Southern State in this election which has followed the lead of Darkest New York—i. e., the city. As we write, Kentucky is certainly safe in the Republican camp, and Maryland is also secure. In the old-time stalwart States, such as Ohio and Iowa, there were sweeping Republican victories.

Let us take up the States in detail:

New Jersey has elected a Republican governor, John W. Griggs, by 22,000 majority. The legislature is also Republican.

Maryland has elected a Republican governor, Lloyd Lowndes, by 20,000 plurality. Even Baltimore gave 10,000 Republican plurality. The State ticket and the legislature, which will elect a successor to United States Senator Charles H. Gibson, are also Republican.

Iowa has elected a Republican governor, Francis Marion Drake, Republican State officers, and a Republican legislature, which will choose a successor to United States Senator William B. Allison. Iowa goes Republican by about 60,000.

Massachusetts has elected a Republican governor, Fred-eric T. Greenhalge, Republican State officers, and one congressman to fill a vacancy caused by the death of William Coggswell. Massachusetts has gone Republican by 60,000.

Nebraska has elected a Republican justice of the supreme court and two regents of the State University. Nebraska has gone Republican by 65,000.

Kansas has elected a Republican chief-justice of the supreme court by a majority of 12,000.

Virginia has elected a diminished number of Democrats to its House of Delegates.

Utah has elected Republican State officers, and a legislature which will choose two United States senators. It is solidly Republican.

Mississippi has elected a Democratic governor, Anselum Joseph McLaurin, Democratic State officers, and a Democratic legislature, which will choose a successor to United States Senator James Z. George.

Kentucky has elected a Republican governor, William O. Bradley, and Republican State officers, by a majority of 15,000. The legislature, which elects a successor to United States Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn, is Republican. Inasmuch as President Cleveland sent Secretary Carlisle to make stump-speeches in the Bourbon State, the result in Kentucky is a slap in the face to the administration.

New York has elected Republican State officers, except governor and lieutenant-governor (already Republican), a Republican legislature, and sixteen Republican supreme court justices. In the tenth district, Amos Cummings (Democrat) has been elected to Congress to fill a vacancy. This district is in New York city. The city has gone for Tammany by 20,000 majority. The State has gone Republican by 75,000.

Pennsylvania has elected a Republican State treasurer and seven republican judges of the superior court. Pennsylvania goes Republican by 150,000.

Ohio has elected a Republican governor, Asa S. Bushnell, Republican State officers, and a Republican legislature, which will choose a successor to United States Senator Calvin S. Brice. The Republican majority in Ohio is about 100,000—nearly equal to the Republican land-slide of last year.

This is the third year that the Republicans have won sweeping victories. In 1893, the Democrats attributed the Republican triumph to the "business depression" of that year, meaning the wild panic caused by their free-trade threats. In 1894, they ascribed the renewed Republican victories to the fact that they had not been able to get their new tariff into operation. This was pleading the baby act; they had entire possession of the government—President, Senate, and House—and might have passed any kind of a tariff at any time. That they failed to do so was simply due to Democratic paltering and cow-

ardice. When they did pass their Sugar Trust tariff, it split the party, and it was denounced as "infamous" by their President, who was ashamed to sign it. Now it has been in force for fourteen months. What excuse have they to offer for the crushing defeat of November, 1895? None. Under their tariff, business has not revived, as they had promised; the Democratic organs claim that it has, but every man's pocket throughout the land tells him that their claim is false. The government is running behind from five to ten millions per month. The Democrats have borrowed \$160,000,000 in the last eighteen months, while under the last Republican administration the national debt was reduced \$260,000,000. Is it any wonder, with these facts staring them in the face, that the voters of the land have spurned with contempt this party of ruin, of falsehood, and dishonor?

It is a significant fact that the only notable victory the Democrats have won is in the semi-foreign city of New York, and there only by allying themselves with the whisky-drinking Irish and beer-guzzling Germans who want wide-open rum-mills on Sunday.

Are American women flunkeys? We put the question seriously. On several occasions recently we have asked whether the newspapers have not mistaken the public in giving so much space to the Vanderbilt-Marlborough wedding; but when we see that they have risen from half columns to columns, from columns to pages, and from pages to entire supplements devoted to pictures of Miss Vanderbilt, pictures of Miss Vanderbilt's country-place, pictures of Miss Vanderbilt's future country-place, Blenheim, pictures of Miss Vanderbilt's wedding-gown, pictures of Miss Vanderbilt's corsets, pictures of Miss Vanderbilt's underwear, and pictures of Miss Vanderbilt's shoes and stockings, with minute descriptions of everything that she can possibly wear, we are convinced that there must be some grounds for the belief on the part of the editors of the daily newspapers that people want to see these pictures and read these descriptions. But what people? It certainly can not be the men of the country, for men interest themselves with difficulty in haberdashery and lingerie, and then only on special and personal feminine appeal. So it must be the women to whom the newspapers in their rôles of ecstatic milliners and chatting waiting-maids are catering. This view would bear out the theory which has lately been advanced by some, who are accused of cynicism, that the women of the United States are flunkeys at heart, that they lack patriotism, and that there is not one in five thousand who, if unwedded, would not jump at the chance to marry a foreign title.

This may be too severe—it may be imparting to the women of this country as a peculiarity a characteristic belonging to women of all countries. As it is only on the social side of life that snobbery is possible, and as the ambition of women is in general exclusively social, it necessarily comes about that there are fifty female snobs for every male snob. If men were as restricted in their activities as women choose to be, doubtless they would be as prone to flunkeyism. But whatever the reasons, there is no denying the unpleasant fact that women are eager to bow down before the insignia of social position and put their souls in livery. And for some time past American women have been leading the world in exhibitions of this form of slavishness. The habitable globe is amused at the readiness of the daughters of the republic to prostrate themselves in worship of those titles of nobility which our constitution forbids any American in the service of the government to accept, and which the men of the republic universally eschew, though the gauds may be had by purchase. If any citizen were to buy a title and wear it, he would excite only the laughter which is provoked by vanity run to grotesqueness, yet Miss Vanderbilt, as a duchess by purchase, will be taken seriously by all American women but a very few. Were a man to give himself in marriage as part of the price of titular distinction, he would be held to be degraded and despicable as well as ridiculous.

fortunate for women that the sexes are not held to the same standard.

So long as a foreign nobleman continues to be the feminine matrimonial ideal, foreign noblemen will continue to come over to the American hunting-grounds and hag our ambitious females who are sufficiently rich to satisfy these needy and self-respecting gentlemen. There is no help for it. Argument, denunciation, satire, never yet sufficed to change a female fashion. It will pass as noblemen cheapen here, as they have done at home. The more of them who marry American wives the better, for the commoner the practice becomes, the sooner will it cease to appeal to the desire for titles. But the fashion is a costly one. It has grown up within the past twenty-five years, and in that period, as is shown by a list of brides and fortunes given in an Eastern newspaper, the nobility have captured the enormous booty of \$161,000,000 of good American money. The country can spare the women, but the drain of hollion is serious. From New York alone, in the decade which closed with the nuptials of Miss Vanderhilt and the Duke of Marlborough, a treasure amounting to \$75,000,000 has been taken across the Atlantic by fortune-hunting foreigners. Here is the way-hill:

Countess de Castellane.....	\$20,000,000
Duchess of Marlborough.....	15,000,000
Baroness de Sellière.....	8,000,000
Mrs. Almeric Paget.....	8,000,000
Countess de Langier Villars.....	7,000,000
Duchess de Dino.....	6,000,000
Lady Beresford.....	6,000,000
Mrs. Ralph Vivian.....	5,000,000
Total.....	\$75,000,000

This includes only the fortunes of five millions of dollars and over. The metropolis has furnished dozens of brides who placed in the pockets of their captors trifling piles running from two hundred thousand dollars to three millions of dollars. England has got most of the swag, and British mammas with marriageable daughters are incensed at the influx of American duchesses and peeresses. But the London *Times* comforts them by offering the suggestion that these unions of British titles and American dollars will cement the friendly relations between the two countries and avert, some time, the horrors of war. This, however, is an error. The woman who expatriates herself for a title is not of the sort who is capable of the sentiment of patriotism. There are no subjects of Victoria so intensely British as the females who have sought their way into the nobility of her kingdom. Neither are there any among her subjects held in lighter esteem by American men. It is not clear how Miss Gould, Miss Vanderhilt, and the other American women who have abandoned their native land will serve to protect the lion from the eagle when the time for conflict comes. And it is probable that not until that war does come will American women be cured of their mindless and groveling admiration for things foreign.

The jury in the Lamont case convicted Theodore Durrant of murder in the first degree after a deliberation of a very few minutes. The verdict of the Durrant trial has met with almost unanimous approval. The dissentients are almost without exception lawyers.

It is a curious phase of the legal mind—that which impels it to split such fine-drawn hairs. Now that Durrant is convicted, the legal fraternity is moralizing over the fact that he was convicted by “circumstantial evidence.” It would have been impossible to convict him by any other kind. By the very nature of his crime, witnesses were not to be expected. It was a crime of solitude. A man who inveigles a girl into a deserted church, for the purpose of sating his lust upon her, does not invite spectators to accompany them. It would be as reasonable to expect spectators of the crimes of Jack the Ripper—whom Durrant resembles, if the jury's verdict is just. The legal fraternity adduce numbers of maxims concerning circumstantial evidence to hack up their dissent from the verdict, such as “the hypothesis of circumstantial evidence should exclude all other hypotheses”—meaning that as days passed before the discovery of the body of Blanche Lamont, after she was seen to disappear with Durrant, many hypotheses might be made touching what might have happened to her during those days. But how short a time should elapse between a murder and the discovery of the body? How many days? Or hours? Or minutes? Or seconds? Eleven days? Or eleven seconds? According to these curious legal persons, it would be necessary, in order to exclude any other hypothesis, that some witness should have seen Durrant emerging, bloody-handed, from the presence of his victim the imperceptible part of a second after she had ceased to breathe. Had it been five minutes after, the evidence that he had murdered her would be circumstantial, and therefore doubtful. This to us seems like midsummer madness.

The legal mind is already at work forecasting an appeal

for Durrant. According to the Penal Code of California, there are seven grounds upon which his attorneys may move for a new trial. They can move on any or all of these. If the motion is denied, an appeal can be made to the supreme court from the order of denial. If this appeal is not upheld, another appeal can be made from the judgment of conviction. This means long delays. In the case of Murderer McNulty it meant a delay of more than six years, resulting finally in a commutation of sentence to imprisonment for life. When one Frank Hutchings, some years ago, murdered his wife in San Francisco, he pleaded guilty, and expressed a desire to be hanged as soon as possible. But this aroused such horror in the legal mind, that the court appointed counsel, who put the legal delay machinery at work, and it was months before the law, the lawyers, and the courts would let Hutchings hang.

In Philadelphia, a few days ago, Holmes, the multi-murderer, was tried and convicted in a little over a week. When Vaillant, the dynamitard, was tried in France some months ago, his trial lasted about fifty days. In Belgium, within a fortnight, the Marquis de Navye was tried for the mysterious murder of his wife's illegitimate son, the trial being finished in six days. Yet the trial of Theodore Durrant for the murder of Blanche Lamont has lasted for four months. From this, it is apparent that our courts and lawyers might take lessons from those of Pennsylvania, France, and Belgium. Yet long as has been this legal process, it is apparent that it has only begun. If Durrant's attorneys are as shrewd as were those of Murderer McNulty, Durrant's case will still be unsettled in November, 1902.

The legal mind is peculiar. Its chief aim seems to be to study means of thwarting justice. Now that Durrant has been convicted of murdering Blanche Lamont, multitudes of attorneys spring forward to say that he can not be tried for the murder of Minnie Williams. One attorney says that a man “can not commit cumulative murder”; another, “that a man can be executed only once”; another, that “Durrant, being civilly dead after sentence is passed, can not be tried for the Williams murder”; another, “that it would be a useless expense.” This strikes us as being the very ecstasy of legal lunacy. While a man may not “commit cumulative murder,” he as certainly can commit more than one murder, and we think it vital to ascertain whether the prisoner at the bar committed the second one, and if not, who did. As for “civil death,” a felon is civilly dead in the eyes of the State only when he has begun his term of imprisonment. With those persons who say that to try the Williams murder case would be “a useless expense,” we differ most emphatically; in this State, when young girls are outraged and murdered, there can be no expense too great to secure the punishment of the murderer.

It seems to us that all these legal gentlemen are talking beside the question. There can be no doubt that Minnie Williams was murdered in Emmanuel Church; her bloody, mutilated, and outraged body was found there in the library. It is not known who murdered her. The police believe that it was Theodore Durrant. So believing, they have charged him with the murder. The police may be wrong. It may be that he is not the murderer. If so, who is? It is the duty of the State to try to ascertain. If the authorities should not attempt to ascertain, they would be derelict in their duty. The girl was poor; she was only a domestic servant; she did not occupy so good a position as did Blanche Lamont. Yet none the less she was one of the State's children, and to all of its children the State owes the protection and the vengeance of its mighty arm. Rich or poor, high or low, all of us are entitled to it. If the murder of this poor servant-girl is not investigated by the State, her blood will cry to heaven for vengeance.

The *Argonaut's* efforts to domesticate the shrine industry and save the drain of wealth which flows to Europe are meeting with encouraging results. Every week now brings us news from some part of the country that competition has been entered upon with Lourdes and the other transatlantic miracle emporiums. Naturally the *Argonaut* would prefer that the boom to which it has given birth and impetus should make its first manifestations in California, but our Americanism is broad enough to embrace the whole republic. In due time the hierarchy of this State—which in most things is a little backward—will, we are confident, feel the thrill of the movement.

The latest proof that the Roman Catholics of the United States are waking up to their opportunities comes from New York. While Archbishop Corrigan was off in Mexico doing honor to the Virgin of Guadalupe, the enterprising priests of his diocese were not neglecting an opening for investment that was providentially opened. Mr. Pulitzer, of the *World*, who, though not himself of the Christian faith, has a warm sympathy for everything which wears a com-

mercial aspect, tells the story in his *World* and gives the project a lift with these head-lines:

A Holy Well Right Here In New York—Remarkable Cures At St. Gabriel's Spring, As Wonderful As Those At Lourdes—Many Women Healed And Restored By Its Strength-Giving Waters—Miss Appel, Mrs. Scheibl, Mrs. Eschelman, And Others Who Have Been Cured Tell Of Its Miraculous Powers For The Sick.

The spring is on the slope of Rosary Hill, at White Plains. A new monastery of the Dominicans crowns the summit. There is only a tiny stream running. It always has been there, and nobody paid any attention to it until the holy Dominican fathers set up housekeeping. The spring trickled away wastefully and would not have brought a dollar in the market, for the region is well watered. Now it could not be bought for thousands, and its presence on the domain of the monastery has increased enormously the value of that property and favorably affected contiguous real estate. It appears that it was not the friars who discovered the miraculous quality of the water. Their presence suggested to a pious soul that anything in their neighborhood, must be permeated with the blessing of heaven. A relative of Miss Annie Appel was thus impressed, and some of the water was carried—on chance, as it were—to that invalid. A year ago she weighed only forty-seven pounds; now she tips the scale at ninety-three, and is up and about, advertising the spring. Mrs. Mary Scheibl, hearing of this miracle, tried the water for her liver, “which was so bad that she was unable to do her house-work with any regularity or comfort.” Now she possesses a liver worth having, and is an example to the housewives of the district, which is peopled by the poor, who are mostly Roman Catholics. So it went. One sufferer after another drank and was made well.

Persons affected by the poison of rationalism, we learn from Mr. Pulitzer, pretend to believe that the water is mineralized and medicinal, but neither the people of White Plains nor the devout Dominicans show hospitality to this offensive theory. The latter have judiciously set about making improvements such as will enable them to meet all demands from pilgrims. Workmen are engaged in digging a trench through which the holy water will descend into a reservoir. This reservoir is to be fenced and priests put in charge. A fee will then be exacted from each sufferer in search of health, and the monastery entertains the reasonable expectation of being enriched by the box-office, in conjunction with the grateful gifts of the cured.

The *Argonaut* does not wish to appear to be rudely insistent, but it feels it to be its duty to call Archbishop Riordan's attention to the energetic behavior of the Dominican fathers of Rosary Hill, White Plains, N. Y. In California there are countless springs, some of which would undoubtedly be found, on proper ecclesiastical investigation, to be holy. Moreover, the churches under the care of Archbishop Riordan have their normal number of relics beneath the altars, and no relic is a true relic unless it possesses miraculous powers. Time was, too, when the State was dotted with missions, at every one of which exhibitions of supernatural power must have been made by the *padres* for the spiritual advantage of the aborigines. It is lamentable that with this wealth of possibilities California should remain destitute of holy wells and shrines of high therapeutic power. Californian Catholics who are suffering from disease and have their church's preference for magical rather than secular remedies, may with justice complain that they are obliged to journey to Lourdes, or at least to White Plains and other Eastern points, for relief, when we have all the raw material at hand for home shrines. Why Archbishop Riordan should remain blind not only to his duty but to the financial interest of his diocese, the *Argonaut*, not being in his confidence, is unable to state. The intimations which have been thrown out that the intellectual atmosphere of California so injuriously influences the saints that they are unable to perform here the miracles of which they are so lavish in more sympathetic quarters of the globe, must, of course, be rejected by all save the infidel.

Last week the *Argonaut* remarked that, while we did not at all like to see the office of lieutenant-governor of California filled by William T. Jeter, of Santa Cruz, we did not see that there was any way of preventing Governor Budd from appointing him. The language of the constitution is clear. Whatever its framers may have meant is neither here nor there. The courts have continually decided that language must be construed according to its meaning, and not according to the intent of him who framed it. Mr. Justice Story was once requested by a congressional committee to assist in drawing up a certain important statute, in order that the meaning might be unmistakable and the wording direct and clear. The question of the construction of this very statute subsequently came up before Justice Story himself, and he was forced to admit that an adverse construction put upon it

by able counsel was warranted by its wording. He decided against himself, so to speak.

Correspondingly, the constitution of California is clear upon this subject, whatever the framers may have meant. Section 8 of Article V. gives the governor the power to appoint; section 15 of Article V. provides under what circumstances the president of the senate may act as governor, but expressly refrains from providing how he may act as lieutenant-governor. There can be no doubt that the framers of the constitution did not intend that the governor should have the power to appoint his own successor. But there is also no doubt that they gave him that power. As a further proof that the framers of the constitution of 1879 attached no special importance to this extraordinary provision is the fact that they took it practically unchanged from the constitution of 1863, the makers of which took it from the constitution of 1849.

But while the appointment may be within the law, it is none the less dangerous. As we remarked last week: "Governor Budd's action is diametrically opposed to our system of government. The office of lieutenant-governor is a legislative office; his chief duty is to preside over the senate; he should come directly from the people. It is not fitting that the executive of the State should appoint the chief legislative officer of the State. It is not seemly that he should appoint his own possible successor. And that he should possess the power of forcing upon the State senate a man not chosen by the people, whose casting vote might settle grave questions in the State, is a danger to republican government."

The last sentence in the foregoing paragraph gives us a ray of hope. The governor may appoint Mr. Jeter, but can he seat him? Article IV., section 7, of the Constitution of California says: "Each house shall choose its officers, and judge of the qualifications, elections, and returns of its members." The senate, therefore, is not forced to accept Mr. Budd's new member; it may refuse. What happens then? The only duty of the lieutenant-governor of California is, in the language of the constitution, that "he shall be president of the senate." If the senate of California shall refuse to recognize Governor Budd's new member, Mr. Jeter, of Santa Cruz, and persists in retaining its present president, Senator Flint, of San Benito, there is no way of seating Mr. Jeter. The senate is sole judge of the qualifications of its members, and if Mr. Jeter should persist, against the will of the senate, in attempting to usurp the presidency of that body, the senate could punish him for contempt.

While it is possible that, under the constitution, Governor Budd may have the right to appoint a successor to the late Lieutenant-Governor Millard, it is certain that, under the constitution, the senate can render his appointment null and void by refusing to recognize his appointee. Governor Budd would then have to make other appointments until he made one which was satisfactory to the senate.

The *Newspaper Maker*, a journal for those who make newspapers, copies with disapproval some passages from an editorial in the *Argonaut* on the declining influence of the great dailies of the United States. Our contemporary has evidently lived in an undisturbed newspaper atmosphere, for it is under all the illusions which render journalists who take themselves seriously so entertaining to men having the advantage of acquaintance with the world and the springs that move it. The *Newspaper Maker* starts out with entire confidence to show that the *Argonaut* is mistaken in the assertion that the daily press has ceased editorially to exert political influence, and ends by admitting it. Here is its amusing explanation of the frequent defeat of men and policies supported by the "great dailies":

"Surely the very freedom of thought exhibited by the public is the greatest proof that the editorial page has taught its lesson of liberty so well that even the teacher himself has little of authority to influence public decision. This is a result of editorial influence of the highest and most laudable kind."

That is to say, the press is so exceedingly influential in forming public opinion that it has taught the public to ignore the advice of the press. Which is true.

After this triumph of destructive reasoning, the special organ of newspaper makers has the admirable gravity to praise the "sturdy fashion in which the American press stands up for social purity and good morals." One would be disposed to doubt the seriousness of this, and to suspect the irony of the satirist if only it were new. But the *Newspaper Maker* is only a newspaper echo. The praise which it bestows on its patrons is habitually bestowed on the press by itself. No boast is more often seen in type than that the newspaper has supplanted the pulpit, the implication (with Satan's smiling permission) being, of course, that the pulpit's functions as an earnest guardian of faith and morals have been assumed by the superior journalist. This is one of the standing illusions of the newspaper office, quite as persistent as the other respecting political influence. People

of intelligence who, having no professional or commercial bias to pervert their intellectual eyesight, see the daily press as it is, can not but wonder if editors ever impose upon themselves the penance of reading the news and advertising columns of their own papers.

San Francisco is not famed either for virtue or squeamishness, and its newspapers are no worse than the average; yet it is not long ago that the clergy were holding meetings and the women of the city by the thousand signing petitions to the owners begging them to purify their papers of filth. There has been some improvement since then, owing to changes in proprietorship, but the newspaper which leads all the rest in circulation, and is behind all the rest in influence, remains as dirty as ever. We refer, of course, to the *Examiner*. That journal is not an exceptional but a representative offender. It is modeled on the Eastern newspapers, like the *New York World*, which are considered the most modern, the most enterprising, and that make the largest sales. In common with its prototypes, the *Examiner* is as devoid of thought for "social purity and good morals" as a dealer in gold bricks or a purveyor of pictures that when found are seized by the police. Its sole policy—the policy of all "up-to-date" sensational dailies—is to make money, and in order to do that it seizes on every scandal which offers, and dresses it up to meet the tastes of the most depraved elements in the community. Its advertising columns are open to anybody who will pay for space; even abandoned women make daily use of a department set aside for them as a directory. The proprietor of the *Examiner* has not originated this policy, so utterly devoid of solicitude for decorum, to say nothing of "social purity and good morals." He but follows the fashion, and takes the road which Mr. Pulitzer and his kind have traveled to wealth. If Durrant, the murderer, shall be granted a new trial and cheat justice, his escape and the resulting damage to society will be due to the daily press, which turns a frightful crime equally with a divorce scandal into nickels for its till. Indeed, the lawyers for the defense announce their purpose to appeal to the supreme court on the ground that Durrant could not be given a fair trial because of the sensationalism of the press. In our opinion the wretch would have been convicted in any event, but the excesses of the money-making newspapers have revolted every right-feeling man.

The daily press has influence, assuredly, but for the most part it is an influence which is evil. Editorially it has become barren of power, but its delving into the filth of life, its industrious exploitation of things that should remain hidden, its floods of gossip which is inane when it is not nasty, constitute the gravest danger to "social purity and good morals" that modern civilization has developed. Where it does not rot it vulgarizes; it confers on insignificance a publicity and importance that necessarily coarsen and cheapen popular ideals. Its news columns are the bar, and its editorials the temperance lectures delivered by the thrifty saloon-keeper between drinks. The current newspaper reveals the depravity of popular tastes, and the manner in which it daily, and enormously, feeds and strengthens those tastes renders it the master instrumentality for debasing the mob. How to neutralize the influence of the daily press is a problem that baffles every one who really concerns himself for social purity and good morals.

Last week the board of education elected Madison Babcock as superintendent of schools in San Francisco, to succeed the late A. J. Moulder. A few days afterward the board of supervisors elected Charles Sumner Young to the same office. The pretext is that the provisions of the Consolidation Act, giving the board of education power to elect, are set aside by the county government act of 1883. Inasmuch as the act of 1883 would also set aside the board of supervisors, who derive their powers from the Consolidation Act, we fail to see the merits of their contention. The idea of two rival superintendents at first caused some slight apprehension in San Francisco. But when it was found that Mr. Young's legal claims emanated from that profound jurist, M. M. Estee, the community calmly settled down again. Mr. Estee has his uses. In forecasting supreme court opinions, all that is needful is to copper Mr. Estee's opinions.

One of the results of Tuesday's elections has been to squelch a number of aspiring politicians. In Maryland, Senator Gorman has been so sternly rebuked by the people that it is doubtful whether he will ever be heard of again after his senatorial term expires. Senator Brice has received a similar rebuke in Ohio; he has made himself much disliked there among the Democratic leaders, including Campbell, the candidate, for governor. It is said that Brice promised to put up one hundred thousand dollars for campaign expenses, but failed to materialize. Campbell has been urging him to keep his promise, and will not fail to denounce him in the party councils. Brice was in with Gorman on the Senate har-

gain over the Sugar Trust tariff, and deeply incensed the rank and file of the Democratic party. He will probably be succeeded in the Senate by Foraker, and it is not improbable that he will be definitively relegated to private life, where he may keep company with Gorman. Hill's chances for the Presidency have disappeared; they were weakened after he was defeated for governor last year; now that New York State has again gone overwhelmingly Republican, his Presidential boom no longer exists. Secretary Carlisle, who stumped his State during the campaign, has been looked upon as Kentucky's "favorite son"; after the way she has just turned him down, it is evident that he is only a step-son.

THE PAPACY AND PROTESTANT MARRIAGE.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of October sixteen reported a lecture delivered on the previous evening before the Young Men's Catholic Union of this city by the Rev. Father Yorke, and the lecturer is represented to have said: "It is a foul calumny to say that the Catholic Church does not recognize the marriages of Protestants. We wish to live in harmony with our fellow-citizens. We give to others what we demand for ourselves—fullest freedom for religious belief."

The last two sentences are quoted here mainly for the purpose of showing that the idea conveyed in the first one is not modified by anything said afterward. As to the desire of the Papists—a small minority—to live in harmony with the majority, that is easily understood. As to the gift of religious freedom, by those who never have given when they had the power, and who have given nothing of that kind known to history, and who have most falsely, most hypocritically, and most shamefully pretended to have been in Maryland the first founders of religious liberty—as to that gift, I, for one, owe no thanks to Rome.

Does Father Yorke intend to convey the idea to the people of San Francisco that he and his reverend associates of San Francisco are the friends of religious liberty in the true and broad meaning of that phrase? If so, why not declare himself in explicit and comprehensive terms? Why not explain how it is that he dares to take a position which no pope, no doctor, no council of his church has ever taken? Why not tell us whether he commends or condemns the conduct of Pius the Ninth in persecuting Protestants by prohibiting Protestant worship and the sale or distribution of Protestant Bibles in Rome until the overthrow of the temporal power of the Papacy? If he does not commend the action of Pius, what right has he to claim to be the friend of religious liberty? If he condemns that action, what right has he to speak for the Papal clergy? And if he refuses to declare himself unequivocally upon this crucial question after he has provoked it, what shall we think of him?

My main purpose now, however, is to call attention to the first sentence quoted. Father Yorke declares that "it is a foul calumny to say that the Catholic Church does not recognize Protestant marriage." What is the idea which he intends to express? Is the thought which he accepts the one which he intends to convey? If not, why use equivocal language? It was not necessary that he should assure us that he admits the existence of a Protestant marriage ceremony; and his words, taken literally, express no idea beyond that. Does he mean that the Papists recognize the full validity of Protestant marriage? If that is his thought, why not say it? But it is a fact well known to scholars that Papal theologians deny the validity of all marriages except those celebrated in the communion of the Roman Church.

No recognition of the full validity of a Protestant marriage can be found in any high Papal authority, and all the expressions of the Roman doctors in relation to the subject convey the idea that a heretical church can no more sanctify matrimony than it can admit its believers into heaven. No government under Papal influence ever permitted a Protestant clergyman to officiate at a wedding; no one ever enacted a law recognizing the validity of Protestant marriages. No Pope and no council has ever declared such ceremonies sacred, and no subordinate priest or bishop may correct their omissions. Protestant marriage stands on a level with Jewish marriage in the Papal court; it is a custom which may be recognized as a matter of fact; it is a form of concubinage, and nothing more. The question whether it shall be tolerated or protected is one of policy. In the Papal State, when a Catholic seduced the wife of a Jew, the Jewish marriage was treated as an empty formality and the children born under it as bastards; the nominal wife was allowed to marry her seducer without a divorce, because she had never been a wife.

In defiance of Papal curses, all, or nearly all, Catholic countries have enacted laws providing that no marriage ceremony shall have any legal validity unless solemnized by a civil officer before any similar ceremony has been performed before a clergyman. After the civil marriage, the pair can go through as much parade as they please before the priest. A popular hand-book of French law says "marriage is nothing but a civil contract. The religious ceremony is an ecclesiastical ceremony to which the priest, the pastor, or the rabbi must not proceed until he has been authorized to do so by the previous performance of the legal ceremony before the civil officer, under penalty of a fine of one hundred francs for the first offense, five years' imprisonment for the second, and life imprisonment for the third." The French priests are very careful to avoid those penalties. This is the law of many Catholic countries; and it implies the fact that the Papists have no right to claim that they are fair representatives of the Catholics generally.

Many persons born in the faith of Rome are content with the civil marriage and are abused by their Papist acquaintances as people living in concubinage, a term which has been repeatedly applied publicly by the popes and priests to the condition of the people whose marriages are not blessed by their church. When a Catholic woman contracts a marriage not blessed by a priest of her ancestral communion, she must prepare herself to be called vile names by the members of the church which she has abandoned; and even if she does not hear them, she knows that they are freely used behind her back. It is difficult to find more striking examples of uncharitable language, combined with the pretense of intense piety, than among Papistical women when talking about one of their number who has married a Protestant without the consent of a Catholic priest. In fact, it is impossible to be a Papist and to have any proper respect for the dignity of humanity; the influences are irreconcilable.

NICHOLAS KLEGG'S WHITE SKIN.

A Tale of Horror.

Before I tell my story, I wish to ask this question: Can one man look through another man's eyes? Because I saw a thing that no other living soul has seen; they have caged me behind the iron network of this window and have called me mad. What right has any one to call me this? What right, I ask, what right?

When it all happened I was young. Now I look down at the dry hands on my arms and say to myself: "Nicholas Klegg, is this you? old, sapless, shriveled; you, who only yesterday was firm of flesh and juicy as a winter apple?" But the story—my mind wanders now, sliding from everything before it has time to grasp. Once it was different—then my brain had claws, talons; I could not shake myself loose from my thoughts. And my story?

I was a peddler. Not that I started so, far from it, but only after I had tried many and worse professions. Nor did I peddle glass jewelry and ribbons; my stock in trade was hides—great, stiff hides ready for tanning. I thought these of Simon the Jew, and a beaked vulture he was; he could turn the very clouds to coppers. I would roll up my hundle, big enough to crush most men, then sling it on my back and march off, fifty, sixty miles into the country, and never weary of my life. I sang so loud that the farm folks could hear me coming, and would say: "There is Nicholas Klegg, the crazy peddler." Even then they called me that name; but I only laughed and sang all the louder, till the woods hellowed back and the echoes came rattling about my ears like loose stones.

Oh, the joy of those days when all the world was mine! Those long days spent lying in the grass, so still that the spiders swung over me, tiny shuttles threaded with silk, and the stormy nights, with the green lightning grinning down at me from the sky!

It happened one October evening. I had walked twenty miles that day, over hard roads, with my pack of skins, and I was tired, so I stopped awhile to rest myself. The ledge of rock on which I was sitting ran along the crest of a hill; over it the road hung, bent and yellow as a broken straw, bright where I had come up and dark where I was to go down. The thought came to me to look again at my bundle of skins. I unrolled them and spread them out in front of me. Then I saw what I had not noticed before, that one of them was quite different from the rest, and different from any I had ever seen. It had been cut here and there till it had no particular shape, and it was white—disgustingly white and fine to be mixed in with that dirty cow leather. I examined it closer and found sticking to it a long, light hair. I did not like that—still, hairs will blow lightly hither and thither, but nevertheless I was uncomfortable.

As I rose to go I glanced about me and saw, hanging opposite each other, the sun and moon; the sun small and ruddy, and the great moon white about the tree-tops. That is a sign of ill luck, and it troubled me, so I said to myself, "For shame, Nicholas Klegg! A man six feet tall, and strong to boot, afraid of a bit of dry skin!"

I shouldered my pack and began to descend the valley road, still scared, but standing very straight, and whistling. The trees by the road-side had shaken off the rotten splendor of their autumn covering, and beneath them the frost glittered on the ground, salt-white and brittle. Where I walked there was not much light, only the tips of the trees being plated with gold. A little shiver of wind came up behind, and with it the sound of footsteps. I turned, there was no one in sight.

"Whistle louder, Nicholas Klegg," said I; but my lips were too dry to pucker.

Again came that sound—scratch! scratch! scratch!—as if the feet that made it were dragging and hony. Then I wheeled around so swiftly that nothing human could have escaped me. There lay the road—bare, empty, except for a lapful of colored sky that showed through the trees. Now I was no coward, but my nerves pricked with terror. I was afraid to go on and afraid to turn tail, so I hacked toward the woods, thinking to hide there until the thing passed me. I had not moved two steps when I felt a hot breath on the nape of my neck; again I wheeled and—Mother of Christ!—there, behind me, almost upon me, stood a woman—a woman who had no skin from her great, white rolling eyeballs to her red feet!

And they told me I did not see her, when even now I see her, with her thirty-two big teeth naked of lips and the muscles stringing her body like bunches of crimson cords. She raised her arm and pointed at me, and though she did not touch me, I felt her fingers between my brows.

"Give me my skin, thief!" she cried, over and over, until the wind and the trees and the ringing in my own ears took up the refrain. "My skin, my beautiful white skin, tied up with the leather in that pack!"

Then, by some hidden force within me, I spoke—me, whose very hair bristled and whose lids had snapped back in my horror until my stare was as wide as hers:

"I bought it of Simon the Jew; I knew nothing of it until I saw it yonder."

I threw my pack on the ground and tore off the ropes. Out rolled the accursed hide, and the woman leaped at it. There was a moment's silence, then a yell of rage.

"It has been cut! It is not all here!"

I was never a praying man, but I dropped on my knees, for the woman's veins pulsed with her angry blood like soft scarlet snakes, and she bent her hairless head close to my face, hissing:

"Give me the rest of it! Give me the rest of it!"

"I can not," I groaned.

"Then, Nicholas Klegg, I will take your own," and she threw herself on me. I fought frantically, but she was slippery and wet. I felt her nails grind into my breast. I wrenched at her bands, I kicked her with my great hoh-

nailed boots, I howled in my furious fear, until the thick twilight shook and the moon stared through it with a blanched face. Suddenly the woman loosened her grasp, something dark was rushing toward us, and I heard a voice hallooing. Nearer and nearer it came; what happened then I do not remember. I only know that I was lying on the ground, with a man bending over me. Near by stood a horse, the steam spurting from his nostrils and the foam smeared on his neck.

"In God's name! What is the matter?" cried the man; but I could only sob like a child awakened from a nightmare.

His face grew pale when I told him my story, and a grown-up tale it was to hear from the lips of so wild and trembling a wretch as I was, on that lonesome road, with only the blood-colored sky behind the trees. I tried to rise, and at that instant I heard again the scratch of her feet. I grasped his coat. "She is coming!" I screamed.

He turned to look; then he said, as if speaking to himself:

"Only a leaf, a red autumn leaf, scraping on the frozen ground."

I turned, too; yes, there was a red leaf. Do I not know a leaf when I see it? Yet he said I had seen nothing else; and again I ask, can one man look with another man's eyes?

JULIE CLOSSON KENLY.
SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1895.

During the summer of 1893 the French Government sent to the Chicago exhibition a delegation of workmen selected from all parts of France and from various manual occupations. Each member of the delegation was requested to give in writing some account of what he saw in his special line of work, and by March of last year most of them had complied. The reports numbered forty-six in all, and their work is now presented to the public in a large quarto of some eight hundred pages, published officially by the Minister of Commerce. From it the *Independent* makes a number of extracts, translated by Theodore Stanton, among them the following:

"We not only furnish the Americans an artistic education in our schools, but they even copy our designs and buy up our artists, and then, having protected their industry, shut their doors in our faces." "Very practical, audacious, enterprising," says a goldsmith; "more apt to profit by the ideas of others than to invent any himself, unscrupulously adapting to his own ends any of our processes, drawing around him by the aid of money superior workmen and artists, the American has succeeded in creating a national industry."

"The care taken of the Chicago streets is mediocre. Though the sidewalks in the centre of the city are pretty well laid, we are told that they are washed only when it rains."

"It is plain that in this country doing a thing quickly is more desirable than doing a thing well. . . . Nobody appears to complain when half of the electric lights in a street go out or when they hiss and flicker. . . ."

"Our general impression of the country is that it is America which has made the Americans, and not the Americans who have made America."

The first and only attempt ever made to establish a colony of American negroes in Mexico has recently come to a sudden and disastrous end. In February of this year, the Tlahualilo Agricultural Company, of Durango, Mexico, shipped about one thousand negroes, men, women, and children, from Alabama and Georgia to the company's ranch, fifty miles north of the city of Torreon. Within five months after the arrival at the Tlahualilo hacienda, two hundred of the negroes were dead, four or five hundred were quarantined in small-pox camps along the American side of the Rio Grande, and with the exception of a few who remained on the ranch, the rest were scattered along the road between Durango and Alabama, footsore and weary, sick, and dependent upon charity for subsistence.

Dr. Stoffel, one of our most recent foreign critics, is struck with the phrase "How is that for high?" which he says is the American's first question on tasting a pie. "The American plays with the sense of the word 'high' in this vulgar phrase; he intends it to mean 'slightly putrid,' 'strong-smelling,' referring to the game inside the pie." Dr. Stoffel found "dog-gone" in *Punch*; "Chicago makes ready for more derved, dog-goned fetes (in honor of Columbus) to last till, at least, next October!" upon which he makes the learned comment: "Dog-gone, wonderful, astounding; an Americanism about which I can give no further information."

Reporters of the most prominent local paper of Denver, Colo., carefully investigated all the alleged cures and miracles of the man Schlatter, and failed to find one instance where a sufferer had received any material or permanent relief. The excitement in Denver, however, continues unabated, and Schlatter is convincing a great many patients that he cures them of their ills. It is remarked, however, that "to begin with, a man must be in some degree of health to fall into line and from two to five hours slowly work his way up to the self-styled healer."

The North German Lloyd Steamship Company, which has one of the largest fleets of steamers, but not of the modern twin-screw "ocean greyhound" class, has at last determined to join the procession by building two modern express steamers. They will be of the type of the *Lucania* and *Campania*, and will cost in the neighborhood of two millions of dollars each. It is time.

One Amos Parker is to be tried for manslaughter at the next Lewes sessions, in England. He is a bicyclist, and, while riding without a brake, he knocked down an old man who died of his injuries next morning.

Mr. Stead, who published a penny "Romeo and Juliet," says he received a letter from an indignant parent, wondering at his assurance in placing such an improper book in the hands of the young.

A PROBLEM PLAY IN PARIS.

The Problem Being the Old One of an Unhappy Marriage—The French Divorce Law—It is Discussed in Hervieu's Play, "Les Tenailles."

The new piece, "Les Tenailles," that was given the other night at the Français, adds another to the long list of plays in which the adultery of the wife forms the chief incident. But Paul Hervieu has treated the old theme on broadly Ibsenian lines. M. Hervieu's piece lays bare the seamy side of married life, when the willingness to separate is all on one side and the other party will consent to nothing of the kind. The rigidity of the French marriage laws, which allow of no divorce except when the injured spouse applies for it, is what M. Hervieu attacks. This binding law is what he calls "the pincers" (*les tenailles*), and, as he shows, they nip both ways.

"Marriage a failure" epitomizes act first. Irene has "been married" to Robert Fergan when quite a girl, as French young ladies are disposed of, not exactly against their will, but in obedience to their parents. She has reaped nothing but disappointment. Not that Fergan at first showing seems further from the "Ideal Husband" than most men. He is polite; he is gentlemanly—outwardly—and he is faithful. But he is cold, hard, autocratic, and he has little affection for his wife. The gist of the matter really is, however, that she does not love him, that he has neither awakened her passions nor secured her affections. A warm-hearted, romantic, unsophisticated bride, straight from a convent, she looked for a husband to play Romeo to her Juliet, and found but a commonplace man of the world, good form but shallow.

In act second, a former hoy-lover and rejected suitor of Irene's turns up, is seen, and conquers. Here is the long-wished-for Romeo, and Irene is but too ready a Juliet. She counts without her host or her husband, however, and here lies the novelty of "Les Tenailles" and its best scene. A divorce must be obtained. Only to tell her husband she loves him no longer, and his consent will be given, she thinks. Not so, it seems. She tells Robert in no veiled terms that both her marriage and her husband have turned out wretched failures; nevertheless he will not hear of a divorce. There is society and his position to think of. She pleads bitterly, "He won't have the heart to tie her down to a marriage that can be but a mockery and slave-dome." He remains obdurate, entrenched behind his "What will the world think?" She threatens she will expose him to scandal, make his name a by-word, play him false to his face. No threat will move him. He replies that so long as he does not assault her or commit adultery—and he intends doing neither—he, and not she, is the only one who can sue for divorce, and he will not do it. If she runs away, he will send the police to bring her back, as the law empowers him to do.

There is, of course, but one orthodox French dramatic way out of the predicament for Irene, and when her husband leaves, and Michel, the enamored Romeo, enters the room, she cries out: "Oh! toi! toi! toi! fais de moi ce que tu voudras!"—"Do with me as you will!" "No way but this" out of the difficulty on the French stage. Robert would appear to sigh for the lot of the "unfortunate" husband, for he goes the way about it to become one very quickly.

And he does so. At least, so we suppose when the curtain rises on act third, and it turns out that five years have elapsed since act second. In the meanwhile Michel has died of consumption, his death not disturbing the relations of M. and Mme. Fergan, who, with the exception of one truce, have lived in a condition of covert warfare ever since. A child has been born, and his reaching the age at which his father thinks it time to send him to school, is the signal for an outbreak of active hostilities. Irene adores her son, and will not let him go; besides, his health is precarious; she has consulted eminent physicians in secret, who all declare that he needs great care; school will be his death. Robert refuses to listen to her and cuts the discussion short by announcing his son's immediate departure. Whereupon Irene, mad with anger, exclaims "He is not your son!" She has her revenge at last.

Robert, overcoming his feelings, inquires coldly when she is going to leave the house. "Never!" is her answer—he used the power the law gave him to bind her down to a marriage-tie she loathed. Her turn has come now. When Robert exclaims, "What kind of a life shall I live with you?" her reply is, "We are both fettered to the same chain. Now you may learn to know its weight, and to hear it. It has dragged me down alone quite long enough."

But I do not fancy many men would have cared to bind themselves, in the first place, down to a life of misery with a woman who hated them, and whom they hated, merely for the sake of revenge.

In spite of the adultery craze that has prevailed among French playwrights for over twenty years, there are quite as many faithful wives and husbands in France as elsewhere. Indeed, if we are to believe a German professor, who lately gave out a most solemn table of statistics of comparative adultery, the "Fatherland" boasts the greatest number of "unfortunate" husbands, and France comes only fourth or fifth on the list.

PARIS, October 11, 1895.

Two Jewish merchants of Vienna were recently insulted and beaten in the street by four Austrian officers, and complained, through a lawyer, to the war minister. The officers brought suit against them for having offended their honor; the merchants were acquitted, but the lawyer who had spoken of the officers' conduct as cowardly, though he proved that they had half-drawn their swords on unarmed men while calling them "dogs of Jews" and "pigs of Jews," was held not to have proved his case, and was fined one hundred florins.

A GIRL BLACKMAILER.

"Chicago May," the Phenomenal Fifteen-Year-Old Criminal—Her Terrible Record in Leading Other Girls Astray—She Nearly Ruins an Actor.

About one hundred years ago there lived in a village in the northern part of New York State a young girl who is known to scientists as Margaret Jukes. This girl was a neglected waif in the little village, and should have been a charge upon its charity. But the charity of villages is cold. No friendly hand was extended to help Margaret Jukes, and she sunk lower and lower, and finally fell from the town loafers to the Indian bucks who at that time hung around the outskirts of the towns. As a result of the neglect of that village, New York State has expended much money. The progeny of Margaret Jukes has numbered hundreds. Nearly all of the men have been thieves, burglars, or murderers, and nearly all of the women pick-pockets or prostitutes. R. L. Dugdale, one of the prison commissioners of the State of New York, wrote a monograph upon Margaret Jukes. He traced numbers of her offspring then inhabiting the prisons, the poor-houses, and the jails of New York State. He estimated that she and her progeny had cost the commonwealth of New York about five millions of dollars. Altogether, it was poor economy when the little village in Northern New York refused to take care of Margaret Jukes.

These facts were recalled to my mind recently when the curious career of "Chicago May" was brought to light. After one hundred years another girl has come up to the surface of the morass of crime in New York city. She too is a creature of phenomenal depravity. Will she too become a mother of criminals, as was Margaret Jukes? Let us hope not, for her criminal career has temporarily been cut short. She goes to a charitable reformatory. Charity in a hundred years has changed. It has ceased to be spontaneous and individual. It has become organized. It is better so.

The existence of Chicago May became known to the public about three weeks ago. On the night of October 2d, Cuyler Hastings, an actor, came out of the Players' Club, and was accosted by the girl Chicago May and a little companion of hers, one Kittie Murphy. They importuned him to purchase flowers, which they made the pretext of selling. The girls followed Hastings along the street to his rooms at 138 Fifth Avenue, and when they reached there they begged to be permitted to see where he lived. They amused him with their chatter, and he weakly yielded. Once inside the rooms they romped about, examined the bric-à-brac, and thumped upon the piano, until Hastings wearied of their antics and bade them go. But they refused to do so. Hastings became alarmed. He tried his best to drive them out, and when he finally succeeded in getting them to go, Chicago May threatened to ruin him. Two days afterward he got a letter from her, demanding a sum of money, and threatening his arrest if he refused. He paid no attention to the letter, and on the eleventh of October he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Agent Barklay of the Gerry Society for the Protection of Children.

When Hastings was arrested, he was completely unnerved. The charges against him by Chicago May were that he had debauched the little Murphy girl. He realized the position in which he was placed, but protested his innocence. A large amount of hail was proffered by friends, and he was released on bonds. Before the case came up for trial, the girl Chicago May, who had in the meantime been arrested for leading the Murphy girl astray, wrote from Jefferson Market Prison a letter to the judge, exonerating Hastings. The Murphy child also said that Hastings was innocent of any wrong to her, and the Gerry people began to realize that they had made a mistake. When the case was called for trial, Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry appeared in person, in order to look out for the interests of the society. There were over fifty-six witnesses in waiting. Among these were detectives, policemen, floor-walkers of Broadway stores, and numbers of actors who had been accosted by this girl. The officers stated that Chicago May was one of the most dangerous criminals that they knew of in New York; that she would accost men, pick their pockets, seize their scarf-pins, and, if the unfortunate men resisted, would at once raise an outcry and threaten to accuse them of attempting to lead her astray. Nine men out of ten, under these circumstances, would drop the matter. Testimony was also introduced from some negroes of the lowest grade touching the terrible immorality of the girl. One witness from Chicago testified that the girl had entered the family of a workingman as a boarder, and had led astray one after another of his daughters until they all became prostitutes. Under the circumstances, Police Magistrate Wentworth said that there was nothing for him to do but to discharge Hastings. Hastings, with tears in his eyes, said to the magistrate: "Your honor, I have done absolutely nothing to merit the terrible disgrace brought upon me by my arrest. You have discharged me. But won't you say 'honorably discharged'?" "I certainly shall," replied the magistrate; "there is nothing in this case to lower your standing as an honorable man. You are honorably discharged."

The narrow escape of Hastings from ruin has profoundly impressed the public. The career of the girl Chicago May has been investigated. It seems that she is not yet sixteen years of age, although she looks about eighteen. She has a beautiful baby face and an expression of the utmost innocence. But she is a female monster. The girl was born in Chicago in 1880 in the city jail. Her father was a Bohemian saloon-keeper who kept a low drinking-den in the district on the west side of Chicago known as the "Lava Beds." His wife was in jail when the child was born. She grew up in this district, whence came some of the most notorious American criminals, and stayed in Chicago until two years ago, when she came to New York. Here, under

various pretexts, she has plied her infamous calling as a blackmail.

The day after Hastings was discharged, she was arraigned in the police court. The Gerry Society preferred charges of vagrancy and committing a misdemeanor against her. There were other charges which they could have proved, but they were so horrible that Commodore Gerry was reluctant to introduce them. Commodore Gerry read to the court a number of telegrams and letters from police officers, detectives, and others who had come in contact with the creature. While he was reading, May was apparently sobbing violently behind her handkerchief. But she was closely watched, and it was found that she was shamming and in reality was laughing. When Mr. Gerry had finished, the magistrate decided to send her to some reformatory, and the prisoner at once requested the magistrate to send her to the House of Mercy. "But," said Mr. Gerry, "the papers here show that you are a Roman Catholic. That would prevent you from going to the House of Mercy." May paused for a moment, and then said: "Well, send me to the House of the Good Shepherd." The magistrate decided to fix her age at fifteen. Just as he had done so, a certified copy of the record arrived from the West, which showed that she was born on September 18, 1880, in jail. The girl left the stand laughing, and was taken to the House of the Good Shepherd.

The police of New York are used to every kind of criminal. It is not easy to shock them, but it is the unanimous verdict of the captain, patrolmen, and detectives of the Tenderloin District that Chicago May is the most dangerous criminal they ever encountered. The fact that she is a young girl renders it additionally horrible that she should have led so many other young girls astray. But it is none the less true. Her victims may be counted by scores. As for the men whom she has blackmailed, they alone know what they have paid. It is a good thing for the community that a man has been found like Hastings, who was stout-hearted enough to resist her attempted blackmail, but it required resolution, for failure would have involved his utter ruin.

Suppose science should step in, and demand that this abnormally wicked creature should be deprived of the hope of progeny. Many would call this "barbarous." But in the light of the experience of the State of New York with the offspring of Margaret Jukes, would it be barbarism?

NEW YORK, October 20, 1895.

FLANEUR.

Acting on the hint of the electric illumination of the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, a spectacle that attracts great numbers of tourists, the Michigan Central Railroad some time since entered into negotiations for the placing of two forty-eight-inch search-lights at Falls View, in such a manner that their powerful rays, intensified by the reflectors to about one hundred thousand candle-power each, may be thrown directly upon the Horseshoe Fall in the foreground, or spread out, by the use of oval lenses, over the whole expanse of the Canadian and American falls. In the manipulation of the lights colored screens will be used, and those who remember the fairy-like magnificence of the electric fountains at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago may be able to form a faint conception of the gorgeous effects which will be produced upon one of the grandest spectacles that earth can present. For nowhere does the application of colored light, and especially the piercing rays of electric light, have such a magical effect as upon water and ice.

The "State of Franklin" was horn one hundred and ten years ago, but died after a life of two and a half years. The residents of what is now East Tennessee, but which formed in 1785 a part of North Carolina, whose western boundary was the Mississippi, were told by the North Carolina legislature that they could be independent if they wanted to. Almost impassable mountains separated them from the regions to the east, and they fancied that the people living there were regardless of their interests. So they formed a government for themselves and named their State after Ben Franklin. Then they applied to the Congress of the Confederation for recognition, but it was slow to act, and North Carolina took back her consent to the separation, and suppressed the State of Franklin by force of arms.

Andrew Lang has been learning to ride the bicycle, and says: "As far as I have gone (and I have gone over banks and braes which it was my intention to avoid), cycling is the longest, slowest, and most circuitous route between any two given points. As the intoxicated person said, 'It is not the length of the road, it is the breadth of the road that hothers me.'"

When Paris either loves or loses some one whom she delights to honor, the inevitable ceremony of new signature for an old street is proposed and carried with acclamation. A movement to substitute the great scientist M. Pasteur's name for the present Boulevard de Vaugirard is already on foot.

It is probable, as Sydney Smith observes, that the decay of memory in old men probably proceeds as frequently from the very little interest they take in what is passing around them as from any mental decay. The mind, as well as the body, requires constant exercise to keep it in a healthy state.

The Fresno *Expositor* makes light of those whom San Francisco delights to honor in the following unkind terms: "It's going to be a close race between Billy Barnes and Milk-Inspector Dockery for the governorship in 1898."

Diphtheria serum is about to be manufactured on a commercial scale by a dyeing establishment at Höchst, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main. It will be much concentrated, and five times as strong as that hitherto used.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Herbert Spencer never accepts a college degree nor any other honorary trade-mark from any society. He wants to stand wholly on his own merits or be forgotten.

Félix Faure, President of France, is a great first-nighter at the Parisian theatres. He is a well-equipped critic and owns a library that is full of valuable editions of the classic French drama.

Francisco Bazaine, a son of the great marshal, died in Cuba recently of illness contracted in the campaign against the patriots. He was a young officer in the Spanish expeditionary army.

The Empress of Austria, who has been staying at Aix-les-Bains, insists upon taking her mineral bath at four o'clock every morning. By this arrangement she enjoys the most absolute privacy.

Chief-Constructor Philip Hichborn, of the United States navy, is one of the few officers of high rank who are not graduates of Annapolis. He began his career as an apprentice in the Charleston navy-yard.

Henry Bentley, who was for many years identified with telegraphic and telephone enterprises, left nearly one million dollars. About twenty-five years ago he was an assistant editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* at fifteen dollars per week.

Not one of the major-generals or the brigadier-generals now on the active list will succeed General Miles should he live to the age of retirement, which occurs in 1903. General Brooke, who approaches nearest, arriving at the retiring age in 1902.

During the last forty years Senator Sherman has only been a private citizen for one day. While this is quite a good record for office-holding, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has a better one. He entered the House in 1855 with Senator Sherman, and since that date has not missed a single hour of office-holding.

The death has just occurred, in his ninety-eighth year, of Admiral Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, who entered the British naval service, as a "midshipmite," at the age of ten, on New Year's Day, 1808. The late Admiral Jones enjoyed perfectly robust health during his whole life, except one touch of ague on the West Coast of Africa.

It is said of ex-Senator Ingalls, who may again represent Kansas in the Senate, that if he could afford it he would wear a new suit of clothes every day. Mr. Ingalls is reputed to be worth about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and he lives in good style in Atchison, where he has a handsome home. The ex-senator is now sixty-two years old, but in the very prime of his powers as an orator and statesman.

Cecil Frances Alexander, who died on October 12th, married, in 1847, the Rev. William Alexander, who twenty years later became the Bishop of Raphoe and Derry, and is one of the most eloquent of living prelates. She was not so much renowned as the wife of a famous preacher as the author of hymns. Her dramatic poem, "The Burial of Moses," has been a favorite with reciters ever since it was published, and the late poet laureate is said to have declared that he would have been proud to claim it as his own.

The queen speaks English to Prince Henry of Battenberg, and even to the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duchess of Coburg-Gotha, and the Prince of Wales writes almost always in English to his mother and to his other relatives living in England. German is only spoken in conversation with German and Austrian ambassadors, and during an audience to German or Austrian subjects. With all other diplomats French is always spoken. But in intercourse with the Danish royal family, German is nearly always the language spoken.

The Prince of Wales was summoned unexpectedly to Copenhagen last month for the purpose, it is said, of giving his sanction to the betrothal of his daughter, Princess Maud, known in the royal family by the nickname of "Harry," to her cousin, Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. She is a bright girl, and wears a monocle, which gives her comely features a rather quizzical look. She is well known in English society, visiting many country houses under the *incognito* of "Miss Mills," an *incognito* which she evidently regards as carrying with it the feminine privilege of flirting to an unlimited extent.

Though the heir to vast wealth, the late Oliver Ames served an apprenticeship for four years in the shops of his father's shovel manufactory. From the age of sixteen to twenty, he worked at a bench by the side of the mechanics, and after graduating at Brown University, he "went on the road" to sell his father's goods to hardware stores throughout the land. It proved to be good training, for when Oakes Ames died in 1873, leaving his estate apparently hopelessly involved, his son brought order out of chaos, and in his later years he was said, in addition to other great possessions, to have one million dollars in cash on hand.

Princess Marie of Orleans, the wife of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, is the subject of general discussion in Copenhagen. She has been repeatedly seen at various confagurations talking to the men of the fire brigade and freely distributing refreshments and money among them. She has had her likeness taken in the uniform of that body, with helmet and pickaxe, and has presented it to the brigade. An officer of the brigade, to whom she had been particularly gracious and who was a frequent guest at her receptions, persuaded her to put her signature to a bill of exchange for fifty thousand kronen. On the matter becoming known, the bill was officially stopped, and the officer, dismissed from the service, had to leave Copenhagen.

THE CRIME AND PARDON OF PONTO.

A Tale of a Dog.

From the French of Jean Aicard.

Yes, for a long time I reposed the most blind confidence in him. We loved each other dearly. He was a setter, white, with brown ears and tail. His name was Ponto.

Ponto was enamored of a certain wooden ball about the size of a billiard ball. In a moment of weakness I had purchased this one day and brought it home. Ponto immediately seized it, rolled it toward me, and said, "Throw that over there in the rose-bushes. I will find it. You see if I don't." So said, so done. The hall was thrown, and Ponto found it. But he became rather irksome with his desire to retrieve the ball, because his favorite remark to me became: "Play ball." He had a fashion of coming into my study with a brisk air, wagging his tail, with the ball held in his mouth. Then, placing his forepaws upon the table, he would put the precious ball in the middle of papers, letters, and hooks, and say: "There is my ball. Now toss it out of the window, and I will go and get it. That will be very much more amusing than wasting your time on all these stupid papers and books." I would frequently feign to hurl the ball from the window, and like a flash Ponto would disappear. A few minutes would pass before Ponto would reappear with his forepaws at the window and remark: "Say you, you man with the papers, I don't find anything here. The ball isn't in the garden. You must have kept it." Then he would come in at the door, go sniffing around under the furniture and in the partly opened desk-drawers, and then, with the air of a man who smites his forehead and discovers something, he would look inquiringly at you and say: "I will wager that it is on the table." He was right—with his intelligent eye he had followed your glance. If you attempted then to conceal the ball, there was an end to work. He burst into extravagant gayety, jumped after the ball, followed your least movements, and would not quit you, laughing energetically with his tail.

Ponto made me sometimes think that he was one of those men turned into dogs, of whom we read in the fairy stories. His eye was deep, tender, and human, and at times it seemed to say: "What would you? I am only a four-footed beast, but I have a human heart—a better one than that of many men. I am a beast, and I have suffered much. I suffer still because I can not express myself in speech and tell you, in those things that you call words, my fidelity and my devotion. Yes, I am yours, and I love you like a dog. Whatever belongs to you is secure. Just let anybody touch it, and you will see."

But Ponto and I fell out one day. It was a very unfortunate affair. Only those people who, like myself, believe blindly in dogs will understand me. This is what happened. The cook had killed two chickens, and had gone into the adjoining pantry to get a basket to put the feathers in as she plucked them. When she returned to the kitchen, she uttered a shriek—one of the two chickens was gone. Yet she had been absent but a few minutes.

"Ah," said the cook, reflectively, "evidently some heggar has passed by here and has taken one of the chickens through the window." She looked out of the door in order to find the supposititious beggar, but there was nobody there. Then for a moment she thought it must be the dog, but she was at once seized with remorse. "What! Suspect Ponto? Never. He would not steal. Why he would watch over a leg of mutton all day without touching it, even when he was perishing with hunger. Besides he is there in the kitchen, sitting on his haunches, with his eyes partly closed, and occasionally yawning. He is not thinking of chickens."

The cook was so profoundly puzzled that she summoned her master, and I came. The melancholy affair was laid before me. I looked at Ponto. Ponto was sitting there, with a studied air of indifference, apparently half-asleep. I called him, "Ponto!" He looked toward me, and lifted his heavy eyelids.

"Did you call me, master? I was only asleep. I was dreaming—I was dreaming of my hall."

Of his hall, eh? I became at once suspicious. This was evidently a pretext. But I said:

"I think, Katherine, that you are right. The dog could not have stolen the chicken. If he had stolen it, he would be engaged now in plucking it somewhere in the garden."

"But look at him, sir—just look at him. He has not the air of a Christian dog."

"What?"

"I say that Ponto has not an honest air."

I turned and gazed at him. "Look at me, Ponto."

Ponto looked up, but his head drooped, and he grumbled:

"Do you think that I would be hanging around here if I had stolen a chicken? Why, I'd be eating it."

But this remark did not divert my suspicions. On the contrary, it confirmed them. "Katherine," said I solemnly to the cook, "it is Ponto. Alas, it is Ponto."

What I had seen in Ponto's eyes was terrible. I swear to you, reader, that I am most serious. I had distinctly seen there an almost human lie.

It is rather difficult to explain my meaning. Ponto wished to assume an appearance of sincerity in his glance, and he did not succeed, because that is impossible, even to a man. It is said by profound philosophers that in men the power of lying is confined to speech; that the power of throwing falsehood into a glance is possessed only by women.

Ponto exhausted himself in vain efforts to lie with his eyes. But this unsuccessful falsehood was even more incriminating than an avowal.

I looked fixedly at Ponto. "Here, Ponto," said I, "take this," and I offered him the second chicken, which Katherine had just finished plucking.

Ponto looked at me reflectively. "Hum," he said, "evidently you suspect me. Why do you give me a chicken to-day? You never gave me a whole chicken before." He

took the chicken in his mouth and immediately deposited it on the floor at my feet, and, looking up in my eyes, he said: "You must think I am a fool."

Instinctively I said to myself: "Thief! Scoundrel! You have betrayed me. You are a perfidious dog. Your honest canine existence of loyalty has now come to an end, and you have been as false as if you were only a man." But, patting him on the back, I added aloud: "Good Ponto, honest Ponto, nice Ponto."

This dissimulation was rather too deep for Ponto. Urged on by the savory smell of the chicken, he took it between his jaws and started to go. But, before he reached the door, he turned several times, and looked at me carefully, in order to see if he could fathom my thoughts. As soon as he had left the kitchen, I closed the door and began spying upon him through the blinds of the window. He went a few paces as if intending to devour his prey, and then stopped, placed his chicken on the ground, and thought deeply for a long time. Several times he looked at the kitchen door with his false and treacherous eye. Then, giving up all attempts to seek an explanation satisfactory to his mind, he contented himself with the fact that he had the chicken, picked it up, and departed. As he disappeared in the distance, I could see that his sometime timid tail, which had hesitated throughout our entire conversation, had again become bold and firm. Ponto's tail said: "Bah! I have both chickens. Nobody saw me take the first one. Hurrah!"

I stealthily followed him from afar, and I surprised him in the act of hastily scratching a hole in the ground with his powerful forepaws. The chicken that I had given him was lying on the ground, and in the hole which he was digging lay the other chicken. I was heart-broken. My friend Ponto retained the instincts of his remote ancestors; the foxes and the wolves, and buried his provisions. But, alas! being a domesticated animal, and having become the companion of mankind, he had learned to lie.

Under the eyes of the treacherous and now shamefaced Ponto, I made up a little package of the longer feathers of the two chickens, and I deposited this little feather-duster on my working-table. Whenever thereafter I was engaged at work and Ponto came to me bringing his ball, and said, with a light and easy air, "Come, come! Lay aside that rubbish and let us play ball," I would invariably lift the little feather-duster. Then Ponto would drop his treacherous head. His tail would sink between his legs and adhere to his quivering belly, while the ball would fall from his nerveless jaws. As he looked at me, he would say: "Is it possible that you are so ruthless, so unforgiving? Do you never pardon?"

Weeks passed, and I had not yet pardoned Ponto. But he was indefatigable in his attempts to win me over. So one morning, when he came to me again, and when I seized the little feather-duster and poor Ponto was about to withdraw, I said to him:

"Look, Ponto," quoth I, "look upon this for the last time. Thus perishes the only token of your fault," and I hurled the feather-duster into the fire.

Ponto carefully watched the feather-duster burn. Then, without any hysteric manifestations of joy, without leaps or skips, but nobly, simply, with dignity, he came and proffered his paw. The crime was forgotten. We were friends again.

Ponto was glad that he had been forgiven. But he was not nearly so glad as I that I had forgiven him.—*Freely adapted for the Argonaut by Jerome A. Hart.*

Paris is singing an absurd but rather tuneful ditty, now much in vogue in England, entitled 'Linger Longer, Loo.' The original is by Messrs. Young and Sidney Jones, and it so amused the first Frenchman who heard it that it was almost immediately carried to Paris. French words were written by M. Henri Dreyfus, the English chorus being retained, and it was sung by no less a personage than the famous Yvette Guilbert, and later by Mlle. Duclerc at the Folies Bergère. The first verse of the French rendering will give a good idea of *le genre Anglaisiste*, so called:

"Ca n'vous amuse pas c'que j'dis là
Moi non plus je l'atteste,
Mais il faut bien par ci par là,
Chanter de tout et l'este.
Mon répertoire est folichon
A c'que dis'nt les familles,
Aussi ma p'tite English chanson
Est fait' pour les jeunes filles.
Leurs papas diront est plus beau
Bien qu'vous n'comprenez pas un mot,
Ell's pens'ront, sûr, y'a pas d'plaisir
Du moment qu'on n'peut pas rougir!"

"Linger longer, Lucy, linger longer, Loo,
How I love to linger, Lucy, linger long o' you;
Listen while I sing, ah, tell me you'll be true,
Linger longer, longer longer, linger longer, Loo!"

One of those engaged in the rescue of the unhappy victims of the late Morecambe Pier catastrophe writes to the *Lancaster Observer* that, happening to glance up at the pierhead, he saw several photographers taking "snapshots" at the struggling crowd in the water. This strikes one as being a little too professional, and is even described by the correspondent in question as "cold-blooded."

"A family living out in the country," says the *Tulare Register*, "came over from Hanford, a few days ago, with the proceeds of a season's grape-picking, and then laid around Tulare drinking and drunk until the last two-hit piece was gone. It is thus that Wall Street oppresses the country and rivets the shackles upon the limbs of the poor."

Frank Buckland tells us that the three strongest forces in the animal world are the flap of a whale's tail, the kick of a giraffe, and the pat of a lion's paw. Kipling's "Jungle Stories," however, give one a mighty respect for the blow a rock-python can deliver with its head and the hutting powers of the elephant.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *Call* of Wednesday printed a long and detailed account of a compromise in the Fair will case. This at first caused deep gloom in the offices of the other morning papers, which was followed by wild joy when it was discovered that the story was baseless. We do not think that the *Call* "faked" the story—that journal has been trying to give the news as honestly as it could. It is probable that it was imposed upon. But on the following day the *Call* attempted to squirm out of the matter. It would have been better if it had owned up, and admitted that it had been deceived. But, instead of that, the *Call* printed about a column and a half of "interviews" with several of the attorneys in the Fair case, softening down their denials, and hinting darkly that the compromise was "only postponed." The article was almost meaningless—it was a masterpiece of ambiguity. Although all of the attorneys repudiated all knowledge of a compromise—although Trustee Goodfellow strenuously denied that there had been or could be any compromise—the *Call*, further to back up its frail and consumptive case, was forced to bring in the unnamed person who is the last resort of reportorial noble minds. In Washington, he is "a gentleman high in the councils of the administration." In New York, he is "a broker whose name is one of the pillars of Wall Street." He turns out to be, in San Francisco, "an attorney who claims to speak knowingly on the subject." This mysterious person thus whispers to the *Call*: "The agreement is a secret one. Hence all these denials." We are sorry for the *Call*, but we would advise it to own up, and admit that it has been deceived.

The fact that the milkmen of San Francisco have been forced to raise the price of milk from forty-five to sixty cents per three-gallon can shows conclusively that Milk-Inspector Dockery's crusade was needed. It is an abject confession of fraud. The milkmen have been selling us milk and water: now that they are compelled to sell all milk, they are obliged to put up the price. It seems to us that the imposition of a nominal ten-dollar fine upon these fraudulent milk-dealers is a punishment utterly inadequate to the gravity of their offense. They have been mixing water with their milk, and have not been very scrupulous as to the sources of their water supply. Horse-ponds, watering-troughs—any place was good enough for them to fill their cans. It is even said that some of them have taken water from troughs where glandered horses had been watered. In this day and generation, intelligent people are very careful about the water they drink. Certain disease-germs—notably those of typhoid fever and kindred zymotic diseases—almost invariably do their deadly work through water taken into the alimentary canal. Fortunately for San Francisco, her water-supply is practically free from disease germs. But such is not the case with many of the locations from which the milkmen bring their milk—and water. In the vicinity of many dairies the water is polluted by every imaginable kind of filth. People in San Francisco, who are safe from typhoid in their own water-supply, are thus exposed to the danger of infection by drinking poisoned milk. Last summer, in Stamford, Conn., a dishonest milkman infected over a score of people with typhoid fever by serving them milk diluted with water from a foul well. As we said, we consider a ten-dollar fine utterly inadequate for such an offense as the adulteration of milk. The matter has been called to the attention of the grand jury, and we hope they will indict the offenders. A man who endangers the health and life of human beings should pay more than ten dollars for his offense.

The supervisors of San Francisco have just ordered contracts let for laying a bituminous pavement on Van Ness Avenue from Green to Bay Street. This will make a fine driveway clear to Lombard Street. The latter street was graded and macadamized by the Federal Government about five years ago. The Federal authorities expended nearly eighty thousand dollars on the work, although it was a city street, thus making a driveway from Van Ness Avenue to the Presidio Military Reservation. It was done on condition that the city of San Francisco should keep it in repair. But this condition has not been carried out. Lombard Street is in a shameful condition. If Lombard Street is properly taken care of, the driveway, when Van Ness Avenue is hituminized—now a question of only a few weeks—will be one of the finest in the world. Beginning at Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street, and going north to Lombard, the view of San Francisco Bay is had; the road then runs through the Presidio Military Reservation by McDowell Avenue, and out by the ocean shore. The view from the Presidio hills is indeed unique. The steep hills of Sausalito sloping down to the water, the frowning heights of Alcatraz, the smoother curving lines of Angel Island, beautiful Belvedere lying between Richardson's Bay and Tihuron, Mount Tamalpais to the left, Yerba Buena Island and the Contra Costa shore far to the right, the Marin mountains in the background mellowed by a faint blue haze—where can such a view be found on any city drive? There is nothing like it anywhere. From Fort Point the drive continues to Twenty-Fourth Avenue, thence through Golden Gate Park, thence by Golden Gate Avenue back to the point of beginning on Van Ness Avenue—about fifteen miles. This would not only be a fine driveway, but a magnificent roadway for bicycling. It is almost complete now. The military authorities and the park commissioners have done their work well; it is the city which is now at fault. The only parts of this fine driveway which are now neglected are Lombard Street and Twenty-Fourth Avenue—both the property of the city of San Francisco.

LITERARY NOTES.

Edwin S. Holden's "Mogul Emperors."

Director Edwin S. Holden, of the Lick Observatory, has made a debut, and a flattering one, in a new field by the publication of his book on "The Mogul Emperors of Hindustan." Some months ago there came into his hands a collection of miniatures of the Mogul emperors, and, becoming interested in their history and finding information about them by no means easy of access, he put in a long winter reading the original memoirs of the native bistorians of India and the accounts left by early ambassadors and travelers to the court of the Great Moguls. Some of the results of that study Mr. Holden printed in papers contributed to various magazines; and these, with new matter to complete the history of the period, constitute this book.

The period covered is from 1398, when the great irruption of the Moguls under Timur (Tamerlane) vanquished India, and, not content with mere booty, as three earlier expeditions had been, established the dynasty which was to rule for three centuries, until 1707, when the defeat and death of Aurangzeb marked the beginning of the history of modern India. Mr. Holden's purpose has not been to prepare a complete history of the period, but he has selected for treatment the reigns of the leading emperors, such as Tamerlane, Babar, Humayun, Akbar, Jahangir, Nur-Mahal, and Aurangzeb, describing not only the ruler's career, but also the condition of the people so far as the obtainable data permit. The eighth chapter, "The Ruin of Aurangzeb; or, the History of a Reaction," is by Sir W. W. Hunter.

The volume is illustrated with a large number of portraits of the Mogul emperors and their contemporaries, reproduced from miniatures and from rare manuscripts, constituting a collection of unusual value; and in addition to these there are a few reproductions of photographs of the Taj Mahal and other Indian scenes.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

EUGENE FIELD.

The death of Eugene Field at Chicago on November 4th was unexpected. He was only forty-five years old, and, although not robust, was not supposed to be afflicted with any organic trouble. He died of heart disease. Mr. Field was probably one of the most brilliant journalists in the United States. He was a man of a high order of talent, which rose at times almost to genius, although he steadily denied that he was a poet, and called himself "a verse-writer." Had he not been tied down to the necessity of daily journalistic work as a means of bread-winning, he might have produced more literary matter of permanent value. Even as it is, he wrote many charming bits of verse. We give several of his best-known poems, not, however, selecting those of the highest order from a literary point of view. Probably his translations from Horace will take the highest literary rank. But the poems we give are the ones most popular with his readers. Of one of them, "The Little Peach," he was heartily ashamed; but it has been sung on the variety stage all over the United States, and it is extremely droll. Among his frontier poems, "Casey's Table d'Hôte" is one of the best, and we have always considered "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" to be the most striking of the poems written for children. "The Large Cold Bottle and the Small Hot Bird" is unclassified, but none the less striking.

The Bottle and the Bird.

Once on a time a friend of mine prevailed on me to go
To see the dazzling splendors of a sinful hallet show;
And after we had reveled in the saltatory sights,
We sought a neighboring café for more tangible delights.
When I demanded of my friend what viands he preferred,
He quoth: "A large cold bottle, and a small hot bird!"

Fool that I was, I did not know what angelic hidden lies
Within the morceau that allures the nostrils and the eyes!
There is a glorious candor in an honest quart of wine,
A certain inspiration which I can not well define!
How it bubbles, how it sparkles, how its gurgling seems
To say:
"Come! on a tide of rapture let me float your soul
away!"

But the crispy, steaming mouthful that is spread upon
your plate—
How it discounts human sapience and satirizes fate!
You wouldn't think a thing so small could cause the
pains and aches

That certainly accrue to him that of that thing partakes;
To me, at least (a guileless wight!), it never nance oc-
curred

What horror was encompassed in that small hot bird.

Oh, what a head I had on me when I awoke next day,
And what a firm conviction of intestinal decay!
What seas of mineral water and of bromide I applied
To quench those fierce volcanic fires that rioted inside!
And oh the thousand solemn, awful vows I plighted then
Never to tax my system with a small hot bird again!

The doctor seemed to doubt that birds could worry peo-
ple so,
But, bless him! since I ate the bird, I guess I ought to
know!

The acidous condition of my stomach, so he said,
Bespoke a vinous irritant that amplified my head,
And, ergo, the causation of the thing, as he inferred,
Was the large cold bottle—not the small hot bird.

Of course I know it wasn't, and I'm sure you'll say I'm
right
If ever it has been your wont to train around at night,
How sweet is retrospection when one's heart is bathed in
wine,
And before its balmy breath bow do the ills of life de-
cline!
How the gracious juices drown what griefs would vex a
mortal breast,
And float the flattered soul into the port of dreamless
rest!

But you, O noxious, pygmy bird! whether it be you fly,
Or paddle in the stagnant pools that sweltering fester-
ing lie—

I curse you and your evil kind for that you do me wrong,
Engendering poisons that corrupt my petted muse of
song;
Go, get thee hence! and never more discomfit me and
mine—

I fain would harter all thy hood for one sweet draught
of wine!

So hither come, O sportive youth! when fades the tel-
tale day—

Come hither, with your fillets and your wreaths of posies
gay;
We shall unloose the fragrant seas of seething, frothing
wine

Which now the cohwehdd glass and envious wire and
corks confine,
And midst the pleasing revelry the praises shall he heard
Of the large cold hottle—not the small hot bird!

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afraid are we;"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 't was a dream they'd
dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The Little Peach.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a cluh they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo boo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

Casey's Table d'Hôte.

Oh, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies
wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz
brave 'nd true!

When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd the camp wuz
all astir,
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to
demur!

Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies
fur away—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-
day!

What though the camp *hez* busted? I seem to see it still
A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's
table dote!

Wal, yes; it's true I struck it rich, hut that don't cut a
show

When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it's nigh his time to go;
The money that he's got in honds or carries to invest
Don't figger with a codger who has lived a life out West;
Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks 'nd
noise,

'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we done
when boys;
The which is why I love to set 'nd think of them old days
When all us Western fellers got the Colorado craze—
And *that* is why I love to set around all day 'nd gloat
On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's
table dote.

This Casey wuz an Irishman—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same.
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand
things,

From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings,
But, somehow, bad'n't caught on; so, driftin' with the
rest,

He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp
wuz new,

When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz
brave 'nd true;

And, havin' been a steward on a Mississippi hoat,
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a table dote.

The har wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror on the shelf,
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help
himself;

Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled heer 'nd
wine,

'Nd a kag of Burhun whiskey of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls—
Not much on dress, perhaps, hut strong on records 'nd on
curls!

The which had been identified with Casey in the past—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean—and both wuz mighty
fast!

But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's table dote.

There wuz half a dozen tables altogether in the place,
And the tax you had to pay upon your vittles wuz a case;
The boardin'-houses in the camp protested 't wuz a shame
To patronize a robber, which this Casey wuz the same!
They said a case was robbery to tax for any meal;
But Casey tended strictly to his biz, 'nd let 'em squeal;
And presently the hoardin'-houses all hegan to hust,
While Casey kept on sawin' wood 'nd layin' in the dust;
And oncet a travlin' editor from Denver City wrote
A piece back to his paper, puffin' Casey's table dote.

A table dote is different from orderin' aller cart:
In one case you git all there is, in *l'other*, only part!

And Casey's table dote began in French—as all begin—
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say, with
'vin';

But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws
down east;

'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him banker after more of Casey's table dote.

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my huzzum 'nd the water to my
eyes;

'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it used to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-lyin' in the mountains jest the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair 'nd
blue,

When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd
true;
When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mount-
ain smote

For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's table dote.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' way out West,
With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its lovin'
breast—

Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how we used to do,
Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd you?
Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on your
face,

Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely place;
And so you wuz, 'nd I'd be, too, if I wuz lonely so.

But, bein' how a brother's love ain't for the world to
know,
Whenever I've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in my
throat,

I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's table dote.

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well-educated, and well-dressed American men and
women. There are no thrilling incidents in the
story, but the personages attract one's sympathy
and their talk is bright and entertaining. Pub-
lished by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price,
\$1.25.

Four sermons by Bishop Hugh Miller Thomp-
son, of Mississippi, on the personality and respon-
sibility of God and man, delivered as the Bohlen
Lectures for 1895, have been collected and are is-
sued with the general title "The World and the
Wrestlers." Published by Thomas Whittaker,
New York; price, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Sir Edwin Arnold's New Poems.

Despite the fact that it is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, and contains a flattering little verse written in her birthday book, it does not seem that "The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems" will further Sir Edwin Arnold's candidacy for the post of poet laureate. The initial poem in the book is "The Tenth Muse," an ode composed for a press anniversary and singing the praises of Ephemeria, the muse of journalism. The poet's argument is that the new muse combines the offices of all the nine and

"—born, albeit, of men—

She, by her high emprise, is Goddess still."

Sir Edwin's presentation of his case is not convincing, and, inasmuch as the ode lacks both melody and grandeur, it is not a commendable example of occasional verse. The lines "On the Death of Lord Tennyson," those written in the Duchess of York's birthday book, and "Crathie Church," the latter written at the desire of Princess Beatrice, are better examples of what a laureate should be able to write to order. But Sir Edwin's best work is in his Oriental poems. "The Passing of Muhammad" is a powerful picture of the death of the Prophet, and "The Story of the Snake," from the Sanskrit, is in the same vein, while the "Poems of Japan" are almost invariably striking. There are also in the volume a rugged translation from the French; "A Japanese Soldier," narrating an episode of the Korean War; and several translations from the Persian of Hafiz and "The Gulistan."

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Some Stories of New England.

In an article in one of the late magazines, Mr. Birkbeck Hill, sometime a book-reviewer, confessed that his occupation had robbed him of all taste for fiction; Du Maurier, Stevenson, Kipling—all the glittering list—were but names to him, and he supposed they should remain so. But, chancing to read a stray volume by Sarah Orne Jewett, he was almost induced to believe he was making a mistake. It could hardly have been a complete novel by Miss Jewett that effected his conversion, for the few she has written are pervaded by a gentle dullness. It must have been some of her short stories. She is essentially a short-story writer, as is abundantly proved by her latest volume, "The Life of Nancy." The book takes its name from the first tale, and many of them are familiar, having already appeared in the magazines. The collection is an unusually rich one, the stories being noticeable for the fine finish which distinguishes the writer. The genial handling she gives to the much-written-about elderly New England woman is all her own. There are some capital sketches of them here—old Mrs. Bickford for one, arranging flowers for the graves of the three husbands she mourns, conscientiously endeavoring to be impartial, and much worried as to the disposal of the only rose. But the gem among them is that tale of middle-aged wooing called "A Second Spring," where each line and word fits into its place like parts of a fine mosaic. There are ten stories of varying merit, most of them excellent of their kind.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Consorts, Relicts, and Maids.

Many an old record has been scanned to gather together the materials which compose "Colonial Dames and Good Wives." We are indebted to Alice Morse Earle for the antiquarian tastes which led her to delve into the past and collect the results of her researches into as pleasant a form as is her little book. It is a gossip account of the dames of old, their amusements and manners, their somewhat blustering wooers and marriages, and all the details of their household employments. There were successful business women in those days, it seems, as well as notable housewives; and even such a thing is recorded as a good wife who claimed her right to vote. The germs of some romances of the past are to be found in the volume; some, like that of Mme. La Tour, which have already been told, others for which the time has not yet come. The cover of the book lends an antique touch to it; it is made to resemble a sampler, such as our grandmothers worked, and is original and effective.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

An Old-Fashioned Love-Story.

"The Way of a Maid," by Katherine Tynan Hinkson, is a genuine old-fashioned love-story of the type that the modern erotic novel has almost elbowed out of existence. It is an Irish tale, and the new scenes, painted by one who knows her ground, give freshness to the story. The personages whose lives and loves are tangled up and then unwound belong to the better class, but the opportunity is not lost to introduce a few racy types to convince us that we are on the soil of old Ireland. Nora, the maid in question, is as pretty and bewitching a one as ever figured in Irish fiction, and she wins the sympathy of the reader in spite of herself. There is nothing super-excellent about

the work, but it is wholesome and pleasant, and will take the fancy of those who like their love-stories glowing and fervent, but clean and undeveloped as well.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Boudoir and Ball-Room.

"Julien Gordon" (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger) has apparently outgrown her literary salad days. In "A Wedding," a volume of some half-dozen short stories, she is as guiltless of eroticism as she is of warm human sympathy. There is some good work in the book; but, clever and epigrammatic as she often is, there is a hard brilliancy to her manner that grows wearisome. She is still in need of mellowing. A brief sketch of an international marriage, called "A Wedding," is well done; and "First Flights," which quite reaches the proportions of a novelette, is coldly sparkling. They are stories of drawing-room interiors, of dimly lit boudoirs, of love unreturned, and *femmes incomprises*; and the feeling in reading them is like a craving for a whiff of outdoor air after the stifling atmosphere of a brilliantly lit hall-room.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company; Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Charles Dudley Warner is being "jumped on" all around for his poem, "Bookra," in the October *Harper's*. The *Argonaut* printed it as a curio and pointed out some of its peculiarities, and other papers have criticised it since. Its latest critic is the *Bookman*, which calls Mr. Warner's attention to the fact that the name of the Moorish city is not pronounced "Tétuan," and declares the line in which it occurs "unmetrically broken-backed and painfully seazonic."

An entirely new edition of the works of Lord Byron is announced by Macmillan & Co. It will be edited by W. E. Henley, and will include, besides the complete poetical works, the letters of Byron, public and private. This edition will be in ten volumes.

A new novel by Edwin Lester Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, and himself the author of a popular tale, "Phra, the Phœnician," is announced by Longmans, Green & Co. It is called "The Story of Ulla."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars is very large pay for writing a book," said a theatrical man to a *Sun* reporter, "whereas twenty-five thousand dollars is not great pay for producing a successful play," and he continued:

"That is why so many literary men are always haunting the anterooms of the managers, at present more than ever before. But there are several reasons why a play is the more difficult work to produce. First, a publisher can tell whether he will get the cost of production back by the quality of the writing or the fame of the writer, but no man can ever say whether a play will go until he hears the decision of the public. Then, again, the method of writing is vastly different. Every sentence in a play must have a bearing on the climax to which it leads up, and every sentence must be so turned as to end with its strongest word. Then certain actions or words are certain to thrill an audience or make it laugh, whereas other things, very much more effective in literature for the reading public, will have no more effect than if the people were sticks of wood. Making people tumble down or bit each other with bladders in order to raise a laugh seems very silly to a literary man, but it 'goes' on the stage, as it has for centuries. And, since we have to put up thousands of dollars to stage a piece, we insist upon having the sure-to-go things in it every time."

Miss Grace King, whose stories of Louisiana life have been much liked, has written for Macmillan & Co. an account of New Orleans, which they will publish, with illustrations by Miss Frances Jones, another native of that city.

Apropos of the alterations some publishers make in some of the novels they publish, the *Bookman* declares that "Mme. Sarah Grand had elaborated the medical particulars of Edith's illness in 'The Heavenly Twins' to such an extent that even Mr. Heinemann (who is not easily shocked) felt it necessary to interpose; and so the chapter in question has much less resemblance to a treatise on dermatology than it had when it left the author's hands."

Southey's "English Seamen," edited by David Hannay, and Isaac Walton's lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson, are the newest volumes in the beautiful and inexpensive series of English Classics, issued under the general supervision of W. E. Henley, and published in this country by Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has written a new novel which she calls "Jerome, a Poor Man." It is a story dealing with the problems of wealth and poverty, and it is to appear in *Harper's Bazar* during the coming year. "Mrs. Gerald," a new novel by Miss Maria Louise Pool, is also coming out in that periodical.

Under the title "The Crooked Stick; or, Polle's Probation," Macmillan & Co. are about to bring out a new story by Rolf Boldrewood, the author of "Robbery Under Arms."

Among the new novels just published by Longmans, Green & Co. are "Matthew Furb," by Ida Lemon, a story of London life; "Josephine

Crewe," by Helen M. Bolton; "Colonel Norton," by Florence Montgomery; and "The Match-maker," by Mrs. Walford.

It is interesting to note (says the *Bookman*) that the two books most popular with the reading public during the past year have also furnished the material for two of the most popular plays: "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda."

An excellent book to put in the hands of a lad is "Turning-Points in Successful Careers," by the Rev. William M. Thayer, which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish. It gives important chapters from the lives of a number of famous men who may well be taken as models in many respects by the rising generation.

Antwerp is to appear in Du Maurier's new novel, "The Martian" (without the *s*), but most of the scenes are set in London and Paris. Though the author's sight is failing, he has been able to illustrate this work preparatory to its forthcoming publication in *Harper's*.

An interesting little book, by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., made up of essays, several of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be published by Macmillan & Co., in style uniform with Professor Corson's "Aims of Literary Study." "American Types," as the book is to be called, deals with the American Pessimist, the American Man of Letters, the American Epicurean, etc.

Professor W. M. Sloane, after finishing his life of Napoleon, should publish an appendix containing the new material which he discovered in the course of his researches, but did not include in his excellent work. The *Bookman* says:

"He unearthed, in the governmental archives at Paris, certain letters of Pauline Bonaparte, which he was too verecund to give to the world in a magazine that is largely read by the Young Person, but which, nevertheless, reveal some very curious and rather remarkable facts about the *vie intime* of the great Corsican. If published, they would show with startling clearness the truth of Taine's contention that Napoleon was in reality a belated type of the medieval Italian—a Borgia three centuries overdue."

"The Golden Age," by Kenneth Grahame, which Stone & Kimball publish, is receiving very flattering notices from the critics. From the *Saturday Review* to *Life*, they all praise it highly.

A novelette by Mark Twain, called "Tom Sawyer, Detective," will be published in *Harper's* during the year, and will be followed by a humorous novelette by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, called "Two Mormons of Muddley."

Macmillan & Co. will publish at once, in their Ex-Libris Series, "Book-Bindings Old and New: Notes of a Book-Lover," by Brander Matthews.

Stanley J. Weyman's new collection of tales, "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France," which is published by Longmans, Green & Co., is passing even his other hooks in popularity. The sales reached fifteen thousand in England in three weeks.

The Rev. Dr. C. C. Creegan's "Great Missions of the Church," which T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just published, is heartily indorsed by Dr. Francis E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

Among the writers to whom prizes for special stories were awarded in the *Youth's Companion's* recent competition were Phebe Estelle Spaulding, of Pomona College, Claremont, Cal., for "The Story of a Friendship" (fifth prize), and K. F. Gleason, Redlands, Cal., for "The Woman's Board" (second prize).

Harper's Weekly for November 16th and 23d will be "horse-show" numbers, the first containing general articles on the New York Horse Show, illustrated by Remington, Klepper, and Wenzell, and the second containing a review by Caspar W. Whitney.

Gilbert Parker's story of a lost Napoleon, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," which is published by Stone & Kimball, is already in its fifth thousand.

The unhappy critic is said to "catch it" in Marie Corelli's forthcoming book, "The Sorrows of Satan." And what is worse, the English reviewer will be obliged to buy the book if he wants to know how dead he is—because the fair writer has given strict orders that no press copies shall be sent out in England.

THE BOOK SALE STILL CONTINUES.

There are so many new books this fall that we find it almost impossible to give you a complete list in one advertisement; for this reason we have decided to offer you special books each week during this sale.

Specials for this Week, ending November 16th:

"Casa Braccio," F. Marion Crawford's New Italian Story. In 2 vols., price, \$2.00. Special price, \$1.25.
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"Here we find romance—real, living, breathing romance. The character of Valmond is drawn unerringly."—*Pitt Mail and Gazette*.

"There is an enthusiasm about the book which is contagious."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Anything more delightful than this 'Romance of a Lost Napoleon' would be hard to find."—*Detroit Times*.

"The plot is the most skillful that has been drawn lately in any historical novel."—*Baltimore Sun*.

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"More delightful sketches of child-life have never come into our hands than those contained in this volume. He transports the reader to the golden age of childhood, and with a subtle, indescribable skill pictures child character with infinite truth and matchless charm."—*Independent*.

"The man who can not find sport in these pages is indeed getting old."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"A more delightful book about children—not for them—can hardly be imagined than 'The Golden Age,' by Kenneth Grahame."—*Topical Capital*.

"Delicious, dreamy, world-care free are the pages of 'The Golden Age,' taking one back to childhood—and one reads on and on for the mere fascination of the literary style."—*New York World*.

"The delight of it all is that the book is not the biography of a little prig, prodigy, or consumptive infant who is harnessed into the pages of the story for the sole and apparent reason of an effective death scene; this book has the good fortune to contain a whole family of five healthy, romping children, as different as they can be, yet undubitably brothers and sisters."—*Life*.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Diverting Knaves.

Mr. Frank Barrett has taken the good old plot of a false claimant and tricked it out in a garb of such quaint cut that it might almost pass unrecognized. His book is called "A Set of Rogues," and the events are supposed to take place in the time of Charles the Second, just after the great London Plague. The rogues are three strolling players and a rascal of a Spanish grandee. Between them they concoct a pretty conspiracy to obtain the estate of a wealthy heiress, who was sold into slavery to the Turks in childhood, through the mischances of shipwreck. Pretty Moll Dawson, one of their number, is to personate the returned heiress. The hatching of the plot, its successful accomplishment, and the consequences thereof combine to form a pleasantly beguiling romance. The old-time ways and methods of speech are well worked in, and the vagabond life of the trio before their prosperous days began is capitally told. The rogues are such pleasant company and make amends so handsomely for their misdeeds that it is easy to forgive them. Moll is a taking little wench, even though she has a pretty talent for filching silver spoons and the like small articles. There are some possibilities in the book for dramatic purposes, notably the apparently equivocal situation where Moll is discovered seated on her father's knee. No particular heed is paid to probability in the tale, and where a thing is difficult to explain, Mr. Barrett makes no attempt at it; but no one minds an anachronism or two in a work so obviously written to amuse.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"An Old Maid's Love," by Maarten Maartens, has been issued in paper covers in the Belgravia Series published by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Mr. Isaacs," the Anglo-Indian story that gave F. Marion Crawford his first fame as a novelist, has been issued as the fifth number of the paper-covered Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Spirit of Judaism," by Josephine Lazarus, contains five papers, in the first of which "The Jewish Question" is set forth, and the others discuss "The Outlook of Judaism," "Judaism, Old and New," "The Claim of Judaism," and "The Task of Judaism," with an "Epilogue" in which Miss Lazarus explains and sums up her treatment of the subject. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Out of Due Season," by Adeline Sergeant, is a strong and well-written story. Its principal personages are Gideon Blake, an honest, determined British workman who has a really artistic temperament and yet has the British fear of betraying emotion; Emmy, a silly village flirt, whom he marries; and Captain George Hamilton, who is himself engaged to marry a Miss Leslie, but persuades Emmy to elope with him. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Chilhowee Boys in War Time," by Sarah E. Morrison, is an excellent story for boys. The scene is laid in Tennessee, during the War of 1862, when the men of the young community were called away to defend their country, and it narrates the experiences of the young heroes who were left behind to guard their newly won homes. It is a well-constructed story with strongly drawn characters, and it presents striking pictures of the hardships and pleasures of the early settlers in what was then the new West. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Social Theory: A Grouping of Social Facts and Theories," by John Bascom, author of "Ethics," "Sociology," and other works, is the seventh volume of Crowell's Library of Economics and Politics. In the introductory chapters the author sets forth the claims of sociology and gives its definitions, divisions, preliminary facts, and principles, and in the five parts into which the body of the work is divided he considers customs, economics, civics, ethics, and religion as factors in sociology. An index ends the volume. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

"The Coming of Theodora," by Eliza Orne White, is a story which makes a most intimate revelation of a rather uninteresting household. The husband and wife get on very well until his sister comes to stay with them, and then their life becomes a mere series of petty squabbles that end only with Theodora's departure. Theodora, by the way, receives an offer of marriage during her stay, but she is frightened out of the match by her suitor's little daughter—he is a widower—who declares with much vehemence that she "hates" her. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Woodstock," by Sir Walter Scott, edited by Professor Bliss Perry, is the third volume of Longmans' English Classics. The text is prefaced with an introduction by the editor, in which he narrates some of the facts of Scott's life and of the circumstances attending the writing of this novel, and be

also gives good lists of books on the history of the period and on criticisms of Scott. The text is from the edition of 1829, and the notes and glossary combine the best results of Andrew Lang's notes to the Border edition and those of the Dryburgh edition. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A handsome new book on ornithology is "British Birds," by W. H. Hudson, C. M. Z. S. It begins with an interesting chapter on "The Anatomy of the Bird" and another on "Classification," by Frank E. Beddard, and then something more than three hundred pages is devoted to descriptions of the native British birds and their occasional visitors, arranged according to their orders. The illustrations are a special feature of the book, including eight colored plates, eight plates in black and white, and one hundred and twenty illustrations in the text. The book is indexed. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

A life of "Nelson," by John Knox Laughton, has been added to the English Men of Action Series. The author has had considerable range of authorities to draw upon, and his task has been to exclude rather than to amass; the result is a comprehensive record of Lord Nelson's professional career, with such explanations from his private life as are necessary to an understanding of his motives. As in the other books of the series, this biography is serious, and its aim is to set forth sober and vital facts rather than to be picturesque; in consequence, the passages devoted to Lady Hamilton are meagre and rather colorless. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 60 cents.

"The Romance of the Woods," by F. J. Whishaw, is a delightful book on outdoor life in Russia. The author is a Briton, but he has lived in the land of the Tsar until he knows it and its inhabitants, both brute and human, thoroughly. He is a sportsman, too, and his writing is characterized by a spirit of fairness and a poetic quality that long communion with Nature and brute creation seems to foster. In the book there are eleven pleasant papers, the earlier ones on shooting on a Russian moor, ambushing wild geese, duck-hunting on Lake Ladoga, and a fisher's paradise in Finland, and the later ones on the Russian peasant and his superstitions. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

A new edition of the Rev. Dr. Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare" has just been issued in two 16mo volumes, handsomely printed and bound and illustrated with photogravures. The plan of the work—which is a legacy from the days when men were scholarly and knew by heart the best passages in their favorite authors—is to quote brief passages from the successive scenes of each of the plays, setting each quotation under an appropriate heading. Some of the quotations are but a line; others, such as that from "Hamlet" between the melancholy Dane, his mother, and the ghost, fill half a dozen pages. The second volume contains an index to the entire work. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.50.

"A Ringhy Lass," a collection of five short stories by Mary Beaumont, is rather a promise of future excellence than a present source of pleasure. There are good points in each story, but they all betray the writer's inexperience, notably by her introduction of irrelevant material. "A Ringhy Lass" is a love-story interrupted by a quarrel over nothing and ending in the lived-happy-ever-after fashion. In another of the tales the theme is a young fisherman's self-sacrifice when he learns that he and his brother love the same girl; and another, "The Revenge of Her Race," is a pathetic story of the instinctive yearning of a Maori princess, who has married an Englishman, for the ways of her own people and her fear lest her children be tortured by the same longings. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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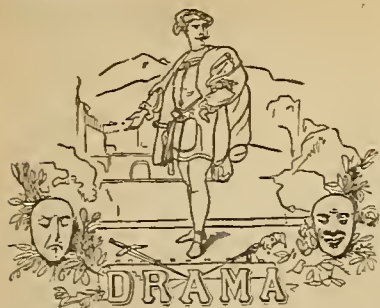
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The girl in the famous Scotch song who said of her lover, "he hath gien to me his heart, and what can man do mair," had evidently no knowledge of what is in the power of a successful playwright to do for the glorification of an attractive wife.

To Caroline Miskell, Mr. Hoyt not only has "glen his heart," but many beautiful gowns, an array of jewels that might please a princess, a play all of her own, and a company to act the play with. "What can man do mair" than this it would be hard to say. The simple Scotch lassie who thought a heart was such a munificent gift would be surprised if she had realized how many other and more costly presents may be added to that one before the sum of an admiring husband's generosity is made up.

Mrs. Hoyt, very early in her stage career, has had the honor of having a play written for her. This, it is said, is the pinnacle of the actress's and singer's ambition. This is the greatest glory that the stage has to offer. It has been the bitter drop in Adelina Patti's cup that no one ever wrote an opera solely and especially for her. The dramas cut and fitted to her peculiar talents have been Sarah Bernhardt's brightest glory. It is only the great stars and the actresses who have playwright husbands who attain to this distinguished honor.

The beauty, the girlishness, the naïve freshness of his wife, were to Mr. Hoyt's mind when he wrote "A Contented Woman." He created a central figure that, as nearly as he could guess, would not overtax the talents of the handsome Caroline Miskell, and that would have very close bonds of sympathy with her own temperament. For even stars have their limitations, and dramatists who write plays for them are supposed to have these ever before their mind's eye.

The Contented Woman is the average feminine ideal of the average man. She has that delightful womanly helplessness which is so fascinating in a *démouille à marier* and seems to be so exasperating in a wife. She says the sweet little foolish things that, before her marriage, her fiancé thought so enchanting, and after it he thinks are only idiotic. She has a great desire to argue, not without violence, on a variety of topics, and when she poses her husband with some clinching statement that she has read in the morning paper, she is only a degree less captivating than when she announces her own triumphantly nonsensical opinion, and, in desperation at her unanswerable foolishness, she silences her with a kiss.

The Contented Woman loves her husband—Benny Holme is his name—and, at the same time treats him to exhibitions of childish petulance that it is evident the husbands of contented women know and dread. She is as utterly unreasonable as she is irrational. She does a great deal of talking toward the end of the play about the true sphere of woman, the home, the sanctity of the domestic hearth, and all the rest of it, but she is not well calculated to preserve the spirit of peace which makes the home a refuge in the world, or to keep the sacred fire alight upon the hearth where there are "four feet on the fender."

Yet she is the ideal of that great mass of men, the noble army of the commonplace, who could not be and would not be otherwise than what they are. When they, like the poet, sit and cogitate upon that comfortable future when there will be another and a smaller pair of feet on the fender, a "fair young face to look fondly up" from behind the tea-urn, the image that haunts their thoughts will be just such a one as the Contented Woman. She is amiable when things go smoothly, she is adorably pretty, and the one thing that she knows anything about—and in that she is a creature of natural genius—is how to dress. "And what," to paraphrase the Scotch girl's query, "can man want mair?"

There can be but little difference of opinion on the Contented Woman's appearance. She is blessed with a poetic beauty, as striking as it is unusual. Mrs. Hoyt is said to be a Canadian, which accounts for her unusual style, not only of looks, but of dress. She has the charm, too, that made the Canadian women so irresistibly fascinating to the English officers when Canada was under British garrison. At one time so many stalwart hearts under brave red coats were sighing for love of the *beaux yeux*, frightened beneath bleak and snowy skies, that a whole regiment was ordered away to flee the wiles of the Canadian sirens. But that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story.

Mrs. Hoyt is the type Du Maurier has immortalized as the *fausse maigre*. She is slender, but not thin, an ideal type of beauty. Her narrow

head, her loof, fair throat, the drooping lines of her shoulders, delicate but never angular, give her the air of a picture-woman. She dresses, too—how rare a talent—in clothes that suit her, rather than in clothes a good dressmaker makes for her and a good maid squeezes her into. In the second act, where she makes her entrance down a flight of stairs, she is a thing of beauty—a tall, slim creature, with golden-brown hair knotted high, a long, white throat, and ivory shoulders gleaming above a collar of thick lace. Shoes, with broad paste buckles that crossed the foot, emerged from the edge of her black velvet skirt. A single string of pearls that hung round her neck nearly to her waist was the finishing touch.

As an actress she has good ability but much to learn. Her voice is very ugly. It has harsh intonations, coarse inflections, that can easily be smoothed out of it. The value of a good voice on the stage can not be set too high. Clara Morris can be used as the hobgoblin with which to frighten all these fluttering aspirants for dramatic glory. That astonishing woman, spoiled by overmuch praise before her talents had fully ripened, never took the trouble to eliminate from her speech all the ugly and unrefined intonations of her sordid childhood. Her manner of speaking was really as serious a drawback to her fame as her health. Let Mrs. Hoyt take warning and learn a few lessons from Bernhardt, or remember Cordelia, whose "voice was ever soft and low, an excellent thing in woman."

The most attractive point of Mrs. Hoyt's acting is its naturalness. She has none of the old stage tricks of stage beauties. Tricks of her own she has that she might cast aside without doing herself any detriment. Her naïve awkwardness has its own peculiar charm, but the continual jerking and tossing of her head, with which she greets all sorts of statements, is neither graceful nor becoming. The heroine who throws back her head with the spirited grace of a young stag we all know and love, but when she keeps it up for four acts, it is less like a young stag than like one of those paste camels that hold candy and, once touched on the head, will keep on nodding for an hour. The simile is not pretty, but desperate ills, as the poet says, require desperate remedies.

As a play, "A Contented Woman" has the good and bad points of the Hoyt comedy. There is less of the variety element than usual, but as sleazier a story as of old. There are fewer songs and not so much dancing; but there are the sprightly girls, who wear short skirts and twinkle their ankles behind the footlights in an occasional jig, and one leader of an election procession does a solemn skirt-dance in front of the successful candidate's house. The play, however, is somewhat too serious of purport to have much of the French-heeled and black-stockinged element in it. It does not go with a female politician who talks of purifying politics and reforming the ballot. The three ward-politicians are Hoyt, and Hoyt at his best, and Mrs. Ebbsmith, with her songs from Offenbach and her very realistic coupé, is sketched in, as the artists say, with skill and humor.

In this, as in everything else he has written, Mr. Hoyt shows his singular skill in discovering and voicing the sentiments of the great commonplace mass. Whatever his own opinions may be, he has an extraordinary insight into the feelings and theories of Jack and Jill, of Jenny and Jessamy. The sentiments given forth by "A Contented Woman," are the boiled-down opinions of a hundred newspapers, the verbal expression of all the "New Woman" cartoons of the comic weeklies.

The trite says that have been on the lips of the average commercial man and his frivolous and uneducated consort for the last ten years are here warmed over for them to applaud from the orchestra chairs. The woman chosen as the type that is to make domesticity an ever-springing joy and home a terrestrial paradise, is the ignorant, petulant, suspicious, extravagant baby, whom her husband may pet when he is good-humored, swear at when he is cross, complain of for her foolish expenditure of money, work for frantically, openly regard as incapable of sound judgment and mentally inferior, and surreptitiously deceive, without hampering scruples of principle or conscience. Mr. Hoyt is clever—cleverer than many of the people who laugh at his jokes and enjoy his sarcasms have yet realized. Who knows but that, while he is making Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry laugh in the parquet, he may be watching them from the wings with his tongue in his cheek?

He has had his usual luck, or exercised his usual discrimination, in selecting the people who fill the cast. They not only look their characters, but they understand the spirit of them. Wherever Mr. Hoyt gets the people that he collects in his various companies, they certainly do not seem to be crushed into the old familiar stage shapes of the school of acting ideal. They show unusual spontaneity and breezy humor. It may be that he revivifies them with his contemporaneous and original spirit. There have been playwrights who could infuse some of their own noble rage into the players about them, and illuminate their stupefied minds with the celestial fire of originality. Perhaps Mr. Hoyt possesses this power, or perhaps he only looks for brains in his actors, and, when he

finds them, lets their possessor create the character according to his own ideal, without burning the incense and lighting the candles on the altar of stage tradition.

—THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths, and now extend an invitation to the public to call and inspect the operation of discharging and refilling. This operation can be witnessed any evening, commencing at 10 o'clock, and for which no charge will be made by the company.

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—SPECIAL THEATRE CANDIES—STRONG CINNAMON a specialty at Reed's, 113 Powell Street.

David Belasco's play, "Heart of Maryland," was produced at the Herald Square Theatre in New York a few days ago. How well it was received may be inferred from this little speech which Mr. Belasco was compelled to make after the curtain fell:

"Really, I don't know how to make a speech," he began, and then, after a long pause, he started again: "I have worked twenty-five years for—to-night. I have done almost everything that can be done in a theatre or for one. I have been a supernumerary, a manager, a call-boy, an actor of small parts—and others; I have 'adapted' French plays and have 'dramatized' novels; I have helped other men with plays. Now, from the way you have received this little play of my own, I believe—I hope—that I am a—a dramatist."



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STAGE GOSSIP.

De Wolf Hopper in "Wang."

De Wolf Hopper will be at the Baldwin, next week, with "Wang." The tall comedian has been for some years one of the most popular fun-makers in New York, and "Wang" has had one of the longest runs on record in the metropolis. In it Della Fox, who had been almost a nobody in the Conreid Company, first stepped into the fierce light that dethroned a comic-opera idol's throne in Gotham, and in it pretty Edna Wallace-Hopper, who left her home in this city to become a member of one of the Palmer companies, made her comic-opera debut. The company that will present it here includes De Wolf Hopper, Edna Wallace-Hopper, Alice Hmsmer, Edmund Stanley, Thomas S. Guise, Alfred Stone, Harry P. Stone, and others of the New York production, and the costuming and scenery are on an unusual scale of magnificence.

Haverly's New Minstrel Company.

The minstrels are to begin their season at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, November 10th, instead of on Monday evening—a novel proceeding which will be something of an advertisement and will also give them two more performances. That the company is managed by Colonel J. H. Haverly, who has been the leading minstrel manager in this country for many years, may be taken as an assurance that it contains clever minstrels, and this is borne out by the names of the leading men. Billy Rice and his cavernous mouth will not be forgotten so long as the memory of negro minstrelsy survives; Bert Shepard has long been known as one of the best men in his line; and other members of the company are E. M. Kayne, who has been called "the minstrel Chesterfield"; Charles Ernest, the monologist; Siegrist and Higgins, trapezists; Dave Montgomery, the eccentric dancer; Bert Norris, Alfred Hawthorne, George Castle, W. H. Holbrook, Frank M. Kelly, and half a hundred others. Commencing with this engagement, the Columbia prices will be reduced to seventy-five cents for the best reserved seats and others on the same scale.

An American Play.

"The War of Wealth" is to be given its first presentation in this city on Monday, November 10th, at the California Theatre. It is an American play of the melodramatic order, dealing with the conditions of wealth and poverty in this country, and contains several strong situations, notably a scene where there is a run on a bank and the banker makes a strong appeal for more time from the clamoring depositors. It is from the pen of C. T. Dazey, who wrote "In Old Kentucky" and is also the librettist of "A War-Time Wedding," which the Bostonians produced here, and Manager Litt has given it a strong cast and lavish mounting.

Why American Plays Fail in England.

The ill-success of "Alabama" in London, while English plays that are well constructed are as popular here as they are there, gives prominence to a great difference between the English public and our own. Americans are better informed on the social, artistic, and literary conditions of foreign countries than are the people of any other race, and the sentiments of the English people, which are an essential element in the success of a play, are almost as well comprehended by us as they are at home. But the English play-goer is stolidly indifferent to everything outside of his tight little isle, and consequently the spirit of such plays as "Alabama," in which the reciprocal sentiments of the North and the South are a vital factor, are incomprehensible to him. The critics all thought "Alabama" an artistic play, but they could no more understand it than if it turned on a political question in the planet Mars. England must wake up before American plays can succeed there.

A Melodrama by Steele Mackaye.

"Mnney Mad," by the late Steele Mackaye, will be produced at Mrs. Osco's Grand Opera House on Monday night. It is a melodrama of millionaires and thieves, and, like all the plays devised by the erratic Mackaye, it gives opportunity for wonderful stage effects. Mackaye, whose death-blow was the failure of his last and greatest scheme, the Spectatorium, or whatever he called it, an enormous and impossibly elaborate theatre for the Chicago Exposition, had a fertile imagination that was always originating novel and striking stage effects, and his remarkable ingenuity was generally equal to the task of realizing them; and in "Mnney Mad" is one of his best inventions—a reproduction in miniature of the Clark Street Bridge in Chicago, which, as it is presented at the Grand, will project far over the auditorium when it is swung open.

"Madame Favart" at the Tivoli.

The revival of the comic-opera season at the Tivoli was inaugurated on Monday night with a very satisfactory presentation of "Madame Favart." It is one of the best of Offenbach's operas, with a good, romantic story and abundance of light, pleasing music, and it is very well staged at the Tivoli. The cast, too, was an excellent one.

It was headed by Emilie Melville, who received an ovation on Monday night that proved San Francisco's loyalty to its favorites even after an absence of years, and Ferris Hartman, who has been "resting" for some weeks, was also cordially welcomed. The other principals in the cast were Laura Millard, and Pache, Raffael, Broderick, and West. The opera was so well received that it will be continued all next week. On Monday, November 18th, Bizet's "Carmen" will be presented, Emilie Melville and Alice Carle alternating in the title-role, and later will come the Oriental spectacle, "The Lucky Star."

Best Things in the New York Plays.

The Herald has printed a column of the "best things" in the plays now running in New York. From them we select the following:

"SPORTING DUCHESS."

DUCHESS—One law for the rich and another for the poor, indeed! I should think there was when a dress-maker can get a verdict against a duchess like this, with costs, too, on evidence that was as false as the French accent she gave it in. What had the size of my waist got to do with it? As my counsel said, it wasn't evidence; and she said she'd never seen anything so much in evidence; and the court roared! My dear! The things that woman was allowed to get up and say! Evidence! Impudence, I call it, when it wasn't rank perjury. Not fit me, indeed! Why, as I told 'em, Busvine made me a habit that fitted me like a skin, and the judge said, evidently the sort of habit that was second nature, and the idiots laughed. If there was one thing that was in worse taste than his summing up, it was his jokes, and I told him so, and he said I was guilty of contempt of court, and I said: "What did such a court expect?"

"HEART OF MARYLAND."

TELLFAIR—You never know what a girl doesn't mean until she has been perfectly frank with you. . . . MARYLAND—The road is never long to the house of a friend.

"FLEUR-DE-LIS."

[THE MARQUIS DE ROSOLIN has just been informed by FLEUR-DE-LIS that she is his daughter, and he is not inclined to believe it.]

FLEUR-DE-LIS [tragically]—You married Eglantine Footanoy, didn't you?

THE MARQUIS—Yes—what then?

FLEUR-DE-LIS—Then me.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

[RASSENYLL is masquerading as the King, and COLONEL SART is posting him as to who the courtiers are and how he must treat them. Finally, the PRINCESS BEATRICE, of whom he has heard nothing as yet, enters.]

RASSENYLL [aside to SART]—Do I love her?

"WIDOW JONES."

WINN—You see the advantage of having a large mouth. You can kiss me and I can talk at the same time.

Notes.

Sardou's "Clenpatra" is to be presented at the Columbia Theatre next month, with one hundred people in the cast and elaborate stage settings.

Hoyt's newest play is "A Runaway Colt." It is soon to be tried on the Connecticut "dog." Captain Anson, the base-ball player, will act one of the minor rôles in it.

Eddie Foy's "Little Robinson Crusoe" company seems not to be doing very well. The baggage of fifteen of its members was attached for a board bill in Des Moines recently.

Ned Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden," dramatized by Augustus Thomas, is now being rehearsed in New York. The rôle of the redoubtable Chimmie is in the hands of Charles H. Hopper.

De Wolf Hopper's engagement at the Baldwin, which begins on Monday night, is for four weeks. In addition to "Wang," Mr. Hopper's latest New York success, "Dr. Syntax," is to be presented.

Signor Abrahamhoff, who will be seen here with the Tavery Opera Company, comes from the Metropolitan Opera House, and for years before his engagement there sang in the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's one-act comedy, "Tea at Four O'clock," a local author's one-act comedy, "The Custume Ball," and "The Vinlin-Maker of Cremona" will be presented at the next public entertainment of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art.

Fanny Rice in "Nancy," a musical comedy in which she has been successful in the East, Daniel Sully in "A Social Lion," and Joseph Cawthorne in a farcical comedy, "A Fool for Luck," in which he has the character of a dry-goods clerk suddenly become rich, are among the attractions soon to come to the Columbia Theatre.

Jacques St. Cere writes from Paris in the New York Herald that Paul Hervieu's new play, "Les Ténailles," will probably be played during part of the winter, and adds "M. Hervieu has won through his play a position among the first dramatists of France." This play is the subject of a letter from one of our Paris correspondents, printed elsewhere in this issue.

The Tavery Grand Opera Company, which had such a successful season here last year, is to sing another engagement at the Baldwin in the near future. Their repertoire includes "The Huguenots," "Aida," "The Jewess," "Mignon," "Faust," "Carmen," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Flying Dutchman," "L'Africaine," "Trovatore," and "Lohengrin."

Harry Dam's London success, "A Shop Girl," is being fairly well received in New York. It has been by the original company that has been

playing it at the London Gaiety for two years, a new English company taking their place in the London production. The men in the New York cast are new except Seymour Hicks, and the women are also new-comers, the men being clever comedians and the women fairly good dancers.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, probably the last of the old school of declamatory actresses, died in Washington last Wednesday, after a brief illness. She played her first engagement in San Francisco during the Barrett-McCullough régime at the California Theatre, and immediately became a great favorite socially as well as with her audiences. It was at this time that she received the distinction of being elected an honorary member of the Bohemian Club. Her last appearances here were as the Duchess of Berwick in "Lady Windermere's Fan," two years ago.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bogart Song Recital.

Mr. Andrew Bogart gave his first song recital last Wednesday evening in the Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel. A fashionable audience was in attendance and greatly enjoyed the following programme:

Two Tuscan folk-songs, Nos. 1 and 6, Caracciolo (translated by Marzials), Miss Sofia Newland and Mrs. Olive Reed; "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness" ("Queen of Sheba"), Gounod, Mr. Andrew Bogart; (a) "Mystere," Thomé, (b) "Tutto se Scorda," Tosti, (c) "Merry Maidens," Thomé, Miss Sofia Newland; (a) "Across the Deep," Coombs, (b) "No One My Grief Can Feel," Tschalkowsky, Mrs. Olive Reed; "What I Would Be" (from "Mountebanks"), Caryl, Mr. Andrew Bogart; "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Haydn, Miss Sofia Newland; (a) "La Dove Prende," (b) "Crudel! Perche Finora," Mozart, Miss Newland and Mr. Bogart; "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," Nevio, Mrs. Dewing, Mrs. Reed, Dr. Graham, and Mr. Melvin; accompanist, Mr. Harvey Loy.

Bendix Piano Recital.

Mr. Otto Bendix gave the second of his series of three piano recitals last Tuesday evening in Beethoven Hall. A large audience enjoyed the presentation of this notable programme:

There were the Bach organ fantasia and fugue in G minor, the Beethoven sonata appassionata, and the Schumann fantasia, three prodigious works; but, not content with this, Mr. Bendix must needs add the Tschalkowsky variations on an original theme, the neglected but beautiful ballade No. 4 of Chopin, the Strauss-Tausig waltz, and two of the twelve études transcendental, Ricordanza and Mazeppa, graphically descriptive of the famous scene.

The next concert will be held on Tuesday evening, November 10th.

The Bixler Musicales.

Mrs. David Bixler has issued invitations for a musicale which she will give at her residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets, on Sunday afternoon, November 10th. The music will commence at three o'clock, and the executives will be the Saturday "Pop" Trio, assisted by Miss Sofia Newland. The following programme will be presented: Andante, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine; two Scotch songs (with trio accompaniment), Beethoven, Miss Sofia Newland; (a) reverie, Dunkler, (b) papillons, Popper, Mr. Louis Heine; (a) Suzon, (b) tutto se scorda, Tosti, Miss Sofia Newland; (a) adagio, Bizet, (b) gavotte, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Sigmund Beel; trio in G minor, Dvorak, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

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VANITY FAIR.

The question of skirts, knickers, or bloomers is still raging in the feminine world. It is as yet undecided. A London correspondent of *Vogue* says that skirts for the bicycle are "on the high-road to disappearance," and doubts whether the revelations of "in-turned feet, of knock and bent knees, of how legs, etc.," will not terrify the men. This correspondent says that nearly all Englishwomen are shockingly *chausée*, showing a lamentable neglect of that "particular portion of their attire about which the Frenchwoman and her Spanish sister, no matter how poor, are extremely particular." Lady Archibald Campbell, sister-in-law of the Princess Louise, rides in knickerbocker breeches, with a tunic kept down by a button and loop of elastic just covering the knee-cap when riding. The gaiters are of unlined stockinette, exactly matching the costume in color. Another correspondent of *Vogue* says about cycling gowns: "The skirts should only be short enough to be free from all danger. Divided skirts and knee-breeches should be considered as professional ring-riders' belongings exclusively." From this it is evident that authorities differ. The fashion-writer of *To-Day*, a London weekly, says: "Regent's Park has become the pet ground for cycling. Any morning you will see women cyclists by the dozen. Those who wear knickerbockers rarely come to grief, but those who wear skirts, even the most expert, have continual mishaps. I hope that ladies in the future will go cycling in that costume. Why hamper a woman with a clumsy and inconvenient dress because a few prudish take exception to a slight display of her legs? If a woman may show us her neck, shoulders, and bust naked, surely there is no harm in showing the calf of her leg in a thick stocking." From all of which, it is evident, that the ladies—God bless them!—disagree. It might be settled by the men approving one style of garment. The ladies would then at once fix upon the other.

The Countess de Castellane, who was Miss Anna Gould, had a house-party recently, and the ladies' big sleeves were being jibed at by the men. The countess then announced that on the following evening they would have a dance, and that half of the ladies would wear big sleeves and the others no sleeves. The ladies drew lots to decide which they should wear. The following evening the sleeveless ladies first entered the drawing-room. As they came in, with lace and chiffon around the low necks of their bodices, showing the pretty shoulder lines and the curves of the bust, a murmur of admiration greeted them, and they felt comforted. But when the full sleeves appeared, the waists looked so small and the heads so well poised between the big, wing-like sleeves, that the men were divided. The result was that no decision was arrived at.

In last week's *Harper's Bazar*, a writer recommends passing each dish first to the hostess at a dinner or luncheon-table, "in order to save mortification to those who are the victims of some unfamiliar dish." Then there is related the mishap of a "little country cousin" who took from the servant a dish with a small cream cheese on it, and "set it down by her plate, under the impression that it was her individual portion." She just saved herself from taking also a little glass dish of gooseberry jam at the same time. The writer, in commenting on this, says that even a well-posted woman may make mistakes of a similar nature, and instances a lady who at a luncheon recently "put the spinach passed to her on a half-moon plate intended for salad, instead of on a larger plate which already held her chop." The writer remarks that "it was very foolish to mind a trifle like that, but her luncheon was spoiled." Why should her luncheon be spoiled? Is it a high crime and misdemeanor to put spinach on one plate instead of on another? If the average man or woman devotes much thought to the purposes of all the plates, forks, spoons, and knives laid before them at a modern dinner or luncheon, they will become afflicted with paresis before the coffee is served. The "little country cousin" of whom the writer speaks may have felt mortified at taking all of the little cream cheese; but why a man or woman of the world should feel mortified at putting spinach on a salad-plate, we can not understand. The only genuine reason for this mortification would be a fear lest the hostess might be short of plates, and to fear that your hostess might not have another plate or another cream cheese must be intensely vulgar.

Apropos of the foregoing, and dinner-table talk in general, we notice in the November *Overland* a serial story entitled "The Quick-Sands of Pactolus," by Horace Annesley Vachell. The editor says of it: "All the well-known society ladies and business men of San Francisco are in it. If you are bit, don't squirm, but read about your neighbors." With this editorial trumpet-blast in our ears, it is needless to say that we dipped into "The Quick-Sands of Pactolus" with feverish interest. But certain passages aroused our doubts as to the writer's knowledge of San Francisco. He says: "In certain houses champagne flows

like water, but it is generally new—the old mellow vintages seldom cross the Rockies." We do not know exactly what he means by "old" vintages of champagne. Champagne does not improve in age beyond a certain point. But a certain famous brand—vintage of 1880—was snapped up quickly by connoisseurs in San Francisco, and not a bottle of it is to be had to-day outside of certain private houses and a single club. The *Overland* writer goes on: "The odious and indefensible French custom prevails of serving during the courses of a four-hour dinner innumerable wines." This custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. If it prevails, it certainly no longer prevails among what are called "smart" people. Again: "First-class clarets are also rare, the Lafites, the Latours, and the Margaux." As to "the Lafites"—by the way, there is but one Château Lafite—we do not believe there is a bottle from the Rothschilds' famous vineyard to be had in the United States—unless, possibly, by friends of the Rothschilds. As to the Margaux, Château Margaux can be obtained not only in one of the clubs of San Francisco, but also in a certain well-known restaurant. It is found in the houses of a number of the members of this club, and it comes direct to San Francisco consigned to a certain house, with no ticket on the bottle and hearing only upon the cork the seal of the owner of the famous Château Margaux Vineyard, the Vicomte Aguado. But our *Overland* writer resumes: "Mrs. Barrington was celebrated for her dinners. Her chef was a *cordon bleu*, and her wines above reproach." If her wines were above reproach, the language of Mr. Vachell is not above reproach. If Mrs. Barrington's cook was a chef, he could not have been a *cordon bleu*. If the cook was a *cordon bleu*, she could not have been a chef. We may state for Mr. Vachell's information that in France a male cook is called a chef and a female cook a *cordon bleu*, and that if you were to address a French chef as a *cordon bleu*, he would resent it as an imputation on his masculinity.

The "bicycle face" has apparently come to stay, but how about the "bicycle hob"? Many a lady is surprised, when meeting a man whom she knows mounted on a wheel, to have him bow curtsy to her without touching his hat. Many are inclined rather to resent this cavalier salutation, but if they knew that it is not discourtesy but merely the law of gravitation which makes their friend so careless, they would forgive him. The average beginner does not dare to take his hands from the handlebars. Many a young man, when riding a wheel before he had reached expertness, has instinctively lifted his hand to doff his hat to a lady, and has come down with a dull crash. He never does it again.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, widow of the general, writes for the *Bazar* a description of a fair given at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, at which royalty presided. She describes the booths, the Indian tableaux, and the cockney negro minstrels, who have a little wheel piano hearing on its front, "By appointment to the queen." They often entertain the royal grandchildren, it seems. Mrs. Custer says that the fair was given for the benefit of Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Volunteers. So the crowd pressed principally about her booth. Mrs. Custer found, to her surprise, that the people around her did not know their own royal family by sight. She persisted, however, and found "that the princess was neither too fat nor too red, as the Englishwomen said she was." One of the American ladies with Mrs. Custer forgot to listen to the manner in which the English addressed these exalted personages, and, in "a wholly American way," asked: "Will you please tell me the price of this vase?" The Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein "turned away to hide her smile," but returned to business and gave the price. The Princess Victoria had great difficulty in making change. Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, little Prince Alex, their son, and the Princess Victoria all struggled over the difficult problem of getting two-and-six out of ten shillings. Evidently they are not used to handling money. It was odd to see royalty holding up trifles, and saying: "Very cheap, only sixpence." Princess Beatrice said over and over, in her pleasant voice, holding up a book-cover: "It was painted by the queen's granddaughter, the Princess of Hesse. Only three shillings." Mrs. Custer heard two Englishwomen chatting. One said: "That frock Princess Beatrice has on is not half bad." "No, I rather fancy it." These condescending women, she says, were "clad in scant, slimsy muslin, their slinking petticoats touching their heavy boots." To the surprise of the Americans, the royal booth was not emptied of its contents. Prince Henry of Battenberg worked hard to sell things. He would say: "Tink of it. Ghrismas is coming. Two-and-six for this—very sheep." Prince Henry, Mrs. Custer says, is "very good-looking, with blue eyes, brown hair, and pointed beard." He came and went from Osborne on a wheel. It was very evident that some one was being awaited, and it turned out to be the queen. It was suddenly reported that she was on the way, and the descendants of crowned heads "picked up their royal petticoats and ran down the short driveway to meet her." The Princess of Wales lifted the

queen's veil for her when she reached the booth. The queen bought a doll, some salt-cellars, a vase, and other things. She made purchases at every booth. The Princess of Wales and her daughters wore black English walking-hats, black jackets and skirts, and Princess Victoria of Wales wore a lavender cotton shirt-waist. The princess had small sleeves. "Her whole jacket might have been made out of one of our sleeves at home," was whispered in my ear.

The fact that there is some talk in San Francisco of starting a golf club here makes timely the reproduction of a paragraph which is now floating round the English press. It runs as follows: "The latest instance of the usefulness of pets is the case of the two apes trained to act as caddies in the game of golf. Miss Dent, whose brother, Lieutenant Dent, of the United States navy, has recently returned from the China station, has two Formosa apes, which he brought here, and which have been trained to the business of caddies. They wear liveries of white duck, and each has a Turkish fez. Miss Dent is a capital golf player, and to see her on the links of the Bath Beach Club, San Francisco, attended by her apes, is the latest sensation in that locality." The apes doubtless would create a sensation on the links of the "Bath Beach Club of San Francisco" if there were any apes, if there were any such club, or if there were any golf club here at all.

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Before white men made cigars the savage natives of New Guinea rolled tobacco into crude cigars and wrapped them with a leaf from a tree.

This was perhaps the first round in a ladder the topmost one of which is the new La

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a dinner given in New York the other evening (says the *Herald*) one of the guests, a Southerner, objected to something that had been said to him by Aubrey Boucicault. "You wouldn't dare say that to me south of Mason and Dixon's line," remarked the Southerner. "Oh, well, my dear friend," retorted Boucicault, "if your courage is a question of geography, let it pass."

A young type-writer (says the *Syracuse Post*) had just been hired by a prominent lawyer. She had never done regular work before, and was somewhat nervous. The lawyer settled himself back in his chair and began dictating a brief. He had pegged away about five minutes, when the girl stopped, with a horrified look on her face. "What's the matter?" asked the lawyer. "Would you mind saying that all over again?" the girl asked, with eyes full of tears. "Why?" "I forgot to put any paper in the machine!"

The London critic, Clement Scott, and Mrs. Kendal have been at loggerheads for many years. Scott's version of the cause of their enmity is interesting. "It was years ago," he says, "when the Kendals were on a provincial tour. I had gone behind the scenes to see one of the actors, and by accident I walked right into Mrs. Kendal's room. That good lady was about to begin her toilet. She shrieked: 'Go away! Go away!' I turned, shut my eyes tight, howled, and said: 'Madam, I need no persuasion.' And to this day I have never been able to tell which she resented the more—my intrusion or my remark."

Charlotte Cushman was once filling an engagement at the opera-house in Belmore. A man in the gallery created such a disturbance that it seriously impeded the progress of the play, and finally brought it to a stand-still. Immediately the audience, furious with anger, cried: "Throw him over! Throw him over!" Miss Cushman stepped to the edge of the footlights, and, in a sweet and gentle voice, exclaimed: "No, I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over. Kill him where he is!" This story has been told of a good many other actresses beside Charlotte Cushman. But we will let it go at that.

During the Chilean War, Americans were very badly treated, and "Fighting Boh" Evans did not like it. All classes down there use tremendous quantities of garlic, and the result is unpleasant, for your nose is offended constantly, even in the street. One night a boat was sent ashore from Captain Evans's ship, and, believing it safe, the sailors who had acted as oarsmen left it on the beach for a few minutes while they went to slake their thirst. Upon their return they discovered that a party of Chileans had loaded it with stones. "Fighting Boh" was fighting mad when he heard of it the next day, and was asked what he was going to do about it. "Do about it?" returned the sailor; "why, I'm going to turn my men into traveling arsenals, and if the thing ever happens again, or if our flag is again insulted, I'll make hell smell of garlic!"

A certain well-known "hood-and-thunder" producer arranged with a cheap firm of Paris "awful" publishers to receive week by week the blocks they had used for the illustration of a thrilling seventeenth-century novel. By some sort of mistake, one Thursday an up-to-date semi-society block was substituted. Said the luckless, serial-creating creature whose duty it was to write up to the blocks as they came in, "Really, Mr. —, how can I possibly work it in? This is a nineteenth-century subject, and my story is Louis Treize." With much indignation the publisher hurst forth with, "— Louey Trays — trays or teapots neither! I pay you good money, and you do your work. If you ain't got the imagination for it, why do you take my money? Have the kindness to 'and over that there proof; I'll do the hunderline myself." And the "hunderline" appeared thuswise: "They retired into the wood and disguised themselves in modern costume."

A writer who reached Naples a few days after the event, heard from the lips of the people an account of the taking of that city by Garibaldi. The king was still there; the Neapolitan police were sullen and inactive; what the action of the military would be was not known, and upon it depended the fortune of the hour. The people turned out in a body to witness the arrival of Garibaldi. Numbers of them climbed upon the engine and cars of the slowly approaching train which bore the general and his staff to the city. Entering a carriage with Cozzani, Garibaldi started, followed by three other carriages containing his officers of staff. The fortress of St. Elmo bristled with guns and gunners, and they were ordered to fire and clear the streets with grapeshot as soon as the Garibaldians were within range. On the carriage came slowly, amid a roar of "vivas." As it

approached the guns of Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen, with lighted matches in their hands, pointed the guns. At that moment the voice of Garibaldi rose above the uproar, commanding: "Slower! slower! Drive slower!" This he reiterated until the frightened coachman instinctively obeyed the man whom no one disobeyed. Then, under the very mouth of the guns and before the gunners who were already under orders to "Fire," Garibaldi rose to his feet in the carriage, with one hand on his breast, and looked fixedly at the artillerymen. A silence fell upon the tumultuous crowd; those who were present declared it was as if Garibaldi magnetized them. Three times the order to fire was given, and with his own fate and Italy's in the balance, the general stood looking upon the men. At the third order the gunners flung away their matches, threw their caps in the air, and shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!" The city was taken.

THE NATIVE-BORN.

By Rudyard Kipling.

[The following stirring poem is just to hand in the London *Times* of October 18th. It has not yet appeared on this side of the pond. Its ring and rhythm will make it interesting to Americans, although it is an invocation of insular Englishmen by a colonial Englishman.—Ens.]

We've drunk to the Queen, God bless her!
We've drunk to our mothers' land,
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand);
We've drunk to the wide creation
And the Cross swings low to the dawn—
Last toast, and of obligation—
A health to the Native-born!

They change their skies above them
But not their hearts that roam!
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England "home,"
We read of the English sky-lark,
Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted lories
As we rode on the dusty plains!

They passed with their old-world legends—
Their tales of wrong and death—
Our fathers held by purchase
But we by the right of birth;
Our hearts' where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honor
We pledge to our native soil!

I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Peoples,
And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,
And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrades' pride.

To the hush of the breathless morning
On the tin, crackling roofs,
To the haze of the hurred hack-ranges
And the drum of the shoeless hoofs—
To the risk of a death by drowning,
To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres
To the Sons of the Golden South.

To the Sons of the Golden South (Stand up!)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing of the little things he cares about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a single blow!

To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
To the sheep on a thousand hills,
To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills—
To the land of the waiting springtime,
To our five-meal meat-fed men,
To the tall deep-hosomed women,
And the children nine and ten!

And the children nine and ten (Stand up!)
And the life we live and know
Let a fellow sing of the little things he cares about
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a two-fold blow!

To the far-flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick-cloud shadows trail,
To our neighbor's barn—in the offing—
And the line of the new-cut rail,
To the plow in her league-long furrow
With the gray lake-gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm wet western wind!

To the home of the floods and thunder,
To her pale dry healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers
And the smell of the haked Karroo.
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head—
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled!

To our dear dark foster-mothers,
To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we habbled
Ere we came to the white man's tongue.
To the cool of our deep verandas—
To the blaze of our jeweled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
And the fire-fly in the cane!

To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-plowed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Ahhey makes us We.
To the grist of the slow-ground ages
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-House of the Line!

We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!—
We've drunk to our mothers' land:
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand),
We've drunk as much as we're able
And the Cross swings low to the dawn
Last toast—and your foot on the table!—
A health to the Native-born!

A health to the Native-born (Stand up!)
We're six white men a-row,
All bound to sing of the little things we care about
All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands!)
From the Orkneys to the Horn
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by)
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it)
A health to the Native-born!

Improved Traveling Facilities.

The Sunset Limited, which arrived from New Orleans on Sunday, was placed on exhibition on Monday. The train was one of four solid vestibuled Pullman trains which have been placed on the run between San Francisco and New Orleans, affording a semi-weekly service over the Sunset Route for the accommodation of winter travel between California and the East. There are five coaches, each built with platform vestibules, the full width of the cars, which join them in one continuous train and prevent the entrance of smoke, dust, or noise. A ladies' parlor, with easy-chairs, a well-stocked library, writing-desk, and other conveniences, occupies one end of the car. A ladies' maid is in attendance in this car. The composite car is also a feature of the train. It contains, besides a baggage compartment, lounging and smoking-rooms for gentlemen, a library, barber shop, and bath-room. Between the dining-car and the compartment-car are two Pullman sleeping-cars, each provided with ten sections and two drawing-rooms. The train is lighted throughout with Pintsch gas and heated with steam.

In addition to the fast trains between Chicago and the Pacific Coast announced by several lines, the Chicago and Northwestern is now preparing to put on a three-days' service to San Francisco. The train will leave Chicago at 6 P. M. and arrive in San Francisco at 7:45 P. M. of the third day, saving half a day in time and a whole night on the sleeper over its present fast overland train. This new service will probably go into effect November 17th. The Santa Fé route is also proposing to put on a fast train that will shorten the time between San Francisco and Chicago materially.

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Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.



SOCIETY.

The Bennett-Conner Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at Trinity Church last Tuesday evening in the presence of a large and fashionable assemblage. The bride was Miss Julia W. Conner, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Conner, and the groom was Mr. Robert Howard Bennett, both of whom are well known in society here. The chancel was decorated with tropical palms and ferns and tall shoots of green bamboo, and upon the altar were two large clusters of white chrysanthemums set in handsome vases.

Nine o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony, and promptly at that time the bridal party appeared and marched down the central aisle to the notes of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin." Leading the way were the four ushers: Mr. Albert E. Conner, Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Mr. William Cullen, and Mr. Rudolph de Ver Mehr. Theo came the bride's sister, Miss Edith Conner, who acted as maid of honor, and she was followed by the bridesmaids: Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Mary Breeze, and Miss Ethel Smith. Last of all came the bride with her mother. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Edward Bray. The dresses worn by the ladies are described as follows:

The bride was attired in an elegant robe of white satin, made with a long court train. The corsage was high, with a close-fitting collar, and was trimmed with point de Venise lace. The long, bouffant sleeves were trimmed with point lace, and the gloves were of white undressed kid. In her coiffure was a spray of orange blossoms, holding in place the long veil of white silk meline. She carried a bouquet of bride roses.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids were all attired alike in gowns of white tulle, with overdresses of white mousseline de soie. They carried bouquets of maiden-hair ferns.

Mrs. Conner wore a rich gown of black velvet, trimmed with rare old point lace.

The ceremony was performed impressively by Rev. George E. Walk, rector of the church. Prior to the benediction, Miss Lillie Lawlor sang "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower," by Rubinstein. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, 2400 Fillmore Street. Only relatives and very intimate friends were present. The rooms were handsomely decorated with chrysanthemums, ferns, and violes. A string orchestra played concert and dance music during the evening, and a delicious supper was enjoyed. The wedding gifts were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Beckett left on Wednesday to make a southern trip. Upon their return they will pass the winter at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Charles Champion, in Alameda.

The Carroll Theatre-Party.

Mrs. Richard T. Carroll gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Monday evening, which was followed by an enjoyable supper at the University Club. Her guests were:

Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Frances Curry, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Allen, Mr. Martin Murphy, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, Mr. S. G. Beckbee, and Mr. Greenwood.

The Jones-Miller Tea.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and her daughter, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, gave a matinee tea last Thursday at Mrs. Jones's residence, 1121 Pine Street. About four hundred ladies had been invited and almost all of them were present. The hours of the tea were from four until six o'clock, and during that time the handsomely decorated rooms were filled with callers. A string orchestra played concert selections, and refreshments were served under Ludwig's direction. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. J. Somers, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. A. T. Green, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. A. B. Ford,

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Miss Florence Green, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Belle Mhoon, and Miss Watt.

The Wilson Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Frank M. Wilsoo gave an enjoyable rose-luncheon to twenty-six ladies at her home, "Rosemond," in Berkeley, recently. The table, which was in the form of a horse-shoe, was thickly strewn with rose-leaves over a cover of gold-embroidered white cloth. From a central bowl of roses, long ribbons of pale rose-colored silk were carried to the ends of the table. At each cover was a bonbonnière representing a full-blown La France rose and also a pink silk rose-leaf with the name of the guest artistically inscribed. A delicious menu was enjoyed. At a preconcerted signal the guests threw a shower of fragrant rose-petals over the hostess, who then led the way to the music-room, where coffee was served and conversation and music enlivened the remainder of the afternoon. Those present were:

Mrs. W. D. Ellis, of New York, Mrs. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. Leuchner, Mrs. John Bakewell, Mrs. Randall Hunt, Mrs. Philip R. Boone, Mrs. James Spier, Mrs. Julius Rosenstirn, Mrs. Charles R. Greenleaf, Mrs. Albert A. Pennoyer, Mrs. J. W. Richards, Mrs. John Leechman, Mrs. Thomas R. Bacon, Mrs. Charles Mills Gayley, Mrs. Henry I. Coon, Mrs. Earle Webb, Mrs. George D. Metcalf, Mrs. Edward Clapp, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Miss Brockway, Mrs. Benjamin Morgan, Mrs. Carl C. Plehn, Mrs. Charles Wilkinson, Mrs. Willard B. Rising, Mrs. Frederick Slate, and Mrs. F. M. Wilson.

The Clapp Halloween Party.

Mrs. Edward Clapp, of College Way, Berkeley, gave a pleasant Halloween party recently at her residence, in honor of Miss Rowena Beas, of San Jose, who is visiting her. Games were played and futures for the coming year foretold, and a delicious supper was served. Those present were:

Professor and Mrs. Edward Cluff, Professor and Mrs. Gayley, Professor and Mrs. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. Henry I. Coon, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Wilson, Miss Beas, Miss Rowena Beas, Miss Blake, Miss Kellogg, Miss Hilgard, Mr. Butterworth, of Yale, Professor Setchell, Mr. Hart, Mr. Parsons, and Mr. Sears.

The Bohemian Club Jinks.

The members of the Bohemian Club gave a "Trilby Jinks" last Saturday evening in the club-rooms. The attendance was very large and the affair was eminently successful. General W. H. L. Barnes and Mr. W. Stafford read interesting papers regarding Du Maurier's work, and a poem on the same subject was read by Mr. Gelett Burgess. At the low jinks there was much that was amusing, as several of the Trilby characters were graphically portrayed by members of the club in such a manner as to evoke great merriment. Mr. Charles J. Dickmao was Trilby, Mr. Amadee Joullin was Svengali, Mr. Albert Gerberding was the Laird, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner was Taffy, Mr. Donald de V. Graham was Madame Vinard, Mr. George E. P. Hall was Zou Zou, and Mr. Edgar Peixotto was Little Billee. "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" was naturally a prominent feature of the musical exercises. The evening was made a most enjoyable one.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Beatrice Carroll Moore, daughter of Mr. James Wright Moore, of this city, to Mr. Thomas Bright Fuller, son of Mr. Douglas Fuller, of Cleveland, O.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Lena Devine, formerly of San Francisco, now residing in New York city, to Dr. Conrad M. Meyer. Dr. Meyer is a graduate of Cornell University and of the New York Medical School, and holds an important position on the staff of physicians of New York's insane asylum, Ward's Island. The wedding is set for an early date at the beginning of next year, and their residence will be in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace have issued invitations for a ball which they will give at National Hall on Thursday evening, November 21st, in honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Romietta Wallace.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker will give a cotillion at her residence on Sutter Street on Tuesday evening, November 19th.

Miss Lizzie Carroll gives a tea November 9th, from five until seven o'clock at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, on Van Ness Avenue. Invitations have been issued to her young friends only. She will be assisted in receiving by Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Bessie Zane, Miss Celia Tohin, Miss Beatrice Tobio, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Isabel O'Connor, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mrs. J. G. James will give a tea next Saturday afternoon at her home on Howard Street.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs will give a matinee tea next Saturday at her residence on Pacific Avenue.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give its next party at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening, November 22d.

The Monday Evening Dancing Club will hold its first party of this season at Lunt's Hall on Monday evening, November 25th.

The first assembly of the Friday Night Club will

be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, November 29th.

A travesty entitled "The Bahes in the Woods" will be presented at the San Francisco Verein oest Saturday evening. There will be dancing and an elaborate supper afterward.

Mrs. Gordon Blandig gave a lunch-party at her residence, on Franklin Street, last Wednesday as a farewell compliment to Miss Emelie Hager and Miss Lillie Lawlor prior to their departure for the East. The others present were Mrs. Henry Janin, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. W. S. Tevis, and Miss Leola Blandig.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave an elaborate dinner-party recently at their residence, and entertained Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKeo, Judge and Mrs. E. M. Ross, Colonel and Mrs. G. H. Burto, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. S. G. Murphy, and Mr. James D. Phelan.

The Misses Morrison gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at their home in San Jose in honor of Judge and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert and Judge Hawley. Covers were laid for fifteen. After dinner Halloween's eve was appropriately celebrated.

Lambda Chapter of the Chi Phi Fraternity gave a reception in Berkeley on Saturday, October 26th. The rooms were artistically decorated, the fraternity colors, scarlet and blue, predominating. The gentlemen were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Benjamin Morgan, Mrs. Prentiss Selby, Mrs. J. Hutchinson, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Miss McNutt, Miss McKee, Miss Hutchinson, and Miss Haven.

The Goethe-Schiller festival at the Mechanics' Pavilion has been a marked success and has crowded the hall every night since it commenced. There will be a performance this afternoon, and the affair will end this evening. It is both attractive and interesting, and as the cause is a worthy one, it is well deserving of public recognition in a financial way.

An enjoyable literary recital was given by the pupils of Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton last Thursday evening at the Van Ness Seminary. The spacious parlors were beautifully decorated. A large audience was well entertained by an excellently arranged programme.

The winter exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open next Thursday evening and continue five weeks. Concerts will be given every Thursday night.

The Rutherford Lunch-Party.

Miss Rutherford gave a lunch-party last Thursday at the residence of her mother, Mrs. George Crocker, on California Street. The house was beautifully decorated with potted plants, and a string orchestra played throughout the afternoon. There were six round tables decorated in pink, green, white, yellow, red, and violet, making a very pretty scene. Gaslight heightened the effect. After luncheon, all repaired to the art gallery, where some beautiful selections were rendered by Miss Morey. Miss Rutherford's guests were:

Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Woolworth, Miss Zane, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Isabel O'Connor, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Miss McMullin, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss A. Schuster, Miss Schussler, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Robbins, Miss Beales, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Bryant, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Faulk, Miss McDermott, Miss Requa, Miss Preston, Miss Baird, Miss Brown, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Rice, Miss Morey, and Miss Deming, of Sacramento.

Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher will deliver the last of the Channing Auxiliary Lectures on Saturday evening at the First Unitarian Church. His subject is "How Stories are Made," a topic on which he is able to speak authoritatively. Many of his own productions in the way of short stories first appeared in the Argonaut, and he has contributed several children's serials to St. Nicholas.

Christmas Will Soon be Here.

For this reason it is recommended that those desiring stationery stamped with monograms, etc., for holiday presentation, should place their orders now, as no orders will be accepted after December 1st. This makes a pretty Christmas gift and one sure to be appreciated. Cooper & Co., No. 746 Market Street.

Ladies Returning from Europe

With photographs etc., can have them tastily mounted and framed by R. R. Hill, 724 1/2 Market Street. Telephone: "Black 141."

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— DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

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DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

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The Select Family Hotel of San Francisco

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SPECIAL RATES

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The celebrated and effectual English Cure without
internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON,
Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of
E. Fougere & Co., 30 North William St., N.Y.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements
to and from this city and coast, and of the where-
abouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Slater, of New York, arrived at
Santa Barbara last Thursday on their steam-yacht
Eleanor. Their guests are Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Bey-
lard, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. G. E. P. Hall, and Mr.
Macdonough.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Emelie Hager, and Miss
Lillie Lawlor leave for the East next Tuesday by the
Sunset Limited. They intend to make a flying trip of a
few weeks, for the New York Horse Show, the Portrait
Exhibition, and the opera season.

Mr. Clinton Day has returned from Europe. Mrs.
Day and Miss Day are now in England, and will return
here early in December.

Mrs. Charles Champion, nee Conner, of Alameda, left
last Wednesday for England, where she will pass the win-
ter.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown, of Delta Lodge, Napa
Valley, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Frances B.
Edgerton, at the residence of Mr. Homer S. King, 1001
Leavenworth Street.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker will leave New York for this city
about November 14th.

Colonel C. F. Crocker is in New York city.

Misses Edna and Meda Bowman, of San José, gave a
farewell reception to their friends prior to their departure
for New York to meet Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, with
whom they will sail for Europe on December 10th.

Mme. Julie Rosewald will leave soon to visit her sister
in Baltimore, Md., for a brief period, after which she will
resume her professional duties here. She will be accom-
panied by Miss Helen Hecht, who expects to pass the win-
ter in the Eastern States.

Mrs. C. V. S. Gibbs left last Tuesday to visit her
daughter, Mrs. John Stafford, at Fort D. A. Russell,
Wyoming.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are at the Holland
House in New York city, and will remain there until
after the New York Horse Show.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will re-
ceive on Thursdays during the winter at 1121 Pine
Street.

Mrs. William B. Collier is the guest of Mrs. E. J. Mc-
Cutchen at her residence on Fillmore Street.

Mr. Charles F. Kohl has returned from the East, and
will pass the winter at The Oaks, in San Mateo.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue and Mr. W. Bradford Thomp-
son have returned from a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot were in Paris last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown are now residing at
2112 Green Street.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold are making a trip
through Arizona and Southern California.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess have returned from Bel-
mont, where they have been for a couple of months, and
are greatly improved in health.

Mr. Emil A. Bruguière has returned from his Eastern
trip.

Mr. John G. Follanshee is here on a visit from Mexico.
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Goodrich visited friends in San
José last Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Tucker are now re-
siding at 2114 Vallejo Street.

Mr. Horace L. Hill has returned from a prolonged
visit in the Eastern States.

Mr. J. W. Byrne left for the East last Tuesday, via
the Sunset Limited, and will be away several weeks.

Judge and Mrs. Bond are entertaining Mr. Ritter, of
New York, at their country-place near Santa Clara.

Mrs. David Bixler will receive on the third and fourth
Fridays in November, January, and February at her resi-
dence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and
navy people at the various posts around San Fran-
cisco are appended:

President Cleveland made the following promotions in
the navy last Monday: Commodore S. O. Selfridge, to be
Rear-Admiral; Commander Francis A. Cook, to be
Captain; Lieutenant Frederick Singer, to be Lieutenant-
Commander; Ensigns H. P. Jones and W. O. Hulme,
to be Lieutenants; Surgeon Dwight Dixon, to be Medical
Inspector; and Assistant-Engineers A. S. Halstead and
W. B. Day, to be Past Assistant-Engineers.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Richardson Clover,
U. S. N., are occupying their residence, 1525 New Hamp-
shire Avenue, in Washington, D. C.

Chief-Engineer E. A. Magee, U. S. N., Lieutenant
Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N., Lieutenant N. J. L. T.
Halpine, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Houston Eldridge,
U. S. N., have been placed on the retired list.

Chief-Engineer Richard Inch, U. S. N., has been
transferred from the Independence to duty at the Mare
Island Navy-yard.

Passed Assistant-Engineer W. N. Little, U. S. N., has
been detached from the Philadelphia, ordered home, and
granted three months' leave of absence.

Assistant-Engineer William C. Myers, U. S. R. C. S.,
of the Richard Rush, has been granted one month's leave
of absence for the benefit of his health, which became im-
paired while in Behring Sea.

Captain E. W. Watson, U. S. N., of the Ranger, is
rapidly recovering from his recent severe illness.

Captain Frank Wildes, U. S. N., of the Independence,
has been ordered to the Boston.

Lieutenant Henry A. Smith, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
has been granted three weeks' leave of absence.

Lieutenant B. W. Hodges, U. S. N., has been trans-
ferred from the naval observatory and ordered to the Bos-
ton.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S.
A., has been granted one month's extension on his leave
of absence.

Lieutenant Frank O. Ferris, First Infantry, U. S. A.,
has been relieved from duty as regimental quartermaster
after four years of duty in that capacity.

Ensign W. L. Howard, U. S. N., has been ordered to
duty on the Boston.

Mrs. G. W. Pigman, wife of Captain Pigman, U. S.
N., of the Bennington, is in Richmond, Va., with her
daughters.

Mrs. J. B. Milton, wife of Lieutenant Milton, U. S.
N., of the Monterey, will receive on the third and fourth
Wednesdays of each month at her residence, 1815 Scott
Street.

Mrs. William A. Morgan and Miss Morgan, the wife
and daughter of the late Captain Morgan, U. S. N., are
in Vallejo.

— THE MOST COMPACT AND POWERFUL GLASS
made—The German Army Field Glass. Henry
Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Defense of the Sex.

FRUITVALE, November 6, 1895.

MY DEAR ARGONAUT: I crave in this column the
privilege of rejoinder. I am a woman and I am lost in
wonder trying to decide why it is that, as in your most
recent article on "The New Woman's Blood Corpuscles,"
you are so unkind as to taunt us so frequently and so
cruelly with the heavy disadvantages under which we
labor. This is not the first time that you have made
sarcastic allusion to the differences, not to say inferiorities,
of our blood, our bones, our muscles, our brains, our height,
and weight, and strength, and the delicacy of our senses,
as compared with men's. Granting that those facts are
all scientifically proven (which permit me to doubt), even
so, instead of discouraging us like that, why do you not
pat us upon the back and generously commend us for
what little good we have been able to do and wisdom to
attain in a world where nature has so heavily handi-
capped us? Do you not think that every Agnodice,
Mary Somerville, Sonya Kovalevsky, Joan of Arc,
Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale,
Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
Rosa Bonheur, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Martineau,
George Sand, Mme. de Staël, or George Eliot in the
world—do you not think that every woman of brain
and heart who rises one iota above the dead level of
mediocrity of masculine features of wood and carriers of
water (or mortar)—the most mediocre of males having al-
ways concealed about him so many superior advantages
of sensibility to pain, weight of brain, and number of
red corpuscles—deserves a doubly and trebly apprecia-
tive recognition for what she so pluckily accomplishes?
Considering the circumstances, it seems as if the lightest
word of disparagement from beings enjoying so many
natural advantages becomes unworthy in the extreme.

Is it not true, then, that a sex by nature comparatively
insensible to pain and pleasure, light-headed and small-
hearted, weak of muscle, slight of frame, and pale as to
blood, needs all the mental discipline and development,
all the gain in thought and wisdom that may be won?
You have not been so satisfied with the old-fashioned
type of somewhat narrow-minded femininity as to accord
her a very full meed of praise. No, in all the ages she
has had to endure your sarcasm, snubbing, blame, and
dispraise. Why, then, are you not sufficiently consistent
to welcome the larger-hearted, wider-brained, more com-
panionable woman who seems at present to be rising on
the horizon? Be not afraid! She will never cease
(nature has taken care of that) to be woman, and there-
fore lovable. She will never want to do your work, only
her own, in the world. And, above all, do not make the
mistake of speaking of her interests as "a woman's
movement." It is not that; it is a humanity's move-
ment that we are coming to be involved in. The moment
has come. How can the race now go on in its perfecting
of itself without this identical uplifting, broadening, and
ennobling of its women which is in progress, and which,
oh! ye of little faith, will leave her better home-maker,
better wife, and thousandfold better mother than she
ever was before?

MARY L. WAKEMAN CURTIS.

Some Appreciative Words.

SAN JOSE DE GRACIA, SINALOA,

MEXICO, October, 18, 1895.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY: Inclosed please
find my check on Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank for \$20.75
(twenty dollars seventy-five cents) to cover the following
subscriptions for one year: The Argonaut and Puck, the
Argonaut and Popular Science Monthly, and the Argon-
aut, sent to the following three addresses: . . .

It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you the
names of two new subscribers to the best weekly paper
published in the United States. I feel that I always
owe a debt of gratitude to the Argonaut for the many
pleasant hours that I have spent in its perusal, and who,
indeed, could help feeling the same sentiments after read-
ing its fearless and brilliant articles on all current topics.

Yours very truly, A. H. P. WYNNE.

In Scotland the difference between "tartan" and
"plaid" is that the one is the pattern and the
design, and the other the article of costume.



If you are interested in beauti-
ful engraving, you are welcome
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quence" of any sort—except that
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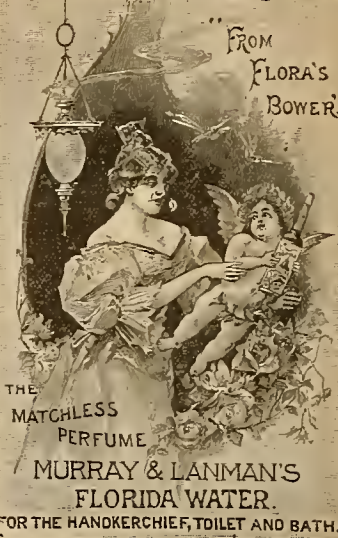
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On the day after the sweeping Republican victory of Tuesday, November 5, 1895, the Democrats and the Democratic organs throughout the land attempted to helittle the result. But as the returns continued to roll in, making still larger the Republican majorities which were large before, the Democrats began to seek for the causes of their defeat. Many of their explanations are ingenious, many unsatisfactory. But they are all interesting.

Anarchist Altgeld, by the grace of the Democrats governor of Illinois, lays the blame upon the "gold-hug" wing of the Democratic party. He says that the Republican majority of two years ago in Iowa has been doubled by reason of the "sound-money" platform of the Iowa Democrats; that the administration's efforts for sound money in Ken-

tucky carried that State for the Republicans; that Brice and Campbell's defeat of the proposed silver plank in the Ohio platform lost that State to the Democrats; that in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and Massachusetts, the Democrats adopted gold platforms, which resulted in their defeat.

We do not think Altgeld's reasoning is sound. The Republicans in those States also adopted "sound-money" platforms. The silver Republicans stood shoulder to shoulder with the gold men, and rolled up enormous majorities. There is no apparent reason why they should have accepted an unpalatable platform any more readily than the Democrats. If silver Democrats sulked over the gold platform, so did silver Republicans. Last year in Ohio the Democrats adopted a silver platform, but the Republicans beat them by one hundred and thirty-seven thousand majority. The causes lie deeper than the silver question. We think they are to be found in certain other of Altgeld's published utterances. After baving given what he considers to be the "causes of the Democratic defeat," he relieves his mind concerning the administration, which he has heartily hated since he encouraged the railroad riots of 1894. He says:

"I have found everywhere that all the men who toil with their hands for a living feel a most intense bitterness against the Federal administration, and as the Democratic party is held responsible for it, there was a general disposition to kick it.

"Democratic speakers found that any reference to the Federal administration simply provoked a storm of hisses. This feeling created apathy on the part of thousands of Democrats and active hostility on the part of many others.

"There is a feeling among business men that this Federal administration is the weakest the country has ever had.

"For a great many years the Democratic party has practically stood for no definite principles. We seemed to be doing business under what was a sort of political false pretense."

These are some of the causes which led to the Democratic defeat, although Altgeld ascribes it to the financial question. The masses of the people most certainly feel an "intense bitterness" against the Federal administration. They have every reason to do so. That administration promised them a reduction in the cost of living, with no reduction in wages; promised to reduce the expenses of government; promised to make even more prosperous a country which the Republicans had made the most prosperous in the world. How has the party of the administration kept its promises? It has slightly reduced duties on certain commodities, and continued to protect others which were in the grip of sugar, coal, and iron barons; it has given a blow to many American industries from which they will not recover for a generation, even if the Republicans gain entire possession of the government; it has so conducted the affairs of the government that there is a deficit of from five to ten millions a month; it has wasted the surplus of two hundred millions which the Republicans left in the Treasury, and has borrowed nearly two hundred millions more; it has thus created an interest account of about eight millions a year, which will be a drain upon the masses of the people for many years to come; through its imbecile tariff and financial policy, it has closed shops, shut down factories, haggared the workingmen, and taken the bread out of the mouths of their wives and children.

It is small wonder that the masses of the people feel an "intense bitterness" against the party in power. It is small wonder that any reference to the Federal administration provoked "storms of hisses" from the masses of the people. Empty pockets and empty stomachs do not make cheerful audiences for Democratic stump-speakers.

There is another point in Governor Altgeld's remarks on the recent Democratic defeat which seems to us a better explanation than the silver question. It is where he says that the Democratic party "seemed for years to be doing business under a sort of political false pretense." Never was truer word spoken. The Democratic party has been "doing business under a political false pretense" for thirty years. For a generation that party has espoused the British idea of free trade, and in the last national campaign denounced the Republican plan of protection to American industry as "un-

constitutional" and a "fraud." Yet as soon as it acceded to power, the Democratic party had not the courage to carry out the free-trade ideas it had so long ostensibly maintained. It made a tariff law which was a mongrel—which was neither for protection nor free trade—which was not even "for revenue," as its utter collapse has shown. The Democratic party, after having half ruined the country with its threats of free trade, passed a tariff which will not pay the current expenses of the government. The country is running behind many millions a month. The Democratic administration will be forced to humiliate itself before the Republican Congress, and to beg that body to extricate it from the financial quagmire into which it has been plunged by Democratic folly.

No, Governor Altgeld; the crushing defeat of the Democratic party on November 5, 1895, was not due to "the silver question." It was because the masses of the people feel an "intense bitterness" against the party in power. It was because "business men feel that the Democratic administration is weak." And more than all, it was because the Democratic party, for a great many years, has "been doing business under political false pretenses."

Chicago is suffering almost a reign of terror, owing to the prevalence of footpads. It has reached such a pitch that the chief of police warns people not to be out after midnight, and the officers are stopping and questioning helated inhabitants who happen to be abroad on their business or pleasure. Many hold-ups are reported, and a large number of citizens have been robbed of their money and watches. The warfare of the savages of civilization upon the property of the law-abiding is more marked at present in Chicago than elsewhere, but it is being carried on in all the cities of the East. It is the usual annual notification that the tramp army is abandoning the inhospitable country districts for the winter and seeking the greater opportunities for pillage and heer offered by urban life. The more daring of the growing host of professional vagabonds who infest the United States resort to rohhery in cold weather by way of a change from rural wandering and sneak-thievery while sleeping out of doors continues to be comfortable. With the coming of autumn, the customary reports of serious crime arrive from every quarter.

The East suffers a little earlier than California, but that is the only difference between the two regions in this regard. Our turn is at hand. Within a few weeks San Francisco will have its yearly plague of whining, hegging tramps by day and dangerous footpads by night. The "Industrial Army" which organized and set out from here two years ago was a proof of the favor with which California is viewed by tramps. California does not reciprocate the affection, but our people undoubtedly are altogether too lenient in their treatment of hardy vagrants who have foresworn work. It is about time that the climate which attracts them should show all the geniality that California has to bestow. The tramp is luxurious, and, as he detests snow and ice, the trains from the East will presently deliver their loads of brake-beam passengers. If the people whose charitable impulses are uncontrolled by judgment get their way, we shall have soup-houses and camps as of old, and, in common with every town of any size in the State, the metropolis will have to maintain battalions of able-bodied hummers whose business in life it is to escape toil. The burden of supporting these vermin necessarily falls on honest people who are obliged to work for what they get. Charity which encourages idleness and crime has done a deal of harm in the world, and California should have the good sense to antagonize it energetically.

Since tramps, when permitted to come here at all, must be supported by the community, unless they are compelled to support themselves, the community in self-defense should provide work and force the tramps to earn their bread. Instead of trying to drive them from one county to another, as has been done hitherto, the city and county authorities throughout the State ought promptly to jail them and

them at hard labor. There is plenty of work to be done. We need many new roads, and the old ones require repairing. Breaking stone for road material is an occupation calling for little outlay—nothing except hammers and tramps. Actual road-making involves more expenditure, of course, but wheelbarrows, picks, and shovels are not very expensive tools. The counties, provided with labor that costs only board and overseeing, could well afford to draw on the public funds for its maintenance and use, but private benevolence, it is reasonable to suppose, could also be counted on. When we get done with buying Republican National Conventions and things, perhaps the public-spirited citizens of San Francisco and other contributing towns might be persuaded to subscribe toward a harrow and shovel fund for the solution of the tramp problem.

That problem as it presents itself in California is not one for the distress of the sympathetic sociologist, but is merely a question of laziness and criminality with which the policeman, backed by a sane citizenship, is fully competent to deal. The reputable poor man out of employment is another matter. The tramp is simply an adventurer willing to beg and steal but not to work. Any tenderness shown him is cruelty shown toward the honest laborer in search of labor and wages. A little intelligence and resolute action would free us from tramps. Force them to work, and those who should undergo the experience would come again no more. As tramps are newspaper readers, the tidings would spread speedily from one end of the continent to the other that California, instead of being a sunny winter garden of ease, had been transformed into an inferno, for work is the one thing that the professional vagrant abhors with his whole soul. Besides, our roads would be improved before this year's supply of bummers could escape, and that is a consideration which should appeal to every practical mind.

Women, as a rule, care little about election news. Yet the election of November 5, 1895, should have interested the women of Massachusetts, if any election ever did. But the returns do not bear affirmative testimony in that regard. At the State election of November, an opportunity was offered to the women of Massachusetts to express their opinion at the polls on the question of extending municipal suffrage to women. Voting on the suffrage referendum was not, of course, confined to women. All the voters cast their ballots for or against woman suffrage. It was defeated three to one.

It is not, of course, extraordinary that woman suffrage should be defeated in any American State. It is less extraordinary that it should be defeated in an old and conservative commonwealth like Massachusetts. But what is extraordinary is that the women themselves defeated woman suffrage—partly by their indifference, and partly, it is to be presumed, by their negative votes.

In Massachusetts there are about 573,000 women who were entitled to register as voters under the terms of the suffrage referendum. Out of this more than half a million, only about 30,000 women registered. Out of the 30,000 who registered, a majority did not vote. And out of the few thousands who voted, it seems probable that many voted against woman suffrage.

In Boston, the total number of women who registered was 11,603; out of these, less than 5,000 women voted. The total vote polled in Boston was 63,904; of these, 22,035 were for woman suffrage and 41,059 against. This, as will be noticed, is nearly two to one against woman suffrage. About the same proportion existed in the other cities and the larger towns of Massachusetts. In New Bedford, for example, 328 women registered, only 159 voted, and woman suffrage was defeated two to one. In the villages, local causes sometimes affected this proportion, but it prevailed, generally speaking, throughout Massachusetts. In Wellesley College, the girls held a vote of their own, with this result: for woman suffrage, 310; against, 149. But in the town of Wellesley, where the college is situated, the vote stood: for woman suffrage, 272; against, 411. These may probably be considered as the respective views of the female seminary and of the practical outside world.

It is needless to state that the woman-suffrage leaders have met with active opposition ever since they obtained from the last legislature the privilege of deciding the question by the referendum—a direct appeal to the electors. Oddly enough, the opposition has included within its ranks the two extremes of Massachusetts political society. At one end were found the saloon-keepers, and at the other the college professors. Such men as President Eliot, of Harvard University, President Carter, of Williams College, Charles Eliot Norton, and other men of the highest standing were found opposing woman suffrage. That their opposition was powerful is shown by the verdict of the State—two to one.

But the fact remains that the people who defeated woman suffrage in Massachusetts were the women of Massachusetts. They had over half a million of votes which they

could have polled in its favor if they so desired. They did not so desire. Only about one-sixteenth of them registered, and only about one-thirty-second of them voted. If women display so little interest as this in a matter so vitally affecting them as their own right to the ballot, it is impossible to conceive what might be their depth of indifference to elections on other issues.

This election in Massachusetts seems to us to settle the woman suffrage question. But it will not. Although women there and elsewhere have shown distinctly that they do not care for the ballot, the woman suffrage leaders will continue their agitation. But to what good? You may lead a woman to the electoral urn, but you can not make her vote.

There are continual rumors as to the ill health of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. One day we read that he is almost at the point of death, the next day that he has celebrated mass himself, received a band of American pilgrims, and walked five miles in the Vatican gardens. The truth lies, as usual, between the two representations. Leo is very old and very feeble. His ascetic life and freedom from excitement prolong his existence. Still, the weight of years is upon him, and he is so frail that the news of his death at any hour would give no surprise.

That he is not expected to live long by those who have the best means for being acquainted with his true condition is shown by the swarming and the electioneering of the cardinals. What is called "connubiation" in political conventions is going on in Rome. The succession absorbs the ecclesiastical mind, and much underground work is in progress. Already it is clear that the Italian monopoly of the Papacy is not to be broken. The foreign cardinals, by whom is meant the non-Italians, have found that they are not to be considered. An Englishman, an Irishman, a Frenchman, or an American has no more chance of reaching the chair of St. Peter and the accompanying distinction of infallibility than Grover Cleveland has of getting a third term of the Presidency of the United States. The next consistory will leave the Italian cardinals in a clear majority of three over all the non-Italians. There were until the other day three vacant hats, and were they to be awarded to foreigners, there might be a tie vote. But the fact that Leo has just given one of them to Satolli, another Italian, shows that His Holiness believes in reserving the good things of the church for his own race.

Letters and dispatches from Rome have the flavor of news from a city when one of our own national conventions is about to assemble. The candidates for the nomination have their friends and agents at work and are putting forth their best efforts to build up a following and launch a boom. We are told that Leo has been too liberal in his policy to suit most of the red-hatted fathers of the church, and that those who sympathize with his views are inclined to look to Cardinal Gibbons as their leader, and to Rampolla, the pontifical Secretary of State, as the most fitting successor. The conservative majority, however, want a reactionary Pope, a man who will have no liking or tolerance for modern ideas of constitutional government, or compromise with the government of Italy.

The contending candidates are many. Satolli is regarded as a possibility—a dark horse—in the unlikely event of a dead-lock. Mgr. Sperafino Vannutelli, formerly nuncio to Vienna, has the disadvantage of being a resident of Rome. "The wealthy ecclesiastics who reside at the capital and haunt the Vatican gardens," we are informed, "are apt to be jealous. They know too much of one another's ideas and plans." Outside the city are Cardinal Svampa, Archbishop of Bologna, and Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan. The latter has formidable strength because of his wealth and "push." And his piety is undoubted, since he has "forbidden the priests in his diocese, under pain of excommunication, to read any other than Roman Catholic journals." Svampa is scarcely less austere. "Both have publicly advocated within the month the restoration of the ancient pontifical states and the dismemberment of Italy." The moderates have among their candidates Cardinal Satro, Archbishop of Venice, and Cardinal Capececiatratro, Archbishop of Capua. Cardinal Galimberti favors Capececiatratro, who was once confessor to Queen Margherita, and is therefore conciliatory in his attitude toward the house of Savoy. Cardinal Parocci, if he can not win himself, will push the claims of Satro, "in the hope of governing in Satro's name, the latter being reported to be weak and vacillating." Satolli, if the lightning does not strike him, "will prefer Vannutelli."

One can fancy from these hints how fierce are the fires of ambition and rivalry that burn in the breasts of the holy fathers in God on whom will devolve the power presently to choose a head for the Roman Catholic Church. No elections are accompanied by more intrigue and leave deeper wounds and hatreds than those which result in the selection

of a Vicar of Christ on earth. It is amazing to think that in the United States, where schools are open to all and the influence of modern thought is omnipresent, there should be millions of otherwise intelligent people prepared to accept blindly and unhesitatingly as their spiritual master a man chosen to office from among several hundred politicians, who are now wire-pulling and log-rolling as actively as so many bosses and lobbyists at a session of the legislature in Sacramento. And it is the more wonderful when it is considered that these American citizens know already that, because of the sedulously maintained Italian monopoly, no American cardinal can hope for the place. Leo's successor is sure to be an Italian, and in all probability an Italian as little fitted by education and environment to comprehend the spirit and needs of American life as if he were a Roman of the fifteenth century.

The care which the Italians have taken to form a close corporation for the working of the Papal bonanza says much for their greed, but not a great deal for their foresight. They manage to make a church universal in its membership national in its government. The hierarchy of Rome thus holds the Catholics of all other lands as subject Goths and Vandals, privileged to do homage and pay Peter's pence but not entitled to aspire to full citizenship in the church. That arrangement has lasted for some centuries, but it is repugnant to an age in which men, even Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, have some notion of inherent human rights. It is insulting in its insolent unfairness, this Italian Papal Trust, and is certain to breed Catholic rebellion in due time.

There is now going on, in Sacramento, the trial of Ivan Kovalev, a "Siberian exile," for the murder of F. H. Weber and his wife, an aged couple, who were cruelly butchered and horribly mutilated on the twenty-ninth of December, 1894. The evidence points unmistakably to Kovalev. He was locked up for drunkenness in the San Francisco jail some days after the murder, and, after he had been discharged, there was found concealed in the cell a watch which had belonged to Mrs. Weber. Kovalev was wearing, when arrested for the murder, a pair of trousers which had belonged to Mr. Weber. Thrust into a barrel on the Weber premises, there was found, the day after the murder, the pair of trousers which had belonged to Kovalev. He was wearing, when arrested, a pair of black satin braces which had been made for her father by Mrs. Lizzie Beasley, a daughter of the murdered couple. Kovalev is proved to have had much money in his possession a few days after the murder and to have gone on a wild debauch. Altogether, the evidence seems clear and irresistible. His counsel is trying to save Kovalev on the plea of insanity. But we think that his kind of lunacy is best cured by the hangman's noose.

This trial recalls the unfortunate day when Ivan Kovalev, "Siberian exile," landed upon these shores. In the latter part of 1893, the American whaling bark, *Cape Horn Pigeon*, picked up on the high seas, in the North Pacific Ocean, an open boat containing ten men. They had escaped from the Russian penal settlement of Saghalien, in Eastern Siberia. The whaling captain brought them to San Francisco, and called the attention of the United States officials to their case. The United States Commissioner of Emigration temporarily detained them, and communicated with the Department of State at Washington.

In the interim, the *Examiner* took up the matter. It reveled in sensationalism. It denounced the United States officials for detaining the "Siberian exiles." Daily it demanded whether this great republic would deliver up these "fugitives" to the "tyranny of the Russian Czar." It printed portraits of all of the men; it interviewed them through interpreters; it gave pages to their stories; it told sentimentally of how they had been flogged in the dead of an Arctic winter until their blood "froze in crimson stalactites"—to use the *Examiner's* disordered rhetoric. It closed with an impassioned appeal against restoring these men to the dungeons of Siberia.

The *Examiner* won. The United States Government—which apparently did not agree with the *Examiner*—had been trying, politely but firmly, to make Russia take back her "Siberian refugees." Russia declined with equal politeness but equal firmness. The United States Government could not put them back on the high seas, whence they had come, so they remained in California, doubtless to the gratification of the *Examiner*.

The Russian record of these "refugees from Russian tyranny" showed that Kharlampki Nikitin had attempted to blow up buildings with dynamite; Stephen Ouskov was a murderer; Ivan Gbekert was a counterfeiter; Muhammad Melek had outraged a ten-year-old girl; Meshadi Saghalad shared Melek's crime; Imerzeg Begg was accessory to a murder; Stanislaus Voinakorsky, a private in the Russian army, had shot his captain in the back for reprimanding

him; Josef Yagubevski was a smuggler; Matthew Tcherbakov had robbed a church; Ivan Kovalev was a murderer.

Such was the record of the "Russian refugees" whom the *Examiner* desired the United States Government to retain on its hospitable soil.

These Russian lambs did not tarry long in getting to work. Two weeks after they landed, one of them was found breaking into a house in San Francisco at night, a stolen butcher-knife in his possession. A few weeks later Grocer Dowdigan at San José was "beld up" late at night. The plucky grocer drew a knife, and defended himself with such effect that a dead body was found in a vacant lot next morning. It was the body of Matthew Tcherbakov, another of the *Examiner's* "Siberian exiles." The third of these wretches to be heard from was Ivan Kovalev, who is now being tried for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Weber, and who, we fervently hope, will be banged.

Seven of these wretches are still at large on American soil. They are probably still in California. They are probably all in San Francisco. Considering the record of three of its "Siberian exiles," what does the *Examiner* think of the possibilities of its remaining seven?

In the last number of the *Argonaut*, Mary L. Wakeman "New" Women, Curtis objected to a recent article in these columns on "The New Woman's Blood and Women. Corpuscles," saying that we "taunt" the sex with the heavy disadvantages under which they labor. This is a feminine misconception. The article in question was merely a synopsis of a scientific paper by a cold and unquestionably ungallant German biologist, whose purpose was to expound scientific phenomena and not to pay compliments. To state a fact about the physical differences between man and woman can not with correctness be called a "taunt." If we were to affirm that the weight of the average woman is less than that of the average man, the statement might mortify the sensitive and ambitious New Woman; but should she cry out against it as a "taunt," the dictionary would be the best reply.

Our nettled lady correspondent requests the *Argonaut* to "pat women on the back and generously commend them or what little good they have been able to do in a world where nature has so heavily handicapped them." The *Argonaut* is always glad to do that, and has done it when occasion offered. We are not to be excelled by her in appreciation of the list of variously famous women she mentions: "Mary Somerville, Sonya Kovalevsky, Joan of Arc, Lucrecia Mott, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rosa Bonheur, Margaret Fuller, Harriet Martineau, George Sand, Mme. de Staël, and George Eliot." And, to use her language, we think that "every woman of brain and heart deserves a double and treble appreciation for what she so luckily accomplishes."

It is not the woman of genius, the woman of talent, or even the "old-fashioned type" of femininity, spoken of by our correspondent, that the *Argonaut* expresses distaste for—not the woman who accomplishes anything worthy, small or great, but the female who, with the ability to accomplish nothing, yet pushes her barren personality noisily to the front. It is this "New Woman," this uneasy, pliable, incompetent who, dissatisfied herself because of her impotence to achieve, is spreading unrest among other women, who, but for her disturbing influence, would be content to do their duty as wives and mothers obscurely and in modesty. It is the "club woman" who needs to be reminded that the sex, as a sex, is not intended by nature for equality with man, and that in fancying otherwise—in going to oust men and take their places in the world—women are not on the road to happiness for themselves, or the way of conferring happiness on those who are obliged to live with them. We confess to an aversion for e Sorosis and other organizations of the kind.

We note, for example, that a New York club, the Spectrum, has risen into some prominence. It is distinctly new. Among the subjects listed for discussion by the Spectrum Club are the following: "Should Women Prose?" "The Corbett and Fitzsimmons Fight," "Should a Woman Smoke?" "Is there a Superfluous Humanity?" "Why is Marriage on the Decline?" "What Are the Causes of Disillusion in Married Life?" Women who set to debate such topics are not of the kind that are likely to throw much instructive light on them, and the time would be much better employed in attending to their spiced duties as housewives. It is not surprising that the bands of the Spectrum women should have encountered disillusion in marriage.

Our correspondent complains of the "sarcasm, snubbing, me, and dispraise" which, according to her, the sex has to endure "in all ages." This is a rather thankless re- for chivalry and poetry, not to speak of protection and

toilsome bread-winning. As a matter of fact, women have been, and still are, immeasurably more severe in their criticism of one another than men are in their judgment of the sex. For example, in a recent report issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, relating to the compensation of women in certain occupations, one female worker is quoted as follows:

"I fear I am not a fair representative of office working-women, at least my sympathies are not all with them. I do not think they are, as a class, as good workers as men, and, if I had an office under my charge, I would put in almost all men clerks, even at higher salaries, for I verily believe that I could get more and better work from them, with less complaints, than from women. In the first place, they are stronger physically, do not look for the same favors and attentions that women expect, and they are willing to work until their work is completed, even though it be until twelve o'clock at night, or on Sundays in case of necessity, and their feelings are not easily hurt."

On the other hand, several employers—men, of course—speak in high praise of their female employees, a few preferring them to men at the same wages. The compensation of women for doing the same work as men is steadily rising toward equality all along the line; in very many callings equality has been reached. This is due to the permanent entrance of women into industrial life. Clubs and the ballot have nothing to do with it. The New Woman is as powerless to affect economic conditions as is the wind shrieking round a corner.

For women who work, the *Argonaut* has the highest respect. They are not all Rosa Bonheurs, George Sands, or George Eliots; but within their limitations they are deserving of as much credit as were the exceptions to their sex blazoned by our fair and indignant correspondent. Every woman who is true to herself and lives in honesty and modesty, is quite safe from the sort of criticism which gives distress to those unbappy females who, either in ignorance or defiance of what nature has written in their bodies and brains, attempt to pass limitations that are impassable. It is open to any New Woman to be a George Eliot, if she can; but when her abilities are of an order that suit her better for the functions of a house-maid than for those of an author, a statesman, or a social philosopher, she is not to be dealt with too delicately if she obtrudes on public notice.

The *Call* is at present engaged in a crusade against the water supply of San Francisco, and denounces the water as "foul, and unfit for human consumption." Let us see whether this statement is true or false.

All over the United States there has prevailed for many months a drouth of unusual severity and duration. Everywhere the rivers and lakes of the land have been unprecedentedly low. At St. Louis the Mississippi has been so low that ferry-boats have been laid up. At Chicago, Lake Michigan has become so foul that the board of health is urging the citizens to boil all drinking water. An epidemic of diphtheria is raging there, as we mentioned in these columns two weeks ago. Throughout the great Mississippi Valley zymotic diseases are raging, in consequence of the foul state of the water resulting from the drouth. In Paris, for several weeks, the districts on the left bank of the Seine have had their water shut off from one to five A. M., in consequence of the drouth. There, too, filth, diseases prevail from the foulness of the water. But has any one heard this year of an epidemic of zymotic disease in San Francisco from the water?

Our long and rainless summer sometimes brings about a condition not dissimilar to that caused by the drouth elsewhere. But there the parallel ceases. Our drinking water is not dangerous. In consequence of the long rainless period, the reservoirs are low, and the aquatic vegetation contained therein is decaying, as the grass in autumn decays upon the hill-sides. Yet there is nothing in the water dangerous to health or life. It is only a few months since the San Francisco water was examined by an analytical chemist; he was employed by parties hostile to the water company, yet he was obliged to report that he found in the water no "pathogenic germs"—that is, no germs which could cause disease in human beings. All he found was traces of vegetable matter.

The water supply of San Francisco is the purest of any large city in the United States. Upon the water-sheds surrounding its lakes there are practically no human habitations. The water company has bought up nearly all the property upon these water-sheds and does not allow any cattle or horses to run thereon, thus sacrificing twenty thousand dollars per annum which it might obtain for pasturage. There is no way in which disease germs could get into the water. As for the presence of vegetable matter, that is to be expected at this season of the year. It is infinitely preferable to the germs of typhoid and diphtheria, which are now poisoning the water supplies of other large cities.

The *Call* is seconded by Mayor Sutro in its crusade

against the water supply of San Francisco. That journal claims to have the interests of this city at heart. Mayor Sutro is also supposed to have—although it is our belief that he cares nothing for the city or her citizens, and cherishes only his own selfish interests. How can these two reconcile the interests of the city with their charges? How will it sound to people contemplating residence here, when the mayor of the city and a leading daily journal denounce the water supply of San Francisco as "foul, and unfit for human consumption"? Even if the charge were true, it would be impolitic, from a merely material standpoint. As it is utterly false—proved so by the chemical analysis of which we spoke—what must we think of the motives of those who make such charges?

The *Argonaut* delights in puncturing the newspaper bubble known as "the power of the press." Last year it made its daily contemporaries of San Francisco very tired by pointing out that all of the candidates for the mayoralty backed by the daily press were defeated, and that the man elected was supported by no paper at all—to wit, Adolph Sutro. The *Argonaut* further pointed out that Sutro received more votes than all the newspaper candidates put together. This journal does not believe in the maxim "Vox populi vox Dei"; there is another maxim which would better apply in the Sutro case—"Populus vult decipi"—and therefore we did not blame the daily press for not supporting Sutro, of whom even the rabble who elected him are already beginning to tire. But we did take a sardonic pleasure in pointing out the baselessness of "the power of the press," as shown in the election of Sutro and the defeat of the newspaper candidates.

Our articles were copied at the time by the *Evening Post* and other New York journals, which indulged in much moralizing over this unaccountable and phenomenal feebleness of the San Francisco dailies, and pointed out how elections in New York were practically shaped by the great journals of that city. Believing no more in the "power of the press" in New York city than in San Francisco, we made careful note of these sententious remarks. We are reminded of them now. An election has just been held in many States. All of them but one have been swept by the Republicans. New York State has gone overwhelmingly Republican. New York city alone has gone Democratic, and has been carried by Tammany by a majority of twenty-five thousand. Yet Tammany has been bitterly opposed by practically all of the press of New York State, and by the following journals in New York city: The *Mail and Express*, the *Morning Advertiser*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Press*, the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *World*, the *Post*, the *Telegram*, the *Herald*, and the *Recorder*. In favor of Tammany there were only the *Sun* and the *Morning Journal*, and these two journals were but half-hearted apologists for Tammany, while the opposition papers fought the Tiger tooth and toe-nail. It will be seen that among the anti-Tammany journals there were Republican, Democratic, and Independent papers. Yet with the "power of the press" of New York city leagued against Tammany, Tammany came in with twenty-five thousand majority.

There must be something the matter with "the power of the press" in New York as well as in San Francisco. "It don't seem to cut no ice," as they say on the Bowery.

Four months ago, when the Durrant murder trial was just beginning, a "playwright" put on at one of the minor San Francisco theatres a "play" based on the Emmanuel Church murders. It was entitled "The Demon of the Belfry," and followed closely the story of the crime. Judge Murphy at once haled before him the "playwright," the manager, and the hapless actors, to answer to the charge of contempt of court. The actors were badly scared, and were allowed to go with a reprimand from the bench. The "playwright" received a warning, and was lightly fined. Now that the trial is over, however, he has put on his play again, considering, doubtless, that he is no longer in contempt. He may not be in contempt of the court, but he is certainly in contempt of the stage. His play is gory fustian. It is farcical melodrama, blood-bedrabbled. It is an execrable play, written in execrable taste, and execrably played. It is repulsive in its tone, but it can do no particular harm to the morbid crowds that nightly assemble to see it. It might lower their taste, were that possible, but such an attempt would be hopeless. It is more healthy in its sentiment than was the Evans and Sontag play given at the same theatre, for that idealized crime and made heroes of two very vulgar rogues. In this, on the other hand, the murderer is held up to reprobation, and at the end dies by poison in the jail. The production of this "play" is offensive, but it is not an offense against the law, or against good morals, but only against good taste.

THE TORTURE OF DOUBT.

A Spanish Flower-Seller's Jealousy of an American Fine Lady.

The white light of the noonday sun falls glaring on the plaza. The stone pavement throws back the heat, and the pulsating air distorts fantastically the trees on the street beyond. The street movement has almost ceased; the hum of voices becomes gradually lower, and the leathery clatter of unshod hoofs is stilled. The policeman at the corner takes a last glance around to make sure that all is well, and withdraws to the inviting shadow of a neighboring archway; soon his head rests comfortably against the wall, he closes his eyes, and the peace must be maintained without interference from him. His cigarette, still tightly held, burns slowly away; when the fire reaches his fingers he awakens momentarily, throws the cigarette away, and relapses again into slumber. The shutters in the shops of the *portales* are being put up, for the merchant of Guadalajara is wise and takes ample time in the heat of the day for a leisurely breakfast and a long rest thereafter. The chatter in the *cantina* is dulled to a drowsy murmur and the clink of glasses is no longer heard.

At the kerb in front stands a solitary *burro* awaiting the pleasure of his master. His long ears flap lazily in time with his carefully clipped little tail; the latter ridiculously inadequate for the purpose, for his best efforts fail to dislodge the flies. He opens wide his mouth as if to bray, but changes his mind and yawns instead; the shade of the portal impresses him as an improvement upon his present position. He places one hoof on the sidewalk and looks fixedly at the door of the *cantina*; no result follows and he places its fellow beside it; pausing a moment, the silence encourages him; he makes hold to get entirely in the shade and smiles satisfaction to himself. But his pleasure is brief; his master rushes from the *cantina* with a cry of "Arre! hurro!" and chases him down the street. Two children play hareheaded in the gutter; a single garment tucked up to their arm-pits shows deference to a civilization which prescribes clothing in public. Their brown skin shines dully through the incrusting dust as they slowly dabble their hands in a small puddle and mutually clean them in each other's hair. This operation, carried on in a grave and dignified manner, gives evident satisfaction. Having thoroughly matted each other's hair with mud, they proceed to decorate their garments likewise; but here their mother quickly interferes, for the hair will cleanse itself in time, but shirts must be washed.

The flower-hoots near the centre of the plaza have long been closed, with one exception; in this sits Josefa, patiently awaiting Perfecto's coming; the unsold flowers are damply packed, ready to be taken back to the *casita* near the south gate of the city; properly cared for, they will appear tomorrow in a bouquet not noticeably different from those more freshly cut.

Perfecto comes, casts the leathern straps from his head, and places the heavy *ollas* at his feet. Since early morning he has been drawing water from the fountain and distributing it to the various houses, for as yet the glorious opportunity for plunder, or political power, or both, by means of a water company, has not been exploited. He tosses a handful of *tlacos* into Josefa's lap, and smiles as she carefully counts them.

"Well done, Perfecto," she says, "a *medio* more than yesterday," then nods approvingly.

While he fans himself vigorously with his leather cap, she unburdens her mind, for of late there has arisen within her a womanly desire for a bit of raiment—a desire not to be satisfied, she knows, yet the very impossibility of possession makes her dwell more fondly on its beauties. She glowingly describes this wonderful *rebozo*; its curiously woven figures and marvelously lustrous colors; the silken softness of the material and the filmy fringe which adorns the ends. "But the cost, Perfecto," she adds, helplessly—"the cost! Twelve dollars! Think of it, our earnings for a month. It is so beautiful, were it mine, I would—but no! To spend so much for one *rebozo* were wicked—no!"

Perfecto comforts her as to the moral aspect; it's all right to wish for things, for one doesn't usually get them; when the wish is gratified, the trouble begins. He presents the practical side. They have the money, it is true, but the child is none too well, and who knows but the *medico* must be consulted—when that once begins—*vaya!* What doesn't go to the *medico*, the *botica* takes, and no cure until there's no money left; the doctor then looks wise and says, thanks to God and his skill, the child is out of danger, and there's no need to come any more. No, *chica*, they must do without the *rebozo* for a while, and perhaps luck may come.

Within the week, all ideas of finery are driven out of Josefa's mind by ideas so new, strange, and terrifying to her gentle nature, that her late desire fades from her mind and disappears in the dark of the cloud which shadows her.

Mariana, who occupies the adjacent hoth, takes a dismal view of life, colored deeply by an experience regretted when too late.

"You seem always happy and smiling, Josefa," she says. "Not seems; I am; and why not? I have my baby and Perfecto. What more can a woman ask?"

"True, you have him, as you say; but men are changeable. Still, I hope it will not be so with Perfecto. Really, I hope so, for you are not one to hear that sort of thing easily."

"No, I don't think I am," laughed Josefa; "but, Mariana, if I were you, I wouldn't worry about Perfecto."

This hint quiets her for the present. The next day she re-opens the subject in such a way that Josefa's indignation passes all bounds, and she expresses herself with unexpected freedom.

"Very well, *niña mia*," responded Mariana; "I thought it a kindness to you. Of course it isn't my affair, but if I were you, I would ask Perfecto where he goes every afternoon."

This parting shot told, for of late Perfecto had left the house while the sun was still high, and though usually communicative, he had maintained a discreet silence as to where and why he went.

"What a *tonta* I am," she says; "a fool, indeed, to wonder at so simple a thing, when I have but to ask the question. Because Mariana is a chattering idiot, am I to let her idle words worry me—make me doubt him whom I have always trusted?"

That afternoon, as he is about to leave as usual, she timidly asks him where he is going; he answers at random and walks away. She misses his guitar, and on his return asks what has become of it. He makes the mistake of lying to his wife and not lying well. He had taken it to old Julian to be restrung and put in order. This should have been satisfactory, but it was not, because she had that morning seen the instrument-maker, who inquired for Perfecto, and incidentally said he had not seen him for a month. Can her idol be of clay? Can Mariana's gossip be true? It can't be, must not be true. There's a mistake somewhere. Julian is old, and forgets. That's it, he forgets. She watches Perfecto as he chatters to her, sees the old-time affection in his eyes, and is happy again.

Perplexity comes next day. Mariana, forgetful of past rebuffs, comes smiling to Josefa.

"Have you seen the beautiful *Americana*? No? She is indeed beautiful—eyes as blue as the sky, brown hair, and skin like marble. San Juan, No. 8, is where she lives—ask Perfecto; he knows." This last is said so significantly that Josefa could have slain her. The old doubt comes to the surface again, but is resolutely crushed down; but not for long. She looks toward the fountain and sees the *Americana*—it can be no other. She seems a vision of loveliness as she smiles on Perfecto, who stands, hat in hand, apparently at ease, as if this were not the first time he had spoken to her. Josefa notes the clear white complexion, and unconsciously lets her eyes fall on her own brown hand. In the cool of the evening she is tempted to ask Perfecto how he came to talk to one so clearly above their station, but the words dry in her throat. She fights against her thoughts, but strive as she will, she feels there is something amiss. She tells herself again and again she is a fool for her doubts, but they remain with her.

In the morning, while arranging her flowers to the best advantage, she glances up and sees the *Americana* approaching. She will now meet face to face the woman who has enslaved her husband. She fully believes this now, and her hatred of the cause of her misery nearly brings forth a flood of bitter anger and reproach, but there is something in the girl's face that stops the words. As she quietly, almost sullenly, offers her basket of roses from which to make a selection, she thinks she may possibly be mistaken, for surely there is no evil in those eyes which look so frankly into her own. She listens to the girl's few words of imperfect Spanish, and feels sure the possessor of so soft a voice can do no wrong. She is essentially *simpatica*, her eyes, grace, and beauty all appeal to Josefa's native sense of harmony; a moment more and she would have been won by the girl's loveliness.

"You are Perfecto's wife, I think," she says, with a smile, "and this is the little Josefa of whom he speaks."

The words are misunderstood, the smile misinterpreted; the doubts almost lulled to rest rush back upon her. Snatching the child from the bench, she clasps it tightly to her breast and turns with the look of a tigress defending its young.

The girl raises her eyebrows questioningly, and is about to speak, but walks away, puzzled to account for this strange outburst of passion.

Josefa gazes fixedly for a moment at the retreating form. "Oh! the shameless woman," she says. "Not content to rob me of a husband's love, she seeks me out to triumph in the misery she has caused. Look, *niña!* look with your baby eyes on her who has ruined your life and mine—made you fatherless and me a widow! Hate her, hate her, I tell you. May the good God above us lighten her life as she has mine." The tension of her grief and anger is relieved by a flood of tears, and the paroxysm of passion passes slowly away.

She walks quietly by Perfecto's side on their homeward way, saying nothing nor daring to look at him, lest he see the change in her face. At home he attempts a caress, but she releases herself and keeps the child constantly in her arms that he may not touch it. When Perfecto leaves, she dresses the child afresh in white, pours the contents of a vial into a cup of water, and makes her drink half of it; the lids fall slowly as she places the child on the bed and stonily kisses it.

Leaving the house, she walks slowly toward the *portales*; she remembers San Juan, No. 8, and knows where Perfecto will be found. She passes the shop where the *rebozo* was for sale and thinks how trivial was her wish. Yet why should not she have it now? She has the money with her and will soon have no further use for it. She walks back, but the clerk says he sold it not half an hour ago to Perfecto.

She goes on again and readily finds the house she is in search of, and slips quietly past the *portero*, who sits sleeping in the doorway. She looks around the *patio* besitatingly, when she hears the soft tinkle of a guitar. Hastily climbing the stairs to the *corredor*, she stops at a door from beyond which Perfecto's voice rings out fresh and clear:

"Yo quiero ver la luz tus ojos al mirar.
Ay! Niña! Mirame! Mirame por piedad."

She stands bewildered. There comes before her the scene when first Perfecto sang those words to her, the same tender pleading in his voice. When was it? Yesterday? A year ago? She can not think. Is he singing to her now? He must be. The strangeness of the surroundings brings her to herself as the song continues:

"Sin ti no hay vida, no! ni dicha ni placer,
Quiereme niña! ó muero, por falta de querer."

"Without thee there is indeed no life," she murmurs.

She looks blankly at the door, uncertain what to do. What had she come for? She contracts her brow in the effort to collect her ideas. It is useless—Perfecto is there, she is sure. Will the girl like the *rebozo*, she wonders. Shall she go in and ask to whom he is singing her song? No, better not—she sways unsteadily against the railing—she has something to do at home. Still her mind remains blank in spite of her efforts. Now she knows! How foolish not to have thought of it at first: of the cup of water she gave the baby, half remains for herself.

She walks unsteadily down the stairs and out into the street, but turns the wrong way and goes on for a couple of blocks. She half realizes her mistake and retraces her steps. Once in the plaza, she instinctively takes the proper direction.

At her own door she pauses. Now she will find the cup, and Perfecto can sing her song to any one he pleases. She pushes open the door and walks firmly in.

Kneeling on the floor beside the bed, his arms around his dead child, is Perfecto; the longed-for *rebozo*, half released from its wrapping, shines brightly from the blanket. All this she sees as her limbs give way, and she falls senseless to the floor.

EDWIN HALL WARNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1895.

The new French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Berthelot, is an elderly professor of sixty-eight, with virtually no experience in the conduct of public office. But in his special domain of chemical knowledge he ranks among the first of his contemporaries. Chemical synthesis—the science of artificially putting organized bodies together—may be said to owe its existence to him. The practical results expected to flow from his experiments and discoveries are enormous. Thus, sugar has recently been made in the laboratory from glycerine, which Professor Berthelot first made direct from synthetic alcohol. Commerce has now taken up the question, and an invention has recently been patented by which sugar is to be made upon a commercial scale from two gases at something like one cent per pound. But these scientific wonders do not stop here. Tobacco, tea, and coffee are to be made artificially. Theobromine, the essential principle of cocoa, has been produced in the laboratory. Thus synthetic chemistry is getting ready to furnish the three great non-alcoholic beverages in general use. Tobacco will be obtained in a similar fashion. Professor Berthelot has obtained pure nicotine, whose chemical constitution is perfectly understood, by treating salomine, a natural glucoside, with hydrogen.

Professor W. J. McGee, chief anthropologist of the Bureau of Ethnology, left Washington a few days ago on what will probably prove one of the most interesting expeditions ever sent out by that department. Professor McGee intends, if possible, to visit the stronghold of the Seri Indians, on Tihuron Island, a rocky bit of territory in the Gulf of California, nominally a possession of Mexico, but practically a possession of the Seri Indians. It is a spot that has never been visited by white men—not, at least, by any who have ever come away. The Seri tribe are a tribe of alleged cannibals. The *New York Times* says: "Two newspaper men, who were sent down by a San Francisco paper to write up Tihuron Island about two years ago, were killed by the Indians soon after they landed." Who were these two "San Francisco newspaper men"?

The high temperature of the stove-hole is well known to be one of the great drawbacks to steam service at sea, and its terrors are told to the imagination in the occasional attempts of firemen on the liners to throw themselves overboard. In the Yalu fight, according to Commander McGiffin, firemen were permanently blinded on his ship by the temperature to which the fire-room rose. As a remedy, the *Army and Navy Journal* proposes to make the body its own refrigerator by directing a stream of warm dry air upon it. The theory is that the true object is to cool the man's skin and not his lungs.

An Eastern paper has persuaded a number of prominent persons to give their opinions on the question: "Should Women Go to Congress?" Ex-Senator Ingalls makes reply as follows: "It would depend very much on the kind of women. If they were disciplined parliamentarians, philosophical thinkers, trained debaters, students of history, acquainted with political economy, accomplished in oratory, and exempt from all the incidents of maternity, the result might be beneficent."

Throughout his entire life, Victor Hugo endeavored to have the name of his father, General Hugo, who led a charge against the English at Waterloo and was never heard of afterwards, added to the list of Napoleonic heroes on the Arc de Triomphe. It has been placed there at last, and its addition to the list leaves room for only two more. It is probable that these will never be added.

The first installment of the Chinese war indemnity, forty millions of dollars, was paid to Japan by the Bank of England on the last day of October. Representatives of China and Japan were present at the bank, and formally witnessed the transfer of the money from the one account to the other.

The Ducbesne column, which took the capital of the Hovas, was entirely made up of fair men belonging to the Foreign Legion and French army. The dark men melted away in the ambulances. The fair men, who were from colder climates, withstood fever and heat.

Majunga Andriha Tananarive are the names that a patriotic French father insisted on giving to his girl baby. The last name has been reported to the registrars of births several times since the beginning of the war with Madagascar.

A FAMOUS PARISIAN.

Henri Rochefort, the Editor of the "Intransigeant"—A Journalist who is Forever on the Offensive—His Bitter Pen, His Generous Heart, and His Eccentricities.

Under the title of "Les Aventures de ma Vie," Henri Rochefort began, a few days ago, to publish his memoirs in the daily *feuilleton* of *Le Jour*. The appearance of his memoirs has caused the greatest excitement in Paris, and the paper is to-day in every one's hands.

The most singular figure among French journalists is undoubtedly that of the editor of the *Intransigeant*. He may be described in a few words: Born a pamphleteer, he has lived a pamphleteer, and will die a pamphleteer. In fact, he might be called a Freoch Swift, but that the sting of his pen is mitigated by Gallic good humor and Parisian *blague*.

He has written plays and novels; he has been deputy to the Chamber; and he was a member of the temporary government of 1870 in besieged Paris; but, in point of fact, he is neither dramatic author, novelist, nor politician. He is a journalist—journalist to the backbone—and, what is more, an opposition journalist. A pitiless mocker, with the heavy strokes of his racy satire, he is able only to destroy; you must never ask him to rebuild. Formidable on the offensive, he is ignorant of defensive strategy.

Most of us remember the furious attack he made on the Empire in his little weekly gazette with its blood-red cover—the *Lanterne*, which, as it has been justly said, did more to overthrow the imperial throne than all the faults of Napoleon the Third—more even than the Mexican campaign and the disaster of Sedan.

After the fall of the empire, the man who had mostly contributed to the triumph of the Republican party was admitted to the bosom of the new government; but they might as well have admitted a wolf into a sheepfold. It was short work. In six weeks he sent in his resignation, after the insurrectional attempt of the thirty-first of October, 1870, and brought out an opposition paper, the *Mot d'Ordre*.

Then came the Commune. Although a member of the National Assembly, he threw himself into the midst of the fray. After transportation to New Caledonia, from which place he escaped under well-known circumstances, he came back to Paris in 1880, just after the general amnesty, in no wise disarmed by nine years of exile in a convict settlement, in the United States, in Switzerland, and in England. A couple of days after his return appeared the *Intransigeant*; and more than ever did this fierce pamphleteer rage.

Paris sent him to Parliament in 1885; he did not wait long before he gave up his seat. When General Boulanger's star was rising on the horizon, Henri Rochefort found a new weapon of opposition, a club which he brandished over the scared heads of the men in power, and when Boulanger was adopted by the Monarchical party, and was rightly or wrongly supposed to be seeking to support a conservative policy, there was Rochefort, the Radical, the Communist, the destroyer of empires, working to restore individual power in France! But, one thing is certain: if Boulangism had triumphed, upon that day the irrepressible insurgent would have gone over to the opposition ranks.

This extraordinary man invariably sees all things on their wrong side. One day General Boulanger had committed one of his usual blunders, which somehow always turned in his favor, when Henri Rochefort exclaimed, "What a good article I could write against Boulanger if I were not with him!"

He has a striking head, with its enormous crown of white hair and powerful forehead. He has a sympathetic smile, an open and keen physiognomy, and eyes sparkling with mischief and good humor. Nobody is more obliging, more generous, more *bon enfant*. The style of his conversation is exactly like that of his articles. You can imagine that an entertaining talker he is.

Another contrast worth noting in this singular character: Henri Rochefort, who is the son of the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay, formerly secretary-general for the island of Bourbon and afterward dramatic author—who has curtailed his name more through disdain of honorary distinctions than to out the democracy which he now serves—remains in temper and tastes as much of a patrician as ever. He loves orses, and always possesses very handsome ones. During his late exile in London, one could not help smiling to see his socialist-revolutionary enter Hyde Park in an irreproachable victoria, drawn by two fine bays, a coachman and footman in very swell livery, with knee-breeches and top-boots; or else to see him in his phaeton, driven by the very handsome Mlle. von de Voorde, his cousin, who lives with him and keeps his house, for he is divorced from his second wife.

He is a passionate art collector and a faultless connoisseur, specially in bronzes. He possessed in his former house in the Boulevard Rochechouart a unique collection of bronzes by the great animal sculptor, Barye, whose friend and admirer he was. This is his one luxury, except his pen table and always open hand.

Henri Rochefort's liberality is not even limited by his means, for he is always a debtor to the pay-office of his newspaper. Owner of nearly all the shares of the *Intransigeant*, he receives moreover four thousand five hundred francs a month as editor and writer of a daily article, and makes a yearly income of between one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand francs by his one paper. Furthermore, he publishes novels and contributes to other journals. But he spends all he gets.

He has always been a loving father to his children. He has had two sons, one of whom, Henri, an engineer by profession, killed himself on account of a love-affair; the other, Etienne, is now doing business in the Argentine Republic. He has also a very pretty and charming daughter, who is married to the sculptor Dufaure. He will not leave anything to his children beyond the collections on which he has spent large sums. This improvident way of living is con-

trary to French habits; but, as he laughingly says, he can not help himself, money rolls through his fingers like water.

A little world of pensioners live upon his bounty. When Olivier Pain, the insurgent of 1871, his comrade at the convict settlement at Ducas, and the companion of his escape, died in the Soudan, Rochefort, as if he were doing the simplest thing in the world, adopted his three children. A few years ago he found in one of the city squares a little forsaken girl; he picked her up, placed her in a school at his own expense, kept her well supplied with chocolates, and is bringing up the little pauper like a princess. This skeptic, brooded in the fire of Parisian Bohemian life, is under no delusion as to human gratitude. "It is likely enough that the little hegger will go wrong," he says, smiling; "so much the worse! I, at least, have done what I could."

His pity extends to animals. All the mangy dogs, all the lost cats, find a home with him. When seals were put on his house during the proceedings instituted against him by the high court of justice, three unfortunate tomcats were imprisoned in one of the rooms. The letter Rochefort wrote that day to the president of the Society for the Protection of Animals was the most entertaining thing in the world.

Another characteristic, interesting to those who imagine that this Bohemian journalist is a fast, self-indulgent *boulevardier*: Rochefort never drinks wine, never touches liquors; he does not smoke, does not drink coffee, and never gambles. He has a good appetite, because he is robust and in excellent health; but he takes no pleasure in good living, and his hospitable table, where every one, save himself, drinks and smokes, is more abundant than delicate.

PARIS, October 22, 1895.

Caius S. Merwin, a retired iron merchant in Chicago, went crazy, a few days ago, and ejected his sick wife from the house at eleven o'clock at night. Then he locked and barred the doors and mounted guard in an upper room with a loaded rifle on his shoulder. A lieutenant and four policemen were detailed to gather him in, but when they saw him they determined to leave him alone until daylight. Early the next morning a passer-by on the other side of the street was startled to see an upper window in Merwin's house thrown up, and its owner stick out his rifle and take a pot-shot at him. The target fled, and after several pedestrians had thus been scared, no one being hit, fortunately, police were stationed at each end of the block to warn people away. The other residents of the block put up their shutters and used their back doors. Finally the house was entered, and a simultaneous rush from two directions secured the madman.

John D. Rockefeller's latest donation of a few more millions to the University of Chicago was celebrated, a few days ago, by a grand jollification on the college campus, in which faculty and students joined. Just before the meeting adjourned, all joined in what the Chicago papers call "the now famous 'varsity song,'" to the tune of "Daisy Bell." This verse forms the chorus:

"John D. Rockefeller,
Wonderful man is he,
Gives all his spare change
To the U. of C.
He keeps the ball a-rolling
In our great 'varsity.
He pays Dr. Harper
To help us grow sharper,
For the glory of U. of C."

Here is a French view of the new ministry, from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*: "A chemist for minister of foreign affairs, a civil engineer for minister of war, a vaudeville writer for marine minister, a lawyer for finance minister, a doctor for minister of colonies, a Boulangist convict for minister of justice, a draughtsman for minister of commerce, with the addition of a few 'supes'—such is the ministry which the Radical party has just presented to France. It lacks only a Communist to make the collection complete. It is the most absurd cabinet that parliamentarism has so far brought forth since 1870."

There is to be an electric trolley line up the Jungfrau in 1900. It will run from Scheidegg, at an elevation of 6,500 feet, to an underground terminal station at an elevation of 13,754 feet, and the remaining 220 feet to the summit will be accomplished in an elevator. The road, which will cost \$1,600,000, will be seven miles long, six miles being in tunnels to avoid avalanches. Electric power for the line will be supplied by a neighboring waterfall, and this same power is to be used next summer in boring the proposed tunnels.

Monte Carlo has had a disastrous summer season. Instead of eleven roulette-tables there were only three, and there was but one *trente-et-quarante* table instead of four. Except for a couple of hours in the afternoon and after dinner even these were half empty. One hotel, which is under contract with the Casino people to keep open, lost one thousand dollars a week, and all the others were closed.

The extraordinary finds of gold in Western Australia during the past few months have resulted in quite a "rush" to the colony, and from all parts of the world crowds of eager fortune-hunters are daily making their way to the gold-fields of Coolgardie and its vicinity. All the nations of the earth are represented in the motley throng.

James P. Archibald, warden of Ludlow Street Jail in New York city, prominent in the councils of the State Democracy, and ex-labor agitator, was a prisoner in the West Thirtieth Street Station last week, charged with intoxication.

One million dollars a day—that is what it costs to run this government, nearly one-half for pensions.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Ruskin has so far regained his physical strength that he frequently walks eight miles a day without serious fatigue. His mind is clearer than it was, but he says he can never do any more writing.

A check for five thousand pounds has been sent to the famous English cricketer, Dr. W. G. Grace, representing the one hundred thousand shilling subscriptions to the testimonial started for him by the *Daily Telegraph*.

Li Hung Chang is not so fearful of assassination as other men in his precarious position would be. He considers his narrow escape from death in Japan the fulfillment of a prediction made to him by a Chinese mystery-monger years ago—that he would dodge death narrowly many times and live to be over ninety years of age.

Barney Barnato, the South African multi-millionaire, who used to be a circus tumbler, recently had the cold nerve (according to a correspondent of the *New York World*) to write to the authorities in London, offering nearly five millions of dollars for the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London.

One of Bill Nye's stock jokes is a recipe for use by lecturers for removing the effects of decayed eggs from the clothing. He recently had a chance to test its efficacy, for he was driven out of town by a crowd of rotte-egggers, after making a terrible fiasco of an attempt to lecture in Paterson, N. J., week before last. His inability to lecture was ascribed to his having "fortified himself beyond his capacity."

The Prince of Wales recently paid a visit to Lily, Duchess of Marlborough. It was for a few days only and "very quiet," yet this little informal stay cost the duchess fifty thousand dollars. The suit of apartments which his royal highness occupied was newly upholstered in pale-blue satin, and the prince's bath was of plated silver. The main hall of Deepdene was entirely transformed. The statuary was removed and the walls were hung with trophies of the chase.

General Nelson A. Miles arrived in Boston from the country town of his nativity clad in a green jacket, short trousers, and green tarpaulin hat—a style of attire that excited the hilarity of the city boys. He found employment in a crockery store, and after the outbreak of the war, when his name began to be mentioned in the dispatches, his old employer is said to have remarked that "if Nelson Miles could kill rebels as easily as he could break crockery, he would make a fine soldier."

Poor old Mora has his money, about five hundred thousand dollars in cool cash, and now he does not know what to do with it. Payment of his famous claim against Spain was so long delayed that he is now over eighty years old. He talks of building a great house in Washington, where he can give swell dinners, but is afraid he will die before the house is finished. He will probably be content with buying a house and with indulgence in a princely sort of hospitality so long as he has strength to dispense it.

The betrothal of Princess Maud to her Danish first cousin, who is three years her junior and not in the line of succession, is extremely unpopular everywhere in England. She is the one member of the Marlborough House family who is reputed to be above mediocrity mentally, and the public had the idea that she would do something worth while in the marriage market. Her choice is so disappointing from every point of view that some excuse seems to be necessary. The story has been started that her betrothal is Russia's secret choice for the Bulgarian throne, and that Ferdinand is to be frozen out to make room for him this winter.

Lieutenant Leonard M. Prince, Second Infantry, U. S. A., died in a Chicago hospital on November 1st from injuries received in the famous army-navy foot-ball game at Annapolis in 1892. In the scrimmage, Prince was struck by an unknown Annapolis player, who fell on the small of his back with both knees. Prince could not rise, and was carried off the field. An examination showed two floating ribs on his left side were brokeo, and internal injuries inflicted. He was ill for some time, but after he had graduated and gone into the army, it was thought all danger from his injuries was past. But while exercising in his post gymnasium at Fort Omaha, eight months ago, he again experienced the old pains.

A divorce has just been secured in the Turin court by the wife of Robert Wilcox, of Hawaiian fame. She is the Baroness Gina Sohrera, a brilliant writer. The baroness met Wilcox in Turin, whither he had been sent by the Hawaiian Government for the purpose of studying military tactics. He declared that he was the heir to the throne of Hawaii. The baroness was deeply impressed, and the wedding that followed was a great society affair. Wilcox returned to Hawaii, accompanied by his wife. The baroness was greatly shocked to learn that her husband was simply the son of a white man, a carpenter, by a Kanaka woman. Wilcox, fearing that his wife would denounce him, kept her under lock and key. At the beginning of 1895, Wilcox tried to foment a revolution against the republic, was arrested, tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, subsequently commuted to imprisonment for thirty-five years. The baroness, after a series of romantic adventures, succeeded in making her way back to Italy, where proceedings were begun to bring about a dissolution of the marriage. The church gave its consent to the divorce, as Wilcox was not a Catholic and a dispensation had not been asked for the marriage. The civil court, as the Italian law only annuls marriages in cases of mistaken identity, has now for the first time annulled a marriage on the ground that one of the parties to it is "a detriment to society."

HEARST'S NEW YORK PAPER.

The "Journal" comes out in its New Shape—A "Spread" on the Vanderbilt Wedding—Newspaper Stars Retained—Gibson, Gribayedoff, Trowbridge, and Homer Davenport.

I wrote you some weeks ago about the keen disappointment felt in Newspaper Row by the lack of change in the *Morning Journal*. The scribes (and pharisees) of the newspaper world felt that as young Mr. Hearst had come out of the West with a large roll, he ought to spend it. Therefore, when day after day went by with no change in the *Morning Journal*, hope deferred made the newspaper heart sick. When, to cap the climax, young Mr. Hearst, instead of adding New York stars to his staff, sent West to San Francisco for Pacific Coast stars, the disgust of Newspaper Row was too intense for words.

But this morning the newspaper heart has been much comforted. Mr. Hearst's New York purchase has come out in a different shape, its size increased from eight to twelve pages, and its price one cent, as it was in the old Pulitzer days. The "morning" has been dropped from its title, and it is now simply *The Journal*. It is a gorgeous picture paper. The first four pages are almost entirely given up to pictures of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding. The wedding is described at length by several pens, the initial article being by Julian Ralph, the well-known special writer, late of the *Sun*; he has for some time been writing for the magazines. This article is followed by another, entitled "A Foreigner's View—An Opinion of the Great Social Function at St. Thomas's from a Lady of the Imperial Austrian Court." Then an intimate friend of the bride—she must be, as she calls her "Consuelo" through a column and a half—pens an article thus headed: "A Lady of the 400 Describes how her Little Friend was Made Duchess of Marlborough." This screed is signed "A Society Woman." In addition to these, there is a large amount of miscellaneous stuff, including lists of the women who were there, descriptions of their bonnets, photographs of the menu-card, and telegraphic details from the *Journal* reporter who was sent to shadow the wedded pair to their retreat on Long Island. The article is very copiously illustrated, among the artists being Gribayedoff and Trowbridge. There is a full-page picture showing the duke and duchess leaving the church, portraits of the bridesmaids, instantaneous photos of the crowd around the Vanderbilt house, portraits of the ushers, pictures of the wedding guests arriving at the church, pictures of the bride getting into the carriage with her father, snap-shots of Mrs. Vanderbilt and her sons entering the church, and sketches of on-lookers.

On the whole, the editors of the other papers in New York must have been paralyzed by the amount of space that young Mr. Hearst chose to give to the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding. No other paper devoted so much space to the wedding, unless it was the *World*.

There are not wanting those who say that the fact that young Mr. Hearst was at a dinner at the Union League Club last week, given in honor of the Duke of Marlborough, may have induced him to "spread" upon this wedding. But this I can not believe. It surely can not be that a newspaper editor from out the Democratic West would care to kowtow to English aristocracy. It is evident that Mr. Hearst believes that New York is more interested in the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding than in anything else, and, so believing, devotes this large amount of space to it. Perhaps he is right, but I do not think he is.

Apropos of the *Journal*, Julian Ralph, who, as I said, wrote the descriptive article on the wedding, has been engaged as special writer by Mr. Hearst. It is said on Newspaper Row that he will write exclusively for the *Journal*. Hitherto Ralph has been connected with the *Sun*. The last time I saw Ralph, I asked him whether he was still regularly engaged on the *Sun*. He replied, laughingly, that he did not know. "As a fact," he said, "I have been intending for years to give up regular journalistic work, and devote myself to what I call literary work—that is, writing for the magazines and weekly periodicals. But I have never severed my connection with the *Sun*. A number of months ago I went to Mr. Dana and told him that I wished to take a long vacation; that I wanted to travel, and to write up some of my experiences of travel for publication and not necessarily in the *Sun*. Mr. Dana very kindly told me to take my vacation, and to stay as long as I liked, but not to consider that my connection with the *Sun* was severed. I am on leave of absence still, although I have written nothing for the *Sun* for six months. But a salary is a very good thing—a regular income is not to be sneezed at, and I do not yet see my way clear to casting aside the staff of journalism completely. I do not know whether I could walk alone without it." If, as Newspaper Row says, Mr. Ralph has a contract to write exclusively for the *Journal*, it must mean exclusively among daily papers, because he certainly will not cut off his lucrative clientele of magazines and periodicals. But it is also evident from his going on the *Journal* that he has found that newspaper work is necessary to keep the pot boiling.

Among the other additions to the *Journal's* staff, the most notable is that of James L. Ford. Ford has been placed in charge of the literary department of the paper, and will write most of the book reviews. Ford has an ancient quarrel with nearly every publisher in New York and with most of the editors. Some of his publications, such as "The Literary Shop," have aroused unbounded mirth in literary circles, but they caused had quarters of an hour to numerous publishers and publishers' readers. It may therefore be expected that the literary department of the *Journal* will be a lively one, for Mr. Ford is a literary Ishmaelite, and his hand is against every other literary man's hand. The position of dramatic critic has been given to the gentleman who chooses to be known under the pseudonym of "Alan Dale." He will be remembered as having written the dramatic criticisms on *Life* for a number of years. He was succeeded by Metcalfe,

the present critic, who is not so epigrammatic, but more trustworthy. Julius Chambers, formerly of the *World*, has been appointed assistant to the managing editor, who is Samuel Chamberlain, formerly secretary to James Gordon Bennett. Joseph N. Quail, one of the best known city editors of New York, has charge of the city desk. Frank White, for a number of years the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, has been chosen for that post for the *Journal*. It is also said that Mr. Hearst has wired West for some "Frisco Forbes" whom he will send to Cuba to act as war correspondent of the *Journal*. The position is not without danger as well as honor, for it is extremely unhealthy for newspaper men at present in Cuba, from more points of view than the climatic one.

Among the local lights of San Francisco whom Mr. Hearst brought with him from the West, the one who has attracted most attention is an artist called Homer Davenport. He is laboring under the handicap of being in a city where he is not familiar with the people and the politics, but, none the less, he has done some cartoon work which has attracted attention. He closely resembles Thomas Nast in the quality of his broad, black line. He is easily first, compared with the other artists on the paper. It is said that as soon as Charles Dana Gibson finishes his honeymoon, Mr. Hearst has retained him to do work for the *Journal*. If so, he will have quite an art team.

NEW YORK, November 7, 1895. FLANEUR.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

During the progress of the Fredericks and Durrant murder trials, and the opening proceedings in the trials of Kovalev and Brady, accused of murder, the supreme court of California has been ceaselessly scored by the press for "shielding murderers." The clerk of the supreme court has now drawn up and sent to the press a record of capital cases heard by the court during the last five years. From this record it appears that eighteen men convicted of murder have had their cases appealed to the supreme court. Of these eighteen, the supreme court has affirmed the verdict of the lower court in seventeen cases; of these seventeen, nine have been executed, one is awaiting execution, one escaped from prison, one escaped from the insane asylum, two were commuted by Governor Markham, and two have been reprieved temporarily by Governor Budd. Out of the eighteen cases, the supreme court granted a new trial in one instance—that of *People versus Wallace*—and the accused was convicted on the second trial, and died in the State prison.

With such a record, nothing can be said as to the lenity of the supreme court. That tribunal has certainly cleared its skirts of any charge of undue mercy to murderers. The journals that have brought such charges can now, in common honesty, do no less than to retract them. But what the people look to, at the hands of their highest tribunal, is greater rapidity in the decision of criminal cases. There can be no good reason why a murderer's punishment should be long delayed. A swift and stern enforcement of the law is infinitely more effective upon the minds of the criminal element than a laggard and halting drawing of the halter.

The San Francisco supervisors have at last decided upon a bicycle ordinance, which will probably be passed at the next meeting of the board.

In brief, the ordinance provides: "Immoderate, careless, or negligent riding" is prohibited; a speed greater than six miles per hour over crossings is prohibited; a warning whistle must be blown when approaching crossings; the rider's feet must be kept upon the pedals, and coasting is prohibited; a lighted lamp must be attached to wheels "between one-half hour after sunset and one-half hour before sunrise"; riding upon sidewalks is prohibited; carrying children under ten years on bicycles is prohibited; keeping to the right of the roadway is obligatory; the chief of police is required to enforce the order; violation of its provisions is punishable by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail not more than six months, or both.

As a whole, the order strikes us as being an excellent one. We might suggest that the spring-hell, sounding like an electric bell, makes a better warning signal than a whistle; the bell is used in other cities, is used to some extent here, and has come to be recognized as a bicycle signal. The bell is not carried under any other circumstances; pedestrians do not carry bells; yet boys on foot can whistle as well as boys on wheels. The spring-hell makes a sharp, metallic, ringing sound, which would be heard and heeded by many who might not notice a whistle. As soon as the supervisors' ordinance becomes a law, we hope the park commissioners will pass an identical one, so that the law may be the same throughout the city.

We observe that there is some disposition on the part of wheelmen to contest the provision regarding the use of a light at night. We advise them not to do so. If there is any vehicle that requires a light at night to warn pedestrians and others, it is the noiseless bicycle. The people of this city have been very generous in their treatment of the wheelmen, notwithstanding the many pedestrians who have been run down and injured. If the wheelmen make unreasonable resistance to a reasonable ordinance, it will result in a further curtailment of their privileges.

"Nellie Bly" is a young woman who, over that signature, used to write special articles for the New York *World*. Her favorite line was to "disguise" herself in various ways—to pretend to be a flower-girl, and see how many men would chuck her under the chin; to pretend to be insane, and to see what the doctors at the city asylums would do to her; to pretend to be in search of employment, in order to see how many hold had men would attempt to take liberties with her;

to answer advertisements for stenographers and type-writers, in order to see how many libidinous merchants were lying in wait for unprotected female innocence. Miss "Bly" thrived on her rather shady business, and took a high place among those curious newspaper persons whom Mr. Pulitzer delights to honor. Finally she stalked and bagged an aged millionaire—one Robert Seaman. She married him. We are sorry for Seaman—but probably he is sorry now himself. Mrs. Seaman, however, has just discovered that her aged spouse has set detectives on her track. She made a scene in New York the other day, and threatened to shoot the man who was shadowing her. It is doubtless unpleasant to be shadowed, but considering how much of similar scurvy business she has done, Mrs. Seaman will now have an excellent opportunity to see how she likes it herself.

"THE PAPACY AND PROTESTANT MARRIAGE."

Father Yorke Replies to Mr. Hittell.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 9, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue dated November 11th, Mr. John S. Hittell criticises certain utterances of mine concerning the marriages of Protestants.

Mr. John S. Hittell has made many assertions in his article about the Catholic teaching on marriage. For these assertions he has not thought it well to offer proof or authority. Mr. John S. Hittell is logical enough to know that *quod gratis asseritur gratis negatur*. I therefore take the liberty of denying categorically the following gratuitous assertions:

First—"It is a fact well known to scholars that Papal theologians deny the validity of all marriages except those celebrated in the communion of the Roman Church."

Second—"No recognition of the full validity of a Protestant marriage can be found in any high Papal authority, and all the expressions of the Roman doctors in relation to the subject convey the idea that a heretical church can no more sanctify matrimony than it can admit its believers into heaven."

Third—"Protestant marriage stands on a level with Jewish marriage in the Papal court; it is a custom which may be recognized as a matter of fact; it is a form of concubinage and nothing more."

Fourth—"In the Papal State, when a Catholic seduced the wife of a Jew, the Jewish marriage was treated as an empty formality and the children born under it as bastards; the nominal wife was allowed to marry her seducer without divorce, because she had never been a wife."

I am not familiar with the legal technical terms for making a wholesale and complete denial of statements, whether substantially as facts, or circumstantially as regards qualifying words and assertions, or inferentially as containing arguments; but I wish to deny these four statements in every possible way they can be denied—up, down, across, and diagonally.

With regard to the words used by me on the question of religious liberty, permit me to inform Mr. John S. Hittell that they were used in the sense intended by our laws and constitutions, as interpreted by our State and Federal courts.

Yours truly,

PETER C. YORKE.

Mr. Hittell's Rejoinder.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Father Yorke's communication has been shown to me. I reply that in certain markets words are cheap. When a Papist declares, as many a one does, that he is a friend of religious liberty, of free press, of popular education, and of republican government, he may be sincere, but he does not represent his class or he uses his words in peculiar and suspicious meanings. Considered in the light of these principles, Father Yorke's unverified denials are not entitled to much weight, but they may deserve a little consideration. I take up in inverse order the four points which he has quoted, beginning with the last.

The value attached to a Jewish marriage in a pontifical court is illustrated by the case of Cadova, the main facts of which are given in the fourth point, as reported by Edmond About in his "Roman Question," a classic work, a crushing exposure of the iniquities practiced by the self-styled "viceregent of God" as a temporal ruler. About was an able political philosopher, a truthful man, and a careful student of the pontifical government; and his statements in regard to the Cadova case have never been discredited. The proof is conclusive, and the deductions from it are irresistible. Jewish marriage was regarded by the Papal courts as an agreement for cohabitation, tolerated but not entitled to legal protection.

The third point is slightly erroneous; it should not have placed Protestant marriage on a level with the Jewish ceremony; the latter was permitted, the former forbidden in the States of the church. The obligation of the Jewish or Protestant matrimonial union on the parties and the property rights of the children born under it were not protected by pontifical law, but were entirely at the mercy of the Pope's arbitrary will in each special case.

The second and the first points are proved to be correct by the statement of Leo the Thirteenth in his encyclical of February 1880, that "in Christian matrimony it is not possible to separate the contract from the sacrament," taken in connection with the Papal doctrine that the sacraments of sacerdotal ordination, extreme unction, the eucharist, and matrimony, can not be properly performed by any one except a priest in the communion of Rome. The sacrament of baptism "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost" is accounted valid if administered by a Protestant, a layman, a woman, a minor, or a slave, and if so performed must not be repeated in the Roman Church; but no similar rule forbids the repetition of the marriage ceremony when performed by either a Protestant clergyman or a civil officer.

During more than seven centuries the popes have steadfastly asserted that the enactment of laws relating to the solemnization of marriage belong exclusively to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. This claim is made in the Papal syllabus of 1864, and in a great multitude of documents which it is not necessary to mention here or anywhere. It means that all civil matrimonial laws are void, because they are enacted by laymen who have no right to legislate about this matter. The laws being void, so also are the contracts, including all Protestant marriages, made under them.

In the opinion of those zealots who accept and understand the Vatican decrees, every Protestant is a child of perdition, a follower of Satan, a fagot condemned to the eternal fire, utterly incapable of performing a sacerdotal sacrament. The latest version of the creed of Rome declares that "Whoever says the Church of Christ [of the Papacy] 'is not an institution absolutely necessary for reaching eternal happiness, or that man can arrive at this blessing through the exercise of any other religion, let him be anathema'—that is, condemned to the everlasting flames. Such is the charitable sentence as the pious wish of St. Peter's successor for all Protestants. The well-informed Papist who expresses a hope for the salvation of the Protestant, adds, perhaps in a mental reservation, 'through admission to the only saving fold.' The son of heretical sin, destined to the fire of Tophet, is not accounted competent to perform a valid sacrament of marriage any more than he could miraculously convert the bread of the baker into the flesh of Jesus.

Some Papists have explained that heretical marriages, solemnized under English or American law, are valid in Papal courts because those laws have never been annulled or the governments which enacted them were not overthrown on paper by a Pope; but this distinction is made without sufficient basis of difference in fact. It would leave everything at the mercy of a greedy and narrow-minded priest, and besides would deny the validity of all Protestant and civil marriages in Catholic countries.

JOHN S. HITTELL.

To the ordinary pedestrian, with bicyclists and road-skaters progressing at twenty miles an hour, and electric road-cars with noiseless tires, his humble occupation will be bazarious.

LITERARY NOTES.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Widow.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, accompanied by her son, Lloyd Osbourne, and her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, sailed from this city on Thursday, November 14th, on the *Mariposa*. Their present destination is Honolulu, where they purpose remaining about four months, until the hurricane season shall have passed. Then they will proceed on to Vaillima. Mrs. Stevenson, in spite of the general impression that she is in receipt of an income of ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year from the sale of her husband's books, has received no money from that source or from his estate, for the English courts act very slowly. She has a life interest in the estate, and the residuary legatee is not her grandchild, to whom Stevenson addressed his "Letters to a Child," but her son, Lloyd Osbourne, whose name appears as joint author with Stevenson on the title-pages of "The Wreckers," "The Ebb Tide," and "The Wrong Box." Stevenson's latest book, by the way, "The Vaillima Letters," containing letters written from Vaillima to his friend, Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, has on its cover a golden "S," the upper loop encircling a scene at Samoa, and the lower one inclosing a view of the British Museum.

A Boarding-School Story.

Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, the California writer who recently made a success with her first book, "Her Majesty," has just published a story for young people, called "An Unlessoned Girl." It is a tale of boarding-school life—always an attractive setting to the young folks—and is of the order of fiction sure to meet with favor at their hands. The main incident is the metamorphosis of a girl who is unformed, self-willed, and self-affected, into a pleasing and attractive maiden. Transplanting a girl from a home atmosphere, under the influence of a refined and watchful mother, to a boarding-school is not usually the means calculated to bring about such a result; but the transformation is accomplished skillfully and without abruptness. The boarding-school, however, is an ideal one and its inmates exceptional. The pupils, it is true, speak slang with a fluency calculated to increase the vocabulary of the reader, but otherwise they are correct and well-brought-up young persons. The amount of "good times" they have helps to make the book readable, and the tale of the successful little play for amateur theatricals written by Margy, the heroine, which forms the turning-point of the book, is a pleasant incident. A lesson is meant to be conveyed to girls who wear face-powder and who have a taste for conspicuous dress, but Miss Tompkins is far more bent on writing a breezy story than on teaching a moral. And she succeeds, too, for in spite of a crudeness of style and a lack of nice perception, she has a real talent in the line she has chosen, and the sixteen-year-olds will no doubt all put her on the list of their favorite authors.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Vengeance of a Cressus.

There is a sufficiently piquant prologue to Guy Boothby's new story, "A Bid for Fortune," to arouse the curiosity of a very jaded novel-reader. It brings together in a fashionable London restaurant, by appointment made by letter from Brazil three months earlier, four men, not one of whom has ever seen any one of the others before, and sends three of them off to various quarters of the earth at the command of the fourth, who seems to be a man of unlimited wealth, and, having a revenge to accomplish, has selected them for his instruments, knowing them to be, as he informs them, capable and unscrupulous. Then the story proper begins with the meeting of a young South Sea Island trader, off for England on a holiday, and the daughter of the man on whom vengeance is to be wreaked by the four.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Mark Twain in Australia.

"Mark Twain" is being made a great social lion in Australia. At Melbourne and other cities he was formally welcomed by the municipal dignitaries; and he and his wife and daughter have been the honored guests at many social entertainments; and in some places since his advent the American drawl and accent have become the latest fad. His lectures are always crowded, and the demand for his books has been so great that the local supply has been exhausted. The sea voyage was of great benefit to the humorist, and the entire party are in the best of health.

Tales by a Western Humorist.

"A Little Book of Profitable Tales," by the late Eugene Field, though it has come out in a new dress, is an old friend, and already has its niche. It is not altogether a book for children, for many of the stories are of the kind that their elders could better appreciate; it may be said to occupy a middle ground. Certainly there are few prettier stories for children than "The Coming of the Prince," whose tender pathos will bring tears to their eyes, and the tales of forest life, where the trees and

birds and flowers discourse together, are full of grace and poetic fancy. The dialect stories, like "The Little Yaller Baby" and "Ezra's Thanksgiving" Out West," are in a more sprightly vein, though Mr. Field belonged to the class of humorists who seldom tell a tale of fun without an attendant touch of pathos. "The Cyclopeedy" is one of the few purely humorous sketches. It is a droll piece of exaggeration, and most of its readers will have a fellow-feeling for the victim of the monthly book-agent. But the genuine children's stories are the best, for Mr. Field was a true lover of the little people, and he knew the straight road to their hearts.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

ANECDOTES OF THE STAGE.

Choice Bits from "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage" — Mrs. Siddons, Anna Cora Mowatt, Mrs. Pritchard, and Others.

Those who love stories of plays and players, on or off the boards, should read "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage," by Charles E. L. Wingate. Taking such of the great poet's plays as afford leading parts for women, Mr. Wingate recounts the history of their productions, from the days when King Charles the Second had to wait for the queue to shave before the tragedy could proceed, down to the present time. Though discursive in style and abounding in anecdote, the book presents a fairly complete review of English and American dramatic history, taking in as it does most of the actresses of note who have appeared on the English-speaking stage. The noticeable omissions, of course, are among the names of famous actors, but the scope of the work is such that not a little space is given to them also.

Saucy Kitty Clive, dashing Peg Woffington, Mrs. Bracegirdle of virtuous renown, the beautiful siren Mrs. Bellamy, and a host more of fair and frail ladies rise out of the past and file before us. The favorites of to-day are well represented, too. Nearly every familiar name is there, and all seem to have essayed the great Shakespearean rôles with more or less success.

We have space to insert only a few of the anecdotes which are scattered profusely through the book. There are many incidents narrated of Mrs. Siddons; from this one we can gain an idea of her impressive personality:

Siddons had magnificent physical advantages, a majestic form, a powerful voice, and a grand manner—so grand, indeed, that Sheridan, when joked about the report of his making love to the actress, cried out: "Make love to Siddons! I should as soon think of making love to the Archbishop of Canterbury!"

And this is amusing:

The fright that the player gave the innocent shopman when, unconsciously using her most tragic tones, she asked, regarding the cloth she was buying, "Will it wash?"—the sudden fierceness of her utterance surprising him off his feet—was equalled by the astonishment she created in the mind of her dresser when preparing for Lady Macbeth. Without thinking of her assistant, Mrs. Siddons, running over her part in her mind, suddenly uttered aloud, with full force of intonation and with appropriate gesture, the words: "Here's the smell of blood still!" Whereat the startled dresser cried: "I protest and vow, ma'am, you're hysterical. It's not blood, but rose-pink and water. I saw the property-man mix it up with my own eyes."

The following story is related of Anna Cora Mowatt, who was taking the part of Juliet:

The property-man one night had forgotten to procure a sleeping-potion vial for the Friar to give fair Juliet. Confused at his own neglect, the man hastily seized the nearest small bottle at hand, and gave it to the player. Juliet, absorbed in her character, failed to notice the style of the vial, and returning to her chamber, dismissed her nurse, turned toward the audience with the words, "Romeo! this do I drink to thee!" and down her throat poured—the contents of the prompter's ink-bottle. She was astounded; but the spectators, seeing the dark stain on her lips and hands, simply supposed it was a stage trick to simulate the quick workings of the poison.

A contrast is afforded between the methods of earlier generations and those of to-day when we read this account of the costume in the play of "Macbeth" in Garrick's time:

Garrick, with all his enthusiasm for the great hero, dressed his Macbeth in the scarlet coat, gold-laced waistcoat, and powdered wig of an officer of the actor's own day, and, moreover, gave the Thane, after he became king, an immense flowing wig as large as that worn by the harons of the exchequer. Mrs. Pritchard, in her character, wore long stays and hooped petticoats, and dressed her powdered hair high upon her head, costuming Lady Macbeth in the same way that Cleopatra and other heroines were clothed.

Of this same Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Siddons's most powerful rival, we read:

Mrs. Pritchard, one of the greatest of Lady Macbeths, is found to have been totally ignorant of the play except as she had heard it acted under the glare of the footlights, never having read a line beyond the text of her own part on the leaves given her by the prompter. Mrs. Siddons could not believe this of her famous predecessor until it was affirmed by Dr. Johnson in his own ponderous way. "Madam," said he to the Siddons, "Mrs. Pritchard was a vulgar idiot; she used to speak of her gown, and she never read any part except her own in any play in which she acted."

On the other hand, Adelaide Neilson, who died at thirty-two, had studied the play of "Macbeth," though she intended to attempt the part only after she had reached the age of forty.

This anecdote is given about Mrs. Melmoth, who came to our shores in the latter days of the eighteenth century:

The once shapely figure of the lady had now developed

into such generous proportions as nearly to wreck her début in New York, through one of those unlucky misapplications of the text of the play. "Strike here," she cried, as Euphrasia in the "Grecian Daughter," when bidding Dionysius kill her rather than her beloved father—"strike here; here's blood enough." The audience forgot the point of the dagger in the point of the words, and roared so heartily as utterly to disconcert the players. Never again did Mrs. Melmoth utter those words, "Here's blood enough," when she acted Euphrasia.

Here is an anecdote of "Othello," as it was produced on French soil:

An odd little story is told of Desdemona's experience on the French stage when Ducis adapted Shakespeare's tragedy for a Parisian audience. The first night they killed the sweet lady, according to stage directions. But at that scene tender-hearted women in the audience fainted, and perfume-scented gentlemen cried down its roughness. Therefore, the complaisant adapter slashed out the catastrophe and gave a happy ending to the play. But Talma, artist that he was, could not endure such mutilation. "I will kill her," he muttered, as he strode in anger one night around the wings. "The pit do not want it, they say? Well, they shall see it and endure it. She shall be killed." In vain Ducis, overhearing these threats, protested. Talma was obstinate; that night Desdemona died. The magnificent acting of the great player was too much for the prejudices of the audience, and thereafter the original catastrophe remained in the play.

We will leave the reader to regale himself from the book itself with tales of his favorite stage heroines. The work is well illustrated with portraits of numerous celebrities of both past and present times, many of them being copies of rare prints.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

INTAGLIOS.

Leshia.

Live, live, my Leshia,
Let us our love enjoy.
Out upon old men's frowns,
Count them not worth a toy.
The sun may rise again
When once the night is past—
When our brief light is gone,
Death's long, long night will last.
Come, let us kiss a thousand kisses o'er,
Add to their number yet a hundred more;
Kisses a thousand, once and once again,
Kisses a hundred let us add to them.
Shall, then, our foes hate, knowing our kisses?
Shall our love vanish, sated with blisses?
No, hy the gods! we will blot out the score.
—Frank Payne in the Academy.

Her Eyes.

Mistress, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupid's fire,
In your fair shrine that flame doth rest,
Yet never harbored in your breast.
It hides not in your lips so sweet,
Nor where the rose and lilies meet;
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, O there lies Cupid's fire.

Even in those starry, piercing eyes,
There Cupid's sacred fire lies,
Those eyes I strive not to enjoy,
For they have power to destroy;
Nor woo I for a smile or kiss,
So meanly triumphs not my bliss;
But a little higher, but a little higher,
I climb to crown my chaste desire.
—Thomas Campion.

Juliet in Dreamland.

The sable sentinels of sleep,
The gloomy hats fierce vigil hold
When moonbeams with the jasmine peep
Through Juliet's lattice and unfold
Such silvery dreams to her of love,
As shy stars whisper of above.

And often in the wondrous night
The mantling creeper's leaves will bend,
As pixies, climbing up the height,
From tiny lutes faint music send;
Their hodies swaying, whilst they sing,
Like pendent pearls of dew in spring.

Till as the passionate morn at last
Clasps all the earth in its embrace,
The gentle serenaders cast
One long last look on Juliet's face,
Then leaping to the ground, return
To bowers of russet-tipped green fern.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, was married to Miss Irene Langhorne, the famous Southern beauty, at Richmond, Va., on Thursday, November 7th. Richard Harding Davis was one of the nine ushers, and the groom's brother, Langdon Gibson, the Arctic explorer, was the best man. There was an immense throng present at the ceremony, which took place at St. Paul's Church at noon, and about ninety guests from Richmond, New York, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities were at the wedding breakfast. The bride and groom had barely recovered from their recent accident while driving, and, by a curious coincidence, one of the ushers was prevented from acting by an accident while riding to the chase, given the day before the ceremony by the Deep Run Hunt Club in honor of the bridal party. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson spent a few days in New York, after the ceremony, and then proceeded to Europe for an extended tour.

The California Camera Club will give its fifth annual exhibition at Metropolitan Hall on Friday evening, November 22d. A miscellaneous set of two hundred slides will be shown.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Miseries of the Well-to-Do.

"The Art of Living," by Robert Grant, is hardly destined to win the popularity of those two earlier and favorite works of his, the "Reflections of a Married Man" and "Opinions of a Philosopher." Our genial philosopher has grown older, and has lost his lightness of spirit. His Josephine is altered into a Barbara, didactic and worldly, and the fresh-heartedness of the pair is gone. His brow is puckered now over some of the weighty problems of existence. The title is perhaps misleading, since the volume does not profess to outline distinctly just what is the art of living. It is rather the ponderings of a thoughtful man upon the manifold difficulties of life in these days of restless ambition and nervous tension, and while what he has to say is cogent and earnest, one is apt to leave off with the conviction that his ways of thinking offer little guidance in the solution of the problem.

The book consists of a series of essays on such topics as the income and how to spend it; the dwelling; the education of children, with an eye to their future occupations; a glance at different ways of "summering"; a discourse on men and women, separately, as factors in social progress; and, to conclude, a comprehensive chapter entitled "The Conduct of Life." This last is apparently intended to weld the whole together and give it coherence, but the conclusions drawn do not strike one as the irresistible outcome of the premises laid down. Incidentally, such phases of modern housekeeping are touched upon as the servant question and its future, the apartment-house, and the suburban residence. The halo for women receives a share of attention.

The book is a striking one, with much in it to awaken reflection, and the easy flow of the style and happy power of epithet are full of charm. But, after all, its scope is a narrow one and its line of thought too worldly for the mass of readers, since it practically takes the ground that life holds little in the way of development, usefulness, or enjoyment for those not in receipt of an income of at least seven thousand dollars. Simplicity of living is declared too difficult of achievement, though there is a somewhat dejected plea for a brief taste of it in the hot summer weather.

Taken as a whole, the work might be called a vindication of the complex demands of modern living and of the conventions of society, though the arraignment is severe on that rapid and frivolous plutocracy of New York, which fails so signally to represent our highest civilization.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

A Collection of Stockton's Stories.

"A Chosen Few," by Frank Stockton, is well named. It consists of nine of his best-known and most original short stories gathered into a volume, and few of the prime favorites of his admirers will be found missing. It goes without saying that "The Lady or the Tiger?" is there, and also the story suggested by it, no doubt, "His Wife's Deceased Sister," wherein an author finds it difficult to live up to his first great literary success. The volume would be incomplete without that pseudo-scientific sketch, "A Tale of Negative Gravity." It is the oddest of odd fancies, told with an inimitable matter-of-factness that might almost trap the unwary into the conviction that the author believes in the possibility of his preposterous yarn. "Old Pipes and the Dryad" and "The Philosophy of Relative Existences" come within an ace of being poetical, incongruous as poetry seems in connection with this dry-as-dust humorist; but the former was meant for children, and Mr. Stockton often develops a playful vein when he writes for the little ones. It is disappointing not to find in the collection that captivating bit of absurdity, "The Griffin and the Minnir Cañon." If we had to make a choice, we should substitute it for "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke." The latter is a droll conception of a shipwreck, certainly; but, somehow, clever satire as it is, it grows dull in the telling.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Laird and a Maiden.

"Red Rowans," by Mrs. F. A. Steel, is a story of the kind that novel-writing Englishwomen turn out by the score. They all have a family resemblance in their smoothly flowing style, their leisureliness and three-volume length, and in the absence of any marked characteristic on the part of the writer beyond an abundance of gentle sentimentality. There is generally a pretty girl of extreme refinement, but of lowly birth, with whom the lord of the manor, a handsome young man with a tendency to sow wild oats, falls in love. "Red Rowans" is a Highland tale, and the handsome young man is a Scotch laird. There are so many pretty girls in the case that a considerable curiosity is aroused in the reader as to which one Mrs. Steel will ultimately apportion to the laird. It turns out to be a surprise, for the one he finally marries is the dark horse. Those in whom this mild kind of entertainment appeals will find all the familiar situations which they have grown to like from long

usage. A guardian, a house-party, tableaux and private theatricals, a fire and a rescue, a secret marriage, a bundle of stolen letters containing direful revelations—these are only a few of the attractions included.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Irving's New Play, "King Arthur."

"King Arthur," by J. Canyns Carr, the play which Henry Irving produced at the Lyceum Theatre, in London, last January, has been published in book-form. It is a drama in a prologue and four acts, the prologue representing the scene at the magic mere when King Arthur receives the sword Excalibur, and the four acts of the play telling how Guinevere is forced into bidding Sir Lancelot not join the quest for the Holy Grail, how they discover their love for each other, how King Arthur learns of their sin, and finally, the passing of Arthur and the death of Lancelot. It is a tragedy of deep pathos as Mr. Carr has set it forth in flowing and often majestic blank verse, and it affords opportunity for a moving series of stage pictures.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Words and Their Uses.

A book which the literary worker will read with profit, and one which will interest many others beside, is "Our Common Speech," by Gilbert M. Tucker. It contains six papers: "Lectutis in Fabrica," an admonishment that words are tools and should be used as such, each for its own special purpose; "Degraded Words," discussing those which were formerly used in a favorable or indifferent sense, but now convey reprehension, contempt, or dislike; "The Revised Version of the New Testament," considering the criticism that the translators were "strong in Greek but weak in English"; "Old Dictionaries," pointing out their curious features; "Modern Dictionaries," comparing them; and "American English," comparing the average speech of the United States with that of England. An alphabetical index to the words referred to closes the volume.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Alexandre Dumas says he has arrived at an age when the best thing a man can do is to hold his tongue. He quotes Guy de Maupassant as saying to him one day: "If I were rich enough not to be obliged to write, my dream would be to write only one more book, a short one, at which I should always continue to work, and which I should order to be buried on the day of my death." "I think," Dumas adds, "that I am beginning to realize the dream of Maupassant."

W. E. Henley's edition of Byron's works, which the Messrs. Macmillan will issue, will include, besides the complete poetical works, the letters of Byron, public and private. There will be ten volumes.

Apocryphal of the rumor that Lord Salisbury means soon to appoint Alfred Austin poet laureate, this story is told:

On the death of the Duke of Clarence, he sent to a morning newspaper some mourning verses, for which the editor returned him a check for twenty-five pounds, but the poet sent it back with the statement that "he could not accept payment on account of a nation's tears." When the Duke of York married his brother's fiancée, Austin sent the same journal an epitaphium. The editor this time failed to send a check, and was reminded of the fact by the poet. The editor recalled the former incident, but Mr. Austin replied that the cases were quite different. "Whilst I could not," he said, "consent to make money out of a nation's tears, there is no reason why I should not be paid for adding to a nation's smiles."

In view of the present interest in things Turkish and Armenian, a translation of A. G. von Suttner's "Djambek the Georgian" is very timely, as it is a novel of modern Turkey. It will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

A notable list of books for children is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. This year, it includes:

"Carrots" and "Cuckoo Clock," by Mrs. Molesworth; "Chilhowee Boys in War Time," by Sarah E. Morrison; "Cuore," by Edmondo de Amicis; "Dear Little Marchioness," "The Faience Violin," by Champfleury; "Half a Dozen Boys," by Anna Chapin Ray; "How Tommy Saved the Barn," by James Otis; "Jack Alden," by Warren Lee Goss; "La Belle Nivernaise," by Alphonse Daudet; "Old Man Savarin, and Other Stories," by Edward W. Thomson; "The Apprentices of Moon Street," by George Montereau; and a new edition of Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies."

Mme. Belloc, in her new volume, "In a Walled Garden," describes her life in Rome with Mrs. Jameson, and in the Paris of 1870, and gives a full account of many famous people whom she herself has known intimately, among them being George Eliot, Cardinal Manning, Joseph Priestley, Mrs. Broth, Mary Hewitt, Basil Montague, and the Proctors.

"The Two Pages" is the title of a new historical story by Stanley Weyman.

"In Sight of the Goddess," a story of Washington life by Harriet Riddle Davis, is the complete novel in *Lippincott's* for November, and among the other notable articles in the number are:

"Medical Education," by A. L. Benedict; "A Dead City of Ceylon," by Owen Hall; "A Hundred and

Twenty Miles an Hour," by Charles H. Cochrane; "With the Oyster Police," by David Bruce Fitzgerald; "The Pet Meanness," by Frances Courtenay Baylor; and "Our Fullest Throat of Song," by William Cranston Lawton.

The Messrs. Appleton report that a large circle of readers have already been attracted to their recent novel, "In Defiance of the King," the author of which is C. C. Hatchkiss.

T. de Wyzeva says, in *Le Temps*, of Tarver's book on Flaubert, "Imagine a deaf man consecrating all his leisure to writing the life of Mozart, not from admiration for the music, but for the elevated moral qualities revealed in the private letters of the artist."

There is a rumor that Colonel John Hay is the author of the Joan of Arc narrative now running in *Harper's*. But most people believe it to be by Mark Twain.

Anthony Hope's theory about novels is that they should have entertainment for their primary object, and should show things as they are, rather than inculcate what they ought to be. The novel with a purpose, therefore, he does not care for. Though he writes dialogue extremely well, he thinks that dialogue, as a distinct form of literary production, will not hold an important place in literature. He is a very careful writer, going over a chapter repeatedly if he does not think it as good as he can make it. He generally reads his stories over three or four times before he allows them to appear in book-form.

A new novel by Percy White, who wrote "Mr. Bailey - Martin," having the title "Corruption," and dealing with political and social life in London, will soon be published by the Appletons.

"The Faience Violin," Daudet's "Belle Nivernaise," and "L'Avril" are the latest issues of Crnwell's Faience Library, which comprises reprints of Continental and English classics, from "The Vicar of Wakefield" to the Tartarin stories and from "Abbé Constant" to "The Light of Asia."

Macmillan & Co. have just ready F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Casa Braccin," in two volumes, with thirteen full-page illustrations from drawings by Castaigne.

The latest list of autumn announcements from the Messrs. Appleton includes the following works:

"Greenland Icefields," by Professor G. Frederick Wright, and "Movement," by E. J. Marey, in the International Scientific Series; "Pioneers of Science in America," edited by Dr. W. J. Youmans; "Old Faiths and New Facts," by W. W. Kinsley; "Text-Book of Anatomy," by Dr. Frank Baker; "Diseases of Children," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt; "A Handbook of Therapeutics, Pharmacology, and Toxicology," edited by Dr. Frank Foster; and, in fiction, "The One Who Looked On," by Miss F. F. Montresor; "Mrs. Tregaskiss," by Mrs. Campbell-Praed; "The Dancer in Yellow," by W. E. Norris; "The Desire of the Moth," by Capel Vane; "Successors to the Title," by Mrs. L. B. Walford; "The Wrong Man," by Dorothea Gerard; "Courtship by Command," by H. M. Blake; "In the Blue Pike," by Dr. George Ehlers; and "A Flash of Summer," rewritten by the author, Mrs. W. K. Clifford.

Sir Walter Besant predicts that novels will shortly be written in dialogue, and that descriptions will be almost entirely done away with.

Thomas Hardy says in the preface to his new book, "Jude the Obscure"—on which he was engaged from 1887 until the end of last year:

"For a novel addressed by a man to men and women of full age, and one which attempts to deal unaffectedly with the fret and fever, derision and distaste, that may rage in the wake of the strongest passion known to humanity, as well as to point without a mincing of words the tragedy of unfulfilled aims, I am not aware that there is anything in the handling to which exception can be taken."

Professor Wondrow Wilson has written a series of papers on George Washington, which will appear in *Harper's* during the coming year.

The November number of Charles F. Lummis's Southern Californian magazine, *The Land of Sunshine*, is a floral number, emphasizing the winter beauties of the southern part of this State. Juliette Estelle Mathis's "Flowers in California" is happily verified with reproductions of actual photographs, else Eastern credulity had been put to a strain. T. S. Van Dyke has a brief paper on "The California Candor." Professor Charles F. Holder writes of "The Cordons of the King's Highway," and Harriet Fancene Crocker of "Chrysanthemums." Among the topics discussed by the editor is the "undue praise accorded General Miles as an Indian fighter at the expense of Crook."

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By JANE PORTER. Two vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, illustrated, \$3.00; white back, fancy paper sides, \$3.00; half calf, gilt top, \$6.00.

For a century Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" has been the delight of successive generations. It is romance, yet it is history, and will inspire in the young a love for the study of the past. The illustrations are carefully made from photographs depicting the scenes where the events of this prose epic were carried on.

BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

By the REV. WILLIAM DODD, LL. D. With numerous additions. Two vols., 16mo, gilt top, with photogravure frontispieces, \$2.50; half calf, \$4.50.

Dr. Dodd's work has been from the beginning a book of great popularity. It is now published in new and elegant form from new plates; the text has been carefully compared with that of the Globe Edition, many additional passages have been interpolated, and no pains have been spared to make it a perfect anthology.

DEAR LITTLE MARCHIONESS.

The Story of a Child's Faith and Love. With introduction by BISHOP GAILOR of Tennessee. One vol., 8vo., 60 pages, 3 illustrations by W. L. TAYLOR, cloth, \$1.00.

THE THREE APPRENTICES OF MOON STREET.

Translated from the French of GEORGES MONTEGUIL, by Huntington Smith. With illustrations by Louis Le Rivérend and Paul Steck. One vol., 8vo., \$1.50.

HALF A DOZEN BOYS.

Illustrated edition. An Every-Day Story. By ANNA CHAPIN RAY. One vol., 8vo., 318 pages, 18 illustrations by Frank T. Merrill, cloth, \$1.50.

"Half a Dozen Boys" was first published five years ago. Few books have ever given a greater impression of wholesome reality. The new edition with its cleverly drawn illustrations will attract not only new readers, but many who have already made the acquaintance of the lively six, and followed them in their little history.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Strange Story of Battle.

Some months ago there was noticed in this column a book of curious writings entitled "Lies," by Stephen Crane. These "lies" were something between "pastels in prose" and fables, and were in the form of verse, though they had neither rhyme nor metre—either rhyme nor reason, one is tempted to say. They were evidence of undeniable originality in Mr. Crane, though it is not so sure that originality was commendable, and the announcement that he was writing a novel of the Civil War aroused curiosity in whomsoever his "lies" had reached.

This story is now out, with the title "The Red Badge of Courage." It relates the adventures of a country lad during the two days of his first battle. As Mr. Crane is now in his twenty-fourth year, his descriptions of the sights and sounds of war are purely imaginative. Whether or not they paint the real thing, we leave it for veterans to determine; certain it is that the story gives a very vivid impression of the din and confusion of a long engagement and of the manifold grisly horrors that follow in its wake.

The youth whose fortunes Mr. Crane follows belongs to an untried regiment, and they deserve the epithets of "mule-drivers" and "mud-diggers" that a staff-officer applies to them. They are free-born citizens, and they rail at the blind helplessness of their position, to be sent forth to glory or to slaughter at their leaders' word, like pawns in a game of chess; and in action they are all emotion, charging like demons at the first, their courage oozing under a steady fire, fighting at the last like so many cornered rats. The youth is oppressed with the fear that he may prove a coward, and at last the terror of death seizes him and he flees bloodily, madly, anywhere to get out of the reach of those terrible bullets. All day he waddles about the scene of battle, now nearly run down by a dash of artillery, now watching from a hill-top the squalid advance of a line of blue-coats, now carried along in the mad rush of a retreat, and always surrounded by the grewsome sights of war, the dead, the wounded, and the dying. At night he finds his own camp-fires, and is made a hero because of a wound he has received from a retreating soldier whose flight he impeded. In the second day, however, he retrieves himself and emerges from the conflict a stroger and a better man.

The book reminds one of Tolstoy in its realism and in its minute analysis of undeveloped nature under stress of strong emotion. It would be improved by compression into much shorter space; one tires of the successive glimpses of so large a field. But it portrays vividly an extended engagement as a private in the ranks sees it, and, considering that Mr. Crane has imagined it all, it is a remarkable piece of work.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A Dogtown Wild Rose.

Mr. Francis Francis, an Englishman who has spent some time in America, has embodied his impressions of life on the Mexican frontier in a romantic tale, called "Wild Rose." The story opens on the Dogtown stage-coach, and the key-note to the book is given in the first incident, where Wild Rose, producing her pistol, gives an ear-mark to a refractory leader, while the load of passengers, infected with excitement, fire off their six-shooters in the air, whooping melodiously as the stage bounds forward. Wild Rose is a piano-girl in a gambling-den, but is, nevertheless, in spite of wild freaks and vagaries, a pure woman whom misfortune has brought to this pass. The story tells of her life in Dogtown, of her love for Ned Chase and his for her, of his arrest for murder and his escape through her aid, of their together robbing a Pullman coach in their straits for money, and a host more of dramatic happenings. The life described is of the roughest, where oaths are always on men's lips, where knife and pistol are ever ready to leap forth, and where law and justice are as much of a farce, the writer tells us, as in a trial on the stage. There is nothing slow about Dogtown events, nor in Mr. Francis's manner of relating them. The life is overdrawn, no doubt, but the story is written graphically and with a freshness of interest that will awaken the like feeling in the reader.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Stories by F. Hopkinson Smith.

"A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others," is a book of short stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, most of them told, as he best likes to do, from the standpoint of a personal experience. There is variety in both the scenes and characters depicted, some of the stories being incidents of city life, some of foreign travel, or of woodland wanderings in search of sketching material. "A Gentleman Vagabond" is a tale of another Southern colonel not entirely dissimilar to the genial Colonel Carter, though the latter was pure gentleman without any admixture of vagabond. "The Lady of Lucerne" is more interesting as a vivid glimpse of gambling scenes than for the somewhat stereotyped romance of the tale; and "A Knight of the Legion of Honor" is only redeemed from a superfluity of

the same quality by the breath of poetry in the concluding paragraph. The dog stories, of which there are several, are told with a sympathy and humor only possible to a true dog-lover. The one called "Another Dog," wherein the two leading roles are taken by canines, is quite perfect in its way. It is much superior to "John Sanders, Laborer," which is so surcharged with pathos that it becomes iatristic. One reads it with pain instead of pleasure, nor wishes to turn to it again.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"The Carved Lions," by Mrs. Molesworth, a pretty story of a shy little girl's experience at an English boarding-school, has been published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

As much as the later Victorian era has not had a more enlightened critic than Matthew Arnold nor a writer who excelled Walter Pater in purity of style, it is a pleasure to find their famous essays, "The Function of Criticism," by Matthew Arnold, and "An Essay on Style," by Walter Pater, issued in a little paper-covered book by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Kaoter Girls," by Mary L. B. Branch, is a fairy story in which two little maidens who had rags that made their wearers invisible, a magic chariot, and two plaid aprons, meet with various strange and wonderful adventures. The book is handsomely printed, and is illustrated with pictures by Helen Maitland Armstrong. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

A new holiday edition of "Standish of Standish" has just been issued. It is in two volumes, each of which is illustrated with two photographic reproductions of spirited etchings by Frank T. Merrill, in which the quiet scenes of Mrs. Austin's story of Old Plymouth are faithfully presented. The volumes are carefully printed in fair type on heavy paper with gilt tops and rough edges, and they are tastefully bound in green cloth. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$5.00.

A new edition has just been issued of Goldwin Smith's "Oxford and Her Colleges." The author, while in the service of a Royal Commission of Inquiry, had occasion to make himself well acquainted with the archives of the university and its colleges, and from this knowledge, together with some information from recent writers, he made a very pleasant little book. The present edition is illustrated with reproductions of many excellent photographs. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Mottoes and Commentaries of Friedrich Froebel's Mother-Play," the mottoes rendered into English by Henrietta R. Eliot and the prose commentaries translated by Susan E. Blow, has just been issued in the International Educational Series. The book will be found of great value to young mothers and kindergarten teachers, especially as Miss Blow has preceded the body of the book with an introduction treating luminously of the philosophy of Froebel. The illustrations consist of the quaint and instructive cuts made for the Froebel edition, which is now out of print. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"My Japanese Wife," by Clive Holland, is a sort of English "Madame Chrysanthème"—not a downright John Bull account of an affair with a native woman in Japan, but a very modern Londoner's poetic recital of his life in Japan with a *mousmé* whom he marries. She is a dainty little doll, and their domestic life is like that of two children playing at housekeeping, but with the added charm of Japanese surroundings. The book is illustrated with marginal drawings of Japanese household implements, musical instruments, and the like, and the cover is brilliant in colors. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

A new edition of "The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Moore" has just been issued, with a biographical sketch by Nathan Haskell Dole. The text is taken from the author's ten-volume edition of 1847, and fills two volumes of more than three hundred and fifty pages each. The annotations are very full, and in addition to the table of contents, there are two alphabetical indexes, by titles and by first lines. An excellent portrait serves as frontispiece to the first volume, and illustrations of a high order are scattered through the pages. The edition is printed from new plates, and, handsomely bound in green cloth, it makes a notable holiday publication. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

A new English version of Emile Zola's "Une Page d'Amour" has just been made by Ernest A. Vizetelly, who issues it with the title "A Love Episode"; he also furnishes it with a critical preface. It is one of the Rougon-Macquart Series, Hélène Grandjean being the daughter of Ursule Macquart, the third child of the neurotic founder of the family, Aunt Déjà; and it sets forth the growth of her love for the doctor who tends her sick child, her fall, and the terrible punishment that comes to her through the child's passionate jealousy. The book is illustrated with ninety-four

wood engravings from drawings by E. Thévenot, and is a well-printed volume of nearly four hundred pages. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

Cy Warman, the locomotive engineer who has built up a reputation for himself by his lively tales and rhymes of railway life, has collected some of his best productions and issued them in a book to which he gives the title "Tales of an Engineer, with Rhymes of the Rail." In addition to thrilling tales of midnight runs in the cab of a locomotive, the first half of the book contains some of Mr. Wyman's impressions of the Mediterranean and the Orient. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

BALLADE.

Methinks it was a merry scene,
This London Town of long ago;
The chaste Elizabeth was queen
(Who caused her cousin's blood to flow);
The courtier sought his wit to show,
And voiced his artificial lays;
The Thames was mightier than the Po—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The lasses were alert, I ween,
In sparkled gaud and rihoned how,
To greet the lads upon the green
And to the fiddle trip the toe;
Proud dames were wont the dice to throw;
Perchance the plotter got the praise;
The fawning friend was oft the foe—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The query of the world has been,
Was William's manner quick or slow?
His doubtful face, was it serene—
Or flashed with introspective glow?
Alack! of him we little know,
And of that little most is haze.
Did other hands the palm bestow—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays?

ENVOY.

Ah, passing old shall England grow
Ere such great poets walk her ways
As in the stately times, I trow,
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays!
—A. T. Schuman in the Bookman.

A College Course in Modern Novels.

Dr. William L. Phelps, one of the youngest instructors in Yale, recently outlined his course in modern novels—the most popular course in the college curriculum—as follows:

"The great object of my course is to read the modern novel as the most important form of literary art; to study it as we study poetry or the drama; to trace in a novel the current tendencies of thought. The study of the novel should be a study of the spirit of the times, for the man who reads the novel of to-day keeps track of not only the taste of the times, but of the spirit and the tendencies of the times. Each member is obliged to bring in a written review of the novel read before the lecture is begun, thus giving him not only training in novel reading, but also in rhetoric and composition, and a student's review must always be personal, not impersonal; not a synopsis, but a criticism.

"The course is a recognition of the dignity of the novel of to-day, and an acknowledgment that the writers of the greatest earnestness and literary power express themselves in that way at present. The dignity of the contemporary novel should be upheld. Because a thing is old is no conclusive reason why it is better than the contemporary novel. It is a common complaint that college graduates can not go out into the world and discuss the literature of their own day. They should certainly be able to do so. To make this course as contemporaneous as possible, every author studied will be a living writer, except Stevenson and Turgenieff, and, in the case of the former, his recent death has brought his works into such prominence that the effect is the same as if he were alive, and, in the case of the latter, he gives such a faithful picture of Russian life that he can not be overlooked.

"As a rule, only one novel by each author will be read, not necessarily his best, but the most representative for the course. Where an author has an 'early' and a 'late period,' such as Tolstoy or Bjornson, each period will be studied. The year's work will consist of thirty novels, 'Marcella,' 'A Modern Instance,' and 'Esther Waters' are read in succession, because they represent three kinds of realism. They will be followed by 'A Gentleman of France' and 'Treasure Island,' to show the sharp contrast between the realistic novel and the historical romance and the story of adventure."

The prices of the following books, printed by Longmans, Green & Co., noticed in these columns last week, are as follows: Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Tenth Muse," \$1.50; Wislawa's "Romance of the Woods," \$1.75; and Hudson's "British Birds," \$3.50.

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By ANTHONY HOPE, author of "The God in the Car," "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc. With photogravure Frontispiece by S. W. Van Schaick. 2mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" proved Mr. Hope's power as the author of a fighting romance, and his pen again becomes a sword in this picturesque and thrilling story of a medieval Italian paladino, whose character will recall the Chevalier Bayard to the reader who breathlessly follows him through his adventures and dangers.

Corruption.

By PERCY WHITE, author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," etc. 2mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

The promise shown in "Mr. Bailey-Martin" reaches fulfillment in this acute study of political and social adventures in London. The story illustrates phases of life which are of especial interest, and it is told with rare felicity of expression by an author intimately acquainted with the subjects of which he treats.

The King of Andaman.

A Novel. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. No 180, Town and Country Library. 2mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

The peculiar and romantic experiences sketched in this strong story occurred at the time of the Chartist riots in England, a period well adapted to the talent of a skillful novelist like Mr. Cobban. His plot is fresh and striking, and his treatment holds the reader's interest.

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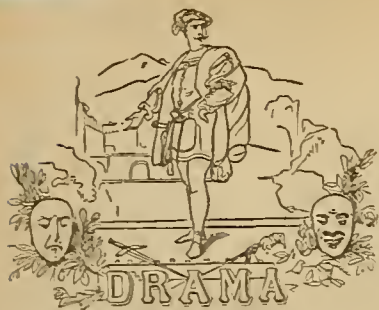
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The theatrical companies that have lately found their way here from Gotham force one to the painful conclusion that Mr. William Greer Harrison must have been right when he said the New York drama was either legs or buffoonery.

Certainly the metropolis of the country has lately sent us either one or the other, and by the advance notices of coming attractions, evidently intends to keep it up. If "The Passing Show" had come from either Chicago or Deover, one would have scornfully observed: "You see, that's the sort of thing the West likes," and a sigh for the classic culture of Eastern drama would have burst from the critic's despondent heart. But "The Passing Show" came from New York, where it had enjoyed popular patronage and a lengthy run. Out here, on the ragged edge of all things, it was found dull, stupid, and indescribably vulgar. It is doubtful if it would have pleased even a south-of-Market-Street audience, or a well-dressed audience with south-of-Market-Street blood in their veins and south-of-Market-Street tendencies.

That the parlous state of theatricals in New York has attracted other attention than that accorded to it by the author of "Runnymede," is attested by the picture in the last *Life*, entitled "The Present Condition of the Drama in New York." Accompanying this comes a review of Harry Dam's new piece—it can not be called a play—where, as a new and original gem of English humor, "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back" was sung. This is the song that a San Francisco audience found intolerable in its crude coarseness. Either we here are suffering from a prudishness unequaled since the régime in England under Cromwell, or else in New York the drama is in such a state of decay that they will either have to appoint a censor, or else import some rugged foreign talent to infuse new life into its sickly and enfeebled body.

In San Francisco, dramatic taste is distractingly variable. It approves the Henderson extravaganzas and the classic drama as played by Irving with equal intensity. At the same time, the Western theatre-goer admires above all other forms of the drama the legitimate. Fred Warde, with "Julius Caesar," can crowd a theatre. Irving's performance of Shylock was that which aroused most comment and interest. It likes serious subjects treated seriously. When Coquelin played here last, "Thermidor" was the only piece in his repertoire which drew a packed house. Stage frivolity is not as popular in the West as in the East. The reign of the farce-comedy is almost dead on this side of the continent. There is but one extravaganza company which makes a popular success here. Comic opera, even when embellished with beauty in all that the costumer dare leave off, is not as popular when the buffoon is the hero as it is when a solemn soprano, with a pretentious, caliope voice and no more *esprit* than Wang's rubber elephant, is the heroine.

We are evidently a serious people here, uninclined to laughter. The stranger that is within our gates often notices this, especially when he goes to a theatre to see what purports to be a funny play. It is said by some of the actor-folk that a San Francisco audience is the most chilling and uninspiring to the republic. One occasionally notices the diminution in the actor's vivacity as he levels his witticisms at serried rows of solemn, unresponsive faces, all staring with unblinking eyes. He need not despond, however. That singular lack of reciprocity which is crushing his spirit and making him feel that his gaiety is all effort, his humor dully lugubrious, does not necessarily imply an absence of appreciation. A whole audience may receive a play in phlegmatic silence, and yet be greatly enjoying it in a sort of silent, inward fashion. The San Franciscans are a little like the English; they take their pleasures sadly.

This is all a sort of explanation to Mr. de Wolf Hopper, who comes here now for the first time, and must not be frightened away—for he is a clever fellow and ought to be encouraged—by our alarming idiosyncracies. We have frightened off so many people that it is getting quite a serious matter, and if we keep it up, we won't have anything left but the Orpheum and the brilliant local dramas that are founded on the crimes that from time to time raise the circulation and the spirits of the daily press. We have driven Lillian Russell hence in pouting displeasure. Blanche Walsh says she will have none of us, we are "jay" from the crown of our heads to the soles of our feet. Nat Goodwin has a black cross against our name on the map. Jim Corbett disdains us. We are dark in the dis-

pleasure of Augustin Daly. Young Sothern is silent, but his silence is heavy with meaning. It looks as if we were going to be left to Fanny Daveport and extravaganza. If this goes on, we will be like that famous party in a parlor, "all silent and all damned."

The chief difficulty with "Wang" is that it has come to us too late. It is out that it is old in Eastern ears, but that it stayed so long in the East; that others of its kind—a lesser and baser kind—have been coming here for the last three years, giving us a surreptitious feeling of vindictive dislike to the opera bouffe whose pivot is a clever buffoon. It was bad enough when they came from New York, but when they took to coming from Chicago, patience ceased to be a virtue. You have to be born in Chicago to be able to drink the water there without anticipating instant death, and so, too, you have to be a native to understand and endure the humor manufactured in that enterprising spot.

There is nothing of Chicago about Mr. Hopper. He has no enemies deadly enough to bring such an accusation against him. He is a comedian whose success upon the stage has rested largely upon his own personal magnetism. He establishes—less by means of the direct remarks he makes to them than by the subtle charm of a suggested friendliness—an air of intimacy with his audience which captivates them from the start. He has a manner of frank ingenuously that is very attractive, especially when accompanied by a delightfully boyish smile. His whole bearing suggests openness, candor, spontaneity. He has as friendly and intimate an air with the gods as with the parquet. There is still a suggestion of the amateur about him, and his bridging of the chasm between the stage and the front rows, his attitude of taking the audience behind the footlights with him and confidently letting them in to all the secrets of the craft, puts them in a comfortably good humor with this funny fellow who seems to be acting right in the midst of them among the orchestra chairs.

"Wang," as a medium for Mr. Hopper's talents, is much the same as a hundred other pieces of its kind. The famous remark of Abraham Lincoln might be applied to it, only they now are applying that to so many things that it is getting shop-worn. If you like comic opera, with a good funny man in the middle, and pretty airs sprinkled through it, and pretty coryphées in pretty costumes wandering up and down the ways of it, you will like "Wang." It is about something that nobody knows or cares. An elephant is mixed up with a treasure-chest in the plot. There is a widow with nearly as many children as the good Queen Hecuba; a heroine in rose-color who wears as many diamond rings as Mrs. Hoyt; and a hero, about five feet high, in white flannels and a pink shirt, who couples with an air of extreme juvenility a surprising fund of worldly wisdom.

This is the part originally played by Della Fox, who came here some years ago with "The King's Fool" company, and then went tripping Eastward to the glories of leading ladyhood, and finally reached the pinnacle of fame and became a star. It seems a tradition of the character that it shall be played by women of the pocket-edition type. Edna Wallace-Hopper is even smaller than the dainty Della. She is a tiny creature, and beside her stalwart husband—Mr. Hopper is of the race of Anak's sons and must stand several inches over six feet—looks like a little boy of ten.

Mrs. Hopper is one of the army of actresses that California seems to be showering down on the stage. This great and glorious State is not only furnishing the Union with such native products as prunes, lemons, and raisins, but with soubrettes, leading ladies, ingénues, and eccentric comedienettes. The supply is growing annually larger, and if it goes on increasing at the present rate, will be greater than that of all the other States combined. Some one has remarked that it soon will be a distinction not to have written a book, and it certainly, on the stage, will soon be more original not to be a native of California.

This last native daughter is a credit to her mother State. She brings upon the comic-opera stage a refinement which is as rare there as a good voice. She has dainty little mannerisms and pretty ways, touched with a piquant grace. With the smallest possible voice, she warbled her songs with the deft, miniature precision of a singing mouse. The song "A Pretty Girl" is the gem of "Wang," and is a light, delicate thing. It, however, has the same defect as "Wang" itself—it is not new enough. Three years ago they played it daily at the Casino at Narragansett Pier, and lovely ladies, a little damp about their hack hair from a recent dip in the surf, sitting under chiffon parasols and sipping warming drinks from little thin-stemmed glasses, would pause in their conversation to hum a lazy accompaniment—

"A babbling brook, a shady nook,
Sweet lips where kisses dwell O!"

A great attraction of Mrs. Hopper's is a pretty smile. One was rather prejudiced against this smile, because it was always the most salient point of her photographs. There is something maddening about a face in a photograph which always wears a dazzling smile; it is so irritating to see it when one feels ill-tempered and blue. Mrs. Hopper's attractive countenance not only smiled from

her photographs, but from pages of dramatic papers and from advertisements. It was almost as painful as that picture of Johstone Bennett as Jane, which, whenever that comedy came to town, grinned horribly over immense teeth from huge posters that were stuck on every board fence and dead-wall. The real smile of Mrs. Hopper makes one forgive the photographs and even the advertisements. It is brilliant and friendly, the finishing touch of charm to a very dainty personality.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Carmen" at the Tivoli.

The light-opera season at the Tivoli Opera House has been happily inaugurated with a two weeks' run of Offenbach's "Madame Favart," and on Monday evening, November 18th, Bizet's romantic opera, "Carmen," will be presented. This was the last work of the young French composer—he died at the early age of thirty-seven—and has been a great favorite in all countries since its first production at the Opéra Comique in Paris, twenty-one years ago. Miss Melville has made a careful study of the rôle of Carmen, the cigarette girl, and is said to have made it her best part during her tours of the Antipodes and India. She will alternate in the rôle with Alice Carle; Martin Pache will be the Don José, John J. Raffael the Escamillo, Laura Millard the Michaela, and the others in the cast will be Ferris Hartmann, Arthur Messmer, Broderick, West, Irene Mull, and Mabella Baker.

After "Carmen" will come the production of the Oriental burlesque, "The Lucky Star," which has long been in preparation.

Haverly's Minstrels.

It is a long time since we have had a minstrel show in San Francisco, and negro minstrelsy is in a similar stage of obsolescence in the East. The reason for this state of affairs lies in the fact that the vaudeville companies, and then the farce-comedies, took up all the best people in the minstrel business, and left the latter with no backbone to hold itself up. But there were many good features in the black-face entertainment that could not be "lifted," and now that farce-comedy is losing its hold on the fickle public, negro minstrelsy may come in for a second lease of popularity.

Such is the opinion of Colonel J. H. Haverly, and he is engaged in demonstrating the proposition at the Columbia Theatre. His minstrel company opened there last Sunday afternoon, and their efforts have been so well received that he is going to continue the engagement for another week. The company will be unchanged, but they will introduce a large number of new songs, dances, and other specialties.

Bill Nye as a Dramatist.

"A Stag Party," the farcical comedy which Bill Nye and Paul Potter have written together, is being rehearsed for early production in New York. Of his experience in writing this play, Mr. Nye says:

"Potter looks upon humor as a sort of literary varnish that can be applied with a brush whenever and wherever it may be deemed necessary. He has a pleasant habit of handing me the manuscript of a scene, and saying: 'Here, old man, just put a little repartee in that, will you?' There is a great deal of difference between a joke that is intended for the stage and one that is intended for publication. In the theatre you have no time to roll a good bit of humor under your tongue, or to hear it over again; whereas, if you come across something funny in a hook, you can go back and read it over again and study its subtleties and enjoy it at your leisure. Dr. Holmes said that a lecture was never thoroughly successful until it had been delivered about one hundred times, and had been shorn of all the things that the man who wrote the lecture and delivered it considered clever, and enriched with all the cheap and obvious jokes that he could pick up in the course of his travels. Well, I have conscientiously tried to put some original jokes into my work, although it has been a sore temptation to get even with the farce-comedies and comic operas which have been using my stuff for the last ten or fifteen years."

"The War of Wealth."

The run on the bank in "The War of Wealth," the melodrama now running at the California Theatre, unfailingly rouses the audience to a high pitch of excitement. It is worked up to its climax very cleverly, and the end of the first act is also a strong situation. The company presenting the play includes Harry Lacy, Al Lipman, Ben Cotton, Laura Booth, Belle Bucklin, Fanny McIntyre, and others equally well known. Miss Booth, who will be remembered as having been here with the "Prince and Pauper" company, created a most favorable impression, as she did before.

"The War of Wealth" will be continued throughout next week, the last performance taking place on Sunday night, and on Monday, November 25th, Herrmann, the magician, commences an engagement. He will have the assistance of Mme. Herrmann, and will present all his best illusions, as well as several new ones.

New York's Coming Opera Season.

The opera season in New York is to be reopened on November 18th at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the general curiosity to hear the De Reszke brothers sing the music of the Wagner dramas in German demonstrates the fact that, next to Herr Seidl, who is to lead the orchestra, these artists are the strongest attractions the management has to offer. In the approaching performances of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" at Bayreuth, the De Reszkes are engaged to fill the rôles of Siegfried and Wotan. Whether they can cast aside the individual stage effects deemed legitimate in Italian and French opera, to sink their personal triumphs in a perfect ensemble, which is the crowning beauty of the German music-drama, remains to be seen. It seems probable that Mme. Nordica will sing Isolde to M. Jean de Reszke's Tristan. Among the new members of the troupe is Mme.

Frances Saville, born of Australian parents in San Francisco, a one-time member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and more recently under engagement at the Opéra Comique, Paris.

Edna Wallace and Mr. Hopper.

It is a common thing in the theatrical world that when a star marries an actress, she immediately joins his company and crowds out every other woman who can lay the faintest claim to ability or good looks. But it is not so in the "Wang" company, for two good reasons. In the first place, Edna Wallace is pretty, and capable, and popular enough to allow no jealous fears to crumple her rose-leaves; and, in the second, she was not engaged for the company by her husband, but by her husband's manager, who is a very independent person; indeed, De Wolf Hopper says his wife is paid a larger salary than he would have given her. In the theatre they acknowledge no family ties: he is the star, and she is simply an actress in the supporting company.

An English Melodrama.

"The English Rose," a picturesque melodrama by Buchanan and Simms, is to be presented on an elaborate scale at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week. It is a strong play, with a judicious mingling of the pathetic and the humorous in its scenes, and it will be presented by the full strength of the stock company. The cast will be as follows:

Sir Philip Kingston, J. Harry Benrimo; Ethel Kingston, his ward, "The English Rose"; Maud Edna Hall; Harry O'Mailly, Esq., called "The Knight of Bally-Veeney"; George Nichols; Harry O'Mailly and Father Michael O'Mailly, his sons; H. Coulter Brinker and A. E. Henderson; Captain MacDonnell, Sir Philip's steward; Fred J. Butler; Nicodemus Dickenson, called "Nick-na-Dial"; Leslie Morocco; Randall O'Mara, a squireen; Frank Hatch; Bridget O'Mara, his sister; Mina Gleason; Patsie Blake, a stable-boy; Florence Thropp; Sergeant O'Reilly, of the Irish Constabulary; Charles W. Swain; Louisa Ferguson, lady's-maid to Ethel; Pearl McClelland; Larry MacNulty, the groom; Frank Wyman; Judy O'Shea, the bride; Nellie Stenart; Cassidy, "a hroth of a hye," H. E. Humphrey.

The Bostonians' Farewell.

The farewell performance of the Bostonians at the Columbia, last Saturday night, was a great event. The company has won a warm place for itself in the hearts of the San Francisco public; and not a number of the opera was allowed to pass without an enthusiastic encore. When the curtain fell, Mr. Barnabee was called on for a speech, and he responded in a series of happy remarks that kept the audience in laughter for fifteen minutes, concluding with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by the entire company. Before they left, the managers of the Bostonians sent a letter to Messrs. Friedlander, Gottloh & Marx, the managers of the theatre, thanking them for their courtesies during the engagement and praising highly the manner in which they had staged "A War-Time Wedding."

Notes.

Daniel Sully will be seen at the Columbia, next month, in "A Social Lion."

May Yohe—who is really Lady Hope—is to come back to America when "The Lady Slavey" is brought over.

"Wang" is to run for one week more at the Baldwin Theatre, and then, on Monday, November 25th, Hopper will be seen in his new play, "Dr. Syntax," which was voted a very funny piece in New York and other Eastern cities.

Henry E. Dixey will follow Haverly's Minstrels at the Columbia Theatre with "The Lottery of Love," Augustin Daly's adaptation of Bisson and Carré's eccentric comedy. Margaret Craven and Pauline French will be members of the company.

Robert Dowling has added to his repertoire a play by Sardon. It is entitled "Helena," and he expects it to rival "The Gladiator" in popularity. He will also be seen, this year, in "The Gladiator," "Ingomar," "Virginus," "Damon and Pythias," "Julius Caesar," and "Othello."

The students of Stanford University are to give an entertainment at the Bush Street Theatre, on Thanksgiving night, for which an elaborate programme has been prepared. There will be a monster first part, a big ballet, a series of living pictures, music by the glee and mandolin clubs, and two original burlesques.

Edward E. Rice, undoubtedly the leading manager of burlesque in this country, has had a Rice's Surprise Party in existence since away back in the '70's. His present company is the one presenting "1492," which is to be the holiday spectacle at the Baldwin, but Mr. Rice already has his lieutenants at work preparing a new extravaganza to be called "Excelsior, Jr."

William Winter is back from London, where he saw Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the popular English actress of the hour, as Juliet. Her portrayal of the love-sick girl has been generally condemned by the English critics, and Mr. Winter does not withhold his hand. He says that although she is obviously mature and of a conventional, drawing-room order of mind and manner, she invested the

balcony scene with girl-like grace, but as soon as she struck the tragic note, she was limp and powerless, and "from the vial scene to the close, her acting had neither purpose, form, continuity, coherence, visible passion, impressiveness, nor dramatic effect."

Richard Mansfield has recovered from his recent severe attack of typhoid fever, but he finds that he has forgotten the lines of all his plays. It will be a great task memorizing them again, but he is already hard at work. The company that will support him when he comes to the Baldwin is a good one, including Beatrice Cameron, Rose Eytinge, Johnstone Bennett, Jenny Eustice, Nora Lamson, Dan Hawkins, E. D. Lyons, and Orine Johnson.

"The Crime of the Century; or, the Demon of the Belfry," the play written on the Durrant murders, was produced at one of the minor places of amusement last Monday night. The police made no attempt to stop it, and none was needed: the play will die of inanition. The actors were very amateurish, and after a little, the "demon," far from inspiring awe, became a great favorite, and his appearance was greeted with uproarious applause. Another whom the gods loved was the spirit of Blanche Lacombe's mother, who appeared in the skies while Blanche prayed on the stage below; this scene provoked great hilarity.

The opening of the new race-track at Ingleside has been postponed by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club until Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 28th. The steam and electric railroad cars to the grand-stand will then be fully equipped, the track and the accommodations for members and visitors will be in perfect condition, and a notable list of crack Eastern horses will make the inauguration of the new track an event long to be remembered. The president of the club is Mr. Adolph B. Spreckels, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, president of the Horse Show Association, is vice-president, and Mr. W. S. Leake is secretary.

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St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

VANITY FAIR.

An entirely new view of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt match is presented from Paris in the startling announcement that on the Continent Miss Vanderbilt will be nothing but Miss Vanderbilt. The assertion is based upon these facts: Old Jack Churchill, founder of the house of Marlborough, was Prince of Mindelheim in Suabia, a title conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany. He always signed himself as prince and duke. His title as duke was secondary even in England, but on the Continent it was unnoticed. There he was known as "Prince." The Marlboroughs ever since have been regarded on the Continent as other princely families, like the Hohenlohes, the Leiningens, and the Schleswig-Holstein princes. Therefore, according to Continental ideas, a Marlborough can not marry a commoner. Such marriages are looked upon in Continental eyes as morganatic marriages. The Duke of Fife, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne never visit even the most microscopic Continental courts. They would not be permitted at the royal tables. It is notorious that the German emperor has persistently refused to meet "Prince" Henry of Battenberg, partner of his cousin, Princess Beatrice, because he does not consider him a prince and regards her marriage as morganatic. The Continental courts always treat English noblemen who bear high Continental titles according to their highest rank. The Earl of Perth, for example, is known all over the Continent as "His Grace, the Duc de Melfort," a French ducal title which he bears. Lord Cowper has princely rank on the Continent, that title having been conferred on the family by one of the old emperors. There are at least a score of similar cases. Therefore, on the Continent, Miss Vanderbilt's husband is known as prince, and she, being of plebeian birth, can not be a princess. When Prince Oscar of Sweden and Norway married Fraulein Munck a couple of years ago, his marriage was looked upon as legalized concubinage, and he has never been able to present her at court. Miss Vanderbilt will be received in Europe only at the English and Italian courts. Elsewhere she will be looked upon simply as "Miss Vanderbilt."

Plaids are all the rage now. There is a perfect boom in plaids. Oddly enough, Chicago dealers anticipated the boom, and laid in large stocks. The New York merchants apparently did not anticipate it, as they are entirely depleted. The Chicago merchants bought up everything in the market, and now the New York dealers are forced to go to Chicago to replenish their stocks. The Chicago dealers show no marked anxiety to help them, and are charging them full retail prices for every bolt of plaid goods that they buy. They say frankly that they have no object in selling to dealers, as their customers are rapidly taking all that they have. Everything goes in plaids—silk plaids, wool plaids, and cotton plaids. Prices range from sixty cents a yard up. Scotch plaids are sold largely for children's coats and capes. The dealers have them in the tartans of nearly all the famous clans. The inlaid mosaic plaids are very beautiful, and come in twenty different colors, but they are now all sold out even in Chicago. Sicilian mohair plaids are very handsome, and they sell rapidly, although they cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard. But the most beautiful of all the plaids is the Boucle or Belgian plaid, and there is not a yard of it to be had in a wholesale dry-goods house in New York. A few retail stores have a limited supply, but it is rapidly disappearing.

There is dismay in France. Prince Lobanoff, chancellor of the Russian Empire, is about to publish a work entitled "Dictionnaire des Emigrés." It has taken him twenty years to compile it. It contains the status of twelve thousand six hundred families of the French aristocracy who emigrated during the revolution a hundred years ago. It furnishes indisputable evidence of what became of the bearers of the great names of the ancient régime. The dismay which is about to be caused in France may be readily understood when we state that probably two-thirds of the present French aristocracy, so-called, are frauds. When the *émigrés* were forced to flee from France, the peasants rose and destroyed the châteaux throughout the country, and most of the family papers were burned. The laods were generally confiscated by the government. Many years elapsed before the return of the Bourbons, and, taking advantage of the chaotic condition of things, barbers, body-servants, stewards, and other servants of the ancient nobility, took advantage of their knowledge of their master's affairs, and assumed their titles. Three generations have passed since then. Now, hordes of adventurers have arisen, who have assumed the titles of extinct families. Thousands of *émigrés* died abroad without children. Prince Lobanoff has had opportunities in his diplomatic capacity to examine the records of various countries in Europe to which the *émigrés* fled. The Czar of Russia, the Austrian emperor, and the English king were particularly hospitable to the *émigrés*. Prince Lobanoff has searched through the state archives of Russia,

Austria, Hungary, and in the record offices in London and at the British Museum, and has succeeded in finding out what became of almost every one of the French nobles who emigrated at the close of the last century. There never has been in France, since the fall of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, any authoritative registry of the aristocracy. Under these conditions, frauds and adventurers have flourished rankly. It goes without saying that there is great excitement over the appearance of Prince Lobanoff's book, and it is looked upon with satisfaction by the ardent Republicans, as they believe that many enthusiastic members of the monarchical party will be forced to abandon that party when stripped of their borrowed plumes.

Among the curiosities of advertising, we note in *Vogue*, a fashion journal of New York, under the head of "Personal Services," several cards offering to do shopping. This is not so odd when the advertisers are women, as is the case with one Miss Helen Merritt, who offers to do shopping by mail. But the following is unusual: "Mr. Robert Grinnen, a New York club man, having an excellent tailor, hosiery, and haberdasher, would make purchases in New York for out-of-town men. Communications answered promptly. Broadway, New York." It would be interesting to know exactly what kind of a club man Mr. Grinnen is, and to what clubs he belongs. They are probably some of the East Side clubs which have lately been organized for the purpose of evading the Sunday excise laws. If Mr. Grinnen belonged to the Knickerbocker, Union, or Metropolitan Club, and made any such offer, he would doubtless be expelled with hell, hook, and candle.

In New York, the women are now importing autumn cycling gowns from Paris. They are loath to relinquish their amusement, and the park is still crowded in the morning before eleven o'clock with wheelwomen. The swell women do not wear bloomers, but cling to the skirt. The autumn styles now incline to tweeds, preferably grays and browns, clearing the boot-tops, which come half-way up the leg. The tailor finishes the unlined cloth about the hem by facing it around the bottom inside with a three-inch band of suede leather, and finishes off with three rows of stitching. With this, the average wheelwoman wears a white or colored linen shirt with three silver studs, a high collar, and a bow of black satin encircling the collar. She wears laced boots of soft tan leather or of brown or tan canvas trimmed with leather, coming half-way up the calf. Above this you catch glimpses of her handsome golf-stockings. These, unlike the men's stockings, are not rolled back beneath the knee, but come up high above the knee, and are held up by elastic supporters. The bloomers, or trousers, or knickerbockers, worn beneath the skirt, come down to the knee. The patterns of the golf-stockings are generally bright streaks knitted into the solid dark yarn. On a dull-brown ground, intricate red, yellow, and gray points will be woven in, or a dark-blue pair will show light crimson streaks flashing out above the shoe-tops. They must be hand-knitted of honest Scotch yarn. A handsome imported pair will cost from eight to ten dollars. By the way, we note that the Russian authorities at first refused to allow women to ride bicycles. In St. Petersburg, however, one got an official permission to ride about a fortnight ago, but in a few days she fell from her wheel and hurt herself so badly that she was obliged to be taken to a hospital. The police now refuse to issue any more permits to women.

The Players' Club in Gramercy Park, New York, is a very dignified institution. The Lambs' Club, which is further uptown, keeps any hours it likes, and its members frequently keep it open all night. But the Players' Club is practically closed at half-past one, and it is against the club rules to play billiards after that hour. Some frolicsome kid members came in late the other night, and determined "to break up the old boys" by playing billiards. About two A. M., the gentlemen who occupy chambers in the upper part of the club were awakened and horrified by the click of billiard-balls, and in their nighties and pyjamas they descended to the billiard-room to protest. They found that the kids were playing with the balls and upon the billiard-table, but they were certainly not playing "billiards." Therefore the kids contended that they were not violating the rule. But the seniors complained to the committee, and the kids were hauled up. Their technical protest was held to be insufficient, and they were fined for playing billiards, although "billiards" they had not played.

Large hats in the theatres seem to be disappearing in the United States. In New York this is noted by all theatre-goers. In fact, the women there wear what they call "theatre-honets"—dainty head-dresses which are becoming to almost all. The theatre-honets have low crowns and fit the head perfectly, giving a broad effect by rosettes at their side. Ornaments of steel, rhinestones, or jet are equally fashionable, and give a very smart look when in the diara shape. The colors which the women wear in theatre-honets may be as

vivid as they please, so long as they are becoming. In San Francisco, too, there is no doubt that the swell women are not in the habit of wearing large hats at theatres. At the Baldwin on any fashionable night, and at the Columbia during the recent run of the Bostonians, the absence of large hats was most marked. In Paris, however, the question is by no means settling itself peacefully. M. Claretie, who is the director of the Théâtre Français, recently issued an order prohibiting the wearing of hats in the orchestra stalls. This was submitted to with some sulks by the ladies. Now, emboldened by the success of his first decree, he has issued another, which is that they shall not wear hats in the orchestra stalls at matinees. This has caused a violent kick, but the ladies will probably submit. Women are more submissive there. They manage things better in France.

A Hearty Welcome

To return peace by day and tranquillity at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine anodyne for pain and purifier of the blood as instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, la grippe, and irregularity of the digestive organs are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

The New Flyer.

The fastest time ever made by regular trains between Chicago and San Francisco is that inaugurated on Sunday by the Chicago and Northwestern, and Union Pacific lines. An express train will leave Chicago at 10:45 P. M. daily, with through cars to Omaha, Denver, Portland, and San Francisco. The through time to the latter city will be three and one-half days. These changes will also afford a very material reduction in time between Chicago and many Western points, as Omaha will be reached at 3 to 4 o'clock the following morning, Cheyenne at 9:55 o'clock the following evening, Ogden at 1:45 P. M., and Salt Lake at 3:10 P. M. the second day. Connection will be made for Los Angeles which will save twenty-four hours from the former schedule.

—VERONICA IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DIABETES and other forms of kidney troubles. So wonderful has been the result, that physicians now admit its great curative properties. Veronica is a natural medicinal spring water, and is for sale everywhere. Beware of imitations.

First tramp—"Don't these tramp jokes make yer tired?" Second tramp—"Well, I dunno. I guess I'd be tired anyway."—Puck.

"What makes my lamp smell so!" Wrong chimney, probably. "Index to Chimneys" will tell you.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, for it—free.

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

Cigar
Ashes

should be left on the cigar as long as possible—they make it burn straighter, last longer and taste better. Speaking of taste—if yours is cultivated or if you want to cultivate it, smoke

La

Estrella

A high grade, ALLI HAVANA Key West Cigar. New Crop—light, bright colors. Price: 2 for 25c., 10c., 3 for 25c. ESBERG, BACHMAN & CO. S. F. WHOLESALE AGENTS



is what you ask for—not advice. Tell the salesman so the next time he says that some other binding is "just as good as the 'S. H. & M.'"

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S.H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City

Electrohouse

WATSON & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents, 124 MARKET ST.
Send for Circulars.

GAS FUEL

— IS —

CHEAPER THAN COAL.

This fact, combined with convenience and cleanliness, makes gas cooking a boon to every home.

Call and be convinced of these facts, and see our new stock of Gas Appliances just received from the East.

226 Post Street,

GAS STOVE DEPARTMENT,

SAN FRANCISCO GAS-LIGHT CO.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
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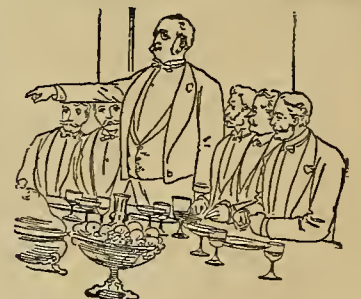
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager,
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. P. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco, Agents.
GENERAL OFFICE, 501 Montgomery St.



Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything!"
Other Listener—"Va-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMIEKE sends 'em to him."

HENRY ROMIEKE,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK
Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers in the world on any subject.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

One of the undergraduates of Girton College, the English Vassar, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, is said to have evolved this note: "Miss — presents her compliments to Miss —, and begs to say she has an umbrella which isn't mine; so if you have one which isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."

A well-known London hatter once met an acquaintance who owed him for the hat he wore. The hatter, who was accompanied by a friend, lifted his hat to his debtor, but the latter made no sign of recognition. "He does not salute you," said the hatter's friend. "No," said the hatter; "I think he might at least touch my hat to me!"

Probably no two artists ever criticised each other more severely than did Fuseli and Northcote; yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fuseli was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote, after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fuseli, promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel!"

Mary Lynch was before Justice Hall, of Chicago, a few days ago, for being intoxicated. "Sign a pledge, if I let you off?" asked the court. "I will if you'll allow me to drink one glass of beer a day," "Agreed," replied the court, and the pledge was signed. "He didn't say how big a glass I can have," remarked the woman as she left the courtroom; "I've got a pitcher that's two feet high, and I'll use that."

The celebrated Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans, who dared publicly to express thankfulness for Jenny Lind's beautiful singing, had as a member of his congregation a strait-laced Calvinist, who, on one occasion, standing on the steps of the pulpit, asked the preacher whether a man dying at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven. "Sir," replied Mr. Evans, "a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, but a fool remains a fool, even on the pulpit-steps."

The Rev. Dr. Guinness Rogers, the eminent English Congregationalist, in a recent address declared that the English people do not love the Anglican priesthood. Whereupon an Anglican clergyman, who gave his name, wrote to him as follows: "REVEREND SIR: If, as reported, you said that 'the English people do not love the Anglican priesthood,' you are a malignant liar. Royal David said: 'Liars shall be turned into hell.' I wish you joy of your journey and its end. Yours in the faith."

Byron, one bright morning, encountered Beau Brummel returning from his tailor's. "How are you, Brummel?" said the poet. "Pretty well, thank you," returned the beau; "I've been reading 'Don Juan.'" "Yes?" said Byron, with a smile. "There is some clever rhyme in it." "So?" observed Byron, with affected surprise. "And some, pretty good versification." "Ah?" returned the poet. "Why don't you try your hand at poetry, Byron?" asked Brummel. The two never spoke to one another again.

A friend of Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, lost a dearly beloved wife, and, in his sorrow, caused these words to be inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes has gone out." The bereaved married within a year. Shortly afterward the bishop was walking through the grave-yard with another gentleman. When they arrived at the tomb, the latter asked the bishop what he would say of the present state of affairs, in view of the words on the tombstone. "I think," said the bishop, "the words 'But I have struck another match' should be added."

They are telling the story in London that the impossible American in Paris alighted at a hotel to find it absolutely full. "I have nothing," expostulated the host, almost tearfully, "nothing. The first floor is taken by the King of the Ostenters; the Queen of Montegaria occupies the second; the Duke of Cottonopolis is sharing the third floor with the Caliph of Port Said; and the Crown Prince of Nova Esperanza is sleeping on the billiard-table. As for myself, I have to make up a bed in the office, and there only remains the chamber of my daughter. Of course—" "Is that your daughter?" interrupted the American, pointing to the young lady at the desk. "Yes, sir." "All right; I'll marry her after lunch." And, giving his valise to the speechless Boniface, he added, "Now, you can take my baggage up to our room."

The Empress Eugénie ordered a bag of frogs to be brought in from the forest for the late Dr. Pasteur's microscopical researches, one time when he was visiting at Compiègne. When he left, Pasteur put the bag in one of the bureau drawers and forgot it. The next inhabitant of the room was a charming beauty of the court, who was

wakened in the night by a mysterious sensation, and at the same time her foot encountered something cold and clammy in her bed. Lighting her candle, she found herself surrounded by a small legion of frogs *en promenade*. After the illustrious savant's departure, a *femme de chambre*, finding a damp traveling bag in the bureau, threw it under the bed without examining the contents, and forgot it.

A WATERLOO GUIDE.

His Thrilling Recital to the Tourists.

The cool breeze comes pleasantly and a little impudently up here at the top of the Belgic Mound; men face it bareheaded, and ladies control their distended skirts. The guide fans his brown face with his crape-bound bowler hat, mops his neck with his red handkerchief. The guide is not one of the uniformed men who wait down at the hotel; he prefers to give a free lecture in regard to the affair of '15 and to trust to luck.

"*En attendant*," says the guide, "I give you my cards. No charge." The English leaves something to be desired—"His father was employed immediately after the battle to assist the wounded. Was thirty-two years has guide to the strangers."

"They arrive," cries the guide. A breathless, joyous crowd. They swarm up the narrow steps; they walk briskly round the four corners of the pedestal on which the lion stands. Only at the guide's earnest, almost tearful, request do they consent to seat themselves on tiers of the pedestal and listen.

"One moment, mister." "At your service, sir," replies the guide. "Is this Waterloo?"

"I go to tell you, sir. You must give attention, if you please. Will you oblige me, sir?" The guide addresses the humorist with much politeness. "I find you lead! seat here—just here. Close to this charming young Américaine. So!"

The humorous youth is placed near a damsel with amazingly small brown shoes, and consents to control his spirits. The guide raises his thick stick, points with sudden excitement south, and raises his voice:

"I com-mence to tell you the trut'. I tell you the gr-r-eat Battle of Waterloo; I tell you all about it. I tell you the poseetioo of the armies; I tell you everything." The guide taps his nose with an acute air. "I tell you things dose oser guides la-bas do not tell you, be-cause—be-cause they do not know. Ver' well."

"About this fight?" suggests some ooe. "Now you listen, please. I give you important facts. I tell you the trut'. I tell you what I know. I give you the whole trut'."

"Let her go, Gallagher." The remark comes from an impatient American. "We can't stay here many years."

"Here" (pointing with his big stick), "here we get the twenty-two armée, where you see the white coo what stand all alone by himself there. Good! That is the centair of the English armée. O-blige me also by seeing that building where there my stick I point. Hup there they coom; hup come also the French armée. General Blucher he come up there."

"Who was Blukair?" asks a spectacled young lady. She is taking notes.

"The German general." "Oh" (returning to her note-book), "you mean Bloosher. Go oo."

"Here, where I point, you see laty and shentleman on bicyclette, is it not? That is where splendid magneificent sharge of what you call 'Schotch Gerys' was made. It happen joost where the laty and shentleman is descending from the bicyclette. As they sharge—as they sharge they cry (the guide waves his hat and shouts with excitement)—they cry, 'Schotchland forever!' That's what they cry, 'Schotchland forever!'"

"Good old Scotland."

"I tell you the trut'. The Scotch they take two French goulours. Also here where I point you have the splendid sharge of the French Cuirassiers. That is so. There, where the voman is beating a g rpet, there was the dépot of—listen, all of you—of the English Life Guards." The man falls back a few steps to watch his interested audience. "The Anglisb Life Guards. Sho' the Life Guardsman kills two, three, four men. Sho' did, all by himself. My fasser he tell me 'bout it; my fasser he live in little village over there, call Planchenoit."

"Say, now," the American girl's father interrupts; "how is it you Frenchmen blow like this 'bout our soldiers, eh? Don't seem quite the right thing, does it?"

Half the audience says, shyly: "Hear I hear!" "Pardon!" The guide draws himself up and taps his stick on his waistcoat majestically. "Pardon, I am Belge."

The guide goes oo with his lecture: "There where the two sheep is, Napoleon he looked through his glass and he see Blucher, and be say to itself, 'That's Grouchy,' he say. But" (acutely) "that's no Grouchy, my friends; that's Blucher all the times. Over there" (with sudden change of attitude), "over there is where Marshal Ney fight. He fight well, Marshal Ney. He call himself the bravest of the brabv'. Ob, it was splendid fight, laties and ghentleman. It all happen on a Sunday—the eighteen of Shune, eighteen hoonderd fifteen. I tell you the trut'. The Aoglisb they call it Vaterloo; the French they call it Mont St. Jean; and the Proosians they call it Belle Alliance. That's the trut', sir."

"At eight o'clocks on the Soonday it was all over. All finish. All settle. Napoleon be say, 'All is lose; save who can,' and be go away, and Blucher be follow."

"No flies on old Blucher."

"I tell you the trut'. If you ask of him, the meos down there in their tam uniform—"the guide allows his indignation to get slightly the advantage of him—"they tell you not so mooch, and they sharge you two franc. I sharge you nosing; but if—"

The fates are kind to the guide. The American girl with the small shoes takes her brother's soft hat and goes round.

"I'll trouble you for a trifle for the guide," says she.

The guide gasps with joy as he watches the American girl. When she empties the francs into his red pocket-handkerchief, he distributes his precious cards recklessly, as though they were only ordinary pasteboard.

"Well, now we'll have to hustle," says the American girl's father. "We'll just get down as fast as we can and get back sharp to Brussels. We're due in Parris, you see, to-night."—*St. James's Budget.*



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

GATHER THE ITEMS NOW

They make History in the Future.

We take orders for clipping on any subject, including Midwinter Fair.

BUREAU OF PRESS CLIPPING, 325 Dearborn St., Chicago.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

SS. City of Sydney.....November 18th
SS. San Blas.....November 27th
SS. San Juan.....December 7th
SS. Acapulco.....December 18th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:

Pern.....Tuesday, November 19, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Saturday, November 30, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....(via Honolulu), Sat., Dec. 21, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, December 31, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895.

Coptic (via Honolulu) Thursday, November 21

Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 10

.....Thursday, January 9, 1896

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in

Alaska, 9 A. M. Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, 31.

For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Nov. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21,

26, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt

Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23,

27, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los

Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Nov. 13, 17, 21, 25, 29,

and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping

only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles,

Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Nov. 15, 19,

23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz,

Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette*

Valley, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office,

Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.

Sailing from Liverpool and New

York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Germanic.....November 27 Majestic.....December 17

Teutonic.....December 4 Germanic.....December 25

Britannic.....December 11

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and

accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favor-

able terms. Through tickets to London and Paris.

Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40.

Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the

leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY Agent,

29 Broadway N

THE WONDER MILLINERY STORE.

AT THIS new store (now the largest in the city) may be seen the very latest fashion in hats in various shapes. The accompanying illustration gives an idea of the most recent style of Parisian large hat trimmed with birds and feathers.



The Wonder has flowers in profusion and flowers in abundance, with a good supply of huds, blossoms, straw wheats, ivy leaves, roses, violets, pansies, lilacs, sweet peas, and lilies of the valley. The Wonder is a place of novelties—No. 1026 Market Street.

The large, new stock of Parisian novelties in hats, feathers, ribbons, artificial flowers, etc., now on exhibition at the Wonder, is the sole topic of conversation in many a lady's boudoir, and husbands and fathers will soon be called upon by their better-halves and daughters to loosen their purse-strings. Such a high-class lot of goods has never before been imported here, and it is no wonder that the store at 1026 Market Street is crowded, morn, noon, and eve, with intending purchasers, and those who wish to be *au fait* in all that appertains to the latest Parisian styles of hats and trimmings for the fall and winter.

SOCIETY.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Mellon and Mr. Hawley, of New York, were the guests of honor at a dinner-party given last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker at their residence. An oval-shaped table, with covers for fourteen, was used, and it was ornate with red carnations and silk ribbons to match. An elaborate menu was served. The others present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Rutherford, Miss Raymond, of New York, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, and Mr. John G. Follanshee.

Luncheon to Baroness von Schröder.

An elegant luncheon was given last Wednesday by Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin at their residence, as a compliment to Baroness von Schröder. The ladies invited to meet her were:

Mrs. Hager, Mrs. William Ashburner, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. C. de Guigné, Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. W. Mayo Newball, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Mrs. Ronneville Wildman, Mrs. Theodore F. Payne, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Oliver P. Evans, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, and Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

The Crocker Lunch-Party.

Mrs. George Crocker gave an elaborate lunch-party last Wednesday, at her home on California Street, in honor of Miss Kate Field, of Washington, D. C. Covers were laid at a round table that was embellished with autumnal-tinted leaves and luscious fruit, among which silk ribbons of harmonizing hues were wound. An orchestra of mandolins and guitars played during the service of luncheon, after which all repaired to the art gallery where they were entertained with recitations and vocal music. Mrs. Crocker's guests were:

Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. Alfred B. Ford, Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. A. P. Whittell, Mrs. Hanchett, and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll.

The Davis Matinée Tea.

Misses Florence and Eloise Davis gave a matinée tea last Thursday at their residence, corner of Scott and Green Streets. The affair was given in honor of Miss Blackmore, of Cincinnati. They entertained quite a number of young ladies in a very pleasant manner. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by the following ladies:

Mrs. Cutler Paige, Miss Blackmore, Miss de Sedletzky, Miss Ella Morgen, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Mary Stubbs, Miss Bernia Smith, Miss Bernice Landers, Miss Eva Moody, Miss May Moody, Miss Jessie Hooper, and Miss Helen Wagner.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mr. J. Alfred Marsh, of this city, and Miss Fanny V. Eckley, daughter of Commodore and Mrs. J. L. Eckley, of Contra Costa County. The wedding will take place at the residence of the bride's parents on Saturday, December 21st.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Mary Frances Breeze, and Lieutenant Harry Coupland Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., which will take place at Grace Church at noon on Wednesday, November 27th. There will be a reception afterward at the residence of the bride's mother, 1330 Sutter Street, but the invitations have been limited to a few intimate friends.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace will give a ball next Thursday evening at National Hall in

honor of the debut of their daughter, Miss Romietta Wallace.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker will give a cotillion next Tuesday evening at her residence on Sutter Street.

Mrs. James Carolan will give a tea from five until seven o'clock this afternoon at her residence, 1714 California Street, in honor of the debut of her youngest daughter. They will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. George M. Pullman and Mrs. Sanger, of Chicago, Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Miss Carolan, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Harriet Graham, and Miss Cora Smedberg. Several hundred invitations have been issued for the affair.

Miss Luita Robinson will give a matinée tea next Thursday at the residence of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Luke Robinson, 2506 Fillmore Street.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs and Miss Stubbs will give a tea from three until six o'clock this afternoon at their residence on Pacific Avenue.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give its third party of this season next Friday evening at Lunt's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have given the use of their residence, 1919 California Street, for a kettledrum which will be given on Tuesday, November 26th, for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. Tea will be served by a number of ladies, and there will be a continuous performance in the theatre from three until ten o'clock. The tickets will be one dollar each.

Mrs. Hager gave an elaborate lunch-party last Thursday at her residence on Gough Street, and pleasantly entertained seventeen married ladies. The table was handsomely decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and roses.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins entertained several ladies at luncheon last Thursday at her home on Jackson Street.

Miss Mary Bowen gave a lunch-party last Monday at her residence, 2018 Franklin Street, as a compliment to Miss Mary Breeze. The decorations were very pretty, and the young ladies present enjoyed a delicious menu.

Mrs. Richard H. Sprague gave a theatre-party at the Columbia on Monday evening, followed by a supper at the home of Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace, 799 Van Ness Avenue. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

Mrs. E. B. Perrin gave a five-o'clock tea recently at her residence on Clay Street in honor of her step-daughter, Mrs. Robinson, who is here from Kentucky on a visit to her. Many friends of the ladies called and were hospitably entertained.

The matinée tea given by Miss Lizzie Carroll last Saturday afternoon at the home of her mother, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, on Van Ness Avenue, was a very pleasant and successful affair. In the evening Miss Carroll gave a dinner at the University Club to the young ladies who had assisted her in receiving and an equal number of gentlemen.

Miss Mamie Thomas gave a matinée tea recently at her home on Pacific Avenue, and entertained about seventy-five of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Edith McBean, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Frances Currey, and Miss Daisy Van Ness.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman gave a dinner-party at their residence, last Sunday evening, in honor of Miss Kate Field.

Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone, *née* Weihe, gave her second post-nuptial reception last Wednesday afternoon at her home, 210 Locust Street.

Miss Hooper, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper, entertained several of her young lady friends last Monday at a matinée tea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dempster McKee gave a reception last Thursday evening at their residence, 300 Laurel Avenue, and entertained many of their friends very pleasantly.

Miss Lake's last "Friday At Home" took the form of a literary and musical entertainment, which was under the direction of Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mr. Willis E. Bacheller will give two song recitals, English text, modern composers, on Saturday afternoons at 3:15 o'clock, November 23d and 30th, at the Association Auditorium, corner of Mason and Ellis Streets. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel will assist at each concert.

Mr. Otto Bendix will give his third pianoforte recital next Tuesday evening at Beethoven Hall, corner of Post and Powell Streets. The programme will be of much interest to all lovers of good music. There has been a large demand for tickets.

A concert will be given in Golden Gate Hall on Friday evening, November 29th, in aid of the building fund of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Mr. Noah Brandt, and others will participate.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give his second song recital on Wednesday evening, November 27th, in the Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel.

ART NOTES.

The Art Association.

The thirty-fourth reception of the San Francisco Art Association was held last Thursday evening at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and attracted a large and fashionable attendance. In addition to the large number of paintings by local artists on exhibition, there were also many by Eastern and foreign artists that have been loaned to the association. The latter form a particularly interesting feature of the display, as few of them have been shown here publicly before, and many are rare works of art. Of the paintings contributed from private galleries, probably the most notable are two by Murillo that Mr. C. P. Huntington has sent. One is "St. Gregory de Paul" and the other is "St. Francis d'Assisi in Ecstasy." They cost Mr. Huntington about two hundred thousand dollars. Of the local artists, Mr. William Keith undoubtedly heads the list. Among the principal paintings shown are the following, with the names of the artists and owners:

"Flock of Sheep," by E. Verhoeckhoven, from Mr. C. P. Huntington; "Learning the Koran," by A. Faboes, from Mrs. Hager; "Flowers," by Miss Clara Kruger, from Mr. E. A. Denicke; "Monk Reading," by an unknown artist, from Mrs. G. E. Whitney; "Cattle," by J. H. L. de Haas, from Baron J. H. von Schroeder; "Sunset in Alsace," by Gustave Doré, from Mr. Irving M. Scott; "Landscape," by G. Courbet, from Mr. C. P. Huntington; "Sheep," by Van Sluys, from Mr. D. C. Josephi; "Spanish Lady," by Bruck-Lajos, from Mrs. G. E. Whitney; "Transformation of Clyte," by Van Orley, from General J. F. Houghton; "Marine," by J. C. Nicholson, from Mr. J. C. Johnson; "Part of Naples," by Rossano, from Mrs. David Bixler; "The Confidential Letter," by F. Orlich, from Mr. Louis B. Parrott; "Rajah of Japapore," by E. L. Weeks, from Mr. James D. Phelan; "Portrait," by Professor Loefftz, from Mrs. James Nash Brown; "Boat Landing," by E. Pinchart, from Mr. Isaac Upham; "Portrait," by C. L. Signorelli, from Mr. D. C. Josephi; "Intimate," by Mella Melaine Bisson, from Dr. L. Bazet; "The Brook," by B. Lajos, from Mr. Christian Reis; "Beach at Trouville," by F. Miralle, from Mrs. G. E. Whitney; "Parisian Flower Market," by Alcazar, from Mr. Christian Reis; "Sheep Fold," by Jacque, from Mr. Frank J. Sullivan; "The Old Guard Viewing the Picture of the King of Rome," by Bellange, from Mr. Frank J. Sullivan; "Bianca Capello and Francesca de Medici," by Amos Cassioli, from Mrs. David Bixler; "Sand Dunes," by L. C. Belleuse, from Mr. John Partridge; "English Landscape," by George Moreland, from General J. F. Houghton; "Fire in the Redwoods," by Jules Tavernier, from Mr. James D. Phelan; "The Challenge," by Kol Dery, from Mr. L. B. Parrott; "The Royal Minstrels Amusing the Moorish King of Grenada," by H. Humphrey Moore, from Mr. Frank J. Sullivan.

Adjoining the main gallery is a room devoted to water-colors by such artists as:

Otto Emerson, Mrs. Clara Curtis, Mrs. T. Menton, O. Lehnhardt, Charles P. Neilson, Mrs. H. Kelly, M. E. F. Briggs, Miss Florence Lundborg, Miss Kate C. Thompson, Miss Gertrude Dorgan, L. P. Latimer, Ernest Peixotto, M. Jordan, Christian Jorgenson, W. A. Reiser, and others.

The oil work of local artists is situated in the two conservatories. Among the artists represented are:

William Keith, Thomas Hill, Joseph D. Strong, Amadeo Joulain, C. D. Robinson, L. P. Latimer, R. D. Yelland, Emil Pissis, G. Cadenasso, J. M. Gamble, Miss Helen Hyde, Miss Kate H. Maher, Henry Raschen, Miss Mollie E. Hutchinson, Miss Louise M. Carpenter, Miss Edith White, Miss Lou E. Wall, Mrs. A. B. Chittenden, H. J. Breuer, Jane Houston, Mrs. M. H. Ross, H. R. Bloomer, Charles Burnett, Miss Anna Nordgren, Miss Marian Holden, W. A. Reaser, H. J. Brewer, F. J. Vermorcken, and C. C. Judson.

Thursday evening was members' night, and was devoted to inspecting the collection and listening to some concert music by a string orchestra. The exhibition will be kept open five weeks. Every Thursday evening a special concert will be given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman.

Mr. James D. Phelan has given an incentive to local artists in the form of an offer to give the Art Association one thousand dollars to be used for the following purpose: Eight hundred dollars to be paid for the best picture by a California artist resident in this State, representing one of the three subjects: "The Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa," "The Discovery of California by Cabrillo," "The Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Portola." The second choice in the competition is to receive one hundred and fifty dollars, and the third fifty dollars. The pictures must be submitted at the spring exhibition next April, and will be passed upon by a competent jury.

Mr. Edwin Deakin will give an exhibition of his summer studies and sketches in the high Sierra this afternoon at his studio, 3100 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.

[New York Recorder.]

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are:

Pommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings.

Moët, 75 shillings.

Perrier, 72 shillings.

Mumm, 70 to 75½ shillings.

While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

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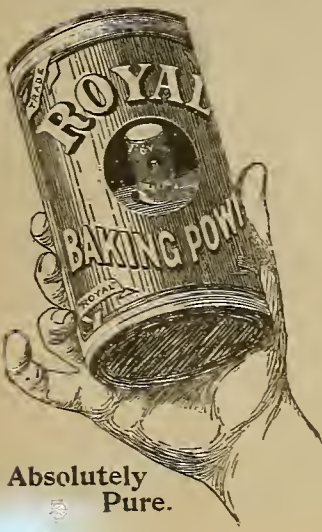
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C O C O A



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Harry M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger, who have been making a flying trip to Europe, will sail from Liverpool November 20th, on the White Star steamer *Tesonic*, to rejoin Mrs. Gillig in New York city, where she has taken a house for the winter.

Mrs. William H. Avery left last Thursday on the steamer *Mariposa* for Australia, and will be away about five months. She will visit Sydney, Melbourne, and the Blue Mountains in the Antipodes, and upon her return will pass a couple of weeks in Honolulu. The trip is taken for the benefit of her health.

Mr. J. W. Byrne is at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine is in Los Angeles with her son, Mr. Callaghan Byrne.

Mr. Harry B. Pringle returned from New Orleans last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight are occupying their new residence, 2209 Buchanan Street.

Mrs. John E. Plater, of Los Angeles, is passing a few weeks at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. C. P. Huntington and Mr. H. E. Huntington visited Sacramento and Stockton last Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Emelie Hager, and Miss Lillie Lawlor left last Tuesday for New York city. They will return about Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank have left the Hotel Richelieu and leased the Roeding residence, 1910 Washington Street, for the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Powers have leased the Redding residence, 2100 California Street, for a year, and are now occupying it.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs left for New York last Wednesday evening.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General John Gihson, U. S. A., retired, has purchased the old homestead of the late Joseph Wetherell, near Rockville, Md.

Lieutenant-Commander A. V. Wadhams, U. S. N., has been ordered as executive officer of the *Boston*.

Major S. W. Gruesbeck, U. S. A., has arrived here from Norwalk, Conn., to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Hunter, U. S. A., as Judge Advocate of the Department of California.

Captain James Lockett, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., is en route home with Troop I from the Sequoia National Park.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned home with Troop K from the Sequoia National Park.

Captain Charles E. Clark, U. S. N., has been appointed to the command of the *Independence*.

Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., has been ordered from the *Constellation*, at Newport, R. I., to the *Boston*.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon J. E. Page, U. S. N., has received orders to join the *Boston*.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon F. J. B. Cordeiro, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Constellation*.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon C. J. Decker, U. S. N., is on duty at the naval hospital at Mare Island.

Paymaster John R. Martin, U. S. N., Chief-Engineer R. R. Leitch, U. S. N., Passed Assistant-Engineer E. H. Scribner, U. S. N., Passed Assistant-Surgeon R. Page, U. S. N., and Ensign S. M. Strite, U. S. N., have been ordered to the *Boston*.

Lieutenant Franklin P. Bell, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has returned from a visit to the Sequoia National Park.

Lieutenant F. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., has relieved Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., at the Mare Island Navy Yard, and the latter has joined the *Philadelphia*.

Lieutenant Waldemar D. Rose, U. S. N., is quite ill at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Dingee, in Oakland.

Lieutenant L. L. Reamey, who has been Secretary Herbert's naval aid for the past two years, has been assigned to duty as naval secretary to Rear Admiral McNair, who is about to relieve Admiral Carpenter of the command of the Asiatic Station. Lieutenant George Logan, now attached to the *Dolphin*, will go out to China as Admiral McNair's flag lieutenant.

Lieutenant Merritt W. Ireland, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Benicia Barracks as soon as Fort Stanton, N. M., is abandoned.

Lieutenant P. W. Hodges, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Boston*.

Lieutenant H. H. Tyler, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Boston*.

Lieutenant W. McLean, U. S. N., has been detached from the coast survey and ordered to the *Boston*.

Lieutenant W. L. Howard, U. S. N., has been relieved from steel inspection at Munhall, Pa., and ordered to the *Boston*.

Lieutenant Frank O. Ferris, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted six months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Ensign S. S. Robinson, U. S. N., has been ordered from the Mare Island Navy Yard to duty on the *Boston*.

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Christmas Will Soon be Here.

For this reason it is recommended that those desiring stationery stamped with monograms, etc., for holiday presentation, should place their orders now, as no orders will be accepted after December 1st. This makes a pretty Christmas gift and one sure to be appreciated. Cooper & Co., No. 746 Market Street.

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Dr. Basil Norris.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: On the tenth of this month, there died at the Occidental Hotel, in San Francisco, a man who deserved of his fellow-countrymen more than the passing notice the local newspapers measured out to him, even though he was neither politician nor railroad king, but only an army surgeon, who for twenty-one years had been medical adviser and trusted friend to many of the best and greatest of our statesmen and soldiers, from Lincoln down—Dr. Basil Norris, Colonel and Deputy-Surgeon-General, United States Army, retired.

The writer served under Dr. Norris's direction at different times during the past thirty-seven years, and is able to testify to his many noble qualities. He was the type of an American gentleman, externally and morally. He was brave, honest, affable, gentle, and charitable, and almost painfully conscientious. His inferiors looked to him as to a friend almost as much as did his equals, and probably no reproach would have been felt by him so keenly as to be charged with giving more attention to a sick officer than to a sick soldier. His memory was something remarkable, and to know any man once by name was to know and be able to recognize him forever. This, together with his kindness of speech and manner, made the soldiers love him and look to him for help and sympathy, and during the time he occupied the office of attending surgeon in Washington city, he was so harassed by soldiers and others who came to invoke his powerful help that he found it necessary to have an understanding with the heads of the different governmental departments not to pay any attention to requests and recommendations coming from him, unless presented in a certain form.

As might be expected, his gentle and magnetic ways, backed by a handsome and distinguished presence, made him adored of women; yet he was never touched by the breath of scandal. He was destitute of vulgar pride, yet alert for the dignity of the class he represented. Too modest and unassuming to desire to shine in the political firmament, it is yet known that many of the men in whose hands rested the outcome of the great struggle of a third of a century ago were indebted to him for wise counsel—personal and political. Assuredly, his memory will long be cherished by thousands of old soldiers and others, all over the United States.

T. V. B.

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"That whisky is fifteen years old. I know it, because I've had it that long myself." The colonel—"By Jove! sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control."—*Life*.

"I hear Smith shot his coverts yesterday, and sent the whole of his bag to the hospital." "Very generous of him. What did he shoot?" "Oh, only the game-keeper."—*Sketch*.

"One or the other of us," muttered the young man who awaited his beloved in the front parlor, "is going to be turned down to-night!" And he glanced ferociously at the flickering gaslight.—*Puck*.

She (to her fiancé)—"I heard an old lady pay you a great compliment yesterday." He—"Quite natural. What was it?" She—"She said you must be a very bright man to attract me as you did."—*Truth*.

Society actress—"In what direction do you think my art lies?" Critic—"It lies in every direction." Society actress—"Indeed?" Critic—"Yes; particularly when it tells you that you can act."—*New York World*.

First tramp—"It makes me nervous to sleep in one of dese lodgin'-houses. Supposin' a fire wuz to break out in de night?" Second tramp—"Dat's so. Dem firemen would turn a hose on yer in a minute."—*Truth*.

"We have the enemy on the run," said the Spanish general to his chief-of-staff. "We have, general, hut—" (the officer gazed anxiously at the oncoming insurgents) "I'm very much afraid they will catch up with us."—*New York Sun*.

As they left the concert-hall, Alfred said, with great enthusiasm: "And did you notice her fingering? Wasn't it superb?" "Yes," replied Mr. Bernheimer; "it was a beauty. It must have cost twenty-five hundred dollars."—*Newark Journal*.

Minnie—"Mr. Yabsley says that you set the most appetizing luncheons he ever tasted." Mamie—"Indeed?" Minnie—"Yes, indeed. He said that he could eat more after your luncheons than he could after any one's else."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Hicks—"Did you hear of that case of safe blowing last night?" Wicks—"No; did they get much of a haul?" Hicks—"Ha, ha. Very natural mistake. It was not a hurglar, but only a prize-fighter twenty miles away from the ring."—*Boston Transcript*.

She—"I wonder if there really was another woman when Eve came on earth? You know there is a legend to that effect." He—"I rather think there was. If there had been no other woman, I don't think Eve would have gone to the trouble of wearing clothes."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mr. Howell (of the firm of Gettup & Howell)—"Well, little girl, what do you want?" Six-year-old waif (tired of selling papers on the street)—"Say, mister, don't you put to dress a little girl all up in fine clothes, an' put her in y'r front window to look purty an' dror a crowd?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Judge—"What have you to say for yourself?" Prisoner—"Yer honor, Oi only shut the door in her face an' kept it shut for a time." Judge—"But your wife swears that you gagged her with a handkerchief and that she couldn't utter a sound for four hours." Prisoner—"Sure, yer honor, that was th' only way Oi could kape the door in her face shut."—*Bazar*.

"Ain't a dollar pretty high for a meal like that?" asked the tourist. "I don't mind ownin' up that it is," said the landlord of the Cowboy's Rest, "hut them meals costs me seventy-five cents apiece." "But I happen to know that you sell a ten-meal ticket for five dollars." "Yas, I know I do, hut about half the fellers that buys them tickets gits killed before they have eat two meals."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. Grumpps—"Did you advertise for poor, dear little Fido?" Mr. Grumpps—"Yes." Mrs. Grumpps—"Did you give a full description of him?" Mr. Grumpps—"Yes." Mrs. Grumpps—"And did you say our address was on his silver collar?" Mr. Grumpps—"Yes." Mrs. Grumpps—"And did you offer a reward?" Mr. Grumpps—"Yes." Mrs. Grumpps—"What did you offer?" Mr. Grumpps—"I said if the finder would return the collar, he might keep the dog."—*New York Weekly*.

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Argonaut

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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On September 2, 1895, we published an article in these columns on "Cleveland's ambition for a third term." In that article we stated it to be our belief that Cleveland was sounding the press and people of the country; that he had instructed his Cabinet ministers to whisper "third term" in the sacred precincts of the bureaucratic circles of Washington; that he had given orders to his Federal office-holders to feel the public pulse. This article in the *Argonaut* was received with contumelious surprise by a number of Democratic papers on the Pacific Coast. But the New York *Morning Advertiser* of September 8th remarked, concerning this same article: "The San Francisco *Argonaut* is never obtuse, but it has been slow to believe that Cleveland was really laying pipes for a third term. It is surprising that the news has been so long in reaching California." It was not that the news was slow, but that we were slow to believe it. It is perfectly

true that the *Argonaut* long doubted the truth of this extraordinary rumor. But about the first days of September we came to believe that it was true, and, so believing, published the article to which the New York *Advertiser* referred.

Since the publication of that article, more than two months have elapsed. During that time, many events have come to pass; Cleveland and Olney have been busy in the Department of State; the United States has had some foreign entanglements; the Democratic party has met with a sweeping defeat; and numerous potential Presidential candidates, such as Hill of New York, Campbell of Ohio, Whitney of New York, Olney of Massachusetts, Gorman of Maryland, Brice of Ohio, and Carlisle of Kentucky, have, by the sweeping Republican majorities of their several States, been relegated to the quiet shades of home life.

But out of all this wreck of political matter and crush of Democratic worlds, Mr. Cleveland has emerged, unscathed, calm, and a candidate. Lest the unthinking reader may find it difficult to understand how Mr. Cleveland should feel encouraged by the wreck of his party, we may state that it is because he believes he alone can save that party now. Before the fierce blasts of popular indignation, Whitney's boom has been blown out of the country; Hill has lost his State, has lost his chance for the Presidential nomination, and will soon lose his senatorial seat; Carlisle has wrecked the prestige of the administration as a factor in State campaigns, has lost his chances for the Presidency, has lost his State, has caused Kentucky to go Republican for the first time in its history, and has broken the Solid South. Yet amid the crash of the tumbling temples of Democracy, the wreck and ruin of Bourbonism, the rocking of the earth in the States along Mason and Dixon's line, caused by the political earthquake in Maryland and Kentucky, there is but one serene, impassive Democrat. That Democrat is Grover Cleveland. Like Napoleon, he has a belief in his "star."

If any of our readers doubted the *Argonaut's* statement in September, that Cleveland was "laying pipe for a third term," they need no longer doubt it now. We do not know whether he will succeed in obtaining the nomination, but he is most assuredly seeking it. We mentioned in our previous article the fact that the Springfield *Republican* (once a Mugwump paper, now a Cleveland organ) had for some time been publishing a series of articles, entitled "The Third Term Superstition," in which skilled writers exhausted every resource of logic, wit, and satire to prove that there could be no valid objection to a third term. These were evidently printed to prepare the public mind, for the vast masses of the people are slow to believe that Cleveland really has third-term ambitions. But now that the public mind has been prepared, a bolder step is taken. The New York *Herald* is very close to the administration. A week after the Republican victory—on November 10th, to be precise—the *Herald* printed in the most conspicuous position on its editorial page an article headed "Will it be Mr. Cleveland?" In this article, the *Herald* says frankly that the late election means that the next President will be Republican, "unless the Democrats nominate their strongest man." It goes on to say that "the signs of the times make the renomination of Mr. Cleveland inevitable," and that if the Democrats wish to save their party from disastrous defeat they must nominate him—"without Mr. Cleveland the Democrats can not win; with him, they may win." The *Herald* attempts to forestall possible objections by saying that "Democratic politicians unfriendly to Mr. Cleveland may try to make the most of the third-term spectre, but there is nothing in that cry and there is no danger of Caesarism." The *Herald* closes its remarkable and evidently inspired article by saying: "It is nonsense to talk of the dangers of a third term, and useless to try to arouse the people against it. Can the Democrats hope to win without Grover Cleveland?"

It is needless to say that this article has aroused marked attention. The Philadelphia *Ledger*—which is an independent paper close to the administration—copies the New York *Herald's* article with some colorless comment. The New

York *World* copies it approvingly, saying that there is "a difference between a third consecutive term and three Presidential terms." Administration papers generally, such as the New York *Evening Post*, the Boston *Herald*, and the Springfield *Republican*, handle the matter gingerly, evidently having instructions not to support the third-term scheme openly until it is seen how the country receives it. Vice-President Stevenson said in an interview in the New York *Herald* that "Cleveland will be accorded a renomination if he wants it."

From all these facts it is evident that the third-term boom is under way. If Cleveland did not cherish an ambition to succeed himself, he could stop all this third-term talk tomorrow. He could give out an authoritative declaration through one of the administration organs, or he could put the desired information in a reply to a letter coming from one of his prominent political adherents. He has failed to do so. His silence is pregnant with meaning.

There still remains a chance that when the people really come to know Cleveland's ambition, he may receive unmistakable indications of the folly of his course. He has not yet announced himself as a candidate. But from the activity shown by the Federal office-holders throughout the country, it is evident that he can not much longer remain silent. The Federal bread-and-butter brigade want to know whether they should get to work securing delegates. They will have to know very soon. The Federal bread-and-butter brigade know on which side their bread is buttered, and they do not want to waste any time working for the wrong man.

It is scarcely conceivable that Cleveland should believe that he can be nominated, or that, if nominated, he can be elected. But his bump of self-esteem is very large, and the paeans of praise from the administration organs have helped to swell it. Then it must be borne in mind that he is surrounded by sycophants, and that the information which reaches him is colored and distorted. He is not so ignorant of affairs as the hapless Abdul-Hamid, who sits shivering in his gorgeous palace by the Golden Horn; but Grand Vizier Olney and Carlisle Pasha do not always show the entire contents of their portfolios to Sultan Cleveland.

We sincerely believe that Cleveland is at present engaged in preparing the way for securing the nomination for a third term. Many things may happen which may force him to disavow such an intention. But, none the less, that is his ambition. It is an ambition which is astounding—as astounding as his self-esteem is colossal. What manner of man can this be, who has grown so great that he thinks he may occupy the Presidential chair for a third term—who believes that the American people will confer on Grover Cleveland an honor which they refused to Ulysses Sydney Grant?

No Californian whose memory covers the seventies needs any one to tell him that the London boom in African mining stocks has seen its best days. When Mr. Barney Barnato, the ballooning millionaire, is the recipient of panegyrics for having come nobly to the front with his piles of wealth to save the fortunes of others, and incidentally his own, from the dire effects of a panic, men of experience know what it means. They comprehend, too, what similar efforts on the Continental bourses import. The chances are that the noble Barnato and his cohorts of the Continent are at this moment getting even by shorting their own stocks and making ready to smash the market, to the end that their pockets may be filled with the debris of the general ruin. Of course it does not follow that because the stock markets are tottering, the African mines are giving out. Promoting booms and developing mines are industries having no necessary connection. To be sure, capitalists who also happen to be stock gamblers may, if hit hard in the latter capacity, acquire an all-embracing disgust for Africa. And it is not unlikely that the inordinate value given by the stock list to some properties there may have so inflated values in general that there will arise an acute disinclination on the part of pr

moneyed men to have anything to do with mining in the infected region. We know that the very name of the Comstock causes capitalists to shudder, and that "finds" there which once would have set stocks soaring now are powerless to galvanize shares into the slightest seeming of life. That is the inevitable sequence of hums and cinches.

The rush for "Kaffirs" in London and the pouring of money into Africa prove very clearly, however, that English capital is more than willing to invest in mines. Though there have been innumerable mining swindles in all quarters of the world, there have also been great successes. English investors have but to be assured of honest treatment and reasonable prospects, and they will buy mines. There is much discussion over what is likely to happen when the bubble of African speculation bursts. It is expected that moneyed men not already in possession of paying properties in the Witwatersrand District will say good-bye to mining altogether. It is also expected that, contemplating the undeniable fortunes that have been dug out of the ground there, they will turn their attention to mines elsewhere. The general trend of things favors the latter view. Within the past few years, the depreciation of silver has caused that metal to be neglected and given a tremendous impetus to gold-mining, to the great increase of the product. Besides, men possessed of both money and sense are aware that nothing is so profitable as a gold mine which is worked for itself and not for the stock market. The smashing of a Barnato and a horde of adventurers can not diminish to the extent of one cent the value of a good mine. So it seems probable to us that the large fortunes made in legitimate African mining will direct the notice of investors to mines in general. It is the judgment of many practical mining men that after the worst of the coming African depression is over, English capitalists will exhibit renewed interest in mines wherever mines exist.

The Briton likes to have his money under the shelter of English law, so it is expected that the gold mines of British Columbia will receive the earliest attention. Then California and Mexico will have their turn. The most eminent engineers now employed in Africa are Californians, and these men know the measureless extent of the mineral wealth of their State. They know that capital honestly applied is all that is required to bring forth a great stream of gold. They can tell, with the definiteness of expert knowledge, of the number of undeveloped quartz mines that dot our mountains, and can point to the flow of gold that is answering to private investment. Mines that are never heard of in the stock market are yielding fortunes. There is the Utica, with its monthly output of over one hundred thousand dollars, and the Rawhide a good second. The Mother Lode, which is mineralized from end to end, and has been scarcely touched, has been proved to be rich in pockets. At Coulterville, after an idle wait of many years, capital has begun to touch the lode with its wand, and the result will be awaited with the keenest interest, not only by the immediate investors, but by all who know how much it will betoken for the mining future of the State if the returns shall even in small measure bear out the promise of the prospects that have been offering for more than a quarter of a century.

Californian mining engineers, among them some of the men engaged in developing the riches of Africa, hold to the conviction that there is more treasure to be had for the mining in this State than in any other portion of the earth. Our properties have suffered from the same cause from which the "Kaffirs" are now suffering in London and the bourses of the Continent. The cheating that accompanies stock-speculation has communicated disreputability to mining itself, and owners of prospects, good prospects, that under normal business conditions would sell for many thousands, have lived, and are living, in poverty—sufferers for the sins of others. But whether or not the tide of capital shall flow hither from Africa, it is tolerably certain that the gold bricks from the Utica, Rawhide, and other mines that are worked for bullion and not to promote deals, and the developments that may with assurance be looked for from Coulterville, will give to our mines a fresh advertisement which will draw capital, home as well as foreign, to the quartz-lodes of California.

We observe by the New York papers that the Rev. F. A. William Manifold has gone over to Rome. There is something slightly reminiscent about Rome and the Rev. Manifold, and on looking the matter up, we find that the Rev. Manifold has been over to Rome before.

It seems that the Rev. Manifold studied at the Philadelphia Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He then went to the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in New York city, and while there began visiting the Roman Catholic Church of the Paulist Fathers. The Rev. Manifold then decided to go over to Rome.

The Paulist Fathers sent him to their college at Albany. He remained there but six weeks, however, and then went

back to New York. He told his friends that his faith while with the Paulists had been put to many severe tests; but the one which knocked him out was when he was shown a piece of blue cloth, which was a veritable fragment of the robe of the Blessed Virgin, and had been cut from her robe by a saint who had seen her in a vision. The Rev. Manifold then returned from Rome.

Bishop Potter would not allow him to officiate in the diocese of New York, so he applied to Bishop Whittaker, of Pennsylvania. He went to St. Clement's Parish, Philadelphia, and although this is one of the most ritualistic parishes in the country, he scared his parishioners by his leaning to Romanism. His congregation began to fall away. He resigned suddenly; he went to Italy; he was received by the Pope; he kissed the Pope's toe. The Rev. Manifold then returned to Rome.

The Rev. Manifold remained for some time in the Papal city, under the shadow of the Vatican. But he wrote to his friends that he was disappointed and grieved at the inner life of the Roman ecclesiastics. He suddenly took steamer at Genoa, and sailed for New York. He applied for readmission into the Episcopal Church, and Bishop Nicholson, of Milwaukee, gave him a clerical charge in his diocese. The Rev. Manifold had again returned from Rome.

The Rev. Manifold for a time labored zealously in the Milwaukee vineyard. But he became dissatisfied. Probably there were not enough candles on the altar, or the candles were not in the right places. At all events, he resigned. He made application to the Paulist Fathers, and they sent him to their college at Washington, D. C., to be put on probation for the priesthood. The Rev. Manifold had again returned to Rome.

It may seem irreverent, but the Rev. Manifold reminds us strongly of Esop's ass between two bundles of hay. The Rev. Manifold has now gone over to Rome for the third time. We sincerely hope he will stay there.

Recent fires in tall buildings in New York city have attracted national attention to the dangers to life as well as contiguous property which these towering structures involve. The destruction, a few days ago, of the Manhattan Bank building, which stood at the corner of Bleeker Street and Broadway, has caused Chief Bonner, of the New York Fire Department, to talk out with equal vigor and wisdom. The immense buildings which are called "fire-proof," because they are constructed of non-combustible materials, are, he says, not fire-proof at all, for the reason that their iron and steel beams expand when heated, and bring down in death-dealing ruin the superincumbent weight. In a conflagration, a structure with not a particle of wood in its make-up will crumble into a mass of ruins. To quote one of his utterances:

"New Yorkers must be warned that they are leaning upon rotten reeds when they believe that their towering structures can not be destroyed by fire. They must awake to their peril and insist that architects and builders shall be compelled to obey laws which will make so-called 'fire-proof' buildings reasonably safe."

Under the New York law of 1892, the steel in buildings must be covered by fire-proof material. The Manhattan Bank was put up before 1892. Its steel work was exposed, and the heat from the burning of a comparatively small building fifty feet away expanded the steel beams, the roof fell in upon the seventh story, and both crashed down upon the sixth. The steel in structures erected under the new law is not properly sheathed. Then the brick or stone coating of the steel frame is but a thin veneer. Hence Chief Bonner regards nearly all the piles classed as "fire-proof" as death-traps. It is the judgment of the chief and the engineers of the department that the old system of thick walls of masonry is as necessary now that tall buildings are steel cages as when the walls carried the weight instead of the steel beams. Such walls frequently stopped the progress of an ordinary spreading fire, whereas the present flimsy veneer of brick or stone presents no adequate obstacle to the masses of flame that would be thrown against them in a conflagration. Chief Bonner avers that he will not feel justified in sending his men into "fire-proof" tall buildings, and for these reasons:

"A fire in a modern tall building is more dangerous in itself and to surrounding structures than in the old-fashioned structure. If a fire starts in the lower part of a modern building, and it is not put under control at once, it can not be fought from the upper floors of the same building. The heat ascends very rapidly and goes to the top of the structure, acting directly upon the exposed iron-work, either warping or expanding it, so that the beams and girders are no longer capable of upholding the weight of the fire-proof flooring and partitions."

Chief Swenie of Chicago agrees entirely with Chief Bonner of New York. "The moment," he says, "one of the sky-scrapers gets a fire in it, all the surrounding property is in danger. The iron in the next building takes up the heat at once, and the trouble immediately at hand is doubled by the threatening condition of the neighbor." Chief Swenie thinks Chicago would have a worse time of it

now should a great fire start than she had in 1871. "The walls of the soaring sky-scrapers are like paper shells, and the movement of half an inch by the expansion of the girders would let the roof and all the floors down into one mass." These statements of the heads of the fire departments of the two principal cities of the United States certainly are entitled to the respect accorded experts.

St. Paul for some years past has discountenanced the construction of extra tall structures. The awful loss of life that attended the fire in the Minneapolis *Tribune* building in 1889 has not been forgotten. That sky-scraper was "fire-proof," and it had fire-escapes and every other modern convenience, but men perished like flies, the ladders and streams of the fire department being powerless to help them. With that shuddering lesson in mind, there has been no building put up in St. Paul since then that has gone higher than five stories.

The plain truth appears to be that while it is easy to devise a structure of materials which will not burn, none has yet been invented that is safe from the effects of combustion of its contents or the burning of adjacent buildings, and that the lofty piles which have been in favor for the past decade or more in the large cities are extremely dangerous. It is only very lately that San Francisco has caught the contagion, and the attempts to cough down the voices of prudence which have been raised against sky-scrapers are not wise attempts. Land is not so dear in this city that there is any real necessity to invade the heavens with story rising on story, and the supervisors have done wrong to yield in any degree to those who think it to their interests to ignore the lessons, so costly in life and money, that have been supplied by other cities. The few sky-scrapers we have must be tolerated, threatening as they are to the general safety, but it is the part of good sense to permit no additions to the number of buildings which in case of fire would be beyond the management of a good fire department and involve risk of destruction to the property of other and less selfish citizens.

Our readers are familiar with the case of the Russian brute, Kovalev, to which we have referred several times. His trial for the murder of F. H. Weber and his wife, an aged couple who lived in Sacramento, has just been finished in that city, and we are glad to hear that Kovalev has been found guilty of murder in the first degree, without qualification. He will be sentenced to death on Friday, the twenty-ninth of November.

There are several points in connection with this case which are worth noting. The first is this—Kovalev is a kind of criminal of whom we have few in this country. It was in evidence that on the night the murders were committed, a witness saw Kovalev and his accomplice, Tcherbakov, hanging around the Weber house. He watched them for a time, and then, alarmed by their threatening manner, left. Kovalev said cynically to the interpreter that the man left just in time; that he (Kovalev) was about to stab him for his impertinent curiosity. It was further shown that his accomplice, Tcherbakov, was slain in San José by Grocer Dowdigan, whom two men were attempting to "hold up"—one of them presumably Kovalev. The body of Tcherbakov was found next day with three knife wounds in it. Yet Dowdigan swore he inflicted but one. It is the belief of the police that when Kovalev retreated with his wounded accomplice, he found he could not get him away safely, so, fearing that Tcherbakov might babble, Kovalev finished him off himself.

It is difficult to understand why God should allow such human wolves to desolate the earth. This man Kovalev is only one of ten similar scoundrels who came to us from Russia's convict settlement at Saghalien, Siberia, cast up by the sea. We gave last week a recital of the crimes for which they had been sent to Siberia. They were such as to make our most hardened American jail-birds seem like snow-white doves. It is evident that Russia has a vicious species of desperate criminals to deal with such as our civilization knows not of. This has been an instructive lesson for San Francisco. After this, when Mr. George Kennan sings the sorrows of "Siberian exiles," or the *Examiner* bemoans the "cruelties of the Czar," and tries again to gain a foothold on American soil for any more such cut-throats as the ten of whom Kovalev is one, San Franciscans will not lead a sympathetic ear. They have had enough of Mr. Kennan's and the *Examiner's* "Siberian exiles."

Another curious phase of the Kovalev case is this: One Olga Gordenko, a Russian woman, took an interest in Kovalev, because she believed him to be a nihilist. She went to him and urged him to confess his crime if he was guilty, saying that he would fare better. Kovalev consented. He dictated a confession, stating that he was accessory to the murder of the Webers, but that Tcherbakov held the fatal axe. It seems incredible, but Kovalev's attorneys, Major Anderson and Senator Hart, refused to allow him to confess. In a signed statement Olga Gordenko

says: "I thought it their duty to give his confession to the jury, and thereby comply with his wish, but they refused, saying that their duty was to prove him innocent. They tried to convince me that it was to save their reputation. Even yet I can not see how their reputation could be saved by concealing the truth."

Neither do we. The truth was bound to come out. It is extremely probable that if Attorneys Anderson and Hart had allowed the confession to go to the jury, it might have saved the wretch's neck. The jury might have believed his story—that Tcherbakov committed the murder, he being an accessory—and sentenced him to imprisonment for life. We do not believe in the fantastic theory of the Rev. Goodwin—that no attorney should take a client's case unless he knows him to be innocent; this theory would make an attorney judge and jury, and would render courts unnecessary. But when an attorney's client admits that he is guilty, and desires to confess his guilt to the jury, we do not see how an attorney can reconcile the suppression of that confession either with his conscience or his oath to officiate honestly as an officer of the court.

It is encouraging to the *Argonaut* to find that its advocacy of the domestication of the shrine industry is finding approval on every side. This approval does not very frequently take the form of printed applause, for that has its risks in this enlightened country; it expresses itself chiefly in the emphatic form of practical endeavor. The American press may be a trifle backward in extending felicitation, but our sympathizers in crows, knowing a good thing when they see it, have the good sense to engage in practical experiment. From many sources comes news of the spread of the work. From points as widely separated as New Orleans, St. Louis, and Portland, Or., we have received communications and newspaper clippings touching the stimulation of shrines.

As yet, many of these are only *in posse*, but some of them are *in esse*. Among the latter is one in the city of St. Paul, from which place an *Argonaut* reader patriotically sends us an account two columns in length from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, an energetic journal which is one of the papers belonging to Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who, as we remarked recently, although not a Christian, has a warm corner in his heart for the shrine industry in its commercial aspect, as is evidenced by frequent articles in the New York *World* and his other newspapers. The shrine which Mr. Pulitzer in his *Post-Dispatch* reverently describes is called the Shrine of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the article gives full space to its dedication and a solemn recital of the religious ceremonial connected therewith. We learn from Mr. Pulitzer that the spot is destined to be "a second Lourdes." The services have been held over a piece of bone from the body of the Blessed Margaret Mary, which will henceforward be exposed for veneration, and will be touched by crippled and infirm persons in the expectation that they will be healed of their ailments. The priests have constructed the shrine of Carrara marble. It is six feet long and four feet high, and on the upright slab is the inscription, in carved gilt letters: "In Memory of Nellie Flannery." It commemorates the fact that "Mr. Joseph Flannery gave the shrine to recall the death of his daughter and to give a more sacred tone to her memory."

It seems that the Blessed Margaret Mary who gives vitality to the shrine was a pious nun in the Visitation Convent at Paray-le-Monial, France, a little over two hundred years ago. Little else is known of this Mary, except that she had the pious notions of her time with reference to haircloth and abhorrence of ablutions. No miracles have as yet been reported from St. Paul; but, of course, those are a mere question of time. Every preparation has been made for therapeutic and surgical activity, and agents are out making the customary arrangements for pilgrimages. Much practical instruction is to be derived from Mr. Pulitzer's exhaustive description of this new St. Paul shrine. He says:

"A few feet to the east of the shrine proper is a large marble statue of the Angel Gabriel. He holds in his hands a torch or lamp, from which gas is burning night and day. It is the light of reparation, and is kept alive by the contributions of promoters of Sacred Heart devotion. The good nuns of the convent, peering into the inky darkness of a stormy night, see the light of reparation and take courage."

We learn from Mr. Pulitzer's paper that "the shrine, the reliquary, and the gas-light have been blessed." That gas-light, which, of course, presents no real difficulties to the grace-enlightened understanding, will cause queries to be propounded by the rationalistic disturber. Does the blessing, it will be impiously asked, extend to the tube from which the gas-light comes, or does it include only the light itself? And if it includes the light itself, what becomes of the blessing after the gas is burned? Does the blessing attach to the solid products resulting from combustion, the imperfectly consumed carbon, and the carbonic acid and carbonic oxide gases? Or does the blessing dissolve in

vapor? These are questions which, even in this godless age of scientific curiosity, ecclesiastical chemists will doubtless readily and satisfactorily answer.

About the middle of September, the trade-winds died away. Those strong winds which circle the globe, and blow so steadily throughout the year, alternately north and south of the equator, mean much to San Francisco. From her exposed position, on the western rim of this vast continent, the trade winds come to her fresh, and salt, and strong, from over the thousands of miles of the mighty Pacific. Cities further inland feel the trade-winds, but they are not the keen winds that come to us who dwell so closely by the sea that we can often hear the surge and thunder of the great western ocean beating on the shore.

When the trade-winds die, they are generally followed, in this vicinity, by local winds. From September until March, when the trade-winds again sweep over the northern hemisphere, San Francisco usually has her coast breezes. But now, for many days since the cessation of the trade-winds, San Francisco has lain between her great bay and the greater ocean, uncared for by any vagrant breezes—like a ship in the doldrums. Those thoughtless persons who rail at the strong western breezes of the summer now have an opportunity to see their error. Without her health-giving winds, San Francisco has become stagnant. For weeks the heavy air has hung over the city like a pall. Looking from the higher points of the hills upon the level land south of Market Street, the houses might have been seen emerging from a dim and dirty haze. It was not fog—fog is at least clean, and salt, and wholesome. But it was a mass of visible and tangible impurities in the atmosphere, consisting of dust, animal, vegetable, and mineral, and large quantities of carbon, resulting from the imperfect combustion of soft coal. As a result, a perfect epidemic of catarrhal complaints has broken out—colds, coughs, and similar maladies.

This temporary condition of the atmosphere in San Francisco will pass away as soon as we have a rain or wind storm. But it gives us all a distinct impression of how necessary to the health of San Francisco are her ocean winds.

The grand jury of San Francisco is endeavoring to find out whether the expenditures of the San Francisco school department are not excessive. They have called before them as a witness Mr. F. A. Hyde, former president of the board of education. It is stated in the *Chronicle* that Mr. Hyde was asked by a juror whether he "did not think it would be advisable to abolish the high schools and place the limit of popular education at the grammar schools?" Mr. Hyde is reported by the *Chronicle* as having replied that such a course "would be a material step backward." He is further reported as having said that "if the high schools were abolished, the great majority of graduates from the grammar grades would have no opportunity to enter institutions of higher learning. Most of the pupils who were advanced from the grammar schools were the children of parents without financial resources."

Well, what of it? If Jones is "without financial resources," why should Smith pay for giving Jones's children a "higher education"? As for the "majority of the grammar-school graduates," most of them have to go to work instead of going to the high schools. There is no reason why the already overburdened tax-payers should be forced to assume the additional burden of giving a "higher education" to a small minority of the public-school children. The community owes the children of its citizens nothing but a grammar-school education—an education which will presumably keep them from becoming a burden on the commonwealth, and which will have a tendency to make them useful and worthy citizens. Anything in the line of the "higher education" should be attended to by the parents.

The *Argonaut* investigated this question some time ago, and found that the latest figures to hand showed that there were about thirty-three thousand children attending the public schools of San Francisco. Out of this large number, only about fourteen hundred are able to attend the high schools when they graduate from the grammar grades. There are three high schools in San Francisco. The graduates from these three high schools for one year numbered one hundred and ninety. In these three schools there were paid out in one year for salaries seventy-four thousand one hundred and sixty dollars, and for janitors, fuel, stationery, insurance, incidentals, etc., about fifteen thousand dollars. This makes the cost about four hundred and seventy dollars per high-school graduate per year. The salaries in these schools were paid to "principals," "heads of departments," "teachers of free-hand drawing," "teachers of science," "teachers of stenography," "teachers of bookkeeping," "teachers of penmanship," "teachers of type-writing," "teachers of Spanish," "teachers of clay modeling and wood work," "teachers of mechanical and architectural drawing,"

"teachers of physical culture," "teachers of cookery," "teachers of elementary science," "teachers of elocution," "teachers of drawing," and "lecturers on history with stereopticon views." This is quite a list of accomplishments, but we do not think the tax-payers of San Francisco feel like instilling them into their neighbors' children's skulls at four hundred and seventy dollars per year per skull.

According to these statistics (taken from the Municipal Reports) the sons and daughters of ninety-five and seven-tenths per cent. of the people are forced to leave school when they graduate from the grammar grades—forced to leave to go to work. Is it just to compel ninety-five and seven-tenths per cent. of the tax-payers to pay for educating the children of the remaining four and three-tenths per cent. in "elocution," "type-writing," "physical culture," "cookery," "free-hand drawing," "stenography," "Spanish," "clay modeling," and "history with stereopticon views"? We will answer—it is not just, and it is not honest.

We hope the grand jury will make a searching investigation into the affairs of the school department. The present directors are not necessarily to blame in the matter. The evil has grown with the years. One piece of expensive nonsense after another has been added—very much as a full-fledged "San Francisco Normal School" was evolved out of a simple "normal class" in the Girls' High School, when there were already three State normal schools toward which the San Francisco tax-payers contributed their share. But this year's tax levy does not dispose of the tax-payers toward paying twice for anything. The "San Francisco Normal School" is doomed—that is, if the board of education carry out their expressed intentions. As for the high schools, we hope that the grand jury will make a report in such unmistakable language that it will convince the board of education that they have no right to spend the tax-payers' money in educating four per cent. of the tax-payers' children in music and stenography, physical culture and cookery, at the expense of the remaining ninety-six per cent.

We do not want our readers to forget that Thanksgiving Day comes next week. We do not want them to forget the *Argonaut's* pet charity, the Fruit and Flower Mission. The girls of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission are engaged all the year in seeking out poor invalids in their humble homes, strangers in the hospitals, the poor and the destitute who are hiding their poverty and pride in humble dwellings, the forsaken and the forgotten, the friendless and the heartsick. To these, our girls carry their sunny faces, their gentle voices, their kindly ways, and light up gloomy sick rooms and dull hospital wards with the glow of sympathy. Often a bouquet of fragrant flowers or a basket of fruit brought by a brace of sunny-tempered, light-hearted girls will do as much good as doctor's prescriptions or apothecary's pills.

This is what our girls are doing all the year. But once a year they devote themselves to an organized movement to provide a Thanksgiving dinner for some hundreds of homes that otherwise would have none. Everybody ought to have a good dinner on Thanksgiving Day. That day is set apart for creature comforts. It makes no difference what the dinner is, so that it be good. A roast turkey is the traditional dish of New England, but a good honest roast of beef with Yorkshire pudding is not to be sneezed at. The girls want contributions to provide Thanksgiving dinners for poor people. They want money to begin with—three hundred dollars for the cartage bills to distribute the provisions. Then they want goodies, such as turkeys, chickens, game, roasts of beef, celery, cranberries for sauce, mince-pies, coffee, sugar, fruit for dessert, plums for puddings—enough to fill ever so many big bouncing baskets to be distributed to poor families who otherwise will have either no dinner or a poor dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

We address this to every man and woman who expects to have a good dinner on Thanksgiving Day, to the rich and the generous, to the prosperous and moderately well-to-do, to ladies in luxurious homes, to the young bachelors in the clubs, to the fruit-dealers, grocers, and prosperous business men—we say remember the Fruit and Flower Mission, and the day before you eat your own Thanksgiving dinner—that is, on Wednesday, November 27th—send your gifts to the Flower Mission at 420 Post Street. But we desire also to say that the girls of the Flower Mission do not want people to send them things that they have no use for and that nobody else could have any use for. They always want to receive warm and comfortable clothing to give to those who are imperfectly clad. But among the things they do not want are old and soiled chiffon waists, old and dingy white kid slippers, artificial flowers, and back-number spring bonnets. For these they have no use. We do not know what "chiffon waists" are, but the girls assure us that they do not want them. Therefore, do not send "chiffon waists," but send turkeys, chickens, game, or roasts of beef. If you have absolutely nothing else in the world, send money.

IN MANICALAND.

The tropic sun had dropped like a dart. With the after-glow, the sky was aflame. Between the two peaks, the manager's house, low and white, blushed red in the brazen splendor.

Down in the valley grew the banana, cactus, and a wealth of clinging, climbing, and tangling things, while Death and the old gray mill of galvanized iron fought for suzerainty.

Death stalked erect among the miners and said to his rival: "Aha! you may buy kingdoms and the sweat of honest brows, and the world may use your gold to stop decay, but my chosen ones, my own little flock, you can not buy with your glitter. I gather my own together and lead them through the sweet pastures of delirium. Strong men are as whimpering babes, and babble like brooks, and sing like the birds, and when I bid them cease, they stop to listen with eyes wide and fixed."

The innocent old mill answered never a word, but continued to dance with its great iron shoes—Clump! Clump! in weird measure. But there was one in Manicaland who knew that the old mill was crushing out human hopes, besides the gold from the ore—the manager's wife. She had realized it even during her first twelve months at the mine, now six years past. In the sweetness of early wifehood and coming maternity, the roar of the battery had been a soothing lullaby. Those were the days when she and her young husband had read and walked together hand in hand. The sunrise came with new glory, because it revealed to her loving gaze the head matted with thick brown curls lying on her arm. The evening shadows were laggard heralds of his home-coming. Life meant love. In the noonday of her passion, she forgot home and kindred and lived only for the hour. A baby was born to them—a stout sturdy lad in the likeness of his father—and this resemblance comforted her during the long days when nursery cares and home duties kept her from the broad-windowed office where her husband spent the greater part of the time in planning his work. At first there was a hurried interchange of visits between the two. She, with her "pickaninny" swung across her back, after the fashion of the native women, blushed in silent pleasure at the ecstasy of his greeting. Then there were calls from him—all too brief—hatless, and a missing paper offered as an excuse for the departure from routine. Hot kisses given, repeated, and again renewed. Two little pink ears and ten finger-tips caressed for good measure.

Success came to his labors, and, like all full-fed things, it waxed great, and at length threatened to overpower them both. The old mill hurried them through busy weeks, with no space in their days for the exchange of thoughts and kisses. And when he came home now, he was too jaded to talk with the little wife brooding over her sewing. He would romp and roll with his sturdy lad on the matting. It rested him, he said.

Gathering impetus with the succeeding years, the old mill quickened, and they saw still less of one another. "Ah me, ah me!" she would think, with a sigh, "life has sweeter gifts than success."

Another baby was laid between her breasts—a frail little girl which seemed to know it was born of waning love, and Time, which threatened eternity for this new life, had a fresh meaning for the mother.

The tenderness of old ties revived in her soul—her home in the distant land and all the kindly circle by the glowing hearth. "Let me go back to them awhile," she said to her husband. "Our child droops and I am worn out."

"Wait a bit," he insisted, "and I will go with you. There is much at stake just now—other men's money and my professional reputation." So she waited.

The old mill and the blood in her pulse beat out her hours and days of loneliness.

Her thoughts ran: a man starts on a race, keen and with the goal well marked, but the dust and clouds confuse him, and he runs and runs until his strength is spent. Turning, he finds the goal far overreached, and he is too weak to retrace his steps. Or again: he is like the poor beggar, invited by a friend to a rich feast in a distant city. Rejoicing, he goes, afoot perforce, but when he reaches the sumptuous banquet he is so worn and exhausted he can neither eat nor drink. And this is Life.

But all these thoughts were kept apart from the busy man who was far too preoccupied to question.

There were greater problems for his solving than a woman's mood. So the year passed along, and the new child's life developed as delicately as the thread of a vine propped by love. With a wish to give pleasure, the man had a necklace made of polished bits of quartz for the wife who now mutely shared his life. He was most careful that all should be perfect, and was sharply wounded when she flung the bauble toward him with a bitter cry, saying: "Take your gold! It has bought my soul and paid for the life of our child!"

He flushed, turned quickly on his heel: "There is no pleasing a woman like you!"

Weeping, she betook herself to the God who is tender of weak women and little children.

This night the child lay across her knee with limbs relaxed. She saw the change come into the little face, and knew it was death. Her only wish was to pass alone with her baby through the ordeal. What did it really signify to the busy, engrossed man in the office? His very presence, temporary and perhaps voluble grief, would distract her. He had always left her to carry her burdens alone, and in this sublime sorrow he should also have no part. She, the mother, would walk alone into the very presence of God with her dead child.

Her eyes were strained and tearless, and her arms numbed by the weight of the dying child. She sat and waited. The old mill in the valley danced its hobgoblin dance. Clump! Clump! with its iron shoes. A new thought came to her. Perhaps God was sending this to him as well as her.

"Go tell the master to come here, and you may go to bed, Phillis."

The black girl found the office deserted. The mother continued her solitary watch. The child died softly, and she placed it on the bed, pressing down the tender eye-lids gently with her white lips. She straightened out the little limbs, and knelt down beside the bed, her head resting in the dead baby's palm. The old mill clumped in a joyless, never-ending rhythm. Clump, clump, clang, clang! Her senses, morbid and acute, caught the sound. They have neglected to feed the stamps. My God! they are not iron shoes, but great iron jaws! Don't you hear? Crunch, crunch, clump, clump, clang. Insatiable and cruel, they are feeding on human lives. Don't you hear the bones breaking between those fearful teeth? Oh, God! am I going mad?

She fell prone on her face.

Some time afterward she heard her husband's step on the gravel. Strangely calm, she met him at the door, and said with frigid precision, each word stabbing him like an icicle:

"My baby is dead."

The old mill in the valley winked through the darkness with its slits of windows: "Very well, brother Death, you may capture bodies, but I take the best the world has to give."

FRANZ HELM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1895.

"THE PAPACY AND PROTESTANT MARRIAGE."

Father Yorke to Mr. Hittell.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 16, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Mr. John S. Hittell offers proof for the four statements which I denied in my letter of November 9th.

First—"It is a fact well known to scholars that Papal theologians deny the validity of all marriages except those celebrated in the communion of the Roman Church."

Second—"No recognition of the full validity of a Protestant marriage can be found in any high Papal authority, and all the expressions of the Roman doctors in relation to the subject convey the idea that a heretical church can no more sanctify matrimony than it can admit its believers into heaven."

For these two propositions Mr. John S. Hittell offers the following proof: Except baptism, all sacraments can be administered only by priests; marriage is a sacrament; therefore marriage can be administered only by priests.

A glance at the "Penny Catechism" would have shown Mr. John S. Hittell that his major is not true. The priest is not the minister of the sacrament of matrimony. The ministers are the contracting parties; the priest is present merely in the capacity of an official witness.

If Mr. John S. Hittell would prove his proposition, he must show that the priest is an indispensable witness at all marriages. This Mr. John S. Hittell can not do. Because:

First—The law which makes a priest an indispensable witness is not of universal obligation. This law is known as the decree *Tametsi*, and it has practically the same scope as the Californian statute which invalidates contract marriages. The decree *Tametsi* was never extended to Protestant countries. It does not bind in the United States except in the provinces which formerly belonged to Spain. Hence in Oregon the marriages of Catholics or Protestants celebrated before the parson or the squire, or even without witnesses, are valid in ecclesiastical law.

Second—Even where the decree *Tametsi* binds, as in California, its operation is limited, by the Benedictine Indult of 1741, to marriages where both parties are Catholics. Hence in California the marriages of Protestants, or the marriages of Catholics and Protestants, are valid in canon law even without the presence of a priest.

Third—"Protestant marriage stands on a level with Jewish marriage in the Papal Court; it is a custom which may be recognized as a matter of fact; it is a form of concubinage and nothing more."

Mr. John S. Hittell states that this proposition is slightly incorrect, and he proceeds to restate it. The restatement is accompanied by no proof, therefore I content myself with a bare denial.

Fourth—"In the Papal State, when a Catholic seduced the wife of a Jew, the Jewish marriage was treated as an empty formality and the children born under it as bastards; the nominal wife was allowed to marry her seducer without divorce, because she had never been a wife."

Mr. John S. Hittell's proof of this statement is the Cadova case, which he says is reported in Edmond About's work called "The Roman Question." I have not been able to find this book in the public libraries, therefore I am unable to say who is responsible for the assertions (1) that the Roman Court treated the Jewish marriage as an empty formality, (2) that there was no divorce, and (3) that the Jewish woman had never been a wife.

These three assertions I deny, and for this reason: It is quite possible that the former wife of a Jew may have been allowed to marry a Catholic. This permission is given, not because the former marriage was void, but simply because in certain cases the church recognizes divorce.

Mr. Hittell may find these cases in the "Catholic Dictionary," a copy of which is in the Free Library. I transcribe for his benefit the third case: "If two unbaptized persons have contracted marriage, this marriage may be dissolved, supposing one of the parties embraces the Christian religion and the other refuses to live peaceably and without insult to the Christian religion in the married state. This principle is laid down by Innocent the Third, and is founded on the 'dispensation of the apostle,' as it is called, in 1 Cor., vii., 12-15."

If, therefore, the main fact is true, that a Catholic married a converted Jewess while her husband was living, the reason is not that the Jewish marriage was void, but that the woman had obtained a divorce. Mr. Hittell's proof from the Cadova case is of no value for the very simple, if lamentable, reason that Mr. Hittell is in blissful ignorance of the existence of the *Privilegium Paulinum*, or Pauline divorce.

The other things of which Mr. Hittell spoke have no connection with the marriage question, therefore I pass them over. I make only one request of him—that he would not call names.

Yours truly,

PETER C. YORKE.

Mr. Hittell to Father Yorke.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 19, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The spirit of Father Yorke's argument is indicated by his assertion that the Catholic priest is not the "minister" of the matrimonial sacrament when accepting the mutual and simultaneous promises of the groom and bride to be faithful husband and wife to each other, and when declaring them to be lawfully married under the blessing of the church. In California, the priest acts as the minister of the law, of the church, and of the sacrament. He is not merely an official witness; he is an important participant, and therefore a minister. He refers me to the "Penny Catechism"; I refer him to a better authority in regard to the meaning of English words—"Webster's Dictionary."

Father Yorke gives me the valuable information that a certain Papal decree, declaring all marriages among Christians invalid unless celebrated in the presence—I prefer to say by the ministrations—of a Catholic priest, has never been extended or proclaimed to be in force in Protestant countries, and that this decree as to California has been limited to Catholics. These explanations are offered to us as triumphant proofs that the Holy See recognizes the validity of Protestant marriage in the United States; but, when critically considered, his statements, instead of sustaining, destroy his own pretensions. They show that the Pope claims exclusive authority to enact laws regulating the conditions of the marriage contract among Christians, and to determine what countries and what classes of people shall be subject to those laws. They show that a marriage

between Protestants solemnized in France, according to the national law of that country, is void in Papal courts. The only principle on which such a ruling can have its foundation is that the full validity of the marriage depends, not on the authorization of the State law or on the blessing of the Protestant Church, but on the decree of Rome. The fact that the Pope has not formally nullified Protestant marriages in Protestant countries is mentioned by Father Yorke as if it implied their full recognition, but it implies no such thing.

My communication published in last Saturday's *Argonaut* said: "The Popes have steadfastly asserted that the enactment of laws relating to the solemnization of marriage belongs exclusively to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction." This is the main point in the controversy: if correct, it justifies all my incidental expressions; if incorrect, my case has no solid foundation. Now it is worthy of note that, as to this matter, Father Yorke has not a word to say. His silence may fairly be interpreted as an indirect admission that my statement is accurate, and that remarks about it will not help his cause. The denial of the validity of a law throws discredit on contracts framed in accordance with its provisions.

The rule that the sacrament is inseparable from the contract in Christian marriage is an important part of the matrimonial law of Rome, but Father Yorke has not yet got round to it. Perhaps its elucidation would not strengthen his case. After he shall have repudiated the inseparability or shall have admitted the validity of the sacrament in the marriage ceremony, whether performed by a Protestant minister or a civil official, then we shall believe that he recognizes not only the existence, but also the sacredness of the average American family.

He requests me not to call names, and then, if I rightly understand him, reprehends me for suggesting that some future popes may be "greedy and narrow-minded." Such epithets do no serious injustice to the reputations of Paul the Second, Sixtus the Fourth, Innocent the Eighth, Alexander the Sixth, and Julius the Second, the most detestable series of five sovereigns who ever occupied a prominent Christian throne in uninterrupted succession. Human nature not having changed since their time and the Sacred College being not yet perfect in sacredness, there is neither folly nor malice in the suggestion that some men, as bad as they were, may hereafter become bishops of Rome.

Let us return to the beginning of this controversy. In a public lecture, part of which was reported word for word in the daily press, Father Yorke declared that "it is a foul calumny to say that the Catholic Church does not recognize the marriages of Protestants," and I called the attention of the readers of the *Argonaut* to the equivocal character of his language. I added that "it was not necessary that he should assure us that he admits the existence of a Protestant marriage ceremony; and his words, taken literally, express no idea beyond that. Does he mean that the Papists recognize the full validity of Protestant marriage?" He has made no reply to that query, and by his silence he justifies the inference that the Roman clergy recognizes Protestant marriage as a matter of fact, and not as a matter of fully valid law. But if this is his thought, does not his phrase above quoted look as if it might have been formulated to express two ideas—one to the lecturer, and an entirely different one to his auditory and to the people who should read the report of his words in the journalistic record? Such double meanings might justify the calling of names. Yours truly,

JOHN S. HITTELL.

Sir Henry Tyler, the well-known English railway expert, writes a letter to the London *Times* from Panama on the subject of the renewal of work on the Panama Canal. This letter, contrary to the prevailing opinion in England and the United States, and contrary to the preconceived opinions of the writer himself, expresses the belief that a canal on the plan now proposed, beginning where the Lesseps company left off, can be completed for a sum not exceeding \$100,000,000. Not only so, but he believes that the money will actually be found by the French investors, who already have so much of their capital in the work that they can not afford to let it lapse. Sir Henry found 1,500 men actually at work, and 800 more under contract to begin as soon as they can be brought from Jamaica and other West Indian islands. He was informed that the number would be increased to 4,000 as soon as the right kind of laborers could be found. It is to be hoped that Sir Henry's conclusions are well founded. The only object of a canal is to pass loaded ships through the Isthmus. The French people, who have already spent \$290,900,000, according to the official report of the liquidators, are willing to spend \$100,000,000 more.

Laurel, Md., the town near Washington in which Senator Gorman finds a legal residence and a summer home, "went Republican" on November 5th for the first time in many years by the largest vote ever polled in the town. Yet Laurel is in the very shadow of the Capitol. The Congressional Record, containing full reports of Mr. Gorman's speeches, can be had in Laurel damp from the press. Mr. Gorman made special efforts to hold the Democratic majority in his town and county. He had meetings there, and addresses were made by Mr. Gorman and such associates in the Senate as Butler of South Carolina, Faulkner of West Virginia, and Gray of Delaware. In spite of all this, Howard County, the home of Gorman, has given a majority for the Republican State and county ticket.

In London the most remarkable advertisements have emanated from the theatres. "The Dead Heart" was printed in red and posted everywhere—upon the walls, upon the pavements, upon the trees in the parks, upon the seats, and even upon the backs of revelers returning home in a convivial but too oblivious mood. Still more striking was the idea of the manager of the drama "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Hiring a number of hansom, he placed in each the dummy figure of a man in a dress-suit, with a blood-spattered shirt-front, and had them driven through the principal streets, to the alarm of a few, but to the delight of the many.

The curious effect that may be produced by a very small transposition of words and ideas is illustrated by this slightly "mixed" instruction, recently given by an officer at drill to a company of men: "When I give the command, 'Halt!' you will bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless!"

In England a distinction is made between a "village" and a "town," the dignity of town being applied only to those places which are large enough to support a weekly market in the public square, to which the farmers of the surrounding country bring for sale and barter their butter, eggs, and other produce.

THE TEN THOUSAND.

They Went to the Horse Show and Gazed on the Five Hundred—
Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and Dick
Crocker the Stars.

The eleventh exhibition of the National Horse Show Association at Madison Square Garden is a national event. More and more it is forced upon one that the Horse Show has ceased to be a New York function and is a national one. For days the hotel-keepers have been inundated with letters and telegrams from all over the United States. Three days ago, there was not a room disengaged at the Waldorf, the Holland House, the Brunswick, the St. James, the Gilsey House, or any hotel in the vicinity of Madison Square. Applications for rooms came from points as far west as Kansas City, Denver, and San Francisco.

The directors have evidently recognized the fact that the Horse Show is a national institution, because at the annual luncheon set in the Madison Square Garden on Saturday there were guests invited from all over the United States, from Maine to Texas and from Florida to California. Among the San Francisco guests I noted the names of Henry J. Crocker, George A. Pope, and M. Theodore Kearney. This luncheon was a fine affair, and the members of the Fourth Estate were well represented. After the luncheon, there was a parade of the uniformed staff of the show. About eighty of them appeared in their black and orange colors.

Talking of colors, the Waldorf has been decorated in the Horse Show Association colors, black and orange. The yellow chrysanthemum has been chosen as the only flower. Enormous banks of them line the office, the corridor, and the grand staircase. All of the hotels are paying marked attention to the Horse Show, and on their menu cards they have half-tone pictures of many of the prize-winners of last year.

If the Horse Show has become a national affair, it is none the less distinctively a New York affair. It has gradually come to be the opening of the social season in New York. When people are asked, "When do you go back to town?" the almost invariable response is "In time for the Horse Show." The weather lately in New York has not been pleasant, and at Newport there has been the most delightful Indian summer weather; but, none the less, the Newport cottagers have packed up their things, deserted their Lares and Penates by the sea, and flown to New York for the Horse Show. Although the town has been gradually filling up, it is only within the past few days that you again noted scores of familiar faces on the avenue.

Everybody welcomes the Horse Show, not only the horse-men, the harness-makers, the saddlers, and the carriage-makers, but also the milliners and mantua-makers, for the ladies have decided that the Horse Show is the place in which to burst upon the world in their new frocks. They were a little perturbed lately on account of the big weddings preceding the show; but they determined to wear some of their old gowns at the weddings, in order not to take the freshness off their new ones for the Horse Show. The ladies seem to luxuriate in changes of attire at the Horse Show; last year many of them wore three costumes a day—a walking-dress in the morning hours if they go then, a handsome calling costume late in the afternoon, and, of course, in the evening a most elaborate dinner-gown and luxurious wrap. The wraps this season are so gorgeous that the ladies do not remove them as promptly as they might when they enter. On most of the new coats the revers are fur-faced, and the wide flowing collars have satin stocks finished with foamy, filmy laces falling to the waist. The buttons of these luxurious wraps are also very handsome. I noticed one lady wearing a coat with large gilded miniatures as buttons surrounded by fine rhine-stones. Such buttons cost at least twenty dollars apiece.

There were Ten Thousand Five Hundred people in the Madison Square Garden last night. Five Hundred of them sat in boxes, and the other Ten Thousand stared at the Five Hundred. It was easy for the Ten Thousand to make guesses at the identity of the Five Hundred, owing to the diagrams which located the box-owners. But there were many amusing mistakes made. There was intense curiosity felt as to the identity of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, and she was pointed out by the Ten Thousand in half a dozen different boxes. But she was not in any box at all. For three years now Mrs. Vanderbilt has taken the same row of reserved seats—the one directly behind the Gould box. She considers the prices paid for boxes at the Horse Show as exorbitant. Last night she was accompanied by Oliver Perry Belmont and Colonel and Mrs. William Jay and some others. Her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough, and her husband were not there, although the Ten Thousand pointed them out repeatedly. Mrs. George Gould, for some reason, seemed to attract the curiosity of the Ten Thousand, for they formed in a concentrated mass in front of her box, and stared the unfortunate woman out of countenance, until she looked as if she were going to cry. Among the other stars were Governor Morton and his family, Richard Crocker, the ex-Tammany boss, and Mayor Grant, another Tammany chieftain. From this it is seen that it is newspaper prominence that makes the Ten Thousand goggle and stare, for there were many more beautiful women present than Mrs. George Gould and many more notable men than Mr. Crocker or Mr. Grant. One of the most beautiful women there, by the way, was Mrs. Clarence Gray Dinsmore, who was with Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's party. The other half of this dissolved matrimonial firm, to wit, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, sat in Box 100. With his party there was also a professional beauty, Mrs. Duncan Elliott—Sallie Hargous that was—and Mr. and Mrs. James Marcoe. But Mrs. Elliott attracted no attention whatever from the Ten Thousand. Since she married she has not been in the newspapers, and the Ten Thousand have forgotten her. There

was a real live princess also in the house in the person of Princess Poniatowski, who was on the south side of the arena in a box belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander. Mme. Nordica also had a crowd in front of her box during the evening. She occupied a box with Captain and Mrs. de la Mar. Mrs. de la Mar is a very beautiful woman. Her husband is a rich Colorado miner, who is attempting to make his way socially in New York—has a steam-yacht, and all that sort of thing. What with the beauty of his wife and the well-known face of Mme. Nordica, he certainly had a very attentive group of spectators around his box during the evening.

There was a most remarkable diversity in the costume of the men. Some of them wore dress-coats with white ties, some dress-coats with black ties, some Tuxedos with black ties, and some frock-coats. The only thing in which they all agreed was in wearing flowers in their button-holes. The men with white ties glowered at the men with black ties, and both white and black-tied men looked disdainfully at the men with frock-coats. But there were a few men who still wore riding-boots and breeches in the evening, with flat, white Teck ties, into which were thrust pins in the shape of gold riding crops or gold horse-shoes with diamond nails; these horsemen looked with scorn on all the other men, whether in Tuxedos, tail-coats, or frock-coats. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, by the way, wore a tail-coat, a white waistcoat, and a white tie. This is important to know.

The Horse Show hand-shake is higher than ever. Last year it was as high as the chin. This year it seems to be about on a level with the eyes. The only other peculiarity that I have noticed is a most extraordinary walk affected by the women. They go teetering and tilting down the walk circling the arena, swinging the godets of their skirts and generally presenting the appearance of walking on a wire mattress. I interrogated a young woman of my acquaintance as to what this might mean, and was told that it was known as the "Gibson girl walk." How the women ever could have evolved any walk from Gibson's pictures of girls, I can not understand. I have heard the women say that Gibson's girls "almost breathe." But they certainly do not walk.

After the show was over last night, the Waldorf was crowded. That caravansary seems to be the head-quarters of the Horse Show people. The restaurant, the garden, and the café were all filled with women. The regular male *habitués*, who are in the habit of dropping in for a sandwich, a night-cap, and a cigar, were driven from their favorite corners by the influx of women; the fair ones filled the first floor from the Fifth Avenue side clear over to the western end of the café. The scene was a very animated one. As I said, the hotel was elaborately decorated, and Boniface Boldt had a very fine orchestra which played until midnight. Altogether the opening night of the Horse Show was a brilliant, coruscating, scintillating success.

And the horses? Oh, nobody paid any attention to the horses. Later on, perhaps, when they have time, they may go and look at the horses in the day-time. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1895.

A little less than two hundred years ago, when John Churchill, Earl (at the time) of Marlborough, was confined in the Tower of London for having displeased William the Third, a certain Jan Derbildt was serving as a corporal in the guards of the Staathelzer, as the King of England was always called in his own Netherlands. A great-grandson of Corporal Jan Derbildt was one of the many sturdy Hollanders who went in search of work and wealth in the New World. Somehow his name became twisted into "Vanderbilt," and (according to the London *Gentleman*) it was the grandfather of the American girl now wedded to the Duke of Marlborough of to-day who made the first of the many millions of the Vanderbilt family of New York. If the great Duke of Marlborough, when he won his battles in Flanders, ever cast his eyes on Corporal Jan Derbildt, he could not in his wildest imaginings have ever supposed that one of his future successors would go across the water to "the American colonies" and bring back a duchess chosen from the descendants of that Dutch private soldier.

A curious example of extinction of remorse in the human breast is afforded by the village of retired organ-grinders, which, we are told, is to be found in Italy. They exhibit as great a serenity and peace of mind as though they had passed their lives in benefiting their fellow-creatures. No recollection of the tortured author, the frenzied musician, the sleepless invalid, haunts their callous hearts; and, what is most amazing of all, some of them—not many, alas! or we should be the gainers—have actually taken their hateful instruments home with them, and grind upon them for their own amusement. It will be interesting to that large body of persons who respect the Scripture, without a very intimate knowledge of it, that it expressly states (in Job) that the wicked "rejoice at the sound of the organ."

According to the present outlook, after March 4, 1897, there will be only half a dozen Democratic senators from Northern and Western States. These will be: Smith of New Jersey, Murphy of New York, Mitchell of Wisconsin, Roach of North Dakota, White of California, and Turpie of Indiana. The terms of all these do not expire until 1899. Possibly Senator Voorbees of Indiana and Vilas of Wisconsin, whose terms expire in 1897, may be able to secure reelection, but it is believed the chances are much against them. In the last Congress there were thirteen Democratic senators from the North—an unlucky number, as it turns out.

Mr. and Mrs. Leake, of San Diego, both of whom are past sixty years of age, rode into Fresno last Saturday evening on bicycles, having come the entire distance of over four hundred miles on their wheels. They were en route to the Yosemite Valley.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Holmes's real name is Mudgett, "or was," remarks the *Chicago Tribune*, "until the jury's verdict shortened it."

Lord Rosebery is said to be at work upon a novel dealing with the life of a diplomat. He has always had literary tastes, and has at times written verse of more or less merit.

Juan Osuna, who was initiated into the Native Sons of the Golden West at San Diego last week, is the "Dean of the order." He was born at the Mission of San Diego June 24, 1825, and he has lived in the county ever since.

Sir John Tenniel, the famous *Punch* cartoonist, was in his younger days passionately fond of fencing, and, in a bout with a friend, the foil entered one of his eyes and entirely destroyed its sight. The accident does not, however, affect the appearance of the eye.

The great charm of the Queen of Madagascar is said to be her unconventionality. She chews tobacco, drinks champagne, uses palm oil on her hair, wears five-thousand-dollar Worth costumes, at the same time going barefooted, and is a member of the Orthodox Congregational Church.

H. F. Dickens, Q. C., resembles his father in many ways. He is the author of a good many legal stories, and says clever and witty things by the score. In work he is alert, energetic, and thorough. In preparing for the defense in a well-known poisoning case, he read a whole library of books on poisoning.

Among living statesmen, Mr. Goschen probably writes the worst hand. He is extremely short-sighted, and one day in the House of Commons he picked up one of his memoranda and, after vainly trying to make it out, exclaimed: "A man who writes like that ought not to be in public service."

Two fresh bits of gossip about Edison concern his thoughtfulness in burning a thousand letters that had accumulated on his desk during his stenographer's illness, and his discovery of a new use for Confederate currency, which, being made of sea-grass paper, now serves a good end in his laboratory as a basis for the carbon filaments of lamps.

Mrs. Nansen, wife of the Arctic explorer, appears in an interview as follows: "I asked her if she had no desire to accompany her husband. She answered promptly: 'No, indeed; that would be outside the sphere of a woman. That would not have been the proper thing for me to do.' I ventured to mention that Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband on an Arctic trip. 'Yes,' she said; 'and so much the worse for the expedition.'"

David Belasco is credited with the authorship of about one hundred plays, most of which have had successful runs. They have been so remunerative that (according to *Leslie's Weekly*) he is said to be the richest playwright in the United States, though probably Bronson Howard would dispute that assertion. Mr. Belasco is a man of about forty-five, and he has been in New York since 1880. His boyhood was spent on the Pacific Coast, and he has been stage-director of several San Francisco theatres.

Sir Robert Peel's projected marriage with Mrs. Langtry—her main object in instituting divorce proceedings against her husband—has been broken off. After Sir Robert had managed to get his wealthy brother-in-law, Baron von der Heydt, to advance fifty thousand dollars to enable him to compound with his creditors at fifty cents on the dollar, Mrs. Langtry stepped in with a claim of some twenty-five thousand dollars. This almost upset the arrangement. The Dean of Jersey's daughter has a new titled swain in tow, the premier earl of the realm, Lord Shrewsbury. He has become her racing partner, and the two are inseparable. They went to Paris the other day by special train, after winning close upon one hundred thousand dollars at Newmarket.

Verdi was born on the tenth October, 1813, at Roncole, an unpretentious settlement with three hundred inhabitants, some seventeen miles north-west of Parma, in Italy. He was christened Fortunino Joseph Franciscus, although the world at large knows him only by the name of Giuseppe. Verdi's parents kept the village inn, or *osteria*, and Padre Carlo Verdi was illiterate; but he had a brave little wife, who saved the life of the world's future melodist ere he was many months old. In 1814, the village of Roncole was sacked by the invading Allies. The frightened women took refuge in the church; but the soldiers forced the door, and slew women and children until the floor ran with blood. One mother, with an infant at her breast, flew to the belfry and hid there, so saving herself and her child. This child was the infant Verdi.

John James Magee, the Guatemalan millionaire, twenty years ago was a poor collector of insects, occasionally acting as British Vice-Consul at San José. One day the *commandante* sent for him, and Magee returned answer that he would come presently. The official sent a squad of soldiers, seized Magee, and gave orders that he should receive seventy-five lashes on his bare back. At the close of this ceremony the *commandante* cried: "Give him twenty-five more, just for luck." Magee complained to England, and that country ordered Guatemala to punish the official and to pay the victim five hundred dollars for every lash. Thus Magee received fifty thousand dollars in a lump, which made him richer in coin than most men in Guatemala. Naturally, President Barrios went into partnership with him, and the entomologist became a big coffee-planter and a dock-builder for the ports. Nearly every one who lands in Guatemala now has to pay tribute to him, and he also owns rich mines and timber tracts. Three-fourths of his time he now spends in Paris. His nephew, William Magee, is a member of several San Francisco clubs.

A HUNT FOR A DINNER.

The Surprising Adventures of a Man in Search of his Host.

The invitation, which was addressed to M. and Mme. Tamponet, read as follows:

We have just received a hamper containing a superb trout and a pullet stuffed with truffles. The trout is not to be delayed, so pardon this hurried invitation and come and dine with us this evening.

Tamponet's face took on an expression of joy that every gourmet will understand, for Tamponet wielded a famous fork. That very day the couple had had a quarrel about the dinner—onion soup, fried whiting, a boiled shoulder of mutton, and lentils.

"Whom is the invitation from?" asked madame.

"Wait a moment, I'm trying to make out," said Tamponet, and he murmured "Rousse—Bouss—ah, Rousseau!"

"Oh, the Rousseaus!" exclaimed Mme. Tamponet. "Very kind of them, I'm sure. Well, what's the matter with you, looking at the letter like that? Come, let's get ready."

"I—I said Rousseau, but I am not sure—it seems to me that—" then, thinking he has it at last—"ah, Boussieux—at least, I think so. Rouss—Bouss—no, it's neither an R nor a B, it's an H," and he began mumbling again: "Heis, Hass, Hiss, Houss—ah, our friends the Houssards."

"Well, if we can't make the name out, we shan't go, then," concluded Mme. Tamponet, "and it'll teach people who invite us to dinner to sign their letters legibly."

"But our friends rely on us," Tamponet declared. "We must take a carriage by the hour and go to all three places."

"All three places!" repeated Mme. Tamponet, ironically. "Do you think I am going to go on a wild-goose chase with you from one end of Paris to the other?"

"Well, then, I'll go for you."

"Or rather for the trout and the pullet."

"They're better than your fried whiting, your boiled leg of mutton that's all gristle and tendons, and your lentils."

"Oh, I know you would go all over Paris for a good dinner. Bah, your gluttony is disgusting." And the discussion ended there. Mme. Tamponet slammed the door of her room after her.

An empty cab passed the door as Tamponet left the house. He hailed the driver, and the carriage stopped.

"By the hour," he said.

"Right you are. Where to?"

Houssard living nearest, his address was given first. In ten minutes, Tamponet was there. He hurried up the three flights to the Houssards' floor, and rang the bell. An instant later, he was received by Mme. Houssard.

"My dear M. Tamponet," she exclaimed, rising painfully from an easy-chair. "What happy thought brought you to see a poor invalid laid up with the headache? How kind you are; it is not my recreation day, I am not expecting any one, my husband is dining down-town, and you can't imagine how tired of myself I was getting."

Tamponet could make no adequate response to such a cordial greeting. "You are too good, my dear madam," he stammered. "Unfortunately I can not stay long."

"You must stay as long as you can. How is your charming wife?" and the invalid continued to eulogize the wife, while the husband, who dared not look at his watch, could not take his eyes off the clock.

"You are noticing my clock," said the lady presently; "is it not pretty? My husband bought it for me at a sale, and it was a rare bargain. It has quite a history—rather a long story, but—"

Tamponet jumped up in affright. "My dear madame," he exclaimed, "I could never forgive myself if I let you fatigue yourself with a long recital, when you have such a headache," and, as she laid her hand on his arm to detain him, he seized the extended hand, shook it, and escaped.

Our gastronome next gave Boussieux's address.

Mme. Boussieux was at home. Her husband having left for Havre that morning to be gone three or four days, she had told her cook and the maid that she would dine with some friends, and that after her late breakfast they could take the day off. As soon as the breakfast-table was cleared, the servants left. Their mistress immediately got a cab at the neighboring stand and was driven with all haste to a famous restaurant, where she ordered an elaborate dinner for two.

Just as Tamponet was about to ring the bell at Boussieux's, the door opened to give passage to a white-costumed individual who stood aside, holding in his hand an empty hamper, on which could be read the name of the famous restaurant.

"At last!" sighed Tamponet, and his mouth fairly watered; "here it is." And he went in.

An individual in a dress-coat, with white tie and gloves, was standing in the anteroom.

"I suppose you are in the same box as myself," said Tamponet, to the personage in evening-dress. "You're waiting for a servant to announce you, eh?"

"No, sir," replied the other; "I am a waiter from Voisin's famous restaurant, and I am to serve dinner as soon as an expected guest arrives."

"Hum, I must be keeping them waiting," thought Tamponet, and seeing the door of the drawing-room open, he entered the room, his excuses on the tip of his tongue.

He was surprised to see no one there. But doubtless Boussieux had taken the men into his study to give them an absinthe, while the ladies must be in his wife's room. And he went down the long hall, at the end of which was Boussieux's study. Here a new surprise awaited him: the door was closed, and he heard no voices from within.

While Tamponet was thus searching for the guests, a little conjugal drama was taking place at the other end of the apartment. Boussieux, having met the Havre merchant, who had himself started for Paris, at the Rouen station, returned with him; they had arranged their business affair on the train, and Boussieux, as soon as he reached Paris, had hurried home, where he expected to find his wife at dinner.

As he had his key, he had come in without ringing the bell, and, seeing the before-mentioned personage in the anteroom, had stopped in surprise.

The waiter made himself known, and added that the expected gentleman had just arrived; as for himself, he was just about to serve dinner.

Not comprehending what all this meant, and fearing to comprehend it, Boussieux turned pale.

"Expected gentleman? Who expects him?" he demanded.

Boussieux was a very Othello.

"Madame," replied the waiter; "madame ordered dinner for two."

Boussieux hounded forward, hurst into the dining-room like a whirlwind, and saw the covers laid for two.

At that moment the bell rang. Mme. Boussieux ran to the anteroom to admit the impatiently awaited friend; a quick shade of vexation came into her face as she foresaw some obstacle. Feverishly she tore open the note: a sudden illness made the projected dinner impossible.

By this time the husband was in his wife's room, where he had thought to surprise her with her lover. Seeing no one there, he returned and hurst in upon his wife.

"At last I find you," he said, in a voice of thunder. "For whom was all this splendor ordered from the restaurant?"

The guilty woman had an inspiration. "What a ridiculous scene your jealousy is making!" she replied, calmly. "The second place was laid for a lady I have been expecting."

"Enough of your brazenness!" roared Boussieux. "The gentleman you expected is here."

"A gentleman?" she replied, with an ironical smile. "Very well, if he is here, find him."

The noise of the discussion had reached Tamponet. "Ah, there they are," he said to himself, and he entered the room just as the jealous husband was about to begin his search for the man who had shattered his domestic paradise.

Mme. Boussieux was thunderstruck.

"You!" cried the husband, seizing him by the throat.

"A friend, too!" he roared, shaking the unhappy Tamponet, who was gasping as if he were about to die. "It's always one's friends who do these things."

With that he drew a revolver from his pocket. The sight of the weapon gave poor Tamponet the energy of despair; with a violent wrench, he broke from the infuriated husband and fled for his life, hastened by the sound of the pistol-shots.

The reports of the pistol had drawn the other tenants from their rooms, and the *conciérge*, who was busy on the upper floor, hurried down with all haste, while, his six shots expended, the terrible husband reentered his own apartment to have an explanation with his wife. The tenants saw only the man who was tumbling, rather than running, downstairs. They all immediately set after him, crying "Stop him! Stop him! Murder!" And when the fleeing man, now frightened out of his senses, arrived at the street door where his cab awaited him, he heeded a great crowd collected by the pistol-shots and uproar. At sight of this man—hareheaded, pale, haggard, his hair rumpled, and his clothing in disorder—the crowd had no doubt that he was some terrible criminal, and when they saw him hurl himself into the cab, calling to the driver "Quick as you can—ten francs tip!" and heard him reply to the driver's question as to their destination "Wherever you like!"—then they were convinced.

"What's the row here?" demanded the policemen, running up, and when the matter was explained to them, they dragged the supposed assassin from the cab where he was hiding more dead than alive.

"Hold on! That's Tamponet!" exclaimed a passer-by who had stopped through curiosity.

"Ah, my good friend!" sobbed the unhappy man. "Speak for me, tell them I am not the assassin. In fact, it is I they wanted to kill!"

"He an assassin!" exclaimed the friend. "Why, he's a respectable tradesman, I've known him thirty years."

"That's an accomplice," yelled the crowd; "he wants to save him. Arrest him, too!"

The officers put Tamponet back into the cab, made his friend get in beside him, and ordered the driver to take them both to the police station. There they had an explanation. The supposed accomplices proved their identity. Tamponet recounted the history of his invitation, showed his letter, and the sergeant, after having laughed long over the adventure, dismissed the prisoners.

Both entered the cab, which was still waiting for Tamponet, and the friend gave his own address to the driver.

"Where are you taking me?" asked the hero of our tale.

"To my house—you must dine with us."

"Dine! Ah, my friend, all this has sadly spoiled my appetite," replied Tamponet, in a broken voice.

The carriage stopped, and they entered the host's house.

"My dear," the latter said to his wife, "I have brought home to dine with us my old friend Tamponet, who has just had a most amusing adventure—he has been surprised in a rendezvous with a lady—" and he burst into laughter.

"I protest, madame," exclaimed the guest, "I—"

"That's all right. You can explain at table," laughed his host; then, to his wife, he added: "What have you for dinner?"

"Onion soup," the lady replied, "and—"

Tamponet started uneasily.

"—after the soup," the lady continued, "some fried whiting—"

"Heavens!" gasped our gastronome.

"—a boiled shoulder of mutton," added the good woman.

"And lentils!" cried Tamponet.

"How did you know that?" asked the lady in surprise.

"Just a fancy that came to me," responded the guest with a sad smile; and he added to himself: "To think that I have brought all these troubles on myself because I would not eat this same dinner at home!"—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Moineaux.

THE CRASH IN KAFFIRS.

London Agog over the Slump of "the Kaffir Circus"—Indignation at the Lord Mayor's Banquet to Barney Barnato—Effects of Distrust in the Continental Bourses.

The talk of London during the week has been the excitement in "the Kaffir circus." Not only have the Kaffir securities slumped, but there has been a decided decline in other securities as well, including Americans. The price of consols has been shaken as if Great Britain were on the eve of war, and there has been a drop during the week of two and a half points. This has been attributed by some to fears of war, and by others to the fact that some holders of consols have been selling out to make good their losses in Kaffirs.

Intense indignation has been aroused by the action of Sir Joseph Renals, the present Lord Mayor of London, in giving a banquet at the Mansion House to Mr. Barney Barnato, the ring-master of the Kaffir circus. Sir Joseph's reputation as a company promoter very nearly prevented his election to the position of lord mayor. He scraped through, however, and his present action has justified that opposition. His banquet has met with the unanimous condemnation of the press. The representatives of most of the leading banks and stock-exchange firms declined the invitations to it. As a result, there was a rather queer lot of convives. The list of guests included Daniel Marks, Jonas Jonas, A. Abrahams, Karl Meyer, Isaac Henry Barnato, Harry Marks, Woolf Joel, and Mr. Barney Barnato. These gentlemen are all promoters, and Mr. Harry Marks is editor of the *Financial News*, a journal whose boast is that it is the most venal in London. To crown this curious banquet, Sir Joseph Renals proposed the health of Mr. Barney Barnato as "the saviour of society." This was inspired by the rumored act of Mr. Barnato in stepping in and saving the market from an utter crash.

The financial newspapers, like the organ of Mr. Harry Marks, have for month after month bristled with the prospectuses of African mining ventures. The post-office has flooded everybody with circulars, pamphlets, expert opinions, and puffs of Kaffirs. People have talked nothing but Kaffirs. You were button-holed on the streets by wild-eyed friends who told you marvelous tales of adventures who a few months ago did not possess a shilling, but who now count their gains by millions of pounds.

But a change has come in the Kaffir circus. While it is as yet not a panic, it is very near to one. The *Economist* published on Saturday statistics showing the decline of a dozen of the leading Kaffir stocks during ten days. This decline aggregated \$113,000,000 on a nominal capital of \$93,000,000. They are going down more rapidly than they went up, and they went up very rapidly. For example, on January 2, 1894, the shares of sixty-seven companies in the Rand district were selling for £20,000,000—about £5,000,000 over their par value. On the first of October, 1895, they were selling at £107,000,000. They are going down, the Rand mines not so rapidly as the others, but even they are going down, and yet the Rand mines are producing now over 200,000 ounces of gold a month, and experts claim that when their plants are in full operation, the output will exceed 300,000 ounces a month.

But, none the less, despite the output from the Rand mines, they can not save the market in general. The Barnato stocks in particular are bound to go to pot. I have rarely noticed so much indignation in London as there has been over the banquet to Barnato. It is rumored in the city that the common council at its meeting next week will refuse to pass the customary vote of thanks to the retiring lord mayor, Sir Joseph Renals. Barnato, who a fortnight ago was posing as "the saviour of London," is now one of the most unpopular of men in this great city. Where a few days ago he could scarcely walk through Mayfair without being perpetually button-holed for tips by members of the peerage, there is now none so poor to do him reverence. The West End has been very hard hit by the slump in Kaffirs, and they feel correspondingly bitter against Barnato. Barney has had social aspirations which were just beginning to bud; but, since the slump, it is evident that the Barnato bud will never blossom.

The crash in Kaffirs in the London Exchange was brought about by the break in Paris. It is another proof of the fact that the French are not stayers, and that the British buyer, while not so sanguine, is more stubborn. The Kaffir craze in Paris was at first confined to the clubmen and the wealthy and idle class generally, but it presently spread to the shop-keeper class, and from that to what the French call *petites gens*. The shares of the various Kaffir stocks were quoted at such small prices—a couple of pounds apiece—that it was easy for small investors to buy. The French rushed in crazily, as they always do. Even waiters and market-women got the craze. But when the weakening began, the Parisian speculators became infinitely more panic-stricken than the English did, and a general cry of "*sauve qui peut*" began. The sudden dumping of hundreds of thousands of shares on the Paris market affected the London market, and from that the slump began. The speculators of the London Stock Exchange are now cursing the French as heartily as their grandfathers did in the days when Boney threatened perfidious Albion. But cursing will not save them. They were glad enough to hail the money of the French and German investors six weeks ago, but now that those punters have become alarmed, they curse them for their pains. Many of the English purchasers have bought for investment and not for speculation, and therefore, owing to the racial differences, are not so easily affected as are the panicky French. But the cumulative effect of Paris, Vienna, and Berlio dumping their holdings on the market will be too much for the flagrant and beefy British. The crash can not be stopped. The Kaffir circus is doomed.

LONDON, November 9, 1895.

PICCADILLY.

LITERARY NOTES.

Freedom from Anger and Worry.

Mr. Horace Fletcher, who will be remembered as a former San Franciscan and the proprietor of the well-known Japanese bazaar called "Ichi Ban," has written a peculiar book. It is called "Meoticulture or the A-B-C of True Living," and it contains some curious theories on what the author calls the elimination of the germs of evil passions. The book is enlarged from a paper read before a gathering of Mental Scientists in New Orleans, where Mr. Fletcher has been living for a number of years. According to his belief, anger and worry add all attendant emotions are unprofitable conditions of the mind, which can be dispelled forever by an exertion of the will. A mind thus voluntarily freed is in a state of emancipation, and life thereafter wears a changed and happier aspect. The author's belief seems to be almost identical with that of Christian Scientists, with this difference, that it is mental ills which he combats, while their weapons are directed against physical ailments. There are always receptive souls ready to embrace a new doctrine, and this one will no doubt have its following. But in most minds the book will arouse a scoffing spirit. However, Mr. Fletcher is beyond the reach of jeering slings and arrows, for he is plainly in that emancipated condition of mind which anger and worry cannot invade.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

More of Coleridge's Note-Books.

"Anima Poetæ" is the title Ernest Hartley Coleridge has given to a volume he has just made up of extracts from the unpublished note-books of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. "Since I have left you," he wrote to Wordsworth in 1812, "my pocket-books have been my sole confidants," and from more than fifty of these note-books, ranging in date from 1795 to 1832, the thoughts that fill this volume have been taken. They include bits from diaries of tours in Germany, the Lake District, Scotland, Sicily, and Italy; notes for projected and accomplished works, rough drafts of poems, notes for lectures, quotations with and without comment, fragments of metaphysical and theological speculation, and a medley of thoughts and fancies on every subject under the sun—down to so trivial a remark as the naïve confession of his inability to explain off-hand the purpose of the slit in a pen. The extracts are indexed by proper names and by subjects.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.50.

A Story of Virginia Life.

"Unc' Edinburg," by Thomas Nelson Page, has been re-issued in a handsome new edition. The story is not long, but it takes courage to plunge into even a short book which is written entirely in dialect. After the first shock, there is a pretty little love-tale as a reward. But the real interest of the book lies not in the love pangs of Marse George and Miss Charlotte, but in the talkative old darkey who narrates them. The old slave sighing for the days before the war is a figure grown familiar through its frequent recurrence in the Southern short story; and Unc' Edinburg is a sympathetic presentation of this picturesque type. His talk reflects the Christmas festivities at a hospitable Virginia mansion, where the young folks have gathered from all the countryside to make merry. It is there that Marse George meets Miss Charlotte, for whom he almost dies of love; and there that Unc' Edinburg, then a jaunty young negro boy, makes advances to that "mighty likely light-skinned gal" who was Miss Charlotte's maid. The dialect is rather knotty, but the scenes, if in lines somewhat hackneyed, are drawn skillfully and with understanding.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Crossing the Plains in the Old Days.

"A Son of the Plains," by Arthur Paterson, just escapes being a striking book. It is of the absorbing kind that is not laid aside until the last page is reached. The first half of the volume is taken up with a trip across the plains, by way of the old Santa Fé trail. The time is twenty years ago, when those who embarked on the journey took their lives in their hands. The opening pages are impressive, where the loneliest of lives is described—that of a stockman on the Western prairies. The story of the assault by Indians and of the rescue of the two girls is full of breathless excitement. And the journey by stage, where "road agents" attack the party, is almost equally fine. But from there on, the book steadily deteriorates. Abductions, murders, battles, follow each other in such rapid succession that one becomes satiated, and has no capacity left for being thrilled. Mr. Paterson's liking for theatrical effects has marred some of his best passages, and events which thrilled by the sense of reality they conveyed are succeeded by a train of sensationalisms that displease by their high coloring. There is a freshness and charm in the picture of the two pretty young girls whose lot is cast in this rough life, and the love-tale has an unsophisticated flavor that is pleasant. But the work, as a

whole, is far from being up to the standard of the best that is in it.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Miss Pauline Payne Whitney, daughter of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, was married to Almerie Hugh Paget, youngest son of the late General Lord Alfred Paget, and now a resident of St. Paul, Minn., at St. Thomas's Church, in New York city, on Tuesday, November 12th. The ceremony was performed by Bishops Potter and Leoard and the Rev. Dr. John Wesley Brown, and the music in the church included:

Organ prelude, Bridesmaids' Chorus, Weber, Mrs. Gamm and choir; organ solo, Mr. Gale; air, Handel, Miss Winant, with chorus and harp; Wedding Music, Dr. Warren; solo, "Show Me Thy Ways," Toronto, Mrs. Gamm; solo, air from "The Jewess," Halevy, Edouard de Reszke; solo, "Ava Maria," Gounod, Mme. Nordica, with violin obligato by Mr. Franko; violin solo, Handel's Largo, Nahana Franka, accompanied by stringed instruments; duet, "Le Crucifix," Faure, Mme. Nordica and Edouard de Reszke; "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod, Mme. Nordica, with harp and organ.

President Grover Cleveland and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, signed the marriage registry as witnesses. Colonel Oliver Payne, her uncle, who once gave her mother a million-dollar mansion in Fifth Avenue, gave the bride a wedding gift of one million dollars, and her allowance from her father is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Mrs. Paget, who is undoubtedly one of the wealthiest brides of the year, has just passed her twenty-first birthday. A somewhat novel feature of the wedding was the fact that Paget's farewell dinner was not given to his hachelor friends, Miss Whitney and the young ladies of the bridal party also being present.

The auction sale of the Los Aguilas Ranch, last Tuesday, was worthy of note in more ways than one. In the first place, this is one of the very few times in recent years when one of the old Spanish ranches has come up for sale as a whole; it comprises 23,650 acres in San Benito County, and was appraised at \$150,000 about a year ago, but is now assessed at \$98,000, yielding a yearly rental of \$6,675. But it belongs to the estate of José Vicente de Laveaga, who charged against it legacies amounting to \$210,000. The heirs are poor and wish to sell, but the executors consider the price at which it was knocked down to Andrew B. McCreery—\$80,000—so far below the real value of the property that the sale may not be confirmed by the court. If it is confirmed, it will pay the legatees only about thirty-five cents on the dollar.

The formal opening of the new Ingleside track, by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, will take place next Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. The track is an excellent one and every effort has been made to make the club-houses, stables, paddock, etc., in every way equal to the best in the country. The entries already made show that the winter season is to be a notable one in the annals of the American turf. The most celebrated stables in the United States will be well represented, and the cleverest jockeys are coming from the East. The advent of many Eastern bookmakers and plungers, too, shows that the season is to be a lively one, and with competent officials and honest administration, the new club should put the "sport of kings" firmly on its feet in California.

At the auction of the Shillaber Estate two fine marbles by the late W. W. Storey, "Delilah" and "Saul," and one by Rogers, "The Lost Pleiad," were bought by M. H. de Young, the first for \$150 and the other two for \$145 each. These extraordinarily low prices are due to the fact that Mrs. Shillaber's sister, Mrs. Cook, has a life interest in the statues, and Mr. de Young bought them subject to this life interest, but with the privilege of securing their absolute ownership by the payment of one thousand dollars for each piece. Even so, however, the prices are remarkably small.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells has generously volunteered the use of her home, 2118 Pacific Avenue, for a tea and musicale to be given in aid of the Nursery for Homeless Children on Saturday, November 30th. A number of ladies and gentlemen well known in society will assist in this good cause and help to make a most interesting programme during the hours, from three to ten P. M. Young folks can amuse themselves in the dance-hall from eight till ten o'clock. A bevy of charming young girls will serve refreshments and help to brighten the scene.

Valor, in the Alpujarras, used to export large quantities of garlic to Mexico and the United States. Of late years the demand has fallen off, the farmers being left with their crops on their hands. One farmer used his spoiled garlic as manure for his vines, which were consumed by the phylloxera. The plants came up clean and strong, with no trace of the disease. Last winter his neighbors imitated him, with the same result.

A bazaar will be held at the Presidio on Saturday, December 7th, from eleven o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night for the benefit of the charity work of the Golden Circle of the King's Daughters. The price of admission will be twenty-five cents. Luncheon and supper will be served.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Beodix Recital.

The third pianoforte recital of Mr. Otto Bendix at Beethoven Hall, last Tuesday evening, closed a remarkable series of concerts. Mr. Bendix studied under Gade, Kullak, and Liszt, and he gave such great programmes as even Van Billow and Rubinstein seldom have attacked and Paderewski over. At the first two recitals Bach and Beethoven were represented by their finest works. The programme of the last one, more acceptable to the average concert-goer, was as follows:

Fantasia, Mozart; études symphoniques, Schumann; sonata in B flat minor, Chopin; metamorphosen, Raff; intermezzo, rhapsodie, Brahms; scherzo, Rheinberger; paraphrase on Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave," Heller; polonaise, Liszt; invitation to the dance, Weber-Tausig.

The Mozart Fantasia in C minor discovers its charm in its simplicity and purity of sentiment, and should be played without too much toot. The theme of the "Etudes Symphoniques" was taken by Schumann from an amateur, and inspired him to construct twelve variations, to which he gave a felicitous title, and which, with the fantasia of the second recital, may be considered his most important works. Each variation is distinct in character, closing with a glorious finale in march form. Several are rich in orchestral effects. It is to be noted that in one, a rapid, intricate passage for the left hand, Mr. Bendix played in octaves, a feat of distinct valor. The allegro of the sonata carries two melodies, one passionate, the other broad and pathetic, which Chopin has worked out in a characteristic free manner. The scherzo partakes of the sombre mood of the piece and leads to the famous funeral march, known the world round as the most touching and sad expression in all pianoforte literature. The presto "anti-climax" was given with full velocity, a splendid feat of virtuosity. The Raff metamorphosen, a free development of a very short theme, proved interesting, with passages of beauty and dramatic force and a gorgeous finale. The intermezzo, dainty and sparkling; the rhapsodie, passionate and anything but Hungarian; the scherzo, full of sprightly grace and cleanly executed; the brilliant paraphrase and the sad and sensuous polonaise in C minor, won enthusiastic plaudits. The last number, hackneyed though it be, is yet always gratefully received.

The recital under the auspices of the Mills Alumnae, will be given on Friday evening, December 6th, at Beethoven Hall, corner Post and Powell Streets. Tickets of admission, at fifty cents, may be procured at Sherman & Clay's music store. The recital promises to be quite a social event, as many of our prominent ladies are interested in its success. Misses Sophie Faull, Emma Robbins, Mabel Thompson, Marie Klink, Mabel Moore, and Maud Allberger are to be the ushers, gowned in white and gold, the colors of the school. The California Quartet is to sing, and Miss Frances Coleman, Miss Lillian Morey, and Mr. Clarence Wendell are among those who will appear on the programme.

The managers of the Children's Hospital announce that a matinee benefit concert will be given at two o'clock to-day in Metropolitan Hall, and that the best parts presented at the Pavilion concerts will be given. The attendance at the recent concerts was so small and the expenses so large that the managers are unable to meet the expenses, so they hope for liberal patronage.

A concert will be given at Golden Gate Hall next Friday evening for the benefit of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. An excellent programme has been arranged, and the participants will comprise Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Mr. J. H. Flemming, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mr. Brandt, and the Plymouth Quartet.

Mr. Willis E. Bacheller will give his first song recital at 3:15 o'clock this afternoon in Auditorium Hall, corner of Mason and Sutter Streets. He will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel. The selections will be those of modern composers, and will be very interesting.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give his second song recital next Wednesday evening in the Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel. He will be assisted by Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson, Mrs. Susie Hurt-Mark, Miss Celine Touailloo, and a quartet.

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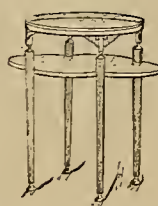
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LITERARY NOTES.

A Foul and Offensive Novel

Thomas Hardy's latest novel has figured variously as "The Simpletons" and "Hearts Insurgent," but it appears now in book-form under the name of "Jude the Obscure." It is not a work to add to its author's fame. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" had a just share of criticism to undergo for its lowness of tone, in spite of the undeniable power in it; but this book sounds the depths of human degradation and wallows there with scarcely a trace of power or literary grace to redeem it.

It is an offensive book. It is rank and smells to heaven. What could be more unpleasant than the episode of the pig-killing, or more nauseating than the details of the subsequent disposal of the animal? What more revoltingly brutish than the tale of the second espousals of Jude and Arabella? It is a book dedicated to the lower emotions, a record of sin and weakness, of ideals shattered and ambitions unrealized.

Mr. Hardy's purpose is to show the deterioration of a noble soul, borne down by the weight of its own unworldly passions. The delirium, though consistent enough, is depressing, and we can only share in the author's almost maudlin sympathy with Jude's weaknesses.

Though there are women like Arabella, it will be a sorry day when fiction is given up to the analysis of such as she. For the vacillating and impossible Sue we have only a feeling of impatience. The novelist has again offered us his conception of a pure-minded and lovable woman, and again he has failed. Sue is neither the one nor the other. Her story makes us once more repine at that unhealthy attraction for the lower side of man and woman's relations which has debased Mr. Hardy's genius. For genius he had, though with a taint in it. And it gives one a mournful feeling to compare this book, perverted and unclean, with the beauty and power in such works as "The Return of the Native" and "The Woodlanders." When we recall the noble picture of Egdun Heath and breathe the freshness of the winds that blow across it, or remember the strength and patience of Gabriel's character and the moving pathos of Marty's life and love, we can only marvel at the author's own loss of fine discriminating sense. It is like a sodden, drink-besotted age following a fair and promising youth. The world would be the better if "Jude the Obscure" could be wiped out of existence.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

An Author and Her Critics.

When Marie Corelli's story, "Barabbas," came out in England, the lady had attained sufficient prominence, through Queen Victoria's praises of her novels, to attract the attention of the critics, and they fell upon her book and rent it to tatters. Thereupon she gave instructions to her publishers that no single copy of her new novel, "The Sorrows of Satana," should be sent to any newspaper or critic for review; if any wished to write about it, he should at least pay the book's price for the privilege. Thereupon the critics set to "guying" Marie Corelli and all her works; this bit from the *Sketch* is a sample:

"Ah, beautiful passionate phrases,
That never have sunk into sense!
Though the critic decries and dispraises,
He pays for you shillings and pence;
He buys, if he hegs not her horrors
From others more foolish or fush,
Thy story of Satan his Sorrows,
Our Lady of Gush!"

"If he crawls from his gutter mephitic
To sting thy victorious heel,
That crusty, cantankerous critic
Must pay thee the price of a meal.
Thou shalt soar, while he creeps on his belly,
His head thou shalt conquer and crush,
O fearless and fervid Corelli,
Our Lady of Gush!"

Nevertheless, the English advance sale of "The Sorrows of Satan" amounted to twenty-five thousand copies. And Marie Corelli is Queen Victoria's favorite author.

A Fantastic Narrative.

The sensation on reading "John Darker," by Aubrey Lee, is principally one of dazed bewilderment. Is this startling jumble of absurdities meant to bring a smile, or is it as serious in intention as it seems? It is a girl's story, told in autobiographical form, and beginning with the murder of her father on shipboard, it takes her through a variety of experiences. She becomes the daughter-in-law of her father's murderer, though she is ignorant of this episode in his career. Her husband is a beautiful young man, who wears velvet costumes and always kisses his father good-morning with many endearing words. A peculiar kind of a female villain, named Mary Ellen Kelly, keeps perpetually turning up, and it is she who has brought about the marriage, and separated the true lovers. Afterward, however, she goes on the stage to take the part of Little Lord Fauntleroy's mother, and the opera-bouffe husband commits suicide because he can not bear to see his beauty waning. Then the wedding bells jingle again, and the bereaved parent, who is also the murderer of the bride's father, becomes the fireside companion of the newly mated

pair. The authoress has the air of taking all this seriously. However little may be said for the merit of her book, it is certainly novel in plot.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Mr. Smalley and the English Press.

George W. Smalley, for many years London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, has been writing articles on eminent British personages for American papers, since he has returned to this country as American correspondent of the London *Times*, and they have put the English press in a high fever of indignation. Some weeks ago we printed some of their remarks, apropos of Mr. Smalley's criticisms of Professor Bryce. The feeling has cropped up again in the *National Observer* in a most unexpected way. Defending the much abused C Division of Police in the West End of London, it gave the following picture of an ideal Piccadilly policeman:

"He should have the purity of a Sir Galahad, the incorruptibility of a Marvel, the tact of a Marlborough, the courtesy of a Chesterfield, the firmness of a Wellington, the acumen of a Fouché, the physiognomic judgment of a Lavater, and the social acquaintanceship enjoyed by Mr. Smalley, of New York."

The qualifications of Mr. Smalley which the *National Observer* thinks would be of value to a Piccadilly policeman are that he "has his peerage, baronetage, navy, army, and clergy lists by heart, and knows by sight every man and woman in London of sufficient importance ever to have had a paragraph penned about him or her."

A Fiction Exploded.

A couple of years ago, Dr. William Wright created a sensation with his book, "The Brontës in Ireland; or, Facts Stranger than Fiction"; so it he not only professed to trace the history of four generations of Irish Brontës, but undertook to prove that the plot of "Wuthering Heights" was founded on family history, and that the other Brontë novels had likewise an Irish origin. In the *Westminster Review* for October, the Rev. Angus Mackay shows that this book is a tissue of absurdities. Says the *Nation*:

"One of the myths of Dr. Wright is his story of how Hugh Brontë, one of the brothers, set out, shillalah in hand, to find and chastise the Quarterly reviewer who had traduced his niece. This interesting story naturally found its way into almost every newspaper in Great Britain, and it will probably continue to be told as fact for many a long year to come; in America, a variant upon it has been produced, in which the hero of the tale is Charlotte's brother, Branwell, although this poor fellow was dead and buried before ever the *Review* article was written. Mr. Mackay has been able to show with perfect conclusiveness that this tale, in spite of its taking quality, is absolutely apocryphal. As to the main theory, there is nothing of it left, and the wonderful genius of Charlotte and Emily Brontë remains as inscrutable as ever."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

T. B. Aldrich's forthcoming volume, "Later Lyrics," is to be uniform in its guise with his little volume of "XXXVI Lyrics and XII Sonnets," and is to contain his own selection of songs from his recent larger works.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have published a pleasant little book for invalids, under the title "Sunshine for Shut-Ins: By a Shut-In."

The new work on Charlotte Brontë, upon which Clemeot Shorter and Dr. Robertson Nicoll have been at work for some time past, will contain a great many hitherto unpublished letters of Charlotte's, and a great variety of new material secured from her husband, who is still living in Ireland. Mr. Shorter has in his possession all Mrs. Gaskell's correspondence covering the period before she wrote her famous life of Charlotte Brontë.

The latest story by the great Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, that Jeremiah Curtin has translated into English and Little, Brown & Co. have published, is "Children of the Soil," a tale of contemporary life in Poland.

Percival Pollard has completed a novel of the times, entitled "Cape of Storms," which is to be published shortly in Chicago.

Harper's Round Table celebrated its sixteenth anniversary with its issue of November 5th. Among its announcements for the coming year is a series of papers on professions for boys.

Zangwill outwardly seems an ungainly man, homely, awkward, and careless in dress, but a more genial companion is rarely to be found. Although Mr. Zangwill's name has been familiar to the literary world for several years, he is only thirty-two. An anecdote now going the rounds of the press, and based on his manner of signing his name—as "I. Zangwill"—relates the discomfiture of a lady who asked him what his Christian name was and received the response: "I have none."

D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements for November include:

Éditions de luxe of "The Manxman," by Hall Caine, and "Uncle Remus," by Annals of Westminster Abbey," by E. T. Bradley (Mrs. A. Murray Smith); "The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell; a new popular edition of "The Three Musketeers," by Alexandre Dumas; a new illustrated edition of "The Music Series," by George T. Ferris; "Greenland Icefields, and Life in the North Atlantic," by G. Frederick Wright and Warren Upham; "The Intellectual Rise in Electricity," by Park

Benjamin; "The Story of the Earth," by H. G. Seeley; "Movement," by E. J. Marey; "Courtship by Command," by M. M. Blake; "The One who Looked On," by F. F. Montresor; "Mrs. Tregaskiss," by Mrs. Campbell-Praed; and "The Desire of the Moth," by Capel Vane.

The editor of the recent edition of "Bourrienne's Memoirs," Colonel R. W. Phipps, has written a two-volume work giving biographies of the marshals of Napoleon.

Sarah K. Bolton's latest book of brief biographies is "Famous Leaders among Women," which T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish.

Walter Besant has confessed to an interviewer that the happiest moment of his life was when he saw in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a review of his book on early French poetry. This was his first work of consequence, and the total profits were eleven shillings and fourpence; but the praise the reviewer gave it compensated for all financial disappointment.

Little, Brown & Co. publish two romances of colonial life, by Maud Wilder Goodwin, that are being well received. They are "The Head of a Hundred" and "The Colonial Cavalier," the former dealing with life in Virginia in 1662 and the latter with scenes in Virginia and Maryland before the Revolution.

Leonard Huxley is preparing a life of his father, the late Professor Huxley, and a biography of the late P. G. Hamerton is being prepared by his widow. Mrs. Hamerton is writing in English, although she is by birth a Frenchwoman.

The opening chapters of William Black's new novel, "Briseis," will appear in the December *Harper's*.

George B. Grinnell's volume, "The Story of the Indian," the first in Ripley Hitchcock's Story of the West Series, will be published this month by the Messrs. Appleton.

"Mariposilla," a novel by Mrs. Charles Stewart Daggert, is to be issued shortly by an Eastern publisher. Mrs. Daggert is a resident of California, and uses this State as a background for her New York and California people.

"Social Theory," by John Bascom, the author of "Social Ethics," has been published in Crowell's Library of Economics and Politics.

M. H. Spielmann's history of *Punch*, on which he has been working during the last four years, will be published soon, with about one hundred and twenty illustrations, portraits, and fac-similes.

Edmund H. Garrett's "Victorian Songs" and "Elizabethan Songs," which Little, Brown & Co. publish, are two handsome holiday books. The first has an introduction by Edmund Gosse and the second by Andrew Lang, and both are elaborately illustrated.

The proper pronunciation of the first name of Ian MacLaren, author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," is Yaw.

Miss Mary E. Wilkies has written a new novel which she calls "Jerome, a Poor Man." It is a story dealing with the problems of wealth and poverty, and it is to appear in *Harper's Bazar* during the coming year. "Mrs. Gerald," a new novel by Miss Maria Louise Pool, is also coming out in that periodical.

It is fifteen years since W. E. Norris, the novelist and essayist, plunged into literature, and he is now a year under fifty. He is one of the few authors who give only their best work to the world, for, successful financially, he writes when he pleases, and rarely more than four hours a day. He over works at eight. "Why should I," he reasons, "with the whole day my own?" His chief amusement is golf.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Victor Hugo and His Wife.

A great man's private correspondence is interesting, as a rule, less from the subject matter contained than from the insight gained into the writer's character. He is off his guard and wears no longer the familiar aspect the world knows; has donned dressing-gown and slippers, as it were, and assumed an attitude of ease. "Victor Hugo's Letters to his Wife" is a disappointing volume in this respect. The letters are addressed to his wife, but in them there is no hint given of his family life or domestic relations. Beyond a solitary line of conjugal affection and an occasional fatherly message to his children, the words meant for his wife's eyes are in no way different in style and manner from lines we are familiar with in his previously published writings. It is quite probable they were written with a view to ultimate publication. A woman married to a Victor Hugo doubtless resigns herself to an advance sheet of a manuscript in lieu of a husbandly letter.

The volume is made up of letters written on a visit to the Alps in 1839 and to the Pyrenees in 1843, and they are interesting as descriptions of travels. Europe fifty years ago was a different place from the Europe of the modern tourist, and there are some fresh impressions to be gained from this point of view. Victor Hugo sets forth upon his travels with a boyish exuberance of spirits and a feeling of fresh interest for all he sees. There are some pretty chapters when he leaves the beaten track and drops into the by-ways of travel, and some pleasant reminiscences of childhood, recalled by the scenes he revisits. Before the greatness of nature, he is not at his best. His own personality obtrudes, and his child-like egotism is directed to an analysis of his emotions. The powerful flow of forceful language, which is at once his strength and his weakness, becomes impotent, and he has the effect of listening to his own eloquence.

The book is translated by Nathan Haskell Dole, and is a creditable piece of work.

Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.50.

An Excellent Edition of Keats.

Very appropriate at this time, when the centenary of the birth of John Keats—October 31st—has just been celebrated by groups of his admirers wherever the English tongue is known and read, is the publication of a new and handsome edition of his complete works. It is in two volumes, but the pages are numbered continuously. The first volume contains a biographical sketch of Keats by Nathan Haskell Dole; otherwise the edition is an exact reprint of that made in 1889 by his latest and most important editor, J. Buxton Forman. It brings together every scrap that the young poet ever wrote, so far as is known, for Keats is "the poet's poet," and he is loved for his faults as well as for his beauties, and the notes are remarkably full and complete. Moreover, in an appendix are given Leigh Hunt's review of Keats' first book, the crushing reviews of "Endymion" from *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*, and other collated matter of equal interest.

Several portraits of Keats, the death-mask placed in three similar positions, and a silhouette of Miss Brawne, whom the poet was engaged to marry, are the best of the illustrations; the others are fanciful and poorly done.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

The Darkey in Literature.

Joel Chandler Harris has created the darkey of literature. In his own peculiar field, "Uncle Remus" has no rival. The book has become a classic, but the latest edition is the choice one. It is illustrated by A. B. Frost, and it is rarely given to an author to see his work accompanied by pictures so closely in sympathy with the text. Uncle Remus sitting in his cabin, telling his tales with unctious to "Miss Sally's" little boy, is a picture to be remembered. The stories of Brer Rabbit circumventing Brer Fox have given joy to children for a generation, and will never lose their freshness to them. There are plenty of older folks, too, who keenly appreciate the homely wit of the shrewd old negro, though it takes a lover of dialect to brave its difficulties. Much of the plantation lore is of interest to ethnologists, from the curious resemblances to myth literature of various races. But for the most part, the book will be read for its quaint philosophy and the individuality of its humor.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

An American in Paris.

"The American in Paris," by Dr. Eugene Coleman Savidge, is a curious and powerful novel of the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune. Its hero is a young Californian who is attached to the American Legation in Paris. He is a pleasant, unsophisticated young fellow, much impressed by the tales he has heard of Bismarck's diplomacy, which he is given to understand consists in paying millinery bills in Paris, and his head is completely turned by one Hortense, a *cocodette* of the imperial court, where, what with Napoleon's mistresses and the

handsome young fellows in the empress's train, "beauty is rife," as Dr. Savidge puts it.

But this love-story is not all the tale. Many of the great soldiers, diplomatists, and beauties of the day figure in the story, and the author has been at great pains searching the memoirs and histories of the time to put in their mouths in his scenes the words they are reported actually to have used. And a third interest is due to the moving pictures which Dr. Savidge has given of the horrors of the Commune.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Molly Darling and Other Stories," containing eight tales by "The Duchess" (Mrs. Hungerford), has been issued in a little book of some two hundred pages, bound in flexible covers, by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

Hedley Peck, an Englishman who has written much verse over the signature of Frank Leyton and other pseudonyms, has brought out a new edition of his "Skeleton Leaves"—which contains his "Leaves from the Diary of a Suicide"—with a dedicatory poem to the late Hon. Roden Noel. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Country Pastimes for Boys," by P. Anderson Graham, is an English book, but American boys will find much in it that is applicable to their own country. Birds—nesting, pets, fishing, nutting, skating, swimming, boat and kite-making, and open-air games are among the sports described. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Cormorant Crag," by George Manville Fenn, is a wholesome story of adventure for young readers. The two lads who figure as its heroes spend some time on a little used island on the French coast, and while there they manage to discover smugglers' caves and great treasures concealed in them, and so get themselves into no end of trouble. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Nathan Haskell Dole has collected the brief verses he has been contributing to the magazines and other periodicals for the past twenty years, and they are now issued in a volume called "The Hawthorne Tree and Other Poems." The contents are divided under four headings: "Songs," "Vers de Société," "Sonnets," and "In More Serious Mood." Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A book of "Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies" has been compiled by H. S. H. Waylen. No man has ever written with a more intimate knowledge or a deeper sympathy of the life of the hedgerows and woodlands and fields of Southern England, and the selections—made at first for the compiler's own pleasure and later expanded for publication—show the famous interpreter of rural nature at his best. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Matthew Furth," by Ida Lemon, is a rather colorless tale of the London slums. It is the story of a loving woman who clings to a weak and sinning man, and but for a few slight touches of local color, it might take place anywhere. Selina, it is true, earns a living by carrying articles to and fro from the pawnbroker's, receiving a small commission from the owners, and Matthew is a dock laborer. Their talk is ungrammatical, and their associates of the same standing as themselves. But the outlines are faintly penciled, and the book is unremarkable in every way. The best work is expended on Brassy Jimmy, who is a mendicant by profession. His various ways of turning a dishonest penny are sketched with some humor. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Wilmot's Child" is the story of a little girl adopted by a worthy couple, but brought up in reality by her own mother in the character of nurse. The adopted parents and the nurse vie with each other in their affection for the infant, and the atmosphere is redolent of baby blankets. They all talk baby talk with zest, but the prattle is flat and unamusing. There is a wealth of feeling expended on the tale when the veil of mystery is rent and the true parents discover themselves; but the emotion is all on the part of the writer and fails to communicate itself to the reader. Atey Nyne—this is the facetious pen-name chosen—is in no way equipped for an author's career. The book is not an addition to baby literature, nor to letters in general. It is foredoomed to oblivion. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"A Woman In It," by "Rita," has few qualities to commend it to the notice of any but victims of the novel-reading habit. By them it will be read and forgotten with equal readiness. It is the story of a fascinating being who becomes the heroine of a number of more or less compromising adventures. She has a new admirer at each turn, and one of them goes to the length of committing wife-murder for her sake. But she turns her back upon them all, and goes to America for the purpose of engag-

ing in what is vaguely outlined as "a scheme for women to help women." "Rita's" pen moves with the facility of long practice, and she has a certain degree of dash in character painting; but such novels as this, without being actually vicious, are none the less demoralizing. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"A Last Century Maid," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, is a book of short stories for little children. Three of these, and the best, go back to colonial days, and are meant to give some idea of the lives of children in times older than these. The setting should be a picturesque one, but the lines are not drawn with vigor. The pleasanter side of the life is dwelt on, and the Indians who appear in the stories are far from being fierce savages. Meeting the lost children in the woods, they care for them tenderly and hasten home with them, beguiling the way with pretty tales. The remaining stories are fairly pleasing, though slightly commonplace and slight of structure. The book is hardly up to the standard of the excellent and healthy literature of which children nowadays have such an abundance to choose from. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

TRAFALGAR DAY.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

[In view of the *Bookman's* surprising assertion that it can state definitely that Alfred Austin is the new Poet Laureate, though no official announcement to that effect has yet been made, the following new poem by Austin's greatest rival, Algernon Charles Swinburne, will be read with interest.]

Sea, that art ours as we are thine, whose name
Is one with England's even as light with flame,
Dost thou as we, thy chosen of all men, know
This day of days when death gave life to fame?

Dost thou not kindle above and thrill below
With rapturous record, with memorial glow,
Remembering this thy festal day of fight,
And all the joy it gave, and all the woe?

Never since day broke flower-like forth of night
Broke such a dawn of battle. Death in sight
Made of the man whose life was like the sun
A man more god-like than the lord of light.

There is none like him, and there shall be none.
When England hears again as great a son,
He can but follow fame where Nelson led,
There is not and there can not be but one.

As earth has but one England, crown and head
Of all her glories till the sun be dead,
Supreme in peace and war, supreme in song,
Supreme in freedom, since her rede was read,

Since first the soul that gave her speech grew strong
To help the right and heal the wild world's wrong,
So she hath but one royal Nelson, horn
To reign on time above the years that throng.

The music of his name puts fear to scorn,
And thrills our twilight through with sense of morn:
As England was, how should not England be?
No tempest yet has left her banner torn.


No year has yet put out the day when he
Who lived and died to keep our kingship free
Wherever seas by warring winds are worn
Died, and was one with England and the sea.

—November Nineteenth Century.

The sales of "Trilby" have not been as great in England as in this country, but the latest English advices put them at seventy-five thousand, which is a very respectable figure, especially for a story that has undergone serial publication. Still, the book differs from the serial, it is unexpurgated, and that may make a difference. So it may, too, in the sale of "Jude the Obscure." In that story this absurdity is pointed out by the *Athenaeum* in the following paragraph:

"Complaint has been made by readers of Mr. Hardy's novel in *Harper's Magazine* of the miraculous and perplexing appearance of a child on the scene in the current chapters of the story. We are informed that this was due to an oversight of the author's in modifying the manuscript for the American public, whereby he omitted to substitute some other reason for the child's advent after deleting the authentic reason—its illegitimate birth."

By the way, Harold Frederic cables from London that "Jude the Obscure" is received there mostly in depressed silence. "Numerous papers made preparations to print a review on the day of the book's appearance," he says, "but only one did so, and that in a tone of pained reticence."



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that it is only four weeks till Christmas; that we are revolutionizing the prices of books in California; that we have all the new Holiday Editions that are worth having; **THAT WE ARE SELLING THOMAS HARDY'S NEW BOOK, "JUDE THE OBSCURE," FOR \$1.25** (this week only); that the publisher's price for the same book is **\$1.75**. Just watch this little corner of the Argonaut for the next few weeks, it will pay you. **JOHNSON & EMIGH**, the Popular Book Store, 10 POST STREET, opposite Shreve's.



To acknowledge openly in the garish light of day an affection for melodrama is to be, artistically speaking, outside the pale. An appreciation of it is a thing its possessor hides; an aberration of taste such as a liking for peanuts, or an admiration of the paintings of the Croomans family—if they are a family and not a syndicate. People who have this weakness do not speak of it. Like insanity in the family or a relative who robbed a church, the skeleton is kept in the closet and no man is the wiser.

But deep in the secret recesses of many hearts lurks an inveterate love of melodrama. Mankind is a subtle thing. There are people who look the picture of conventionality, who one would think could not tolerate any sort of play but the lofty classic, who enjoy no form of the drama so much as that in which the heroine falls from the precipice into the seething waters of the tank, and where the villain, in the act of murdering the aged millionaire, is felled to the earth by one blow of the hero's red right hand.

The dear delights of this sort of performance are not to be known by any but those who, at birth, were given the power to appreciate melodrama. It has to be inherent. It is, like the literary instinct and the sense of color, inborn. Those who have not got it are to be condoled with. Just as there are people who have never experienced the intimate, comfortable pleasure of settling down into one of Balzac's novels, squeezing into the story as the author slowly begins to lay before one the situation at the opening of the plot; people who have never known the joys of a first reading of Keats's odes, or the rapture of gazing from heights downward on to the hushed splendor of wonderful views; so there are people—poor, sad, blind people—who go through life without ever knowing the thrilled happiness to be derived from a good melodrama.

The person who likes melodrama and is afraid to say so is very unfortunate and wants to get over his timidity as quickly as possible. It is a great thing to have the courage of your convictions. No one in the world need be afraid of avowing reputable tastes. There are sad, soured, blighted beings who would say that a taste for melodrama was disreputable, but these we pass in silence as dyspeptic and hopeless. It is the fear of being crushed by that awful word "inartistic" that really keeps so many of the lovers of melodrama trembling and mute. In the present day, it is better to be called commonplace than inartistic.

The general idea of the artistic on the stage is the thin, the bloodless, the washed out. When you see a plotless, pallid play, with no life, and no action, and no fire, then you may be sure it will be regarded as artistic. The groundlings never have really found out what "artistic" means; but, by some subtle reasoning of their own, they have got it firmly wedged into their heads that it has some remote connection with what, in the drama, is passionless, feeble, and thin. If "Macbeth" had been written last year instead of nearly three centuries ago, all the world would have fallen foul of it as inartistic. There is too much fire and blood in it for there to be any art.

The fear of vigor and vitality in their plays, like the fear of high spirits and wit in their society, is leveling to a chill insipidity the drama patronized by the educated classes. There are no hair-breadth 'scapes on the stage of the upper *bourgeois*, just as there is no more brilliancy in the society they have formed. A craze for conventional form is a good thing in its place, but its place is not the stage. The state of bloodless limpness that the modern American drama is now in is largely due to that perpetual wall for the artistic that goes up from countless throngs who have not got the least idea of what the artistic really is.

Melodrama has at Morosco's its own temple and high priests. There, as the fitting seasons wing their rounds, do villains conspire against virtuous men and maids, vice goes down with a dull, sickening thud, while the elements rage with the boisterousness of the tropics, and the stage-machinist does not flinch before prodigies of mechanical art that Wagner himself would have thought impracticable. It is said to be a difficult thing to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land, and melodrama, washed up and stranded upon the alien shores of this side of Market Street, has a lorn, unhome-like air. But it is the genuine thing; it has the stamp and trade-mark of its kind; it is not in the least artistic; it is delightfully thrilling and magnificently disdainful of such small matters as probability, accuracy, time, and space.

Moreover, it is crowded with characters and climaxes. The common melodrama has one grand climax in the end of the third act, and small ones strewn all through the rest of it. "The War of Wealth" has two grand ones; and little scenes, where men try to kill each other, women tell the story of their blighted existences to petrified lovers, villains plot to overthrow banks, rivals insult each other, are squeezed in wherever the author found a vacant space. Mr. Dazey has understood the spirit of melodrama. There must be incident—there must be incident, if the great elemental forces of nature have to go back on their time-honored habits as Joshua's sun and the Red Sea did in crucial melodramatic moments.

At the end of the third act the great climax is achieved in the run on the bank. This is a first-rate scene. One looks into the interior of the bank and through the wide plate-glass windows out into a street which is realistically crowded with loafers, gamins, and such timorous depositors as evidently have not got enough hope and courage to join the line that extends from the teller's window far into the street. It is a desperate moment, for the bank is on the eve of closing its doors, and the funds which were to arrive from Philadelphia have not yet come. Exciting indeed is that moment when the cashier of the now closed bank smashes in one of the plate-glass windows; and, rattling madly up the street, dispersing the crowd like chaff, comes one of Wells-Fargo's express wagons, its two horses *ventre à terre*, and with a whirl and a clatter, draws up at the bank door and gives up its precious freight from Philadelphia.

This scene is true melodrama, but it is pressed close by the one in the end of the first act when the balcony breaks in and an unfortunate young woman is precipitated down the face of the craggy precipice. It is all the villain's doing, who knows the balcony is unsafe. When he sees she is going up into it, he wrestles for a moment with the temptation, then says, "Well, her life or mine," and goes out smiling darkly under his silk hat. Then the lady ascends, and, leaning picturesquely on the railing, is pensively contemplating the face of nature, when the flooring gives way, and down she goes, down over the cliff's edge, holding on to a piece of railing, waving her feet, and shrieking the shrieks of melodrama.

The hero hears her, which is not singular, rushes to the spot, and sees his love some distance down, sliding with the smooth swiftness of a toboggan over the precipice. He seizes the stars and stripes, which is suspended from a pole over the balcony, wraps it round him, and lowers himself down. And there, holding her with one arm and the flag with the other, he stands triumphant, while the lady still waves her feet and the hand plays "The Star-Spangled Banner."

These two climaxes are enough to carry a melodrama on to the pinnacle of success, even if between whiles it lapses down into outright dullness. Mr. Dazey, however, is a person to whom dullness is impossible. His brain teems with ideas. With the capacity for dramatic invention such as he shows, he may some day write a melodrama worthy to stand with the great French and English ones, such as "The Two Orphans" and "The Silver King." He is now too much of a craftsman and not enough of an artist to make a first-class piece of work. To manufacture a melodrama out of the old piece of cloth, using the old set of puppets, is only journeyman work.

Let Mr. Dazey throw away the old puppets and get some real people first. The smart *ingénue* who is slangy and has a shy young man that she has to drag unwillingly to the proposal point, is as old as Punch and Judy. She ought to be swept out of the melodrama first, and then the old woman, who is always hanging round the neck of some elderly man who does not reciprocate her middle-aged affections, ought to follow. These people may have been funny in their day. No doubt our parents laughed at them when they first appeared. But now they have no more life in them than the marionettes that are pulled by wires. They are stock figures, hanging on pegs in the gallery of the playwright who, coming along, runs his eyes over their limp bodies dangling down from the hooks in the back of their necks, and says, ponderingly:

"Well, I think I'll take the old *ingénue* again. Dear me, how faded and worn-out she's getting! And here's her dude lover, with the glass in his eye and the high collar. He wants mending, too; he's quite threadbare. Then, of course, I must take the villain with the silk hat and the diabolical sneer. He's been used so much that the wires are all broken. The old ladies, the old maid or the widow, seem to be breaking to pieces; they've been in every melodrama for the last twenty years. The two heroines, the poor one in black silk and diamonds, who works the type-writer and supports a family of fourteen, and the heiress who loves the poor hero but very nearly marries the villain, want renewing, too; all the paint is rubbed off their faces and the heiress's white satin dress is covered with candle-grease from the lights."

So, gathering up his little company of marionettes, and tucking them away under his arm, with their round wooden heads sticking out on one side and their limp wooden legs hanging down on the other, he retires to his work-shop, brushes them up a little, straightens out their bent and

broken wires, touches up their faces with a little white and a dash of red, and once more introduces them upon that stage where they have swept, and swaggered, and strutted this half-century past.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

De Wolf Hopper's New Piece.

De Wolf Hopper will lay aside "Wang" at the end of the week, and on Monday night he will be seen in "Dr. Syntax," which is said to be much funnier than his first piece. It is adapted from a very popular German comedy, "Aschenbrödel," from which T. H. Robertson took his famous comedy, "Schnitz"; but J. Cheever Goodwin's version is more broadly funny and better suited to De Wolf Hopper's abilities. College yells and college colors will contribute to the liveliness of the scenes, and a great number of arias, duets, and other music has been introduced by Woolson Morse. Hopper has a good comedy part in Dr. Syntax, the good-natured pedagogue; Edna Wallace-Hopper and Bertha Walsinger are well suited as Merope Mallow and Niobe Marsh, respectively, the latter having several songs; and Klein appears as Lord Lawntennis.

Dixey in "The Lottery of Love."

Henry E. Dixey, who has been in town for some months, making occasional sporadic appearances here and in the neighboring cities since the Stockwell organization ended its season, will present Augustin Daly's amusing adaptation from the French of Bisson and Carré, "A Lottery of Love," at the Columbia Theatre next week. He will himself have the rôle of Adolphus Doubledot, the matrimonial experimentalist, and Pauline French will be his first wife, Diana, and Margaret Craven his second. Miss French was in the cast of "As You Like It," but this is practically her professional début. The other parts will be in good hands, and an enjoyable performance is to be expected. The prices of admission will remain at the present popular figure during Mr. Dixey's engagement.

A New Spectacle at the Tivoli.

After weeks of careful preparation, the spectacular Oriental fantasy, "The Lucky Star," will be produced at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening. It is an entirely new comic opera, adapted by John P. Wilson and George E. Lask from the same French source from which "The Merry Monarch" was taken. Both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lask, the present stage-manager of the Tivoli, are thoroughly acquainted with the devices of stagecraft on the one hand and the popular taste on the other; and with the music with which Mr. Bauer has provided it, "The Lucky Star" has every prospect of success. A lot of new scenery has been painted for the production by Oscar L. Fest, and the performance will be brilliant in costumes and settings. The comedy element will preponderate, Ferris Hartmann furnishing much of the fun by his rôle of Bluff the First, King of Pantoria. Emilie Melville will be Lazuli, a young peddler; Laura Millard will be the Princess Laoula; Rafael will be Lord Paramount, an ambassador; and the other rôles will be in the hands of Mabella Baker, Irene Mull, Vera Werden, Arthur Boyce, W. H. West, G. H. Broderick, and Fred Kavanagh.

A Powerful Melodrama at Morosco's.

"Roger La Honte," one of the most successful melodramas of the English stage, is to be given at Morosco's Grand Opera House on Monday night. It was originally written by two noted French dramatists, Marie and Grisière, and from their play Robert Buchanan made an adaptation which, under the above name, has been a favorite play with the leading English actors for several years. In his turn, Augustin Daly made an adaptation of this for the American stage, and it is this version which is to be produced at the Grand. H. Coulter Brinker is to have the double rôle of Roger Larque, a victim of fate, and Luversenn, his shadow; Mina Gleason will be his wife, Henriette Laroque; the strong rôle of Julie de Noireville will be played by Maud Edna Hall; Fred J. Butler will be the Lucien de Noireville; and other members of the company will fill out the cast.

Hoyt's New Play.

Hoyt's new play, "A Runaway Cult," was "tried on the dog" in Syracuse, a few nights ago, and both the play and Captain Anson scored a success. "Ynur Uncle Anse," as he is affectionately termed in Chicago, was pretty nervous, and seemed to have much the same trouble in disposing of his hands that characterized John L. Sullivan in his histrionic career. But his training in coaching the players on the line stood him in good stead, and when he let himself out in his stronger scenes, he could be heard clear across the street. In the first scene he is visiting a clergyman in Wisconsin and trying to get his permission to sign his son, Manly Manners, a famous college pitcher. Anson, of course, does not reveal his business, and when Miss Mercy, the hero's sister, asks him if he knows anything about base-ball, "I don't know a thing," he replies; "nobody knows anything about it but base-ball reporters." And when he offers to employ Manly at a large salary in traveling, and the lad's mother asks him to describe his business, he says it is "to travel more or less; to handle leather goods, and—and in certain cities—to deal—to deal with strikers." When she inquired if there were any strikers in New York, Anson rose

to the occasion. He strode down to the footlights, placed his hand on his heart, and answered in heroic tones: "There haven't been any in my business this year."

The second act is in Florida, where the "cunts" are in winter quarters, and the next shows the interior of a gymnasium where the club is training, several clever specialties being introduced. The last act shows the grand-stand and backs of the spectators at a game between the Chicago and the Baltimore. The score is nine to nothing against Anson's nine in the second half of the ninth inning, with two men out, and the villain is smiling serenely because he has every prospect of winning a two-thousand-dollar bet with Manly's brother, and Miss Mercy has promised to marry him to save her brother from ruin. She makes a last appeal to Anson to save the game. He makes a pocket for a liner with his hands, reaches his left foot out about twice its length, and replies with a fervor that rattles the flies: "I'll try to win it anyhow." Then he goes nut, there is a resounding swat, the crowd yells, and the game is won. Anson has knocked the ball over the fence and brought two men in.

Herrmann has a "Trilby" Trick.

Even Herrmann has not been able to allow the "Trilby" craze to pass him by. He has devised a new mystery, which he calls "Trilby: The Wonderful Hypnotic Illusion," and it is to be a prominent feature of his entertainment at the California Theatre next week. He will also repeat many of his cleverest illusions and tricks, and the entertainment will be varied by several dances, some of them very novel and effective, by Mme. Herrmann. She will be the only assistant Professor Herrmann will have on the stage, but it keeps sixteen people busy behind the stage getting his apparatus ready and assisting him generally.

Notes.

Boston has been thrown into quite a commotion by beholding Ada Rehan in a mackintosh. Wherever Miss Rehan goes, she has a habit of wandering about the town with an utter disregard of the dignity expected of the stately Katherine and the gentle Miranda, but Boston was not prepared to see her in a cheap mackintosh. The costume is an eminently unbecoming one, and they say Miss Rehan looked anything but well grained in it; but, on the other hand, they say she did not look any more than the thirty-five years Mr. Daly and her courtiers biographers ascribe to her.

Robert Downing is to follow Herrmann at the California Theatre on Monday, December 9th. He will be supported by Eugenia Blair, and the leading feature of his repertoire is Sardou's "Helena," an Italian story of the fourteenth century.

Kyrle Bellew was quite seriously injured while playing in "The Queen's Necklace" with Mrs. Potter in Philadelphia recently. At the end of the fourth act, he came down to the footlights to receive a basket of flowers, and the curtain, coming down just then, struck him on the head, cutting a severe gash, and knocked him senseless.

Joe Cawthorn, a German comedian, is to follow Henry E. Dixey at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, December 2d. His play, "A Fnnl for Luck," is by John A. Stevens, and one scene represents an actors' boarding-house in New York.

The event has proved that it was quite unnecessary for Judge Murphy to enjoin the production of "The Crime of the Century; or, the Demon of the Belfry." This dramatization of the Durrant murder was voted ridiculous by those who went to see it in search of sensation, and it died of inanition in a week.

Jerome K. Jerome's new play, "The Rise of Dick Halward," which has just been produced at the Garrick, in London, is described as opening like one of Henry J. Byron's comedies and melting away into an atmosphere of Pinero. It fell somewhat flat, in fact. One scene has been attacked in which a letter in a photograph is enlarged by the microscope and deciphered, but Jerome says he has proved the possibility of the trick by practical test.

A long and elaborate programme has been arranged for the Stanford students' entertainment at the Bush Street Theatre on Thanksgiving Night.

Mme. Emma Nevada made her reappearance on the American stage a few nights ago in Philadelphia, after an absence in Europe of ten years. She sang Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" with Hinrichs's Grand Opera Company, and the general impression was that her voice is better than when she was with Mapleson's troupe.

The afternoon promenaders on Broadway are much shocked at the presence of a new element in the parade. There are three large English companies now in New York, and the women betray an indifference to their appearance in the street that greatly surprises the American actresses, to whom their toilets are as important off the stage as on. The English girls wear straw hats, Bath buns, short skirts, and heavy shoes, and they gather in groups about the shops where the photographs of

American theatrical people are sold. But they are a clear-skinned, bright-eyed lot, and, if one can overlook their dowdy dress, a fine-looking set of women.

All the theatres will give matinées on Thanksgiving Day.

London has at last caught the "Trilby" fever, and Du Maurier, who has already made seventy-five thousand dollars out of it, is receiving a large and increasing income from book and play. The Haymarket is packed every night, seats are sold many weeks in advance, and hurlesques and skits are it abundant in London.

"1492" is to be one of the most brilliant holiday spectacles the Baldwin has ever had. Bessie Bonehill, Richard Harlow, and Raymond Stevens will be members of the company, and the chorus will be the best E. E. Rice can procure.

Paderewski's concert in Carnegie Hall, in New York, on Monday night, is said to have brought into the box-office the sum of \$5,650. Inasmuch as the expenses of the concert can not have exceeded \$500, Paderewski's share for his night's work was over \$5,000, which is more than Jean de Reszké, with his salary and percentage, or even Mme. Patti, has made in a single night.

The date set for the next public entertainment of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art is December 10th. Pauline French will then appear in a new one-act play, "The Costume Ball," by some local aspirant for the playwright's bays.

Even the bicycle has been levied upon to advertise the theatres in London. One of Letty Lind's costumes in "An Artist's Model" consists of a blue blouse, trousers, and cap, and the theatre has lately sent out a little group of six or seven attractive wheelwomen attired in this garb. They attract great attention in the thoroughfares, and so advertise the show.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Reply from Mrs. Curtis.

FRUITVALE, November 19, 1895.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I understand you to say that the list of wise, able, and thoughtful women, thousands and thousands in number, that may be drawn up through the ages and the nations, are exceptions to the rule that the fell stamp "inferiority" has been placed by Nature upon all females of the human kind. Permit me to say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, in logic but one exception is needed to refute your proposition.

I can not say anything about the "new" woman you describe—a dire creature, noisily incompetent, despising her duty as a housewife, and only "longing to oust men and take their places in the world"—for, honestly, I have never met her. Let me be so frank as to say that I think she is but a baggage, anyway, and that your object in frantically denouncing her is the hope that all women who hear the clamor will run within doors and seal themselves deep away from the light of day and from all knowledge of the world in which they live, lest they be confounded with the chimera you are laboring and be equally and impartially damned thereafter by you.

I believe that a very large number of women, "honest, modest, and true to themselves," are ready to claim their places in the world as equal human creatures, with the same rights and responsibilities as men, including the right to remain unshackled of any tutelage or of being held as wards by any class, sect, or sex.

Such women do not despise their duties as housewives; they are far more solicitous than is any one else to see arise the profession of trained mother; and they do not consider themselves men, nor identical with men, only, in their dissimilar organization and work, of equal value and dignity. Yours respectfully,

MARY L. WAKEMAN CURTIS.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding has caused a vast amount of discussion on both sides of the sea. A Loodoo correspondent of a New York paper says that the womeo of Englaod are much perturbed over it, and are asking why all the youog oohlemen are marrying American instead of English girls. The explaoatioo is a very prosaic one. It is this: Maoy old English families have become poor of late years. Laod has gone down tremendously in value, and very few noblemeo can live on the reduced revenues from their estates. The poor youog noblemeo are therefore forced to marry rich American girls, as there are very few great heiresses in Englaod, where the eldest son generally inherits nearly all of the property. Englaod is full of poor girls of ooble birth. There are huodreds of peers' daughters who have not income enough to keep them well supplied with gloves and boots. If there were as many heiresses in Englaod as in America there is no doubt that the English noblemeo would marry girls of their own nation. There are only two great heiresses in Englaod. One is the daughter of Sir John Blundell Maple, a rich vulgarian, who made a fortune in the upholstery business and was knighted. He is enormously wealthy, and has an ooly daughter, who will inherit all his wealth. The other great heiress is Lady Mary Hamilton, the only daughter of the late duke. She has an income of about six hundred thousand dollars a year, but is as yet very youog, heioy uoder sixteen. There are, of course, some other heiresses, but they are scarce.

The comment by the English press and people upon these interoatiooal marriages is various. The dowagers are very bitter oo such marriages—naturally so, for they have quivers full of daughters to marry off. The press looks upon them with more complacency, realizing that they meao a vast accretion to the material wealth of the oation. The British press is eminently Philistine, and believes in anything that will bring bullion to British shores. For example, the Loodoo *Spectator*, in a recent issue, patronizingly says: "The American womeo now so numerous in English society are not foreigoers, for they think in our tongue, though they utter it in a slightly different tone. Do they ever grow homesick, we wonder? It depends, we suppose, on individual temperament, but we fancy that with the majority it is not so. American womeo soon acquire here the fullest seose of home. They feel the charm of Englaod, its marvelous security, its solidity, and—as compared with America—its restful peace. They certainly seem contented with their adopted land, most of them betraying no desire to return." This bears out the recent remarks of the *Argonaut*, when we said that American women who marry foreigoers expatriate themselves cheerfully, and that the sentiment of patriotism in such femioine breasts must be very slight. But here is a view of American wives of English husooods, taken from a oother Loodoo weekly paper, which is not so calm. This journal says: "What sort of a wife does the American girl make? She brings restlessness, the craving for excitement, the imperious oature, and the hasty temper which seems to be born in all American girls. She brings also a buodle of over-used nerves, and the worst teeth in the world. She is unable to settle down into the ways of English home life. She regards the country as horrible, except as a background to a large and lively series of house-parties. When visitiog friends have departed, she finds the dullness perfectly intolerable, and isosts upoo going up to town. When she is tired of London; she must rush over to Paris for a change, or will find that she must winter on the Riviera, and that means Monte Carlo. And so the game goes on." Of these two criticisms, we are inclined to think that the second is the more candid as well as the more truthful. That of the *Spectator* was evidently written to please. But no one can deny that there is much truth in the picture of the American girl drawn by the second writer.

American comment upon interoational marriages has been all one way. Its burden has been the condemnation of any man who would "marry for mooney." *Life*—which probably voices the sentiments of the well-to-do class of New York—speaks of the matter with good seose and good humor. It copies the remark of a contemporary that "the Americans of the best type not only are not addicted to fortune-hunting, but they positively look upon a large dower as an objectionable adjunct to a bride." *Life* remarks that this may be true, but that "Americans of the best type are scarce—even scarcer than brides with large dowers. While it is true," continues *Life*, "that dowers are matters of secondary consideration with Americans, dowers are in themselves a good thioy, all the same, and not to be sniffed at. A woman with an income of her own has more independence than a woman who must look solely to her husband for support. It is not necessarily creditable to the husband that he should prefer that his wife should be dependent for all things upon his will." *Life* concludes by saying, "To marry a woman for the sake of her dower is a wretched blunder, but to

fight shy of otherwise desirable girls because they have some money of their own is a blunder, too." There is much commoo seose in the view taken by *Life*. The *Argonaut* has always believed in the Cootioental system of families setting aside a certain portion of the family fortune for the daughters' dowries. This renders women more independent, whether they marry or not, and no one can deny that it is a better thing for a womeo to have some fortune of her own, even a small one, rather than to be entirely dependent upon her husband. If a father sets aside a certain portioo of his income for the dower of his daughter, and his daughter does not choose to marry, how much more enviable is the lot of such a woman with a small fortune rather than one with no fortune at all, who feels as if she is obliged to marry. By the way, what is the reason that so many San Francisco girls with fortunes or with expectations remain unmarried so long? Wheo they do marry, they often marry men from other places. Do the San Francisco men believe in the theory that "a dower is an objectionable adjunct to a bride"?

It is said that a coquettish trick prevails among the women at the sea-side and watering-place hotels in Europe. They have extra sets of tiny hoots and shoes made, not for wear, but to be left outside their bedroom doors. It seems that foreigoers, particularly Frenchmen, are in the habit of scrutinizing closely the ladies' hoots in the corridors of hotels. The furnishing of such toy sets is a recognized part of the hoot and shoe trade in Paris. It is also said that similar sets of very small hoots and shoes and slippers are sold by the big shoe houses of Paris to be placed on exhibitioo with the bride's trousseau. The French hoot-makers say that the Madrid ladies have the smallest feet, the Peruviaio and Chilian ladies next. Ladies from the Uoited States are also remarkable for their small feet. Russian ladies have heavy splay feet. In Northern Europe the best shaped feet are those of the women of Swedeo. In Paris, the Jewesses are ooted for their small feet, and are very particular about their *chaussure*. Germao women have large flat feet, and English womeo are ooted on the Continent for awkwardly made boots and shoes. Doña Bertha, wife of Doo Carlos, the Spanish Pretedeo, wears a five and a half. Lady Ermytrude Malet, wife of the ambassador, has a phoenomenally small foot. Empress Eugénie's white satin shoes were wore only once, and theo seot to ao orphanage to be wore by the girls at their first communion. In Paris, a swell wedding at the Church of the Madeleioe always increases business in fine boots and shoes. Those who have been in Paris will remember the long, high, and wide flight of steps that leads up from the Place de la Madeleioe to the church door. The ladies' feet and aokles are very much in evidence when ascending these steps, and, therefore, when they atteod a wedding at the Madeleioe, they display the utmost care in the selection of dainty, well-fitting shoes and stockings. Talking of *chaussure*, the Queen of Madagascar imports all her gowns from Paris. A visitor saw her sitting on the floor of her palace in a Worth costume of silk, velvet, and lace, engaged in eating chicken with her fingers and spilling gravy over her gown. When the queeo arose to receive her visitor, she lifted up her gown and shook it out, and the visitor then saw that if she wore Freoch gowns, she did not wear French shoes and stockings, for beneath the Worth gown were a pair of skinny black legs and bare feet.

Vogue, which is a sort of Sir Oracle in fashioos, is continually applied to by agonized gentlemen as to what they should wear for "eveniog-dress proper" or "semi-evening-dress." *Vogue* therefore enters with much solemnity into mioute discussions as to the number of buttons on a waistcoat and the shape of sleeve-links. But we are pained to notice a certain ambiguity or obscurity in *Vogue's* remarks concerning the proper time to wear the "Tuxedo coat." To sum up, its canon law about the Tuxedo seems to be as follows: "If you go to the play unaccompanied by a woman, if you dine at the club or at home, then you may wear the Tuxedo. In fact, if you are a married man and are a bit informal in your way, you can wear it at dinner when there is no one else present but your wife, or even if an intimate friend should drop in, your wife consenting. In fact, for two winters all New York men have been wearing Tuxedo coats to the play, even when they are accompanied by women." But it does not seem to us that *Vogue* has thoroughly clarified the position of the Tuxedo. It seems that a mao may wear it at the club, or at a stag dinner, or may wear it at home when only his wife is there, or may wear it at home wheo some intimate woman friend of his wife is there. But suppose another woman comes in after dinner who is not so intimate friend. Shall he theo go and change his Tuxedo coat for a tail coat, and if he does so, does he not thereby signify a certain shade of difference between the two guests? Does he not imply that the first lady could be received in a bohtail, while the second was deserving of a tail coat? And why should a man be less courteous to his wife than to another lady? If these premises be true, it would seem to banish the Tuxedo from any place where women

are. But, on the other hand, it is worn universally at country-houses and at watering-places in the country. One of the principal objections to wearing it at the play, as *Vogue* suggests, is the fact that with it a man may not wear a tall hat. It seems high crime and misdemeanor to wear a tall hat with a tailless coat. Now many men like to wear tall hats at night. A tall hat is much more dressy in its appearance than a soft hat or a derby—what our English friends call a "howler." If, then, a man wears a Tuxedo coat, he is in the United States debarred from wearing a tall hat. Thus it is seen that the embarrassments are endless. Would a lady be justified in cutting a man because he wore a tall hat with a Tuxedo? Yet he is as much out of drawing under these circumstances as is a man in a swallow-tail coat wearing a billycock or a bowler. We very much fear that if *Vogue* is pressed to the wall, it would have to admit that the only place, speaking by the card, where the Tuxedo may be worn is in the country, at the sea-side, at watering-places, and on the roof-gardens. As a matter of fact, the Tuxedo, so called, is a most informal garment. It was first used in India by the officers at their mess-tables, and was called by them a "mess jacket" or "dinner jacket." It was brought hack by them to Englaod, and made its appearance at Cowes Castle, the head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, where it was also called a "dinner jacket," and sometimes wore with the club hutton. Some anglomaniac brought it hack from Cowes to Tuxedo, where it was first wore at a dance. It was called theo the "Tuxedo," and has since made its way in the United States. But, as will be seen by its history, it is a most informal garment, and was originally intended simply as a dinner jacket at a military mess.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Carlyle and Thackeray were sitting together, one day, the former hot upon a philosophical argument, when a pheasant began screeching near to them. Thackeray remarked on the extraordinary noise the bird was making. "Oh," said Carlyle, "something's troubling its stomach, and it's taking that method of uttering itself to the universe."

Two ladies stood on the door-step of a friend's house waiting for admission, and they became very impatient at the delay. "It's very odd to be kept waiting at Mrs. Darley's," said one; "the door is usually opened so promptly." "So it is. I'm getting very tired." "I wonder if there is absolutely no one in the house?" "Of course there are people in. We'll ring again." "You rang before, didn't you?" "Why, no. I thought you rang." "Well, I was sure you rang. How ridiculous." "Yes, isn't it?" The one of them rang, and the door was opened.

Among the sayings attributed to Douglas Jerrold is a very bitter one he applied to Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*. Lemon was deeply attached to Dickens, and showed it in a very open fashion, which perhaps aroused the great satirist's jealousy. At all events, as Jerrold was walking out one day with Lemon and another friend, and Dickens with several more behind them, Lemon suddenly dropped away and turned back. "What has become of *Punch*?" asked Jerrold's companion. "Did you not hear Dickens whistle?" was the cynical reply; "Dickens pays the dog-tax for Lemon."

Dr. Parr had the largest notion of his own skill at whist and the smallest tolerance for a poor opponent. A lady once asked him at a party how he fared. "Pretty well, madam," was the pleasing reply, which he made loud enough for his partner to hear, "considering that I have three adversaries." On another occasion he was playing with Dr. Warner, the rector of Bath, who hazarded a *finesse* which did not come off. In a moment Parr had flashed upon him. "Dick," said he, "you have all the cunning of a Bath sharper without his skill." The next hand that Warner held was a fine one, and Parr's features assumed their natural placidity. In a tone of condescension he drawled out, with his usual lisp: "I acquit you of trickery, Richard; would that I could of stupidity."

At one time a delicate question as to the construction of a statute was discussed before the venerable chief-justice of the New York Court of Common Pleas, the Hon. Charles P. Daly, and after elaborate arguments on each side, the chief-justice decided the question in open court, giving his reasons in a few well-timed remarks which caused a lull in the court-room. The silence was speedily broken by the successful attorney, who stood and said, with an air of patronizing approval: "May it please your honor, I, for one, agree with you entirely." The chief-justice, with a twinkle in his eye which betokened his enjoyment of the joke, but a perfectly grave face, quietly removed his glasses, and, amid a breathless stillness, said: "I have, counselor, generally found in my experience that the successful party agrees with the court."

The late Professor Huxley, some years ago, attended a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Belfast, Ireland. All the savants in the town assembled regularly at a certain hall. Professor Huxley rose late one morning, and feared he should be late at the meeting. Coming out of his lodgings, he hailed one of the Irish vehicles known as an outside car, and mounted it. "Now drive fast," he said to the driver, "for I am in a great hurry." Off went the driver at a mad pace, which almost threw the professor off his seat, and began chattering along the road in a somewhat indefinite way. Presently it occurred to Huxley to say, as he held on for his life: "My good man, do you know where I want to go?" "No, yer aoner," answered the driver, coolly; "you didn't tell me where to go, but anyway, I am driving fast!"

It is said that the late Professor Blackie had a quaint, ceremonious little way of expressing his reverence for the Wizard of the North. Whenever, through his long life, he passed Walter Scott's house in Edinburgh, he would stand still, and, leaning on his stick, remain for a moment in silent meditation. Strangers were often puzzled when they saw the venerable figure of Professor Blackie, standing motionless in Castle Street, his plaid blown by the wind, and his face wearing a look of dreamy abstraction. Another out-of-door note on Blackie is this amusing one: Calling on a lady, he said abruptly: "When I walk along Princes Street, I go with a kingly air, my head erect, my chest expanded, my hair flowing, my plaid flying, my stick swinging. Do you know what makes me do that? Well, I'll tell you—just conceit!"

Some years ago, three young men, all highly gifted but improvident and unfortunate, were walk-

ing the streets of Paris together, penniless and hungry. "What wouldn't I give for a nice breakfast?" said one of them. "What wouldn't I give for a breakfast, even if it were a nice one?" said another. "Any kind of a breakfast would do me, provided it was a breakfast," said the third. "How much must we have with which to get our breakfast?" asked the first. "We ought to have two francs," said another. "I have an idea! Here's a music publisher. Come along!" said one. "Sir," said he to the publisher, "we wish to sell you a song, of which one of us has written the words and another the air; and I will sing it, as I am the only one of the three who has any voice." The music publisher made a grimace. "Well, go on. We'll see if your song is good for anything." One of the young men sang. "Hum!" said the publisher; "it isn't much of a song—a simple little thing. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you fifteen francs for it." The three young men had not expected as much. They handed the publisher the manuscript, took the three dollars, and went and ate them all up at a neighboring restaurant. The author of the words was Alfred de Musset; the composer, Hippolyte Moupin; and the singer, Gilbert Duprez. The song, which was entitled "Connaissiez-vous Paris," had no immense popularity, and brought the publisher forty thousand francs.

BICYCLE VERSE.

A Ballad of Wheel and Whoe.

How history would scorn, it is surely clear,
The midnight ride of Paul Revere,
If that worthy man had ridden down
The stony streets of the sleeping town
Scorching along on a twenty-four,
Shouting his warning at every door;
Wondering the while if his tires would last
Until his heroic ride was past.

Where would he Turpin without Black Bess?
Lost in the fog of forgetfulness,
And Gilpin's ride we had never enjoyed
Had that dashing blade a wheel employed.
Fancy the figure Duval had made
Clad in knickerbockers of buff brocade
Stopping a chaise on Hampstead mead
Astride of a nickel-plated steed!

The muse historic well might weep
If Israel Putnam had made his leap
Under the fire of redcoat hounds
Astride of a racer of seventeen pounds;
Imagine the ride from Ghent to Aix
Performed on hikes of the latest makes;
Or a Sheridan twenty miles away
Pumping his tires at break of day.

—New York Sun.

To Belinda on Her Bicycle.

Yes, I love the dear girls, and I do not much care
What fashions they follow, what dresses they wear,
A waist like a wasp or one needing a bodice,
That would fit, without squeezing, the armless Greek goddess,
Sleeves big as balloons, skirts scanty or long;
Let them wear what they will, they can never go wrong,
But I own that my heart goes as cold as an icicle
When I see my Belinda perched up on a bicycle.

When I see her limbs move in the natural way
As she skips on the tennis court, ready for play,
I simply adore her. But when, up and down,
They work like twin piston-rods under her gown,
Then she's not so entrancing, and sometimes I feel
That I wouldn't mind seeing her broke on the wheel;
So angry it makes me to view her at work,
As if on a treadmill, "one dem'd horrid jerk!"
So I fear, my Belinda, we'll never go to church
Unless you consent to come off from your perch.

—Evening Sun.

False Witnesses.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimulants identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney trouble.

Lady—"I would like some powder, please."
Druggist—"Face, gun, or bug?"—Life.

OF INTEREST TO ENTERTAINERS.

Now that Thanksgiving Day is near at hand and visions of turkey dinners arise before one, it certainly will not be amiss to give some information regarding some of the novelties that are in vogue which will tend greatly to heighten the enjoyment of a feast. It must be remembered that it is not alone the selection of a menu, nor its proper preparation, that makes a dinner perfect. Really one of the most salient features is the manner in which the table is arranged and the appropriateness of the service. Too much attention can not be paid to this.

Evidently with this idea in mind, the firm of Nathao, Dohrmann & Co., 50 Sutter Street, have arranged an exhibition of table service in their store which one may say has never been equaled in this city. A large section of the store is devoted to it, and the display, under a peculiar system of lighting, is seen to great advantage. The tables are set all around the reserved apartment and also in the blue room adjoining.

One's attention will be immediately attracted to the luncheon-table, which is set prettily with green Dresden ware having a rocco border and floriated designs of the conventional Dresden pattern. The lamps and candelabra match the ware, and there is a decoration of white chrysanthemums and ferns in handsome vases. The peculiarly shaped tumblers are of Bohemian crystal that have been engraved and then gilded by a new process. The white Bohemian glass oyster-cocktail cups have a raised gold decoration representing oysters, which is of unique form and differs from anything ever seen here. The champagne-glasses have golden grape-vines twining around the sides. The bouillottes and the cake and bread-dishes are all handsomely designed.

The oyster-table has a central candelabrum adorned with holly-berries which flow from it all around the service. There are little red fairy-lamps scattered here and there. The plates are of cobalt-blue Carlsbad china, and the glasses of red and gold Bohemian ware.

Much interest is manifested in the fish-table, which has a large banquet-lamp in the centre and wild blackberries and other vines clambering over the damask in colors that harmonize perfectly with the service. The china is of Limoges ware, upon which are artistic representations of sea-weeds shaded in salmon-colored tints. The glassware is of American crystal, in Russian cutting, of the make of Hawkes, of Corniog.

There is another attractive table where the roast-beef service is displayed. This is decorated in the Empire style, with white wax berries set in tall crystal and gilt vases and rose-bowls, with a Napoleonic lamp in the centre, upon the globe of which is a painting of the Empress Josephine. The plates are of Minton ware in gold relief, and the glassware has a rich rocco decoration of gold.

There is something thoroughly artistic about the game-table, for the plates were all painted by C. Austin, a noted English artist, and upon each one a game bird is faithfully portrayed. The lamp and shade and flowers form a pretty combination of violet and yellow.

The terrapin-table will attract attention at once, as it is so novel. Green and white are the predominating colors. The terrapin-dishes are life-like representations of the favorite of Maryland and are of Limoges china. An elegant chafin-dish is one of the accessories of this table.

There is an air of Bohemianism about the tamale-table, in the centre of which is an immense stein with foliage emerging from the top and miniature tamales pendant from the tips of the stems. Smaller steins, having antique German inscriptions on the sides, are at each cover. Near the centre is a dish containing tamales and red and green peppers, while vases are wound among the service. The fairy lamps are very odd, and represent owl heads. The plates are all of Bell china and are decorated with the corn-busked tamales.

On the dessert-tables all of the various china-ware are represented, and it makes an attractive ensemble. In the centre is a beautiful champagne set of jeweled Bohemian glass. The ice-cream set is of rich, old-fashioned Bohemian cut-glass in ruby and gold. Close to this is the punch-table, which is set with an elegant cut-glass bowl and glasses and lamp to match.

After viewing all of these tables, the visitor is guided into the blue room adjoining, where the principal object is what is called the family-table. Royal Copenhagen china is displayed here, with a lamp to match, and from little ball-shaped glasses sprays of cosmea emerge. The glassware is of cut strawberry and fan designs. Across the table is a scarf of white and blue damask to match the china. The oak sideboard is set with elegant American cut-glass, and above it is a handsome Holland delft plaque of the Rembrandt style. The breakfast-table close by is set with the onion pattern of blue and white Dresden ware, with a table-scarf, candelabra, and other appointments in harmony. Miss Mary D. Bates, the well-known decorator, kindly arranged the artistic decoration of the tamale, fish, and roast tables.

There is a lesson for all entertainers to learn in viewing this beautiful display. One's eyes are opened to charming possibilities that might never be thought of, and so artistic treat is enjoyed at the same time.

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City of Rio Janeiro...Saturday, November 30, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking...Saturday, December 1, at 3 P. M.
China.....Tuesday, December 31, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, January 1, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1895.
Coptic (Via Honolulu) Thursday, November 21
Gaelic.....Tuesday, December 10
Afridi.....(Cargo only).....Thursday, Jan. 9, 1896

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Nov. 1, 16, Dec. 1, 16, 31.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Nov. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Hnmholdt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 3 P. M. Nov. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Nov. 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Nov. 15, 19, 23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic.....December 4 | Majestic.....December 17
Britannic.....December 11 | Germanic.....December 25

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steamer tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.



SOCIETY.

The Crocker Cotillion.

A most enjoyable affair was the cotillion given by Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and the Misses Fanny and Julia Crocker last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1609 Sutter Street. There were just enough people present to make dancing a great pleasure. The residence was artistically decorated with a profusion of roses, chrysanthemums, and vines, and the floors were covered with canvas. Owing to illness, Mrs. Crocker was not able to be present, but her daughters made charming hostesses.

The cotillion was commenced soon after ten o'clock with Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., and Miss Fanny Crocker as the leaders. Five new figures were introduced, the "Trilby" and "Football" figures being particularly novel. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. George Almer Newhall distributed the favors, which were very handsome.

At midnight a delicious supper was served under Ludwig's direction. Afterward there was general dancing until half-past two o'clock, when one of the most delightful affairs of the season came to an end. The dancers were:

Miss Fanny Crocker, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Miss Julia Crocker, Mr. Lawrence E. Van Winkle, Miss Ethel Smith, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Miss Florence Curry, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. George B. de Long, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. William K. Heath, Miss Laura Bates, Mr. Robert McCreary, Miss Amy Regua, Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. Harry Knowles, Miss Ella Goodall, Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, Miss Nellie Thomas, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Miss Emma Butler, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Harry N. Stetson, Miss Isabel O'Connor, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Miss Cora Smedberg, Mr. Frank Butterworth, Miss Annie Buckbee, Mr. Ernest Folger, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. Robert L. Eyre, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Charles K. McIntosh, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Mr. Charles Fernald, Miss Ella Morgan, Mr. S. C. Boardman, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. Frank McConin Van Ness, Miss Eleanor Wood, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Miss Romietta Wallace, Mr. Arthur Allen, Miss Alice Owen, and Mr. Everett N. Bee; rovers, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. J. F. J. Archibald, and Mr. Walter S. Hobart.

Bouvier-Tewis Theatre-Party.

Mrs. Alfred Bouvier and Dr. Harry L. Tevis celebrate their birthdays last Monday evening by giving a theatre-party at the Baldwin. After the performance the party was driven around town in carriages for an hour and then returned to the Baldwin Theatre, which was illuminated as if for a performance. The orchestra played a march, and the curtain was raised, showing an attractive scene with a handsomely decorated table in the centre beneath a large Japanese umbrella. An elaborate supper was served, with music and odd scenic effects as an accompaniment. About three hours were passed there most enjoyably. Those in the party comprised:

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. William B. Collier, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Henry M. Holbrook, and Mr. Allan St. John Bowie.

The Stubbs Matinée Tea.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 2519 Pacific Avenue, in honor of her daughters, the Misses Helen and Mary Stubbs. Several hundred invitations were issued, and the house was crowded from four until seven o'clock, during which time Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra played concert selections and refreshments were served bounteously. Roses, chrysanthemums, violets, and smilax were used in decorating the rooms. Those who assisted in receiving were:

Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry, Mrs. H. C. Davis, Mrs. James K. Wilson, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Mrs. Robert Walk, Mrs. Alphonse Wigmore, Mrs. Charles S. Watson, Miss Bertha S. Smith, Miss Della Mills, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Elma Graves, Miss Annie Field, Miss Augusta Kent, Miss Eloise Davis, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Mabel Houston, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Helen Lobmann, and the Misses Moody.

San Francisco Verein.

The members of the San Francisco Verein gave a most enjoyable entertainment last Saturday evening in the theatre at the Verein. The attraction was an operatic travesty entitled "The Babes in the Woods: A Comedy of Plots." Mr. Samuel W. Saalburg was the librettist, Professor Hirschbach arranged the music, and Mr. J. Nash was the stage-manager. The play was very amusing, and the large audience was pleasantly entertained. An elaborate supper was served afterward, and it was followed by dancing until a late hour to the music of Rosner's Hungarian Orchestra. Those who took part in the performance were:

Mr. S. Ackerman, Mr. E. S. Heller, Mr. Emil Rosenbaum, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mr. Joseph Dinkelspiel, Mr. Clarence Walter, Mr. Sanford Walter, Mr. Louis Greenebaum, and Mr. Leon Greenebaum.

Charity Kettledrum and Tea.

That most worthy charity, the San Francisco Polyclinic, will receive a benefit next Tuesday afternoon and evening, which, it is to be hoped, will be a substantial financial one. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have given the use of their residence and theatre for a kettledrum and tea, and there will be a continuous performance from three o'clock in the afternoon until ten o'clock at night. There will also be refreshment booths, side-shows, and a tombola with several valuable prizes. The tickets will be one dollar each, and they may be obtained from the following ladies:

Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., 1904 Franklin Street; Mrs. L. Meyerstein, 611 Van Ness Avenue; Miss A. Pollock, 909 Broderick Street; Mrs. M. H. de Young, 1019 California Street; Mrs. L. Elkus, 2328 Pacific Avenue; Mrs. M. Regensburger, 1342 Clay Street; Mrs. James Stewart, 2505 Pacific Avenue; Mrs. C. M. Dougherty, 1920 Jackson Street; Mrs. A. Rising, 1101 Laguna Street; Mrs. A. M. Davis, 1722 Pine Street; Mrs. E. J. Starr, room 16, Palace Hotel; Mrs. T. Deane, 1003 Sutter Street; Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, the Richelieu; Mrs. D. Neustadter, 1701 Van Ness Avenue; Mrs. W. Giselman, 1720 Golden Gate Avenue; Mrs. A. P. Whittell, 1025 Pine Street; Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, the Richelieu.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mary Frances Breeze, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Breeze, and Lieutenant Harry Coupland Beeson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will take place next Wednesday noon at Grace Church. A reception will be held afterward at the home of the bride's mother, 1130 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp have issued cards for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Margaret Sharp, to Mr. Arthur Ewing Shattuck, which will take place at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, December 4th. There will be no reception. Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck will receive at 2315 California Street on the first, second, and third Fridays in January.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lita Robinson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Luke Robinson, to Mr. George Hyde Prestoo, an attorney-at-law of Seattle, Wash.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Florence Gray Mills to Mr. Frederick Le Roy Prentice, of this city. Miss Mills is the daughter of Mr. Hamilton Gray Mills, formerly of New York city, but for the past fifteen years a resident of London.

The wedding of Miss Marie Veronica Baird, daughter of the late John Baird, and Mr. Barry Baldwin, Jr., son of United States Marshal Barry Baldwin, took place on Thursday evening, November 14th, at the residence of the groom's parents, 1515 Scott Street. Rev. Father Dugan officiated in the presence of a few relatives and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are passing their honeymoon to Southern California.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall will give a matinee tea to-day at her residence on Pine Street.

Mrs. John I. Sabin will give a matinee tea to-day at her residence, 2828 California Street. She will be assisted in receiving by Miss Della Mills, Miss Helen Stubbs, Miss Aona Field, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Fay Rambo, Miss May Crowell, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Alice Cowen, the Misses Burton, and Miss Bernice Drown.

Mrs. Frank P. Wilcox and the Misses Masten have issued cards for a matinee tea which they will give from three until six o'clock next Saturday at their residence, 2218 Clay Street. Those who will assist in receiving are: Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Miss Lou Wall, Miss Bessie Wall, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Ella Morgao, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Tibby Taylor, Miss Della Mills, and Miss Lizzie Carroll.

The Friday Night Club will give its first assembly of this season at Odd Fellows' Hall next Friday evening.

The Benedicts and Bachelors Cotillion Club of Oakland will hold their first ball of this season on Saturday evening, December 7th. The patronesses

are Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs. George Greenwood, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will hold its first party of this season at Lunt's Hall next Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave an elaborate dinner-party last Monday evening at their residence on Franklin Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague. Covers were laid for twelve at a handsomely appointed table.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan entertained several ladies at luncheon last Wednesday at her residence, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Tuesday, at her home on Eddy Street, in honor of her daughter, Miss Mary Burnett Kip. The rooms were handsomely decorated with roses and chrysanthemums, and light refreshments were served. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Juliet Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Mary Mercado, Miss Elma Graves, Miss Frances Curry, and Miss Louisa Breeze.

Miss Alice Hager gave an informal tea last Saturday afternoon at the residence of her mother, 1815 Gough Street, and entertained a few of her friends very pleasantly.

Mrs. George W. Bowers gave a tea yesterday from three until six o'clock at her residence, 2610 Jackson Street, and entertained a large number of her friends.

At the Fortnightly Club cotillion on Friday evening at Lunt's Hall, the attendance was quite large. Several figures of the german were introduced by Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and the time was passed pleasantly until midnight.

English and American Wine-Drinkers.

[New York Recorder.]

According to *Ridley's Wine and Trade Circular*, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne in the London market are:

Pommery Sec, 83 to 88 shillings.

Moet, 75 shillings.

Perrier, 72 shillings.

Mumm, 70 to 75 1/2 shillings.

While the consumer here pays about the same price for all brands of reputable champagnes, and thereby creates the impression that one wine is about the same as another to him as long as it is a reputable champagne, the English wine-drinker is always willing to pay the highest price for what he considers the best wine, and though we have in our country as good connoisseurs as there are in England, yet the average American will rarely take the time and the trouble to try the relative merits of the different brands, and too often leaves to the knight of the bar or the *garçon* the choice of the brand.

Christmas Will Soon be Here.

For this reason it is recommended that those desiring stationery stamped with monograms, etc., for holiday presentation, should place their orders now, as no orders will be accepted after December 1st. This makes a pretty Christmas gift and one sure to be appreciated. Cooper & Co., No. 746 Market Street.

California Camera Club

Views, drawings, etchings, etc., neatly and cheaply mounted in mats or framed, by R. R. Hill, 724 1/2 Market Street. Telephone: "Black 141."

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Seod 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

—THE CHRISTMAS GOODS JUST BEING OPENED by S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary St., comprise the handsomest novelties ever brought to their establishment.

—YOU PRESS THE BUTTON—WE DO DEVELOPING, printing, and all kinds of photographic work for amateurs. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market St.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmay, 25 Kearny Street.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

Another Hoyt farce, "A Milk-White Flag," will be seen at the Baldwin Theatre early in the year.

DISTRESSING DISEASES OF THE SKIN

Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

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SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths, with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier).

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The kind of cocoa that is pure, of even quality, and of unadulterated manufacture—that's the kind you must use to obtain the full benefit. Ghirardelli's Cocoa is of the highest known grade—the result of nearly fifty years of experience. Don't accept the offered substitutes.



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Elegantly Furnished Rooms
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Permanent Guests Will be
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Elevator Runs Day and Night.

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SAN FRANCISCO GAS-LIGHT CO.

HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.

Roche's Herbal Embrocation.
The celebrated and effective English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. EDWARD & SON, Queen Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of E. Fougere & Co., 30 North William St., N. Y.

SOCIETY.

The Wallace Début Ball.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace gave a ball at National Hall last Thursday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Romietta Wallace, who made her debut in society that evening. Unfortunately the hostess, owing to illness, was not able to be present, but the guests were received by Judge Wallace and Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, *née* Wallace.

The ball was a brilliant one, and the three hundred ladies and gentlemen present enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. The decorations were artistic, the music excellent, the floor all that could be desired, and the supper most elaborate.

National Hall never appeared to better advantage. Through the masses of palms, magnolias, and bamboo plants, and the clusters of pink and yellow chrysanthemums that lined the front of the stage, where the musicians were stationed, could be seen a tropical landscape that carried out the theme of the decoration. Everywhere overhead were long cordons of smilax sustaining hanging baskets of ferns and chrysanthemums, and the walls were lined with tall palm sprays, ferns, and hanging baskets of yellow chrysanthemums. Along the gallery was a barrier of palms, ferns, and magnolia branches, and beneath depended baskets of red and yellow chrysanthemums. This completed a very pretty picture.

About ten o'clock the guests commenced to arrive, and they were cordially welcomed. Mrs. Sprague received in an elegant Doucet gown of cream-colored satin, embellished with broderie Romienne and spangles and draped gracefully with rich old lace. Her ornaments were necklaces of diamonds and pearls. Miss Wallace wore a most becoming gown of white moiré antique, covered with white silk tulle.

Dancing was enjoyed on the canvased floor until three o'clock in the morning. There was an intermission at midnight, when a sumptuous supper was served under Ludwig's direction in the banquet hall, which was handsomely decorated.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott left for the East on November 17th, and will be absent several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Clara Huntington left for New York last Wednesday in their private car. They may take a trip through Mexico en route.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker returned from New York last Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Sperry and Prince and Princess Poniatowski and their little son. The Poniatowskis will pass the winter with the Crockers. Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker and Miss Rutherford left on Thursday for New York city, where they will reside during the winter.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker returned to the city last Wednesday, after attending the Horse Show in New York city. Mrs. Samuel Knight, *née* Holbrook, will receive on the first, second, and third Fridays in January at her residence, 206 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins and Mrs. E. W. Bliss are staying at the Hotel Holland in New York city, prior to going abroad at an early date.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, who are visiting New York city, are expected to return early in December.

Mrs. William Kohl, of San Mateo, and Mrs. George Loomis, of Menlo Park, will soon leave for the East, where they will remain during the winter.

Miss Nellie Hillier will leave in about a week for Europe, where she will pass the winter with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst.

Mrs. J. C. Cone and Miss Josephine Cone will leave early in December for Europe, where they will remain until next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and Miss Sadie Hecht, who are visiting relatives in Baltimore, will return home early in December. Miss Grace Hecht will remain there to attend school.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann will leave early in December to visit Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, the Misses Gerstle, and Mr. William L. Gerstle have returned from the East.

Mrs. Rosalia Greenbaum and Miss Stella Greenbaum, who have been traveling abroad during the past year, will return home on Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle arrived in Europe last week.

Mr. Claude Terry Hamilton is in New York city.

Mr. John O. Blanchard was in Chicago early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels are at their country home near Aptos.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned to the city last Sunday after a three weeks' visit to the principal cities in the Eastern States.

Miss Clara Y. Archibald, of Oakland, has returned from an eight months' trip in the Eastern States. She visited principally in New York, Boston, and Cleveland.

Mrs. F. A. Haber will receive on the second and third Thursdays of each month at her residence, 2616 Laguna Street.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool and Mrs. K. B. Favre left for the East last Tuesday on the Sunset Limited. They will be away some months.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder have leased the Zimmerman residence on Sutter Street for the winter.

Mrs. Basil Heathcote is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Robert Scott, widow of the late Colonel Scott, U. S. A., in Washington, D. C., where she will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Richard Lounsberry and her two sons have left New York for Europe, where they will remain several months.

Mrs. Robert Howard Bennett, *née* Conner, will receive at 2400 Fillmore Street on the first and second Fridays in January with her mother, Mrs. Julia W. Conner, and her sisters, Mrs. Walter Ellis Rountree and Miss Conner.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., have returned here after a two weeks' cruise down the coast as

far as San Diego. Accompanying them on the trip were Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. W. O. E. Macdonough, Mr. Walter McCreary, Mr. Harold Wheeler, and Dr. Tingley. The yacht, which carries a crew of fifty men, has already sailed more than thirty-four thousand miles.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will receive during the winter on the first, second, and third Fridays at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street.

Mrs. Edward W. Townsend is here on a visit to her sister, Miss Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. House are now residing at 2824 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. E. C. Bumpus, of Boston, is visiting her brother, Mr. Morris Upham Bates at his residence, 403 Clayton Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., went to Mare Island last Sunday with Mr. E. W. Hopkins on the latter's steam-yacht.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant-Commander James W. Carlin, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Passed-Assistant Engineer James M. Pickrell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey*, and is en route to Panama to join the *Marion*.

Lieutenant Gottfried Blocklinger, U. S. N., has been detached from the Washington Navy-Yard and ordered to the *Boston* as executive officer.

Lieutenant Allison V. Wadams, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston* and ordered as executive officer of the *Monterey*.

Mrs. W. R. Shafter, wife of Colonel Shafter, U. S. A., is seriously ill at her home on Angel Island.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Miss Cecilia Miles, and Mr. Sherman Miles are comfortably settled in their new home on G Street, in Washington, D. C.

General and Mrs. John M. Schofield, U. S. A. (retired), are residing at the Auditorium Annex in Chicago.

Rear-Admiral C. C. Carpenter, U. S. N., has been detached from the command of the Asiatic Station and ordered home with one month's leave of absence.

Commodore F. V. McNair, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Examining and Retiring Board and ordered to command the Asiatic Station. He will leave this city November 30th.

Lieutenant L. L. Reamey, U. S. N., has been detailed as his flag-lieutenant, and Ensign G. W. Logan, U. S. N., as his secretary.

Mrs. J. J. Brice, wife of Commander Brice, U. S. N., will leave next week for Washington, D. C., where she will pass part of the winter with Senator and Mrs. Brice, of Ohio.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Patterson, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred to the Twenty-Second Infantry.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of fifteen days on his leave of absence.

Surgeon F. Owens, U. S. N., has been detached from the Puget Sound naval station, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Assistant Naval-Constructor L. Spear, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island Navy Yard, and ordered as superintending constructor of torpedo-boat No. 8 at Seattle, Wash.

Passed-Assistant Surgeon G. McC. Pickrell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Marion*.

Lieutenant B. W. Hodges, U. S. N., of the *Boston*, is due here November 29th. He will be accompanied by thirty apprentice boys.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's extension on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of six months on his leave of absence.

Lieutenant W. D. Rose, U. S. N., has been granted six months' leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant D. D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Canby. Mrs. Johnson will pass the winter in St. Louis with her father.

Lieutenant Downs L. Wilson, U. S. N. (retired) has leased the residence at 1629 Twenty-Ninth Street in Washington, D. C., where he will pass the winter.

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Fin de siècle: *Clerk* (in dry-goods store, to servant)—"Take some of this stuff—your mistress has a dress just like it." *Maid*—"Haven't you anything better?"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Dear me, Jennie, here comes that awful Mr. Bowers." "Awful? Why, I thought you liked him better than any other man in this world." "I do; and I am afraid he'll find it out."—*Bazar*.

Visiting Briton—"I'd rather have a corner of Westminster Abbey than all New York." *New Yorker*—"I understand that all the decent men England has ever produced are there."—*Bazar*.

Maude—"I tell you Cousin Sophy's baby is a girl." *Constance*—"And I tell you it's a boy." *Algernon*—"Don't be stupid, both of you; nobody knows what it's going to be; it isn't christened yet."—*New Budget*.

Visitor—"Yes, it's a very pleasant flat. But aren't the rooms just a trifle small?" *Mr. Flat-Dweller*—"So you notice it, too, do you? Well, they were all right till last week, but the walls were painted on Monday."—*Somerville Journal*.

Wife—"What in the world do you want with a trombone? You know that the man next door has driven us nearly wild by his performance on that awful instrument." *Hubby*—"Calm yourself, my dear. That's the one I've bought."—*Bazar*.

Stout beggar—"Gimme a quarter, will yer?" *Old gentleman* (nervously)—"This sounds more like—er—a demand than—er—a request." *Stout beggar*—"Is dat so? Well, all you've got ter do is ter see dat de supply is equal ter de demand. See?"—*Ex*.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge. "The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bed-clothes the whole time. That's wrong."—*Puck*.

Twitterly (to Snitterly, reading novel)—"And what becomes of the hero?" *Snitterly*—"I don't know his final fate, but on page two hundred and five it looks as if the heroine had him treed." *Twitterly*—"Treedy?" *Snitterly*—"Yes. The author states that 'at her glance he stood rooted to the spot.'"—*Bazar*.

Suppressed: *Wife* (returning home)—"How is this, John—what made you put the children to bed so soon?" *Hubband*—"Because they disturbed me in my writing, dear." *Wife*—"And did they allow you to undress them quietly?" *Hubband*—"No; that one in the corner screamed dreadfully." *Wife*—"That one in the corner?" (Goes and peeps.) "Why, bless me, what have you done, John?—that's Freddie Squall from next door!"—*Tit-Bits*.

While it may seem presumptuous on the part of a weekly paper to criticise a dramatic company that claims to carry three carloads of scenery, still we must venture to remark that the grand transformation scene in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as given at our opera-house last night by the Barns Torner Dramatic Company, would be much more effective if the life-size angels who appear in the background would refrain from chewing gum.—*Plunkville Bugle*.

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The Argonaut.

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Next week there will assemble at Washington the Fifty-Fourth Congress of the United States. Fourth Congress of the United States. Rarely has a Congress convened, since the gloomy days of the war, with so many and such important legislative tasks before it as awaits the Fifty-Fourth Congress. Yet rarely has there been a Congress where the outlook for accomplishing that legislation has been more discouraging. The House of Representatives is overwhelmingly Republican, the Senate is almost evenly divided, and the President is a Cleveland Democrat. It looks to us as if there would be more than one legislative dead-lock during the coming session of the Fifty-Fourth Congress.

The House of Representatives in the coming Congress has a total membership of 356. In the Fifty-Third Congress there were 95 more Democrats than Republicans, while in the Fifty-Fourth there will be 140 more Republicans than Democrats. There were 11 Populist

representatives in the last Congress, and there are seven in this. These figures are liable to be slightly changed by the action of the House in contested elections. But the changes, if any, will not affect the majority. The Fifty-Third Congress boasted a House of Representatives overwhelmingly Democratic; the Fifty-Fourth will have a House overwhelmingly Republican.

There has been no such upheaval in the Senate—that is, not yet. The result of the Republican tidal wave will be faintly felt in the Senate by the accession of two Republican senators from Utah, who will probably take their seats about January or February. But two years from now the Republican tidal wave will have been felt in the Senate, for there are seventeen new senators-elect, most of them Republicans, and nearly all the State legislatures elected this fall will elect Republicans.

In the Senate of the Fifty-Third Congress, there were 36 Republicans, 44 Democrats, and 5 Populists. There were three vacancies, occasioned by failures to elect in Montana, Washington, and Wyoming.

In the Senate of the Fifty-Fourth Congress there will be 42 Republicans, one of them a "Fusion" senator from North Carolina, 39 Democrats, and 6 Populists, including Senators Jones and Stewart, of Nevada. There is one empty senatorial chair—Delaware's; it is claimed by Henry A. Dupont and "Gas" Addicks; the contest will probably be decided in favor of the Republican, as the Delaware legislature is Republican.

Thus it will be seen that the condition in the Senate is perplexing; the Republicans have a plurality, but not a working majority; if the Populist senators should combine with the Democratic minority, it would give them a majority over the Republicans; if the two seceding Republicans—Jones and Stewart, of Nevada—should return to the ranks they abandoned, and the Republicans seat the senator from Delaware, they will have a majority of one over both Democrats and Populists combined. But it is doubtful whether Stewart will return to the Republican ranks. Jones, on the other hand, has never been comfortable with his Populistic bed-fellows, and is expected to return to his ancient loyalty. The two new senators from Utah will be Republicans, making 45 Republican senators, but as the membership of the Senate will then be 90, the Republicans still will lack a clear majority.

When Congress meets, the first senatorial dead-lock may be over organization—or rather distribution, for the Senate is always organized. The House has to be called together by the clerk of the last House, and will at once organize and elect Thomas B. Reed as Speaker. But the Senate, theoretically, never dies. There is always a president *pro tempore*, and the officers of the Senate hold their positions until superseded by others. The committees are not appointed by the presiding officer, as in the House, but selected by the senators. There are 46 standing committees, 14 select committees, and one joint committee—enough to give the chairmanship of a standing committee to each Republican, and the chairmanship of a select committee to the able members of the minority. As soon as the Senate convenes, there will be a fight over the salaried posts in the gift of the Senate, and over the chairmanships. Some of the younger Republican senators advocate an attempt at complete reorganization on Republican lines—that is, the removal of all the present Democratic incumbents, who, as we said above, hold their offices until removed. Some of the older senators deprecate the assumption of the apparent control of the Senate without a working majority. We think they are right. If the Republicans seize the control of the Senate offices by a swap with the Populists, they will presently find themselves in the position of a European cabinet without a majority behind it. It would be better for the Republicans to wait until Jones and Stewart have found out whether they are Republicans or Populists, and for the Delaware contestant and the two Utah senators to be seated; then they can back up the assumption of power with its exercise.

In the beginning of this article we remarked on the num-

ber and importance of the legislative tasks awaiting the coming Congress. They are indeed numerous and important. In the first place, there is the question of the tariff and the revenue—or, rather, the lack of revenue. The Democratic organs throughout the land are threatening all manner of ills to spring from Republican tariff legislation. There could scarcely be more than have come from Democratic legislation. But, waiving that, it certainly seems reasonable that a tariff law should bring in enough to keep the government out of debt. This the Democratic tariff has not done. It has completely collapsed. It is scarcely conceivable that Mr. Cleveland, his Cabinet, and his party believe that their method of raising revenue by bonds can be continued indefinitely. Already they have borrowed in eighteen months 162 millions of dollars, and are talking of borrowing more. The country can not stand that. The Republican Congress will be forced to devise some means of paying the current expenses of the government. If Mr. Cleveland thwarts them, he does it at his peril.

Next to the tariff and the revenue, comes the currency question. The silver question is practically settling itself. The increased output of gold and the diminished output of silver are doing that. But while this country produces much gold, the United States Treasury officials profess their utter inability to keep it in the country. There is a steady drain of gold to Europe. The gold reserve, which was always kept above the customary hundred-million mark under a Republican administration, has twice fallen under the present Democratic one: last spring, when it was artificially restored by bond-borrowing; and this winter, when it has fallen to \$86,000,000, from which figure the Democratic administration seem powerless to raise it. It is still falliug. Secretary Carlisle thinks he can stop the drain of gold by retiring the greenback circulation. He will bring the matter before Congress. It is a grave question, and one over which many intelligent men will widely differ.

Among other important matters to come up before Congress will be the national bankruptcy bill, which has before been passed in the House, and failed in the Senate. The anti-option bill will again appear; it also passed the House and failed in the Senate. The Nicaragua Canal bill will come before Congress, accompanied by the report of the government commission appointed to examine into this matter. We note by the current dispatches that this report is markedly unfavorable. As there has always been much opposition to the Nicaragua Canal scheme in Congress, on the ground that government aid to corporations was highly inexpedient, this unfavorable report will probably kill the bill. The Pacific Coast need not despair, however. From trustworthy sources—notably a London *Times* correspondent—we learn that the French investors are attempting to finish the Panama Canal; the *Times* seems to think that they will do so. Perhaps it is better for us to let some one else build a canal rather than put our good American money into a canal on foreign soil. Last, but not least, there will come up before the Fifty-Fourth Congress the question of the manner of settling the indebtedness to the government of the Central and Union Pacific Railways.

From the foregoing review, it is apparent that there is much difficult work cut out for this Congress. It is going to be a stormy session. The silver question, which rent both parties last session, will not down. On the question of retiring the greenbacks, both Republicans and Democrats will divide. On the question of the Pacific Railway debt, the East and the West will divide; the Eastern members can not understand why the railways should not have an extension of time; the Western members can not understand why they should have an extension of time. On the tariff, party lines will be drawn, but whatever the Republicans may do, the Presidential veto stands in the way. Apropos of this, the *Examiner* remarked recently, with a certain owlish gravity, that the Republican majority should "rise above party" and "show their patriotism" by not opposing President Cleveland in the matter of tariff legislation, and thereby causing a dead-lock. This is as extraordinary as it is amusing. What is the matter with President Cleveland "rising

above party" and "showing his patriotism" by not opposing the Republican Congress? The *Examiner's* remark reminds us of Amos Quigley, of Castleton, Ind., who, as we learn by the dispatches, was placed in a lunacy asylum last week because he believed that Grover Cleveland was God.

A fortnight ago the *Argonaut* had an article dealing with the regular annual appearance of tramps, thieves, thugs, and burglars in large cities on the approach of winter. We pointed out that this unpleasant phenomenon is not confined to San Francisco, but is common to the centres of population throughout the country. Since we wrote, a hold-up, with revolvers, masks, and everything in the best wild Western style, has occurred in New York city. Three desperadoes entered a saloon, ordered those present to hold up their hands, and shot to death one who resisted. In Chicago an exactly similar hold-up took place, the scene being a grocery, where the occupants, with their hands in the air, stood at the pistol's muzzle until their pockets and the till were rifled. The day after our article appeared in the *Argonaut*, two armed robbers entered a grocery in San Francisco, at the corner of Greenwich and Pierce Streets, a sparsely settled locality. The grocer fled into the night, leaving a customer who was seated reading a newspaper. Whether the latter was shot where he sat or offered resistance to the marauders is not known, but the robbers killed him. Their victim was a young carpenter, who leaves a widow and three children destitute.

These three crimes, so like in character, committed in three cities so wide apart, mark the beginning of the winter. They show how dangerous a class of criminals there are among the men who loaf away their lives during summer in the country and come to the cities when urban surroundings are pleasanter than rural. They are determined to live without working for their livelihood, and are willing to risk the penitentiary, and even the rope, rather than take upon themselves the burdens of honest men. The great flood of well-meant charity which flows forever from the pockets of the rich, and of those who are not rich, is, unfortunately, responsible in large part for the existence of the enormous army of idlers who at their best are begging tramps, and at their worst are highwaymen, burglars, and murderers. In New York, there are endless "refuges for homeless men," whose desert, on the average, would be better met by the policeman than the alms-giver. Last year, as a consequence, the refuges had from thirty to forty thousand tramps on their hands. Already these institutions are filling up again, and yet a charitable wood-yard can not get "poor men out of work" to saw and chop for their living, but is obliged to hire workmen like any other wood-yard if orders are to be filled. Charity which does not organize itself better than this fact implies is in its total hurtful.

San Francisco, however, has no right to reproach New York, for this city is beloved of all vagrants, and California, because of its climate and the easy-going character of its people, is the tramp's terrestrial heaven. A lady in the southern part of the State, writing to the *Topeka, Kan., Journal*, tells of our blanket-men who carry their bedding and beg from bouse to bouse as they wander in gangs. Occasionally these fellows do a few days' work and then spend their earnings in a debauch. "I have asked some of them if they never think of their Eastern homes while they are living in so degraded a way," says the lady, "and they answer, 'Oh, it's the climate.' There are hundreds and hundreds of these men wandering from one part of the State to the other. We hear nothing of law here; each one does as he pleases. They beg for bread and work for whisky."

That is an excellent description of a tramp—of the best and most harmless kind. There are others, far in the majority, who will not condescend to work even for whisky. They prefer to get it by pestering people on San Francisco's streets for dimes, or bolding them up with weapons when the hour and place are propitious.

The first and the last word of those who are appealed to by bealthy men asking alms should be: "Work or starve." Unless charity, individual and organized, proceeds sternly on that principle, mendicancy and crime are encouraged.

The winter is upon us, and the police should head the charitable procession. It is the duty of the authorities to single out the unworthy and treat them with a rigor which will leave them no inclination to call again. The method adopted to protect the banks and brokers' offices years ago in New York suggests itself. A dead line was drawn around Wall, Beaver, and Broad Streets and Exchange Place, and other streets where robbery was easiest. The detectives were instructed to arrest every man known to be a petty-larcenist, a sneak-thief, a burglar, or, in short, any one who had ever been taken in for any thievish offense and was known to the police. If found in the vicinity, he was apprehended at once on suspicion simply. No mis-

takes were made; every suspect taken to the station under the order was found to be without visible means of support and liable to punishment as a vagrant. By this sensible means the New York police succeeded in stopping the daylight robberies that had been occurring continually at the bank-counters, where thieves had snatched packages of notes from the hands of messengers who brought them for deposit, and had in many other adroit ways managed to make big hauls. Honest men were permitted to do business in safety, and this kind of crime became almost unknown in New York. It seems to us that similar intelligence and activity by the police elsewhere in arresting men with no reputable means of subsistence, especially men who have previously been in jail and wear the insignia of tramping, would go far toward preventing crimes of so daring and terrible a character as those to which we have referred as of recent occurrence in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. In the streets of this city there must be to-day hundreds of men whose faces are familiar to the police and to the officers of our jails and penitentiaries. These men ought to be at work. If they are not at work, it is evident that they are making their living dishonestly. They should be taken in and imprisoned for vagrancy, in order that they may not reappear as burglars and highwaymen. There is no danger that any honest workingman out of employment would suffer by the extreme severity to ex-convicts, or generally hard characters, or tramps. These last should be rounded up by wholesale, sentenced for vagrancy, and put to work improving the county roads. We need a boulevard down through the peninsula—that is a good way to construct it. Trades-unions and labor agitators to the contrary, the community has a right to protect itself against beggars and criminals. The community owes it to itself, to the lasting interests of humanity, to keep at the bardest and most disagreeable kind of labor every vagrant, criminal, or person who, through willful idleness, is on the road to crime. If this policy, at once simple, profitable, and humane, should be enforced for one year throughout the State, California would be freer from tramps and criminals than any other State in the Union.

At the recent election in Cook County, Ill., which includes Chicago, the Torrens Land-Title law was adopted by a vote of 82,507 yeas as against 53,088 nays. It is an Australian law, and has been in operation there for many years. Our present ballot-law comes from Australia, and it is the best we have ever had. The British colony is a land of experiments, and the mother country, like ourselves, is not above learning from these progressive colonists. The fact that Chicago, which is an eminently practical and a hustling American city, has adopted the Torrens plan of clearing land titles and simplifying transfers proves that it is worthy of the consideration of San Francisco. The benefits of the Australian system were tersely set forth by its author, Sir William Torrens, when it had proved its merits in practice. He said:

"It has substituted security for insecurity.
"It has reduced the cost of real-estate transfers from pounds to shillings and the time occupied from months to days.
"It has so simplified ordinary dealings that he who has mastered the 'three R's' can transact his own conveyancing.
"It affords protection against frauds.
"It has restored to their just value many estates depreciated in consequence of some technical flaw in title.
"It has largely diminished the number of lawsuits."

Under the law as adopted by Chicago, the grantor must execute his deed as heretofore. This deed being delivered to the registrar with the owner's duplicate certificate of title, he is authorized to make the transfer upon the register. Registration of title is a very different thing from registration of deeds, which is only an incident in conveyancing. Registration of titles is a complete system of land transfers. Each certificate of title becomes a new root of title, back of which there is no occasion to look. The books of the registrar will show at a glance all the incumbrances on and claims against the land. Mortgages must be entered. "All dealings with the land sort of a transfer of the fee," explains Harvey B. Hurd, a Chicago expert, "are entered under the last certificate of title and upon the same folio of the register. The manner of book-keeping is like keeping a ledger account with each particular piece of land." An intending buyer can learn all about the title in five minutes. If he buys, the old account is closed and a new one opened with him as the owner. The originals of all instruments remaining with the registrar will be a protection against forgery and fraud. Among the best features of the act is that with reference to transmission by descent or will:

"By the Torrens act the title goes, not directly to the heirs, but to the executor or administrator, the same as personality. Proof of heirship is made and the rights of the heirs found by the court, and the executor or administrator is directed by decree to transfer the title accordingly."

The first certificate of title issued by the registrar starts

the running of the statute of limitations, which the act prescribes. The time is five years, within which any adverse claim must be made, or expire, when the title will be unassailable forever. Before that time, the registrar's certificate of title is a certificate of insurance as well, for the registrar indemnifies the purchaser in case of contest.

Such are the main features of the Torrens law, which in all its details meets every practical need of the purchaser and seller of real estate. It does away with the wearisome and costly searching of titles. It also leaves lawyers free for other practice than fighting over titles. Any Chicagoan can now register his real property for a fee of two dollars. To make a memorandum of a lien, judgment, etc., under the registrar's certificate of title, costs three dollars, and the fee for canceling any such memoranda is one dollar. Titles can be transferred for three dollars. Tax titles will not be registered until the holder has had undisputed possession for ten years and paid taxes for seven. An indemnity fund is created out of a tax of one-tenth of one per cent. on the value of the property certified for the first time, which fund is held for the protection of innocent persons who may suffer loss under the operations of the new law.

There is no city and no State more in need of the Torrens system than San Francisco and California, which have been, and still are, cursed with complicated and clouded titles arising under the old Spanish grants and the various confusing claims created by the land commission of 1853. Here it frequently requires a good deal of courage to put money into land. The fear of trouble from title pirates, who are always on the watch, prevents many a purchase. Real-estate dealers attribute the dullness in their business to the hard times, which undoubtedly has much to do with the discouraging disinclination to invest in land. Everybody believes that San Francisco has a great future, and everybody, as an abstract proposition, will admit that land in and near the metropolis is a good investment. Yet real-estate transactions are comparatively few. Those of a single day, November 21st, show how meagre they are in San Francisco. There were fifteen transactions in all. On the same day, there were but nine transfers of real estate in Alameda County. The market, in spite of some large recent purchases by capitalists who are able to protect their titles should they be attacked, is soggy and dispirited. Men of ordinary means, or men who would buy to build homes, tremble at the bazards of becoming land-owners. It is indisputable that, in addition to the fact that times are dull, the flatness of the real-estate market is due to the complicated and expensive procedure of transfer and the danger of buying a lawsuit with the land. With a law which has done for Australia what Sir William Torrens claims, and with justice for the operation of his law there—a law that has stood the test of practical experience and has been adopted in its essential provisions by go-ahead Chicago—California would be rid in a few years of the blight of clouded titles, and land would become as safe and easily handled a species of property as wheat or coal. No old Californian, or any one acquainted with the scandalous, costly, and tragical land history of California, needs to be told what that would mean for the prosperity of this city and State. No better issue could be injected into our system of conveyancing than the Torrens Land-Title law.

The Rev. F. D. Bovard, pastor of the Park Street Methodist Church, Alameda, preached last Sunday a sermon which he entitled "Wine-Drinking, and the Social Status of Those who Drink Wine." In the course of his sermon, Dr. Bovard condemned wine-drinking, condemned the Viticultural Commission because it was trying to improve the wines of the State, condemned Miss Kate Field because she spoke highly of California wines, and condemned President Harrison because, at a reception in San Francisco, he once drank some California wine. To be consistent, Dr. Bovard should have condemned the Creator, because he makes California wine.

Does Dr. Bovard know that if grapes are plucked, they will ferment? That if they ferment, they will make wine? Does Dr. Bovard know that grape sugar, if not checked, will infallibly turn into alcohol? And if the Creator did not desire alcohol to be consumed, why did he put it into nearly every vegetable form of food consumed by man? The most harmless cereals, such as wheat, barley, and rye, the most innocent tubers, such as beets and potatoes, all contain alcohol. And from them there are made beverages infinitely more powerful, infinitely more to be feared, than that form of alcoholic beverage which is made from the grape—"wine which maketh glad the heart of man."

It is unfortunate for Dr. Bovard that he should have begun his crusade against the least harmful of all the alcoholic beverages known to man. If he is attacking intemperance, the general use of wine is one of his best allies. In no country where wine-drinking prevails is intemperance a vice.

In Spain, the wine is very much more generally consumed than the water, and is almost as cheap; yet the Spaniards are the most abstemious race in Europe. A drunken man in the rural districts of Spain is a most unusual sight; it is rare in the cities, too, but when you see an intoxicated man there, he is generally drinking had imported spirits instead of the native wines. In Italy, the use of wine is widespread. You will see the peasants in the fields, suspending their labors for the noonday meal, and sitting down to a repast consisting principally of bread, cheese, and wine. At the railway stations, excellent and cheap luncheons are sold you to take aboard the train; they invariably include a wicker-covered flask of Chianti, or what is called Chianti. Whatever it may be called, it is a light red wine, lighter than our California Zinfandel, and is sound, cheap, and good. This will give an idea of how general is the use of wine in Italy. Yet the Italians are almost as abstemious as the Spaniards; one may travel from Naples to Venice, from Brindisi to Vintimiglia, without seeing a drunken man—unless, perhaps, in the larger cities, and even there the sight is most unusual. In France, the same conditions prevail; everywhere you go, you find wine and wine-drinkers; no *table-d'hôte* meal is served without its *petit Bordeaux*, no railway luncheon, no matter how modest, without its *vin ordinaire*. Yet approaching the great city of Paris from the north, the east, or the south, you see no drunkenness; it is only in the city itself that you begin to note drunken men, and they are almost invariably drinkers of absinthe or brandy.

It is in Northern Europe, which raises no wine, that drunkenness prevails. If Dr. Bovard thinks wine-making countries are prone to drunkenness, he is mistaken. He will see in a week in London more drunken men—and women—than he will see in a month in Italy, France, or Spain, where he will see no drunken women at all. He will see much drunkenness in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, which are not wine-producing countries. In godly Scotland, where they raise no grapes, but make whisky, he will also see much drunkenness. And in the great manufacturing towns, like Glasgow and Dundee, he will see on holidays such drunkenness and such scenes of other degradation on the part of both men and women as would make his soul sick.

Dr. Bovard makes unpleasant comparisons between the northern and southern parts of California. He says that "Pasadena and other prohibition towns are the only truly flourishing towns in the State." The writer has been in some of those "prohibition towns" in Southern California. It is his experience that the only difference between them and the non-prohibition towns is that the latter serve drink openly and that the former do not. In "Pasadena and other prohibition towns" he has had wine brought to him at hotels in a milk-jug and served to him in a tea-cup. That sort of thing may add to the high moral tone of "Pasadena and other prohibition towns," but we do not think so; in our opinion, it degrades every one connected with such a shady and hypocritical transaction. The last time the writer was in Pasadena he met one day a procession of intoxicated men reeling along the road; on investigation, he found that this alcoholic stream of humanity flowed from a low drinking-shop which was situated just outside the town limits of Pasadena. It may be there still, for aught we know. But the fact remains that in this prohibition town, with its extra-territorial grog-shops, we noticed more drunken men than in any of the adjacent non-prohibition towns.

Dr. Bovard uses some rather strong language in denouncing Miss Kate Field for her efforts in the East on behalf of California wines. He calls her "a hollow-hearted sham," and says "this social monster must be driven from society." He says of the California Viticultural Commission that they "are mitered priests in a bacchanalian temple where men and women are led to destruction." Preachers are notoriously loose in their language and their charges. They are the Apostles of the Vague. Nothing irritates a preacher more than an attempt to pin him down to facts. Yet we would like to ask the Rev. Dr. Bovard to give a few facts and names to bolster up his charges. What sort of a "bacchanalian temple" do the Viticultural Commissioners run? Where is it? What men and women were led to destruction by it? Does Dr. Bovard know of any men or women who were led to destruction by drinking California wines? Who are they? If Dr. Bovard does not want to give the names of individuals, as is quite natural, let him indicate some particular district where large numbers of people have been "led to destruction" by California wines. Is it Napa? Or Sonoma? It must be in some district where wine is made, otherwise Dr. Bovard's argument would fall to the ground.

But his arguments fall to the ground of their own weight. There is more murder in Shasta or Siskiyou (where they do not make wine) than there is in Napa or Sonoma (where they do). There is more drunkenness to-day in Maine

(where they do not make wine) than there is in California (where they do). And there are more male and female drunkards in Scotland and Sweden (where they do not make wine) than there are in France and Italy (where they do).

We would advise the Rev. Dr. Bovard, if he wishes to abolish intemperance, to begin by fighting whisky. More than half of the woes that desolate the earth come from the drinking of ardent spirits. But between distilled liquors and wine there is a great gulf. Therefore, when the Rev. Dr. Bovard says that "every dollar appropriated by this State to encourage the wine business is simply a premium on crime and pauperism," he makes a statement which can not be upheld by the facts, and one which is calculated to bring the State into disrepute. The only redeeming point to his statement is that it bears on its face intrinsic evidence of its absurdity and of the utter ignorance concerning wine, wine-drinking, and wine countries displayed by the Rev. Dr. Bovard, of the Park Street Methodist Church of Alameda.

Walter Wellman, of the Chicago *Times-Herald*, who is one of the best-informed among the Washington correspondents, has secured intelligence, which he says is of a trustworthy character, to the effect that there will be an organized attempt in Congress to bring about the annexation of Hawaii. The joint resolution is to be introduced either in the House or Senate, and, according to Mr. Wellman, will have the sanction of the President. If Mr. Cleveland is in favor of the measure it will probably be sustained by the Democratic minority in the House, and we very much fear that there are enough Republicans in Congress who approve of annexation to carry it through.

Nevertheless, a thorough knowledge of the situation must lead to the conclusion that annexation is highly inexpedient from every point of view, except that of those whose desire for additional territory is paramount to every other consideration. The United States, it seems to us, has had enough to do with race problems. The negro question gave us a bloody war. The negro question is not settled yet. The Chinese question is settled, we hope, but it cost much to the Pacific Coast before it was settled. It does not occur to us what the United States would gain by absorbing the Hawaiian Islands. Commercial treaties and geographical position can give us whatever trade advantages we desire, and leave us free from the responsibility of endeavoring to solve the race puzzle which Hawaii presents. The population, numbering about 90,000, is a human crazy-quilt. The white patch is a group of 5,000 white men. There are 15,000 Chinese, 12,000 Japanese, 34,000 Kanakas, and 6,000 half-breeds. The Chinese and Japanese do not vote, the whites have the suffrage because of their skin, and the aborigines' ballot privilege is hampered by a property qualification. How can a country so peopled be regarded as fit material for an American State on short order? Has it in its elements even the possibility of Statehood? It is a country necessarily dominated by an aristocracy of blood, and in our Union would be paralleled by a Southern State in which only the planters should have the suffrage along with a horde of adventurers, while the plantation hands and the rest of the population, made up of Chinese and Japanese as well as of negroes, remained at home on election day.

The whole proposition of annexation is made absurd as well as dangerous by the character of the inhabitants, nearly a third of whom are already denied naturalization by the laws of the United States. It is natural that the whites, who have set up a form of government down there which they call republican, and have good reasons to mistrust their ability to maintain, should want this country to take the explosive contract off their hands. It is even probable that the Kanakas, despairing of restoring their queen, or of otherwise getting the upper hand again in the government, should prefer to surrender their destinies to the United States—although we do not believe it. Perhaps even the Chinese and Japanese would like government by American law better than government by a suspicious and scared oligarchy. But while these may all be sound arguments for annexation on the part of the Hawaiians, white, brown, yellow, and prismatic, what possible weight can they have on the American side of the case? They should affect us no more than the jeweler is moved by the desire of the penniless man on the sidewalk at his window to possess the treasures he sees through the glass.

When the annexation resolution is put to the front in Washington, we shall hear much of the military necessity of possessing a group of islands out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, thousands of miles away from the shores of the United States. The answer to that thoughtless notion is that if we were owners of the islands we should have to spend millions for a navy to protect them. They would be simply a point of attack. We have already there a coal-station, which is all we need for naval purposes. Hawaii

should be left to work out her own salvation. Nobody else can do it half so well as she.

There is a large peril behind this scheme for extra-continental annexation. If not strenuously opposed by the far-seeing and patriotic, it can be made popular. This American nation has grown to be immensely rich and immensely strong. History gives us to know that when a nation has become rich and strong, a passion for conquest is readily aroused. And conquest is another name for robbery and oppression of the weak by the powerful. Thirty years have passed since the surrender at Appomattox, and there are millions of young men in the United States to whom war, which is hideous, means only adventure, excitement, and glory. Any prospect of a conflict fires their imaginations. They would gladly fight with Eogland over Venezuela's quarrels, over Dunraven and the yacht-race, over anything at all. Let annexation begin, and we should soon abandon that policy of peace and non-intervention under which we have grown rich and strong, and sink to the level of the brigand nations which have made the world's annals red. The American conscience is still sore over our war on Mexico, despite the advantages we have reaped through it. If we take Hawaii, Cuba will follow, then what we care to steal from Mexico, and everything to the north and south of us that we from time to time may have a mind for. We should presently be roaming the earth for plunder, like Eogland, and he hated as England is by all the earth. The glory of the republic would be gone. We owe to the world an example of true republicanism that can not be true if it does not include good citizenship, which in turn must have for its basis common honesty. Conquest is more picturesque than plain industry, but conquest is only predatory scoundrelism. Hawaii does not belong to us, and it does not belong to the men who have seized it. It would not be well for the United States to set up as a receiver of stolen goods by way of preliminary exercise to setting forth as a liberator of nations. We should let Hawaii alone, for our own good.

We remarked recently that the health department of Chicago had advised the people to boil the lake water before using it, owing to the presence in the water of bacteria dangerous to life. We are reminded of this by the fact that recent attacks upon San Francisco's water supply have inspired the board of health here to order an investigation. If such an investigation is made, the citizens of San Francisco will find that their water supply is one of the purest and most wholesome of any large city in the United States. Not long ago an attack was made upon the quality of the water by Mayor Sutro, who is hostile to the water company for private financial reasons. A chemist in his employ made an analysis, but was utterly unable to find anything in the water dangerous to health or life. His tests showed that while there was vegetable matter in the water, as there is in all water at certain seasons, it contained no "pathogenic germs"—that is to say, no disease germs, such as those of typhoid fever or diphtheria.

The best proof that our water supply is not unwholesome is shown by the statistics of death from zymotic disease. Recently the *Argonaut* remarked that there were epidemics of zymotic disease in numerous large cities throughout the country, due to the foul water, yet that there was no such epidemic in San Francisco. While we knew there was no epidemic, we had not examined the figures. Since our article appeared, the figures have come under our observation. From them we learn that in the months of August, September, and October, 1894—when there was no complaint about the water—the deaths in this city were respectively 527, 494, and 518, a total of 1,539 for the three months. In the months of August, September, and October of this year, the deaths were respectively 438, 460, and 480, a total of 1,378, or decrease of eleven per cent. The deaths from zymotic diseases in August, September, and October, 1894, were 71, 67, and 60, respectively, a total of 198. In the corresponding months of this year the deaths were 41, 40, and 35, a total of 116 and decrease of forty per cent.

From these statistics, it is perfectly plain that the small number of deaths from zymotic disease in this city is diminishing, as compared with previous years. How could this be so if the water supply were impure? Not only is the death rate here from zymotic diseases very low, as compared with other cities, but it is growing lower, as compared with previous years in this city. As a matter of fact, the water company is each year not only adding to its mains and conduits, but also improving its sources of supply. It has already purchased thousands of acres of pasture lands adjacent to its storage lakes, and it is now expending some hundreds of thousands of dollars in constructing a drainage tunnel across the Lake Merced watershed. Although this is practically only an emergency lake, the fact that the company is expending so large an amount of money to protect it shows how jealous it is of the purity of its water supply.

THE SACRIFICE OF SAM.

Being the Story of a Cowboy's Love and What It Led Him to.

Bald-faced Bill stumbled, almost fell, recovered himself, then stood stock-still, and, turning his head, looked appealingly into his master's eyes.

"What's th' matteh, Bill?" asked Sam. "Cast a shoe? Dam! 'f ye hain't," he continued, after dismounting and examining the foot the horse held up for inspection. "Ought t' 've had ye fixed up more'n two weeks back, ol' hoss." He took out his knife—a sort of pocket blacksmith and carpenter-shop—deftly removed the rest of the nails by which the shoe hung to the hoof, put the shoe in his pocket, then stood up and scratched his head.

This was serious business. Here he was, over sixty miles away from home (and in a hurry to get there), in a sparsely settled portion of the country, and without the slightest idea of where or how he was going to find a place where he might get that shoe reset. True, he had no business riding an animal that required the services of a farrier; but Bill was not a native horse, and, having worn shoes when Sam first got him, he had been kept shod ever since.

It was twenty-odd miles back to Tahorville, whence Sam had started that morning, and he disliked the idea of returning that distance just to have a shoe set; so, after some minutes' meditation, he decided to go ahead and trust to luck; and after walking about three miles (a painful task for a cowboy), he "met-up with" a man traveling in the other direction, who, much to his relief, told him that there was a cross-roads just ahead in the timber, with a store and a blacksmith-shop situated close by.

Sam thanked him, and passed on, but presently, much to his surprise, the stranger turned and galloped back to him. "I thought I'd tell ye," he said, "he in' as ye're a strangeh, th't ye'd hest not dally 'raound that place none—an' don't drink nothin'. Ye see," he went on to explain, "they's be'n fellahs turned up a-missin' th't was heerd of last, right 'bout yere. Nothin' wa'n't nevah proved, but it's a purty good place fr' t' fight sby of, I reckon."

"Good! You bet I'm right glad ye tol' me—I sbo' am. I don't think I'll dally none whatever." Then Sam and the friendly stranger parted, and Sam found his way to the cross-roads.

The blacksmith was at work when he came along, but assured him he would attend to Bill "in a jiffy." Four or five men were loafing about the place, and they at once proceeded to take note of, and comment upon, Bill's good points—a fact that Sam would have duly appreciated had he been able to convince himself that their attentions were altogether disinterested. As it was, however, he viewed with suspicion all their overtures toward striking up an acquaintance, and found it difficult to treat them with the civility that South-Western courtesy demands—albeit they were, to all appearances, just as honorable and upright citizens as himself. In fact, they looked just like the average frontiersman whose time, for the moment, hangs heavily on his hands, and but for the warning of the friendly stranger, Sam Stires would doubtless have "mixed free" with them. As it was, even, he inadvertently admitted that he was going to El Rio, and was in a hurry to get there; but he sensibly refused all invitations to "likker up," on the ground that it didn't agree with him.

The blacksmith's "jiffy" lasted until almost six o'clock, and whilst he was engaged on Bill's foot, the loafers wandered out, one at a time, and disappeared up the hillside, presumably in the direction of a house, and this reminded Sam that it was supper-time, and that he was hungry.

"Bout suppeh-time, strangeh," said the blacksmith, suddenly, as though divining his client's thoughts. "Haddn't ye bettah come up an' graze with we-all, an' let th' joh go fr' a bit?"

"Cain't do it, pardner," Sam replied, somewhat hastily, thereby confirming the other in a certain suspicion he beld concerning Sam (i. e., that he was a marshal's or sheriff's deputy)—"cause, ye see, I got t' be a-movin' right peart, an' gittin' t' Rio. 'Bliged t' ye, all th' same. I'll jes' go ovah t' th' store an' git a snack while ye finish th' job."

There was a little, faded, sharp-featured woman behind the counter in the little store, and her keen black eyes studied Sam critically as she proceeded to serve him with the cheese and crackers he called for. Presently a tall, big, square-shouldered fellow came in and stood by the door, and the woman went and joined him. They conversed in low whispers for about a minute, and Sam, dimly suspicious, glanced at them two or three times. The last time he saw that they were looking at him. Then the woman, with a half laugh, shrugged her thin shoulders and said, aloud, as the big man turned to go out:

"Quien sabe? Quien sabe?"

The moment the big man was gone, however, she hastened to the hack of the store, looked into the har-room, apparently to make certain that it was unoccupied, then came up to Stires, who was basily gobbling his lunch, and asked, in a whisper: "Strangeh, he you a dep'ty?"

"Me? No, o' co'se not. Wbut—"

"Co'se," said the woman, with an impatient gesture, "I might 'a' knowed ye wouldn't say so, ef ye was. Look yere," she went on, hastily, coming closer and laying a hand on his arm. "Y're in danger, mister. Le' me tell ye, while I've got th' chanst, th't ye wantub git out o' this real quick—an' say, don't take th' Rio trail fur. Leave it a mile out, an' cut 'cross to'ds Amity Fo'ks—heah me?"

"Yes'm, I sho' do; hut whut—"

"Don't stop t' ast no fool questions. That big fellah's Ned Flynn, an' yere's were 'e hangs out a lot. They'll git ye, ef ye don't look out. I'm tellin' ye this, 'cause—'cause—well, nevah min'. Only, git a move on."

Sam lost no time in seeing that Bill was properly "fixed," and, getting started, he took the strange little woman's advice and turned toward Amity Forks, thereby preserving, no doubt, a whole skin. He asked himself, many times, why

the woman should have taken the trouble to warn him, but was unable to find any reason for it.

As a matter of fact, the woman herself could have given no reason beyond that essentially feminine "because."

The face of Ned Flynn haunted Sam. Why, it is impossible to say, for Sam Stires, like the rest of his family, was not at all imaginative. There was nothing remarkable about the face of Flynn, the outlaw, excepting the fact that it helied the character of its owner, being a square, honest face, with two clear, honest blue eyes, while Flynn—well, everybody within a hundred miles of the line knew what he was. Nevertheless, that face bothered Sam all the way home and for two or three days afterward, and he could think of no reason for its constant appearance before his mental vision until, one afternoon shortly after his arrival home, he started out for the Huston place to see Mat. Then, as he forded a creek near the Huston ranch, he remembered the man he had met there one time, who, he had been told after his arrival at the house, was Harry Armstrong, his much-heard-of but never-before-seen rival for Mat's affections. And he remembered now that the stranger's face was the face of Ned Flynn, outlaw and "rustler."

After making this startling discovery, he rode more slowly, in order to recover his mental equilibrium. He was in doubt how to act in the matter, for he was by no means absolutely certain that he was correct, and he knew that to tell Mat of his discovery and then find that he was mistaken, would jeopardize, if not ruin, his own chances with her. Wherefore, he resolved to proceed with caution, and to assure himself that he was right before going ahead.

"Say, Bart," he asked, in a confidential tone, of Mat's brother, who rode a mile or two with him on his homeward way late that night, "wbo's this yere man Armstrong, anyways?"

Bart Huston laughed. "Gittin' scairt of 'im, Sam? Didn't s'pose he was worryin' ye at all, I sbo' didn't."

"Oh, I don't car' p'tic'lar," said Sam, hastily, with a gesture of deprecation. "On'y, I'm jes' sort o' cur'us 'bout 'im, that's all."

"Wa-al, fact is, I d'no's I know much about th' duck," confessed Bart. "Seen 'im onced, didn't ye? Wa-al, all I know 'bout 'im is, th't 'e's got a ranch ovah on th' Pecos, an' 'notbeh one ovah b' th' Two-Mile—ol' Watrous place, ye know. Say's 'e's goin' t' sell ovah th' Pecos place, an' move ovah t' this country atfeh th' fall raound-up. Seems t' he a purty good soht o' fellah, an' ac's like 'e's got dough. He's some eddicated, too."

"M-hm," grunted Sam, as though it was immaterial, all this information about his rival. And he said nothing more to Bart on the subject, but certainly "kep' a-thinkin' a lot," as he would have expressed it. He must make sure that his surmise was correct, and then—well, Mr. Armstrong, or Flynn, or whatever his name was, would not only be decidedly out of the running, but was in a fair way to conclude one of his visits at the Huston place at the end of a *reata*.

But before Sam had time to think out the best plan for assuring himself of "Armstrong's" identity with Ned Flynn, he learned that that gentleman was expected, in a few days, on a visit to Mat; and this information, volunteered by Bart, whom he met on the range, decided Sam—who had been at the point of deciding for about two years—on a course of action, and the very next day he rode over to see Mat.

As he rode up to the house, he noticed that it looked singularly quiet, and (so timid was he by this time) he almost hoped the "folks" were all away, and that he could again postpone asking Mat the question he had so long been wanting, yet fearing, to ask. But Mat herself met him at the door.

"W'y, howdy, Sam!" she ejaculated. "I'm right glad t' see ye! Didn't know, fr' sho', but what 'twas some one a-comin' t' carry me off!"

"I've a right good notion t' do it," said Sam, with what he considered remarkable audacity—and then he failed to follow up this opening, but asked: "Be ye all alone, Mat?"

"I sh'd say alone! Maw 'n paw's gone t' town, Bart an' ev'ry han's aout on th' range, an' even ol' Manuela's done skipped—went ovah on th' creek to a Greaser fun'ral. But go an' put Bill up an' come in. We'll have suppeh, right soon."

Sam soon returned to the kitchen, and sat there, with eyes and mouth open, watching Mat as she flitted gracefully about the room preparing supper. He took in every detail of the tall, lithe figure, the pretty face, and the thick tawny hair, with its little curls that clustered about her neck. He wondered if she would ever let him handle those curls.

"Well, come 'n' graze, Sammy," she said, finally. "I reckon they ain't hut us two t' eat, this time."

"Wondeb whut she'd say ef I sh'd tell 'er I wisht it was jest us two a'ays?" thought Sam. But he did not say it, being very timid, and very hungry, beside. After supper, however, they sat out in the "gallery," and Mat gave him an opportunity to speak.

"Seems funny, don't it, fr' jest us two t' be a-settin' yere?" the girl said, smiling at him frankly.

Sam swallowed spasmodically; his throat hurt him.

"Why not fr' a'ays, Mat?" he said, finally, in a husky voice. "Mat, darlin', s'pose me 'n' you fix it up t' be t'gethab f'revah? Don't—don't stop me," he went on, as the girl rose to her feet and would have spoken. "I be'n tryin' t' say it fr' two yehs. Mat, will ye marry me?"

The girl had one arm across her eyes, and was sobbing. "Oh, I wisht ye hadn't, Sam! I wisht ye hadn't 'a' spoke! I hain't treated ye right, Sam, I hain't. I—"

"Wb—why—"

"I s'pose I got t' tell you, Sam," she said, more steadily, but with eyes averted. "Ef I got t' tell ye—oh, Sam, I

was married t' Harry Armstrong last winteh, w'en I was ovah on th' Pecos!"

Sam sank limply back in his chair. "Ye don't mean it; ye sho' don't mean it, Mat!" he gasped. But the girl nodded her head affirmatively, and hit a corner of the handkerchief she held to her eyes.

"I cain't b'lieve it, Mat—I sho' cain't!" said poor Sam, plaintively. "Le' me think."

So engrossed were they that they had not heard the sound of galloping hoofs, and both were startled when some one reined up suddenly, almost in front of them, and cried, hoarsely: "Good God! Mat, where can I hide?"

"Ned Flynn!" ejaculated Sam, starting to his feet dazedly.

"Harry!" shrieked the girl, as the man, pale, bare-headed, and disheveled, threw himself from his drooping horse and staggered toward them. One side of his face and neck was covered with blood.

The girl sprang forward and threw her arms about him. "What is it, Harry? What is it?"

"Nothing," said the man, grimly—"only they've sent out three posses after me, and I'm caught. There's a lot of 'em just behind. If I could get over the Two-Mile—"

Sam started forward. "Haow fur b'hind are they?" he asked, in a queer voice.

"Right on my heels," replied the other man, with the calmness of despair. He sat with his head buried in his wife's lap, and did not look up, seeming to care not at all what happened next.

Then Sam did something that surprised himself. "Git inside, you two!" he said, roughly, and tossed his bat to Flynn. Then he ran and leaped into the saddle the other man had just left, jammed his spurs into the weary horse's flanks, and, with a wave of the band, was off toward the hills—and not a quarter of a mile behind him, when he struck the road, were a half dozen horsemen.

They were just turning into the road leading to the ranch when they caught sight of him crossing the road ahead, and, with loud yells, they raced after him.

Sam knew that the horse he rode could not last long, but he still had time to think of what he had done, and what would be done to him. He knew what generally happened to persons who aided the escape of men like Flynn—but he reflected, grimly, that he had his revolver on, and they should never hang him, at least.

But—why had he done it? He did not feel sorry, really, but he could not comprehend his own action.

"Ping!" They were shooting at him now, and the bullets were flying uncomfortably close. If he could only reach the timber! He glanced back, and it gave him a pang to see how rapidly they were gaining upon him.

His horse stumbled, fell, and threw him; but he was back in the saddle in a moment and urging the poor creature on. Again he looked back. One of his pursuers suddenly halted his horse, dismounted, and, with his knee for a rest, began pumping lead after the fugitive. One—two—three shots missed him. He hoped he was drawing out of range. Then—

"What's th' matter wi' that?" asked the man who had dismounted, as he came up and joined the rest. It was Sam's cousin, Will Stires. "Through th' back, hey?" And he turned the body over. "Slick an'—good Gawd! It's Sam! You fellahs don't s'pose he'd be mixed in with—"

"Not by a dam sight!" said one of the others. "They's someth'n funny 'bout this deal—Sam wa'n't in it."

And up at the Huston place, other members of the posse had closed in upon the house, dragged Ned Flynn, outlaw, from the arms of his shrieking wife, and, without any useless delay, were just at this moment giving him the punishment he had so long and so richly deserved.

LESTER KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1895.

No longer than ten years ago, even the Transvaal was looked upon as no better than a howling wilderness. Some traces of gold had been found, but they were not regarded as workable at a profit. The house of Rothschild appealed to their American correspondent to send the best mining-engineer in this country to South Africa to investigate. Gardner Williams, at present the director of the De Beers diamond mines at Kimberley, undertook this mission. He reported to his principals that he was surprised and disgusted at their credulity—there was no gold in the Witwatersrand. Mr. Williams was an authority of the first class, but the territory which he condemned as worthless to the gold-miner is now yielding something like forty millions of dollars a year in the yellow metal.

In the Hannigan trial in New York recently, where a plea of insanity was put in for the defendant, who had shot his sister's seducer over the girl's dead body, an expert alienist called by the defense was about to be asked a hypothetical question that covered thirty-six type-written pages and would take an hour and a half to read, but the judge would not permit the witness to answer it. Still, even as reduced, the question was an hour long, and the bored witness admitted that he did not hear the whole of it. That he could keep all the facts alleged in it in mind is impossible. The hypothetical question has its place in criminal trials, but ingenious lawyers should not be allowed to carry it to a ridiculous extreme.

Cheap rates of travel act on many people like auction sales of useless baggage. They buy because they get bargains. Whenever excursions are organized, railroad officials say, thousands with the nomadic instinct suddenly decide to go—wherever cut-rate tickets will carry them.

The Autocar has made its first bow; it is a new paper, and has been brought out by an English firm, being to aid the movement in favor of horseless or mechanically propelled road vehicles.

THE GLITTERING HORSE-SHOE.

Opening of the New York Opera Season—When the Artists Are—
A Brilliant First Night—Triumph of De Reszké—
Calvé as Carmen.

The great event has come to pass. Now that the Horse Show is over, every one has been looking forward to the opera. And the season has opened with great brilliancy. The troupe is one of the most complete that Abbey and Grau have as yet brought over. Here is a list of the artists:

Soprano—Mme. Melba, Mme. Lillian Nordica, Mme. Frances Saville, Mme. Georgine von Januschowsky, Mme. Marie Van Cauteran, Mlle. Lola Beeth, Mlle. Mathilde Bauermeister, Mlle. Marie Engle, and Mme. Emma Calvé.

Mezzo Soprano and Contralto—Mlle. Marie Brema, Miss Clara Hunt, Mme. Sofia Scaltchi, Mme. Eugénie Mantelli, Mme. Aurelia Kitzu, and Mlle. Rosa Olitzka.

Tenor—Signor Giuseppe Cremonini, Mr. Lloyd d'Aubigné, M. Lubert, Signor Roberto Vanni, M. G. Mauguère, Herr Otto Mirsalis, Herr Adolph Walnoefer, and M. Jean de Reszké.

Baritone—Signor Giuseppe Kaschmann, Signor Carbone, Signor Giuseppe Campanari, Signor Vaschetti, M. Maurice de Vries, Signor Ancona, and M. Victor Maurel.

Basso—Signor Arimondi, Signor Cernusco, Signor Castelmars, Signor Viviani, M. Pol Plançon, and M. Edouard de Reszké.

Mr. Anton Seidl, Signor Bevnigani, Signor Seppili, and Herr Louis Saar are the conductors. Mlle. Maria Guiri is the *première danseuse* and Signor Albertieri the *maître de ballet*. Mr. William Perry is the stage-manager.

The list of operas from which the season's repertoire is to be selected includes all the old favorites, with "Le Cid" and "La Navarraise," in which Mme. Calvé will be heard; "Manon," in which Mme. Melba will sing, is the one in which Sibyl Sanderson did not make a New York success.

Among the artists given above, there are several who are strangers to New York. Damosch has gathered in a number of the Wagnerian artists whom Abbey hoped to secure, among them Katherine Klafsky and Milka Ternina. Mme. Saville, a new-comer in the Abbey company, was born in San Francisco, and studied in Hamburg. She also studied under Marchesi. She has sung in Australia, in Paris, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg, in Moscow, in Brussels, and in Monte Carlo. Georgine von Januschowsky sang in this country some years ago in comic opera; since then, she has been singing with success in Vienna in the Wagner operas. Lola Beeth also comes from the Vienna opera-house. Amelia Kitzu is a Roumanian; she studied at Milan, and has sung there, at Leghorn, at Rome, at Havana, and in South America; latterly she has been singing at Covent Garden, London. Rosa Olitzka is a Pole, and studied in Germany; she has sung in Berlin, Vienna, and Hamburg. Guillaume Lubert was born in Bordeaux; he studied at the Paris Conservatory, and has sung principally in Paris. Adolph Walnoefer has for ten years been the leading tenor at Prague.

The opera season opened Monday night. It was a crowded and brilliant house. But the fact that the opera was a well-worn one—Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette"—and the further fact that none of the female stars appeared, made the audience seem at first rather cold. But that speedily wore off. And as the evening wore on, the auditors were warmed up by the appearance of various favorites. Jean de Reszké, his brother Edouard, Plançon the *basso cantante*, and Bauermeister and Castelmars were all received with much enthusiasm. The cast of the opera was as follows:

Juliette.....	Mme. Frances Saville
Stephano.....	Miss Clara Hunt
Gertrude.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
Frère Laurent.....	M. Edouard de Reszké
Capulet.....	M. Plançon
Tybal.....	M. Mauguère
Mercutio.....	M. de Vries
Le Duc de Verone.....	M. Castelmars
Gregorio.....	Signor de Vaschetti
Benvoglio.....	Signor Rinaldini
Roméo.....	M. Jean de Reszké

The new prima donna, Mme. Saville, made a good impression. She is young, and has a beautiful face and figure. She is graceful in appearance and refined in manner. She has a light soprano voice, which is even, but lacking in power. She was badly scared when she made her appearance, and her nervousness affected her voice. She flattered notably. But this disappeared as the evening progressed, and, toward the end of the opera, she did some excellent work.

Another young woman who suffered from nervousness was Miss Clara Hunt, the contralto. In addition to this being her first appearance with the company, Miss Hunt is almost a novice. Her attack of stage-fright was so severe that she was utterly unable to do herself justice. She has a pleasant contralto, rather inclining to the mezzo-soprano.

Jean de Reszké of course carried off the honors. He is the pet, the spoiled darling, of New York. His is not one of the greatest voices in the world, but he is one of the greatest singers. He is past-master of the art of singing. The fire and the tenderness which alternately verify his love-making as Roméo betray the true artist. He was overwhelmed with plaudits and with flowers. He always is in New York. As I have said, he is a pet in this city. He is more successful here than in any other city. I have heard him sing in several of the cities of the Old World, but he never arouses such enthusiasm there as here. But alas! the great Jean's belt is slowly lengthening; he is getting fat. He works like a Trojan, and trains continually to keep his waist from disappearing, but his efforts are bootless. His brother Edouard as Friar Lawrence was, as always, good.

But the reception of the artists on Monday night was not to be compared with that on Wednesday, when Mme. Calvé made her reappearance as Carmen. Calvé is the New York favorite among the women of the troupe as Jean de Reszké is among the men. When she appeared upon the stage there was such an uproar for fully five minutes that neither the chorus nor the orchestra could be heard. Signor Bevnigani worked his baton despairingly, and at last the noise was stilled. After that, the house did not interrupt the music, and when any one began to applaud at mal-

apropos times, he was energetically hissed. The cast was as follows:

Carmen.....	Mme. Emma Calvé
Frasquita.....	Mlle. Bauermeister
Mercedes.....	Mme. Van Cauteran
Micaela.....	Mme. Frances Saville
Don José.....	M. Lubert
Zuniga.....	M. de Vries
Dancarlo.....	Signor Carbone
Morales.....	M. de Longprez
Remendado.....	Signor Rinaldini
Escamillo.....	M. Maurel

Calvé is stouter than when she left us two years ago, but otherwise unchanged. Her marvelous voice is as true as ever. She is the very type of the Spanish gypsy so imitatively limned by Prosper Mérimée, Empress Eugénie's clever jester, whose wild story was so well set to music by that bizarre genius, Bizet. I have seen and heard many a Carmen, but whenever I think of the opera, there always rises before me a mental picture of Emma Calvé, a red rose between her lips, her hands bound behind her, and a provocative look bent on Don José as she thralls him with her fiery gypsy eyes.

The Don José was a new man on the New York stage. The rôle was sung by M. Guillaume Albert Lubert, a typical French tenor. Lubert has the light French head voice, and he indulges in the tremolo which seems to be the sign of the French school. He is a little man—too little to play Don José to the Carmen of Calvé, who is cast in a generous mold. Escamillo was taken by M. Maurel—for the first time, as I am informed. It ought to be the last. His rendering of the fine Toreador song was lamentable. M. Maurel is becoming a reminiscence. He ought to retire. Micaela was sung by Mme. Saville, who did much better than on Monday night.

The audiences are as brilliant as ever. I am coming to the conclusion that the audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House are the most brilliant in the world—with the possible exception of the Paris Grand Opéra House on certain nights. I have been at the opera-houses of London and Paris, at La Scala in Milan, at the San Carlo in Naples, at the great opera-house on the Opern-Ring in Vienna, and in others of the opera-houses in the Old World, but I have never seen such brilliant audiences as here in New York. In London, the women do not dress for the opera to such an extent as they do here, nor do they wear so many jewels; they keep their finest toilets for balls and other private entertainments. In Paris, the *rastaquouères*, or strangers, abound to such an extent that they affect the color of an audience; at the Grand Opéra House in Paris you will hear a dozen languages spoken around you. These tourists do not dress so gorgeously as the women in New York do—probably they can not carry enough stuff in their trunks. As for the opera-houses in Italy and Germany, the audiences are by no means brilliant, the ladies in the boxes and stalls wear low-cut gowns, sometimes, but not always; as for the men, they wear whatever they please; their attire is extremely informal. Some wear swallow-tail coats, with high-cut waistcoats and tweed trousers. I have ascribed the indifference to dress on the part of the Continental men to the fact that most of the young swells are in the army; as they always wear their uniforms, there is no one to set the pace in masculine fashions. Here in New York, on the other hand, the men wear the most careful evening-dress, and the women are all beautifully gowned, and many of them blaze with jewels. The occupants of some of the boxes on the first night will give you an idea of the wealth represented. Among them were:

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Miss May Goelet, Miss Katharine Duer, H. Maitland Kersey, Mrs. Astor, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane, Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McKay Twombly, Mr. and Mrs. Lanfer Norrie, Mrs. Benjamin Brewster, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Mr. and Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. William Tiffany, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clews, Miss Elsie Clews, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Miss Morton, Miss Lina Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Miss Helen Brice, Mr. D. O. Mills, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Bishop, Chauncey M. Depew, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius K. Wilmerding, and scores of others.

There are millions for you. No wonder the women wear diamonds.

You may have noticed a slight Teutonic flavor in the list of the names of the opera company, given in the first of this letter. This is owing to the fact that we are going to have German as well as Italian opera. "Siegfried," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Die Walküre" are to be sung in German, with Jean de Reszké and Mme. Nordica in the leading rôles. "Tannhäuser," "Lobengrin," and "Die Meistersinger" will be given in German as well as in Italian. It will be interesting to see how the audiences compare on the German and Italian nights.

NEW YORK, November 21, 1895.

A process has been patented in Germany for making a substitute for the natural skin for use on wounds. The muscular coating of the intestines of animals is divested of mucous membrane, and then treated in a pepsin solution until the muscular fibers are half digested. After a second treatment with tannin and gallic acid, a tissue is produced which can take the place of the natural skin, and which, when laid on the wound, is entirely absorbed during the healing process.

Bicycling has risen to such favor at Vassar this fall that the halls of the entire lower floor of the main building are flanked with bicycle-racks. Most of the faculty, as well as the students, ride.

Man has been scientifically described as "forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five and a half paulfuls of water."

THE DUCAL MATCH IN ENGLAND.

The Marlborough-Vanderbilt Marriage Deemed Vulgarly Ostentatious—Mrs. Vanderbilt Not Admired—An Up-Hill Road for the New Duchess.

So far as I am able to judge, the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage has fallen rather flat in England. And by England, I mean the England which it was evidently the aim and object of Mrs. Vanderbilt to dazzle. That England is the aristocracy. If she thought the distinctly vulgar tone which incessant publicity and ostentatious display gave to the nuptials from their inception was likely to find approval among the people with whom her daughter most wished to find favor, she fell into a grievous error. If she had tried, she could not have more thoroughly disgusted the biggest set of the English upper classes than she has done. From the first moment that the wedding-day was named down to to-day, when the London press copied the fulsome New York descriptions of the wedding, the fact that the young Duke of Marlborough was going to marry Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York, was morning and night dinning into the ears of the British public. Incidentally the British aristocracy read these daily items. Anyhow, they saw them if they did not read them, the chief effect rendered thereby being the engendering of a fervent hope that the wedding might be over and done with as soon as possible.

I daresay this marriage has been a great event in New York, and as such (owing to its advertising) has attracted attention all over the United States, especially in "society." The marriage of a real life duke is a matter of rare occurrence in America. But here, in England, dukes marry pretty much as other people marry, and no one outside their immediate friends and relatives, their servants, tradesmen, and other retainers, care a fig one way or the other about it. Beyond a short announcement in the *Morning Post* or *Court Journal*, when the marriage is "arranged," and a modest account in the same and a few other papers, when the wedding takes place, England, and the rest of the world to boot, are supremely and indifferently ignorant of the nuptials. No one cares a straw whom a duke marries in England. All interest of that sort flags and dies out directly he becomes engaged.

Of course we all know the whole thing was but the purchase of the Marlborough coronet with Vanderbilt money. The barefaced way in which this part of the nuptials has been managed and made public is, in the minds of the conservative thinking English, simply revolting. Everybody knows that the Duke of Marlborough was "a most awfully poor chap for a duke, don't you know"; that his estates were heavily encumbered; and that he could not afford to marry any girl who hadn't money. When it was announced here in the papers that he was going to marry Miss Vanderbilt, people only shrugged their shoulders, or put their finger on their noses with a wink, and said "lucky dog." And then they thought no more about it, or would have thought no more about it had the American correspondents of the London papers held their peace. I think it a pity that the world could not have been spared the publicity of so many twaddling and commonplace details. In the gushing account cabled from New York, and this morning occupying a column and a half of the *Daily Telegraph*, we are told—English people who never half of them ever even heard of Miss Vanderbilt are told—that the bride's stockings were embroidered with silver, and that the duke, during the ceremony, "stood with his hands behind his back." We are furthermore informed that "the best man handed the bridegroom the ring," and are treated to every little trifling detail of the marriage service, as if it were a strange sort of novelty.

I can not help—with all the money he has got and doubtless the charming girl into the bargain—sympathizing with the duke. All that ghastly display must have grated terribly upon his feelings. Let us congratulate him that it is over at last, and that the shadow of the overwhelming mother no longer darkens the joy of his possession of the daughter and her millions. No doubt it will be all right when the young pair get settled at Blenheim, and the aristocracy have had time to get the flavor of that wedding out of their nostrils. It is to be hoped *la belle-mère* will not be too prominent over here. But Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady William Beresford will, doubtless, attend to all that. Both of these ladies are now past-mistresses in the art and knowledge of all those little subtleties of English taste and custom which mark the lines of good form, and the young duchess could not possess two mentors more competent to guide her through her difficulties. Lady Randolph Churchill has had a small experience of what ill-advised American relatives can do to torment English married members of their family in the *gaucheries* of her "Uncle Larry." He used to come to her house, ring the front-door bell, and ask the butler if "Mrs. Churchill" was in. Then he would come in and shout upstairs, right before the servants: "Come down, you lazy hussy; abed at this time o' day!"

It is a heartless thing to advise, perhaps, but the sooner the young Duchess of Marlborough shakes off her Vanderbilt belongings, the better it will be for her and her husband, and for the peace and happiness of both. She will have to live that terrible wedding down first. As it is, its very recollection handicaps her with her English neighbors. But, after all, it does not signify very much. The money will gloss over a good deal that people would find unbearable amid poor surroundings. The great thing to think of is that the Marlborough dukedom and estates are now rehabilitated and set upon their feet by American gold. Blenheim is made free, new blood introduced into a decaying peerage, and the house of Churchill put upon a plane equal—so far as wealth goes, at any rate—with the great families of Russell, Percy, Grosvenor, and Cavendish.

LONDON, November 7, 1895.

COCKAIGNE.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Jack Brady, the handit who shot down Sheriff Bogard as that brave officer was rushing to the defense of the terrified passengers on a "held-up" train, was sentenced at Marysville last Tuesday to imprisonment for life. Judge Davis selected the State Prison at Folsom as the place where the train-robber should serve his term. Before the sentence was imposed, Brady had requested, through his attorneys, that San Quentin Prison be the place. When the court convened, Judge Davis asked Brady why he preferred San Quentin to Folsom. Brady stood up, hesitated, and mumbled something about San Quentin being "a healthier place." The judge then refused to grant the felon's request, and sentenced him to life imprisonment at Folsom.

The judge said afterward that he considered Folsom Prison a safer place of confinement than San Quentin, owing to its location, and therefore better suited for such desperate criminals as Brady. He is right—San Quentin's position on a tongue of land almost surrounded by water, and its proximity to a large city, render it a task of greater ease for criminals to escape, and a task of greater difficulty for the officers to find them when they do escape, than is the case at Folsom. Judge Davis further remarked that as Folsom is situated in the Sacramento Valley, where Brady had spent the greater part of his criminal life, it was evident that the handit had misjudged the climate. The judge also said that he thought Brady "should feel exceedingly thankful to be permitted to live anywhere on earth." Judge Davis is right. The murder of Sheriff Bogard was a cold-blooded and cowardly one, and Brady ought to have been hanged.

This request of criminals to be sent to San Quentin instead of Folsom is becoming very frequent in the courts. It is not, in our opinion, a question of "climate." There is an impression that discipline is much more mildly enforced at San Quentin than at Folsom. Further than that, the attempted escapes of some of the "lifers" and other desperate criminals from Folsom have almost invariably resulted in their being captured, wounded, or killed. The guards there are cool, courageous, and shoot straight. But the chief objection to Folsom, in the minds of criminals, is the fact that there is all around the prison a supply of the very best kind of granite which will last for some centuries. Out of this granite, building-stone may be quarried; out of this stone, great dams may be constructed; out of it, annexes may be made to the prison, as need arises; out of the broken stone, the finest kind of road-metal may be made, for the building of roads and highways. All of these things have been done at Folsom, and are being done now. At San Quentin there is no rock quarry; idle looms stand in the mills; little work is done, owing to the opposition of the trades-unions, and many of the convicts there spend their time in smoking smuggled opium, drinking surreptitious whisky, hatching plots against the officers, and indulging in other pastimes which will not bear recital. It is not odd, therefore, that Folsom should bear an evil name among criminals, in comparison with San Quentin, which is a prisoners' paradise. Folsom Prison means work—good, hard work. There is nothing which a criminal so greatly loathes.

Of late, the *Examiner* has taken a morbid interest in the personal and political relations of John D. Spreckels and Daniel M. Burns, M. H. de Young and Charles M. Shortridge. The first two are rivals for the leadership of the Republican party in San Francisco, and in the State as well. The second two are the proprietors of rival Republican dailies, and are said to be rivals for place upon the Republican National Committee, although this Mr. Shortridge denies. As we said, the *Examiner* takes a morbid pleasure in endeavoring to stir up dissension among these Republican politicians and Republican editors. Why? It may be purely from a political point of view, and as the *Examiner* is a Democratic newspaper, Mr. Hearst may consider it "good politics" to endeavor to divide the Republican party in San Francisco. But is it "good newspaper business"? Mr. Hearst is now in a way an "absentee landlord"; the fact that he has cast his lot with another city and is trying to build up a journal there will be accentuated by the large amount of space he gives to his newspaper rivals, Messrs. Shortridge and De Young. Every column that he prints about them and their various activities, political and otherwise, brings prominently forward the fact that they and their journals are very much "in it" in San Francisco, and calls equal attention to the fact that the *Examiner* is conducted by "Mr. Hearst of New York," as Editor Shortridge delights to call him.

But all this is incidental. We started in to speak of the matter of the various *Examiner* interviews, instead of the motives that inspired them. The *Examiner* gave over two columns, the other day, to an interview with Editor Shortridge. We have no hesitation in saying that we think he expressed himself with great frankness and great good sense on many topics. He said that he was in favor of John D. Spreckels as the local leader of the Republican party; that Spreckels is a man of great wealth, and has none of the mercenary instincts of the ordinary political boss; that his interests are those of other large property-holders—economical administration and low taxes. This seems reasonable, and we believe it to be true. John Spreckels doubtless loves the power which comes with political leadership, but he certainly can not be in politics for money. Editor Shortridge discussed the political situation, remarking that he "did not believe there was any split between the Burns and Spreckels factions in the Republican party, because there was no Burns faction," and further paid his compliments to Colonel Burns in very vigorous language.

This was followed by another long *Examiner* interview with John Spreckels. It was apparently designed to embit-

ter the quarrel between Spreckels and Burns, as it was headed in staring type: "John D. Spreckels will hold Daniel M. Burns Responsible for any Personal Allusions." In this interview, John Spreckels repudiated in explicit terms any political ambitions for his father, his brother, or himself. He said, substantially, that he had always been interested in politics; that he was not a "leader," but would be if his party wanted him to be; that his desire was to get good men to run for office; that he had persuaded H. L. Dodge, Henry T. Scott, and men of similar wealth and standing to accept nominations despite their great reluctance; that he would not support M. H. de Young for United States Senator; that he and De Young had buried the hatchet politically, and had agreed not to oppose one another's candidates; but that while he (Spreckels) would keep his hands off in case De Young supported another man for the Senate, that he did not think the agreement held in case De Young was himself the candidate; that his first difference with Burns was when the latter was working to nominate Estee for governor last year; that Spreckels then said that "while he had nothing whatever against Mr. Estee personally, he did not think the party could win with Estee, as he was known from one end of the State to the other as an incurable office-seeker, and the people would not vote for him for that reason." As to his reported gubernatorial ambition, Spreckels said that he had last year tried to get Felton to take the nomination instead of Estee, but that Felton absolutely declined. He further said: "I presume I could have had the nomination myself if I had wanted it." A nomination at that time meant an election too, as the Republicans elected every man on the ticket except Estee. This would seem to settle the talk about John Spreckels's rumored gubernatorial aspirations. As to his views about Estee, they are the views of nine-tenths of the Republicans in the State.

On the whole, the *Examiner's* interviews, while evidently designed, as we have said, to stir up war and sow dissensions in the local Republican ranks, seem to us to have failed of their object. The only fight in which there is any bitterness is that between John Spreckels and Dan Burns, and as Editor Shortridge sententiously says: "There is no longer a Burns faction in the Republican party." We advise the *Examiner* to look after its own Democratic fences. There is a very lively row going on in the local Democracy. From the way it is going, it looks very much as if Christopher Buckley, Esq., were coming out on top. If so, the *Examiner*, after having chased him out of the country, would be forced to go into the next campaign with Buckley on its back.

The New York *Herald* continues its propaganda in favor of a third term for Grover Cleveland. Daily *The Herald's* third-term movement devotes a column on its editorial page to this hopeless cause. Elsewhere in the paper it prints daily a column or more of paragraphs from other journals commenting on the third-term movement. The nature of these paragraphs is not calculated to encourage Mr. Cleveland in his ambition. The Republican papers unanimously say that any Democrat will be beaten, and that Cleveland would be beaten worst of all. Most of the Democratic journals affect to doubt that Cleveland really desires the nomination. The fact remains, however, that he could stop all this third-term talk to-morrow, if he so desired. We observe that E. C. Benedict, a friend of President Cleveland, says: "I am certain that Mr. Cleveland would decline another nomination if it were offered to him." But this is not an official denial; it is merely the expression of Mr. Benedict's personal opinion. After President Cleveland has clearly proved to himself that the people do not want him for a third term, he will probably write himself a letter—through the pen of some faithful henchman—offering himself the nomination. He will then write himself another letter—addressed to his faithful henchman—stating that he can not accept the nomination. He will then pass into history as the only Democrat who declined a third nomination for the Presidential office. "You all do know that on the Lupercal they thrice did offer him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cry of a Soul.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye can not bear them now."—JOHN XVI., 12.

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the souls we loved so well Must remain in pain eternal, must abide in endless hell? And our love avail them nothing, even Thine avail no more? Is there nothing that can reach them—nothing bridge the chasm o'er?

"I have many things to tell you, but ye can not bear them now."

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the Anti-christ must reign? Still assuming shapes protean, dying but to live again? Waging war on God Almighty, by destroying feeble man. With the heathen for a rear guard, and the learned for the van?

"I have many things to tell you, but ye can not bear them now."

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most? That the strongest wander farthest and most hopelessly are lost? That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain. And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?

"I have many things to tell you, but ye can not bear them now."

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that, whichever way we go, Walls of darkness must surround us, things we would but can not know?

That the infinite must bound us, as a temple veil unrent. While the Finite ever wears, so that none attain content?

"I have many things to tell you, but ye can not bear them now."

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the fullness yet to come Is so glorious and so perfect that to know would strike us dumb? That, if only for a moment, we could pierce beyond the sky With these poor, dim eyes of mortals we should just see God, and die?

"I have many things to show you, but ye can not bear them now."—Sarah Williams.

Tomato-plants have been grafted on potato-plants in England, giving a crop of tomatoes above ground and of potatoes below. Potatoes grafted on tomatoes have produced flowers, and apples, and a few tubers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Danish papers say that the Princess Maud of Wales objects to marrying her cousin, Prince Christian of Denmark, because of the near relationship.

A grandson of Mrs. Siddons fell dead in the London streets the other day. He was an artist, and so poor that he peddled his oil-paintings on the sidewalks.

Sala is lingering on at Brighton in the care of a doctor, without apparently any chance of recovery. His friend and patron, Sir Edward Lawson, punctually every month remits him a check for four hundred dollars.

Miss Clara Hazel Busch, daughter of the great St. Louis brewer, is to marry Count Paul von Gontard, of Westphalia, on December 16th. Her father announces that the wedding will eclipse in brilliancy the Castellane or Marlborough nuptials.

Lord Beaconsfield's brother still survives, a kindly old gentleman, who was for many years clerk in the House of Lords. After retiring from his clerkship, Ralph Disraeli was for a time in constant attendance in the lobby of the House of Commons. He hears no resemblance to his more eminent brother.

It is rumored that a certain interesting event is already foreshadowed in the family of the young Countess de Castellane, who was Miss Anna Gould, and that the former Lily Hammersley, who was Duchess of Marlborough and is now the wife of Lord William Beresford, is also about to present her husband with a pledge of her affection.

Near his villa at Varese, Tamagno has erected a theatre capable of holding four hundred and fifty persons. The first performance will be for charitable purposes. He and his daughter, Margherita, will appear in a piece which a lady of high position, who signs herself "Praxedis," has composed. The piece is named "A Fit Marriage," and "Praxedis" is said to be the Queen of Italy.

Lloyd Lowndes, elected governor of Maryland, is the fourth member of his family to be a governor. He was born in Clarksburg, W. Va., in 1845, and became a lawyer, but, being wealthy, his career broadened out in commercial and political lines. He is now a heavy mine-owner, and is the president of half a dozen mining, banking, and commercial corporations. In 1872, he was sent to Congress. Two years later he was again a candidate, but was defeated. He has held no political office, though he has taken an active part in politics.

When Oscar Wilde was publicly examined in the bankruptcy court in London, a few days ago, he looked ill, and his answers to questions were almost entirely monosyllabic and given in a low voice. His testimony showed that in recent years he had lived beyond his income, and had sometimes been paid in advance for his plays, hence certain theatrical managers were his creditors instead of his debtors. It transpired, in the course of the examination, that there was a marriage settlement in favor of Wilde's wife of four thousand dollars a year.

Eben D. Jordan, senior member of the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., died at his home in Boston on the fifteenth ultimo. He was born in Maine, seventy-three years ago, the son of a poor clergyman, and he first earned money as a farmer's boy at four dollars a month and board. At sixteen he became a clerk in a Boston dry-goods store, and the present firm was established in 1851. One of his first strokes of enterprise was to open his store at four o'clock in the morning, to catch the trade of Portland, Me., people whose boat arrived at that unearthly hour. He leaves a large fortune.

The popular estimate of Hetty Green's fortune ranges from twenty millions to one hundred millions of dollars. Almost everything she has touched has turned into cash, but probably she has never made a luckier investment than when, in 1877, she foreclosed a mortgage for one hundred thousand dollars on some Chicago real estate. This property is now worth three millions of dollars. Nearly all the current stories of Mrs. Green's exceeding thrift have some basis of truth, though many are exaggerated. She once said, though, to a lady while passing Delmonico's: "Well, I've got my lunch in my pocket; where are you going to get yours?"

It was but the other day that President Faure received from the Czar the Order of St. Andrew, being the eighth wearer of this distinction not of royal or imperial rank. Since then he has had conferred upon him in rapid succession the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, the Greek Order of the Saviour, the Belgian Order of Leopold, the Swedish Order of the Seraphim, and now there comes the news of his appointment by the Queen-Regent of Spain to the dignity of a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, which, of all distinctions of this kind, is probably the most highly prized in Europe. This gives him, a former tanner's apprentice, the right of addressing every monarch in Europe as "cousin."

Paris journals announce the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of Capelli, a famous Italian chef, who claimed to be the son of Napoleon the First and Marie Louise. The secret of his birth was revealed to him by a monk of the same name to whose care he was confided when a few hours old by the Duchess of Parma, who, fearing that his title of King of Rome could not be sustained, changed him for the child afterward known as the Duke of Reichstadt. Capelli bore a remarkable likeness to Napoleon, and he was so impressed with the idea that he was the only legitimate son of the emperor that he had printed on his cards, "Napoleon, the sacrificed King of Rome." This delusion in nowise detracted from his skill as a cook. In the Italian school of cookery he occupied a position as conspicuous as that of Carême in the French.

LITERARY NOTES.

George Meredith's Amazing Novel.

There are people who lash themselves into a very frenzy of admiration for George Meredith, and with them his latest novel, "The Amazing Marriage," will doubtless rank as a masterpiece. To the uninitiated it will only give fresh cause for wonder. Why does a man of Mr. Meredith's gifts afflict his readers with diction so obscure, mannerisms so fatiguing, and introductory chapters so needlessly cumbersome and long-winded? To read the book is only tantalizing. Between author and reader there is a veil such as exists when one attempts a work written in a foreign tongue only partially mastered.

The book has its good points. It displays skill in character study, a strong sense of the dramatic, purity, and freshness of feeling; but all this avails nothing when it becomes intelligible only after severe mental effort.

The story deals with the marriage of a capricious young nobleman to a girl he does not love. His reasons for the step are not clearly defined, but he takes revenge by treating her with indignities. The situation is a romantic one, and the young wife hears herself nobly, enlisting the reader's sympathy. The dénouement is disappointing, and one closes the volume with a sense of injury. It is unwarrantable egotism on Mr. Meredith's part to condemn his readers to hard labor when they are only seeking innocent recreation.

There are those who like riddles, those who love to hunt the nuts whose kernels are most securely guarded, and those who relish digging for that hidden thing, Mr. Meredith's meaning. To such, we commend "The Amazing Marriage."

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

Rhapsodical Biography.

"Josephine, Empress of the French," by Frederick A. Ober, is too much in the nature of a rhapsody to have weight as a biography. The romance of Josephine's career has captivated the author's fancy, and his accuracy of statement is blurred by partisanship. The numerous memoirs and histories of the First Empire that have been published shed a clear light on the very human traits of the fair creole, and in spite of her winning personality and the sympathy aroused by her story, it is with dubiousness that we regard her biographer's view of her as the symbol of truth and goodness, and the model of nearly all the virtues. The details of her life, from birth to death, are given in full, but it is her heart history that is most dwelt on. Many pages are devoted to Napoleon's burning love-letters, and later to the curious correspondence that was carried on by the pair after the divorce. The island life at Martinique, where her childhood and girlhood were spent, is described expansively and with such touches of romantic coloring that one reads them with a shade of distrust in their veracity. Josephine's story never seems to lose its freshness, and it does not require the efflorescence and fervor displayed in this work to lend it interest.

Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A Story in Pictures.

Alexander Black has had the entirely novel idea of forming what he calls a "picture play," by means of a series of photographs which tell a story. As the pictures are shown to the audience by the aid of a stereopticon, an oral story accompanies them, delivered as a monologue by the author. "Miss Jerry" is a novel written as the result of the success of this play. It is in many portions identical with the reading version used, but is necessarily enlarged, since, in the play, much of the story is told by the pictures. All the photographs used are taken from life, and thirty-seven are reproduced in this volume. The plot is slight to attenuation, but the dialogue is brightly written and intensely modern. The story is a bit of New York life, the hero being the city editor of one of the great dailies, the heroine a pretty girl ambitious to become a journalist. There is no literary effect aimed at, but Mr. Black has the species of dramatic instinct which enables him to put together successfully that rather cheap *mélange* which constitutes what is known as a comedy drama. Both text and illustrations have over them that shade of second-rateness which is the distinguishing characteristic of the average modern stage production.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Novel With a Key.

"Should Women Vote?" by A Bachelor, is a satire on women, intended ironically to point out their inferiority to men and their unfitness for the franchise. It is a little too much in earnest to be quite cool and convincing, and is abrupt and at times inelegant in diction; but the author succeeds in making some points. The book recounts an international marriage episode, and in the course of the volume women are scored for a variety of misdemeanors, but primarily for their worship of titles.

The glimpse of Newport life is ineffective, and

the earlier chapters describing Miss Sorosis Blackstone's attempted capture of the prince are dull and would be improved by cutting. The story is more successful when it drops the farcical tone and narrates Bessie Brandon's metamorphosis into an Italian princess. She is the daughter of a California millionaire, by the way, and there are some local touches put in that will be recognized by San Franciscans.

The book is sketchy and unfinished in style, and it does not quite convey all that it aims to do, but there are some streaks of real originality in it.

Published by Paul Morse, New York; price, 75 cents.

Domestic Architecture for Americans.

Louis H. Gibson, who will be remembered for his "Convenient Houses," an excellent book on practical modern architecture for non-professional readers, has written a new book on the same subject since his return from his studies abroad. It is entitled "Beautiful Houses," and it embodies his ideas on the subject of adapting the excellencies of foreign houses to the requirements of American life.

In the first part, "House-Building as an Art," Mr. Gibson considers the uneducated architect and the artistic builder, the commercial value of the artistic, and the development of art in building. Next he devotes seven chapters to "The World's Homes," discussing the architectural styles of France, Brittany, England, Germany, Switzerland, and Colonial America. Then follow eleven chapters on "Some House Plans," and ten more on "Materials and Details," the volume ending with a final chapter on the architect and his relations with his clients.

The book is elaborately illustrated, and presents much information that will profit the layman who contemplates building domestic houses for a home or as an investment.

Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

The Days of the Scotch Covenanters.

"Sir Quixote of the Moors," by John Buchan, purports to be a narrative written by the Sieur de Rohaine. He is a young soldier of Touraine, who finds himself among the wild highlands of Scotland in the days of the persecution of the Scotch Covenanters. Here he becomes domiciled in the household of one of the oppressed families, and he has some strange adventures, which he relates in a manly way, with a fine soldierly ring to his utterances. The plot concerns itself with a question of love or honor, and it is the latter which goes to the wall.

The book belongs to the romantic school and is full of haunting resemblances of style to various writers of that ilk, with Stevenson and Anthony Hope at their head. The best quality of the work is the easy swing of the narrative, but the absence of originality in manner is not atoned for by any freshness of incident. Moreover, there is displayed on the part of the hero a bluntness of moral obligation toward his entertainers that alienates.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Lincoln's Speeches.

The Hon. L. E. Chittenden, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has compiled from the great hulk of Lincoln's writings and public utterances an admirable little volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, to which he has given the title "Abraham Lincoln's Speeches." In an introductory note, Mr. Chittenden briefly reviews President Lincoln's career, and then he begins the speeches with the address to the people of Sangamon County, which Lincoln delivered at the age of twenty-three, when he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Illinois legislature. The addresses, of which there are given some fourscore, are arranged in chronological order, with occasional explanatory notes, and the book is indexed.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Death of a Noted French Writer.

The better type of light French literature sustains a great loss by the death of Gustave Droz, the author of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé," Parisian by birth and temperament, his father was a well-known sculptor, and Gustave pursued for many years an artistic career before giving up the palette for the pen. Indeed, during the first ten years of the Third Empire, he bade fair to become a fashionable painter, and it was only owing to an accident that he began to contribute short satirical sketches of French society to *La Vie Parisienne*. In 1866 he republished them in volume form and under the title of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé." The book immediately attained an enormous popularity, going through one hundred and twenty editions in a few years. Then followed "Entre Nous" and "Le Cahier Bleu de Mademoiselle Cibot." As happened in so many other cases, the Franco-German War produced a change in Droz's literary methods, and "Baholein," "Les Etangs," and "Tristesses et Sourires," a charming volume crowned by the French Academy, in no way re-

called his earlier witty and somewhat *risqué* vein. M. Droz had been a member of the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* since 1868. He led a very retired existence, and was rarely to be met in Parisian society. We printed in the *Argonaut* a number of translations of M. Droz's best-known stories about fifteen years ago.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Stirring Tale of Love and War.

"The Men of the Moss-Hags," by S. R. Crockett, is a history of adventure supposed to be taken from the papers of William Gordon, of Earlston. The Gordons were hill-folk who fought bravely for the Covenant under the Blue Banner. William Gordon, who tells the tale, was not a fighting man by nature, but times like these made a hero or a traitor of every man, and in spite of his modesty, Will of Earlston turns out to be almost as good a fighter as the best of them.

The story is vividly told, and is full of the clash of arms. In the rush of adventure there seems little time to tell of the sufferings of the persecuted, the dauntless courage of the men, the heroism of the women. These things are not dwelt on, but they are all unfolded naturally in the course of the narrative's rapid action. There is no effort visible, no research brought too plainly to mind, but every page reflects so faithfully the spirit of the times that, for the nonce, one is transported backward a couple of centuries.

There are stirring scenes in the book, and among the men who were ready to die for their faith some striking figures stand out. "Wulcat Wat of Lochinvar" and "Sandy the Bull" are fine fellows, too, and powerful at sword-play, but the reader's favorite is the quiet young laddie who tells it all. It is a thrilling moment, even if it has not the freshness of novelty, when Maisie Lennox, his own sweet lassie, rides to save him through the shouting throng, waving a parchment of pardon.

There is fire and strength in romances like these, and Mr. Crockett stands easily first in the trio of young Scotsmen who are basking now in the warmth of public favor.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Rudyard Kipling's Latest Book.

"The Second Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling, is out, and the hearts of the child-reo will be made glad. It is to the full as unique and enthralling as the earlier volume, the same scenes and characters being repeated. The gift of writing for children is an unaccountable one, bestowed erratically and falling to unexpected places. Mr. Kipling has it in fullest measure. His little readers do not seek to analyze or even to comprehend every syllable, but he touches the imagination and makes them feel keenly, and that is all they ask. With them we believe that he is in his own peculiar domain, and that, setting aside his swinging and characteristic verse, his best work will always lie in the direction of juvenile literature.

Certainly the jungle stories have never been approached in excellence by any other of his prose tales. The field is all his own, and he is safe even from imitators. This palpitating forest life, which has heretofore been shut off from the ken of men, almost makes one believe in re-incarnation. The stories seem to write themselves out of some eerie knowledge Mr. Kipling possesses that might date from his own jungle days in a former state of existence. This is the last "Jungle Book." It is hard to witness Mowgli's farewell to his wild mates, but it is fitting and inevitable that the second volume should end with his return to man. The stories, of which there are eight, are not all concerned with Mowgli's adventures. Three are on other themes. After each tale a stirring ballad follows.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Literary Shrines.

Theodore F. Wolfe, who is a doctor both of medicine and of philosophy, and who has an extensive knowledge of the works and lives of a great many American and English authors, has written two pleasant little books in which he has recorded his impressions of the homes of literary men and women. "A Literary Pilgrimage among the Haunts of Famous British Authors" treats of many English scenes where famous English writers have lived and found their inspiration, and includes a few excursions to Continental places with which they are associated. "Literary Shrines" has to do with Concord, Boston, and Camden, and the noted American writers—men and women—who constituted the brilliant galaxy of New England writers in the past fifty years. Both books are tastefully printed and bound, and they are illustrated from photographs.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25 each.

New Publications.

"Cousin Mona," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, a wholesome and entertaining story for girls, has been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Melody: the Story of a Child," by Laura E. Richards, which has passed through some thirty editions, is issued as a holiday volume with thirty half-tone pictures from drawings by Frank T. Merrill. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.25.

A pretty story for little girls is "Cricket," by Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. Its heroine is the pet of a large family, and her adventures are such as

might befall an American maiden of ten years. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"Jerry's Family," by James Otis, is a clever little story of a New York street-arah who adopts a deserted young wife and her baby and is himself developed by the responsibility he has assumed. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Girls Together," by Amy E. Blanchard, a lively story of a party of young people—lads just out of college and girls in their "teens" who go in for art in a mildly Bohemian way—has been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

That admirable book of short stories, "The Delectable Duchess," by "Q." (Arthur T. Quiller-Couch), and "The Stickit Minister," by S. R. Crockett, are the latest issues of the Novelists' Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Young Castellan," by George Manville Fenn, is a story that boys will read with absorbing interest, and from which they will learn not a little of English history. Its hero is a lad who meets with many stirring adventures in the English Civil War. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Tartarin of Tarascon," by Alphonse Daudet, that classic story in which French humor is seen at its best, has been issued in the Faience Library. It is a beautifully printed little book, illustrated with a photogravure frontispiece and many pen-and-ink drawings in the text, and bound in green line with full gilt side and back. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Schoolboy Days in Japan," the latest story in André Laurie's College Life in All Countries Series—which has attained such a popularity that it is now published simultaneously in French, German, Spanish, and English—describes the life of a French boy and girl, the children of a scientist living in Japan, at Japanese schools and in other scenes of Japanese civilization. It tells an entertaining story and presents vivid pictures of life in the Mikado's empire. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Horse-Fair," by James Baldwin, is a book constructed on original lines. The author, who is a popular writer of children's books and a great lover of horses, has imagined a horse-show held in the realms of Queeo Morgan the Fay, and has there had trotted out for the benefit of a young mortal who has contrived to reach the enchanted land all the famous horses of history and legend, from Helios's four-in-hand to the chargers of the generals in our Civil War. The book is well illustrated, and it has an index in the form of a list of entries with the owners' names. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

The new edition of the "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" is issued with the Century Company's imprimatur, which may be interpreted to mean that, having, as a subscription book, made its publishers and owners rich and achieved such a popular success as few books can boast, it is now become what may be called standard. This second edition is handsomely printed from new type and new plates; it is provided with marginal notes and references by Colonel Frederick D. Grant; it is improved by the insertion of a number of new maps and illustrations; and, finally, it is carefully indexed. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$5.00 a set.

"The Crooked Stick," by Rolf Boldrewood, is a novel whose scenes are located in Australia. Pollie is the heiress to thousands of sheep, and, at the same time, so pretty and winning that the book is not much more than a series of proposals. She rejects a half-score or so of provincial lovers and bestows her affections on her British cousin, who turns out to be "a crooked stick." Fortunately, one more Australian, the properest man of them all, has reserved his proposal, and it comes just in the nick of time. The author seems to speak of what he knows when he describes life at an Australian sheep-station, and he has a certain skill in dialogue. Otherwise the book does not rise above mediocrity. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Century Cook Book," by Mary Ronald, is an excellent one. Its range includes not only a collection of good recipes, but a department devoted to instruction in a variety of practical household matters. It is a regular housekeepers' guide, and there are few emergencies in which it will not be to the fore, from the preparation and serving of an elaborate repast for a dinner-party to the training of a green girl. The recipes are numerous and cover a large field. Inexpensive dishes and costly delicacies are equally represented, and there is a corner for those whose palates are tickled by New England good things, as well as for the lovers of Southern dishes. The arrangement of the volume is good and the indexing complete. The illustrations are numerous, but of no great value. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It was rumored at one time that Mr. du Maurier would not illustrate his new story, "The Martian," owing to his failing eye-sight, but the Messrs. Harper, in whose magazine the story will appear, announce positively that the illustrations will be by him. The novel was finished a month or two since, and of it Mr. du Maurier says:

"I return to the past once more, to student days and artist life in Düsseldorf and Antwerp, to the Paris and the London of nearly half a century ago. My school-days have entered largely into this. And once again I make use of the supernatural. Some hypnotist authorities say 'Trilby' is conceivable; some, with greater emphasis, say not. But, *que voulez-vous*? It was a little tale, woven in a quiet corner to amuse myself and such as cared to be amused. It has no 'message'! And my 'supernaturals' must do just as I, and not the scientists, may choose! But the scientists, I think, whatever they thought of me, would not despise some of my correspondence. For, since 'Peter Ibbetson' appeared (the better book, if my judgment were sought), letters have poured in upon me, dealing with double-dreaming and strange, fantastic phenomena—literature enough to have another Psychological Research Society upon."

"The Child in Primitive Culture and Folk-Thought," by Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, of Clark University, will soon be published by Macmillan & Co. They also announce a new and corrected edition of "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Professor J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton.

For the Appletons' *édition de luxe* of "The Manxman," Hall Caine has written an introduction. Each of the two hundred and fifty copies has been signed by him.

"Old Man Savarin," by Edward William Thomson, a collection of Canadian tales and stories of the Civil War, which is published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., is very highly praised by A. T. Quiller-Couch, himself one of the best masters of the short story.

The table of contents of *St. Nicholas* for December is as follows:

The first of the "Letters to Young Friends," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "How a Street-Car Came in a Stocking," by Harriet Allen; "Betty Leicester's English Christmas," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "A Christmas White Elephant," by W. A. Wilson; additional chapters of "The Swordmaker's Son," by William O. Stoddard; "The Dream March of the Children," by James Whitcomb Riley; "The Happy Holiday of Master Merri-vein," by Virginia Woodward Clond; additional chapters of "Teddy and Carrots," by James Otis; "Our Secret Society," by George Parsons Lathrop; "The Little Carletons Have Their Say," by Constance Cary Harrison; additional chapters of "The Prize Cup," by J. T. Trowbridge; and the usual pictures, verses, and departments.

Estes & Lauriat have just ready "Nautilus," by Laura E. Richards, in the successful Captain January Series by the same author, the titular volume of which is in its seventy-eighth thousand.

Captain Charles King's latest book to be issued by the Lippincotts is "Trooper Ross and Signal Butte," containing two novelettes in one volume.

Among the juvenile books announced by the Century Company are:

"Jack Ballister's Fortunes," by Howard Pyle; "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks; "The Horse Fair," by James Baldwin; "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," by Albert Stearns; "Hero Tales from American History," by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge; "The Brownies Through the Union," by Palmer Cox; Bound volumes of *St. Nicholas*; "The Century Book for Young Americans," by Elbridge S. Brooks, with preface by General Horace Porter; and other books by Charles F. Lummis, Mrs. G. V. Jamison, Oliver Herford, Peter Newell, Walter Camp, Brander Matthews, Joel Chandler Harris, Tudor Jenks, W. O. Stoddard, Maurice Thompson, Charles E. Carryl, and others.

Harper's Bazar for November 23d is a Thanksgiving number with a decorative cover and an extra supplement. Stories by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Priscilla Leonard, and Marion Harland add to the interest of this issue.

"Takisara" is the title of F. Marion Crawford's new story, the scene of which is laid in Italy. It will run serially in the *Queen*, and be published next autumn by the Messrs. Macmillan in two-volume form. Mr. Howells has a serial running in the *Illustrated London News*, so American novelists are getting some recognition in England.

"The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell, presents an admirably graphic picture of the actual Indian. Mr. Grinnell, who is an adopted chief of the Pawnees and also of the Blackfeet, has written from actual personal observation and experience. His book is the first volume in the Story of the West Series, published by D. Appleton & Co.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just issued two books by W. J. Dawson—"London Idyls," a series of poetic and dramatic sketches, and "The Making of Manhood," containing helpful essays to young men.

General James Longstreet's memoirs, "From Manassas to Appomattox," which is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is sold only by subscription.

The publication of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters to Young Friends" is begun in the December *St. Nicholas*. Lloyd Osbourne furnishes

notes to the letters and an introduction in which he tells something about Stevenson and his Samoan home and also about his ward, Austin Strong, and the little girls in England to whom the letters were written.

There are four volumes in the Stories of American History, by James Otis, which Estes & Lauriat publish; they are "The Boys of 1745 at the Capture of Louisbourg"; "An Island Refuge, Casco Bay in 1676"; "Neal the Miller, a Son of Liberty"; and "Ezra Jordan's Escape from the Massacre at Fort Loyal."

Dr. Albert Shaw has followed his studies of "Municipal Government in Great Britain" with a volume on "Municipal Government in Continental Europe." Like its predecessor, it is published by the Century Company.

The Christmas (December) *Harper's* contains the following articles:

The first chapters of William Black's new novel, "Brisels"; "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," by Caspar W. Whitney; "From the Hehrd Isles," by Fiona Macleod; "The Paris of South America," by Richard Harding Davis; another installment of "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc"; "A Previous Engagement," a farce by William D. Howells; "By Land and Sea," by Howard Pyle; the sixth installment of "The German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow; and short stories by Kate Douglass Wiggin, Thomas Wharton, Brander Matthews, and Katharine S. Macquoid.

Professor George Saintsbury has completed his volume on "Nineteenth Century Literature," which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

A historical romance, dealing with some little known episodes in the life of Napoleon, is to be published immediately in D. Appleton & Co.'s Zeit-Geist Series. The title is "Courtship by Command," and the author M. M. Blake.

Sixteen practical addresses to young men by the Rev. George Jackson are published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. in a volume entitled "First Things First."

A double-page illustration by A. B. Frost is one of the striking features of *Harper's Weekly* dated November 23d. The opening of the opera season is commented upon by W. J. Henderson, and the interest of this article is enhanced by numerous portraits. In the same issue of the *Weekly*, Caspar W. Whitney reviews the Horse Show, and Julian Ralph contributes a paper on the study of art in the West.

Marie Corelli's new novel, "The Sorrows of Satan," in which she reverses the usual order of things by slating the critics severely, is published in this country by the Lippincotts.

Macmillan & Co. have just published the long-expected volume of letters by Matthew Arnold. The book is in no sense a biography.

"The One who Looked On" is the title of the new novel by Miss F. F. Montresor, author of "Into the Highways and Hedges," which is to be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

The author of "With Edged Tools," Henry Seton Merriman, has written a new work called "The Grey Lady," which Macmillan & Co. publish.

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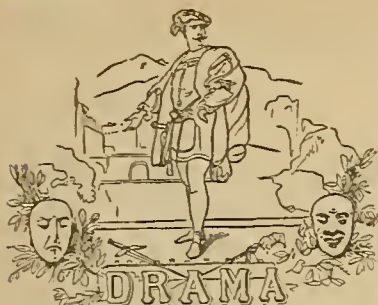
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A successful play dies hard. The German "Aschenbrödel," adapted for the English stage under the name of "School," has been a popular comedy for the last twenty-five years. One of its heroes was a pet character of Lester Wallack. Actresses, now passed into the shades of middle age and retirement, did not disdain in the flush of their popularity to play the school-girls, in the white muslin and blue ribbons of old-fashioned seventeen. Names great in comedy will be found printed on the old play-bills of "School."

It has not been played of late. It has had its day, seen the glories of its early popularity wither and die. Like its companion, "Ours," it is supposed to have strutted and fretted its hour upon the stage and then gone to the place of departed plays. But now, without warning, we find it suddenly risen from the dead. It has undergone a change in the period of oblivion between to-day and its last appearance. It is hurled a little, cut a good deal, and, where the cuts have been made, music has been introduced to eke things out. It is more comic than it used to be and less interesting, and it is called "Dr. Syntax." But it is Tom Robertson's play, "School," nevertheless.

With this confusing memory of a legitimate comedy in one's mind, and with the burlesque air and element overrunning the stage, it is somewhat difficult to adjust one's point of view to a correct appreciation of "Dr. Syntax." Pieces of the old play crowd in, demanding recognition. There is the scene where the poor pupil goes to get the milk, and the rich and lordly lover meets her and asks her questions about the moon. This is straight from "School"; but is deflected from its serious and straightforward way by the introduction of the comic-opera side of the performance, which gets restive and elbows its way in, demanding its share of public applause.

The scene in the school-room, where the wicked school-teacher orders the charity pupil to brush his coat and the girls throw their hooks at him, is also preserved, imbedded in musical numbers and the "special acts" of burlesque. The charity pupil is the same, the wicked school-master is the same. Ooe has a sort of faint, filmy recollection of somebody who was like Merope Mallow, only she was not so pretty and wore long skirts. The head of the seminary, Miss Zenobia Tropics, has been done over to meet the requirements of burlesque. She has had to break out into a wig with a Psyche twist, from the end of which three rigid curls hang unconfined, because this is the law of burlesque. She also has to do a skirt-dance every now and then, and cherish a deep affection for a man who does not reciprocate. But when she turns to the charity pupil and talks of having nourished a serpent in her bosom, then she suddenly gets back to her old position, and one's perspective gets once again all out of drawing, hopelessly broken up between legitimate comedy and lively extravaganza.

Dr. Syntax is an interloper, especially as Mr. Hopper personates him. Mr. Hopper was very nearly left out in the cold when "School" was made over into a comic opera. There was hardly anything left for him; but with desperate daring he took the character of Dr. Syntax, gave it a turned-up nose, a loving heart, and a taste for drinking, and by these magic touches transformed it into a comic figure of paramount importance. What place he occupies in the story nobody stops to ask. He is sufficiently funny to be a law unto himself, sufficiently original in his methods and magnetic in his personality to be able to repeat "Casey at the Bat" and sing the "Birdie" song that Digby Bell used to warble, without any one raising a murmur against this relapsing into old ruts.

The school-girls were, however, the most interesting feature of the performance. There were a good many of them, and they were almost all pretty. They wore attractive frocks, and they sang their choruses with precision. Barring a tendency to break into the skirt-dance and wear low-necked bodices in the morning, they were quite like a party of those pretty, giggling, idiotic creatures in whom the hopes of the race are supposed to be centered.

The faintest of them was Merope Mallow. This little fairy-like being is really charming, with funny ways of her own, and an ethereal exquisiteness of appearance which is more unusual than beauty. Just how small she is it is hard to say. If she looked miniature as the Crown Prince of Siam, she has an air of doll-like, perfectly finished smallness as Merope Mallow, which makes her appear like the most fancifully delicate and fragile

bisque figure. She is at her prettiest in the white muslin school-dress, with blue ribbons fluttering, and innumerable petticoats to swirl about when she dances, so that her neat little black silk legs are seen now and then amid whirling billows of white lace. She is the most gracefully, daintily, and piquantly refined of any of the light opera stars we have so far seen here. Her small amount of voice will prevent her from ever becoming a rival of such ponderous queens of comic opera as Lillian Russell or Pauline Hall, but her vivacity, her gay grace, and her charm of a fresh but always delicate joyousness, have an attractiveness as rare as they are bewitching.

Rosalind says that, as good wine needs no hush, so a good play needs no epilogue. Still an epilogue, when it is delivered in a pretty voice, which issues musically from a pretty mouth, has its charm. It was Daly who revived the old custom. All through the eighteenth century the epilogue was as inevitable at the end of the play as the falling of the curtain, and the footlight beauties of that era of stage wit and wickedness had their own especial fame for the grace and elegance with which they delivered those last rhyming couplets. Daly introduced them at the end of the comedies he adapted from the French and German, and almost invariably gave them to Ada Rehan, who spoke them with all the mellow richness of tone with which a hountful nature had dowered her. As "The Lottery of Love" is a Daly adaptation, it is topped off with the customary epilogue, which, at the Columbia, falls to the lot of Miss Craven, who speaks it charmingly, and looks charming, beside slim and serpentine, in her big blue sleeves and her soft Empire draperies, with her long, white throat hanging a little to one side.

One of the peculiarities of the plays given in San Francisco is their capacity of being surprising. When one goes to the theatre to see something supposed to be really good, one is surprised, because it is so astonishingly bad. When one goes to be amused, one generally is saddened. When people who are enormously advertised come here, they are generally a bitter disappointment; when people come timidly to the surface in odd corners unheralded by agent or newspaper, they are often amazingly clever. It is this peculiarity of at times producing original and generally unappreciated talent which prevents San Francisco from lapsing down to the level of Philistinism that rules in the cities of the Great West.

The performance of "The Lottery of Love" at the Columbia inspires these remarks. It is one of the pleasant surprises—one of the good ones. It is remarkably well done. If an Eastern company came here and gave the play as it is given by Mr. Dixey and his company, the price of a seat would be half a dollar more, there would be talking, advertising, a complimentary attitude on the part of the critic, a desire to pay the dollar and a half on the part of the public, and we would all say very respectfully, "Just see how they do these things in the East!"

An inability to appreciate native work has long been charged against San Francisco. A native or adopted son or daughter going hence in quiet insignificance and gaining laurels elsewhere, will only find their home ready to add its note of praise when the chorus from other lands has risen high to heaven. In no other place is the native prophet treated with less honor. Even to-day Bret Harte is not so widely known and read in San Francisco as in New York or London. In matters artistic, San Francisco is singularly afraid of trusting its own judgment. It waits for its cue from the East. Of all the talent that has grown here under the shadow of the Golden Gate, most of it has gone elsewhere to make its place and earn its recognition.

The players of "The Lottery of Love" are worthy of the encouragement of the city where they have banded together to offer amusement to theatre-goers for a few weeks. They are a singularly bright and vivacious collection. They do not show the need of a manager that handicapped the Frawley company. They are a self-confident party; most of them have acted much, and that vital spark of humor—of the player himself being alive to the comic possibilities of the play—gleams in all of them, and prevents them from being stilted and stagey. It is, of course, a question whether another play will suit them as well as "The Lottery of Love" does. In this there is no character that is a misfit, each member of the company realizes the intense humorous significance of his rôle, and acts it with a demure enjoyment that imbues the entire comedy with the spirit of mischief and laughter.

Adolphus Doubledot is one of the best pieces of acting Mr. Dixey has done here. He ought to restrain his tendency toward "gagging," or at least interpolating little remarks of his own making. They are funny, but they do not always suit the character. He looks extremely well, and the gestures he is so fond of employing, the singularly descriptive clutchings and expandings of his long, flexible fingers, were very expressive in the absurdly funny climax of the second act.

The honors were easy between him and Mr. Thomas Keirns. Whatever Mr. Keirns' age may be—he looks as if he might be anywhere between

twenty-five and seventy-five in his make up for old Buttercorn—he is an actor of great comic ability. The appreciation of humor shown not only in old Buttercorn, but in Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the much cut and slashed version of "The Critic," prove him to be possessed of that rich sense of comedy which may carry the actor onward and upward to high places. If Mr. Keirns goes on playing honestly and carefully, and does not let any school-of-acting person train all the spirit and spontaneity out of him, he may go on climbing until he finds himself far up on the ladder. Good legitimate comic actors in this country are scarce. There are many funny men, like Eddie Foy and De Wolf Hopper, but what may be called serious comedians do not grow on every bush.

The ladies of the Sorosis Club have issued cards for a reception on the evening of December 9th. This is the first of the annual "Evenings at Home" in the new club-rooms, when the club entertains gentlemen as well as lady friends. It is a well-known fact that Sorosis does nothing that it does not do well, so a delightful evening, with music, good cheer, and brilliant women, is assured. Mrs. Irving M. Scott is president of the club, ably seconded by Mrs. William B. Carr and Mrs. George Law Smith.

Clergyman—"Some people think I preach long sermons. Do you think so?" *She*—"Oh, no! They only seem long."—*Puck*.

For Home-Seekers.

The sale of the Bay Forest farm by McAfee Brothers on Saturday, December 7th, offers an opportunity that will attract all home-seekers who desire to escape after business hours from the dust and noise of the city. It is a part of the Brittan ranch in San Mateo County, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and within one hour's ride of San Francisco. Situated beyond the wind and fog belt, in the midst of beautiful suburban homes, and within six miles of the Stanford University, it combines delightful views, delightful climate, and unsurpassed educational facilities. The sale is to take place on the grounds, beginning at 2 P. M.

—THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY announce that while the price of the tub and plunge baths remain at 30 cents for single ticket, or four for \$1, they will now sell blocks of fifty tickets for \$10—to the plunge only. The public are invited to witness the operation of discharging and refilling the baths, free of charge, any evening at 10 o'clock.

—THE NEW ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS JUST received by S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street, are beautiful. Don't fail to see them.

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Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evenings, **DR.**

SYNTAX. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Evenings

and Saturday Matinée, **WANG.**

Next Attraction, Monday, December 9th, Rice's Big

Company in 1492.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

As elaborate production of Sardou's "Cleopatra" will follow Joe Cawthorn at the Columbia Theatre.

May Irwin in her new farce-comedy, "The Widow Jones," will be the holiday attraction at the California Theatre.

Clara Morris has been engaged for a tour of the Pacific Coast by Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., the managers of the Columbia Theatre.

Little Guille, the tenor who was so prodigal of his *ut de poitrine*, is a member of the Tavery opera troupe, which is coming to the Baldwin early in the winter.

Annie Wood, who made of the cook in "Wilkeson's Widows" a part never to be forgotten, is in the company supporting Joe Cawthorn in "A Fool for Luck."

Joe Cawthorn will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre next week in a farce-comedy, entitled "A Fool for Luck." He is a German comedian, and his part is that of a cheeky drummer.

In Nice, certain Italian operas must not be sung in Italian. The authorities have forbidden the performance of Puccini's "Giocosa," of Verdi's "Eroica" and of "Rigoletto," and of Dooizetti's "La Favorita."

De Wolf Hopper will begin his last week at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night. He will be seen in "Dr. Syntax" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, and during the remainder of the week he will be seen in "Wang."

Herrmann's two new illusions, "Trilby" and "The Spray of Life," have been the most popular features of his entertainment at the California Theatre during the past week. They will be continued during the coming week, and there will also be given a number of novel and startling tricks.

The particular feature of the repertoire to be presented at the California Theatre by Robert Downig, who follows Herrmann on December 9th, is "Heleoa," a picturesque drama of Italy in the fourteenth century by Victorien Sardou. Eugenia Blair will be the chief member of Mr. Downig's supporting company.

Augustus Thomas's very successful play, "The Burglar," founded on Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's pretty story of "Editha's Burglar," will be the attraction at Morosco's Grand Opera House next week. The Editha will be little Gertrude Carlisle, who has frequently appeared in the character in Boston, New York, and other Eastern cities.

The management of the Columbia Theatre have concluded arrangements for a production of the operatic burlesque, "A Gentle Savage," by Nym Crinkle and Miss Estelle Clayton. Edwin A. Steves, Marion Manola, Louise Eisinger, Marie Jaosen, and others may be in the cast. There will be one hundred people on the stage, and the costumes and scenery are all being gotten up expressly for this production.

Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado," an opera of undying popularity, is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House next week. It will be a careful production, and the cast will be as follows:

The Mikado, John J. Raffael; Nanki-Poo, Martio Paché; Ko-Ko, Ferris Hartman; Pooh-Bah, George H. Broderick; Fish-Tush, William H. West; Yum-Yum, Laura Millard; Pitti-Sing, Emilie Melville; Peep-Bo, Jennie Stockmeyer; Katisha, Mahella Baker.

This will be followed by Millocker's "The Beggar Student," and then will come the holiday spectacle.

Borovno, the estate of Jean and Edouard de Reszké, in Poland, embraces sixteen thousand acres. It is a magnificent domain, with a palace dating back to the times of Louis the Tenth, and it is kept in apple-pie order. An American visitor there found evidences of the great singers' business thrift in the vast fields of growing potatoes, which are raised to be manufactured into Russian bradys. The De Reszkés are popular with their neighbors, not only because of their generous use of their wealth, but also because of their interest in manly sports, from cross-country riding to horse-racing.

"1492," one of E. E. Rice's extravaganzas, is to follow De Wolf Hopper and be the holiday attraction at the Baldwin Theatre. It was written two or three years ago for the Columbian celebration, but it has been brought up to date in all respects and is full of new ideas. The leading people in the company are Bessie Bonehill, a graduate of the London music-halls, who has made a great success in New York, and Richard Harlow, a remarkable female impersonator, who has made a great success as Isabella, "the daisy Queen of Spain." Another prominent feature of the entertainment is the Kilany Living Pictures, which have attracted much attention.

Nate Salisbury once met Forrest, the actor, at Columbus, O., in the railroad station at midnight. An undertaker's wagon pulled up at the station, and a corpse was removed from it. The baggage-man carelessly hustled the body into his dray and wheeled it down the platform. As he halted, For-

rest broke out into the most horrible cursing, and with his toogie lashed the baggage-man for his careless handling of the human clay. Theo he turned, approached the corpse, and broke into the oration of Marc Anthony over the body of Caesar. No one was there but the frightened baggage-man and a handful of actors. He read every line of the oration, and said in an aside speech, as a climax: "There, take that, you poor clay in the coffin, I'll be dead myself inside a year." And he was.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Bogart Song Recital.

Mr. Andrew Bogart gave his second song recital last Wednesday evening in Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Two Tuscan Folk Songs (Nos. 2 and 4), (translated by Marzials), Caracciolo, Mme. Anna Brune and Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson; Valentine's recit and aria (from "Faust"), Gounod, Mr. Andrew Bogart; "Sweet Bird," recit and aria (from H. Pensieroso), Handel, Mme. Brune, flute obligato by Mr. H. Clay Wysham; "When Love is Gone," "Because I Love You, Dear," Hawley, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham; "Sleep On," Meyer-Helmund, "Yvonne's Cradle Song," Wekerlin, "The Quetz," Smith, Mrs. Nicholson; "Yellow Daisy," "The Mignonette" (songs from an Old Garden), MacDowell, "Warum," Tschalkowsky, Mme. Brune; "The Monotone," Corbelli, Barcarolle, Saint-Saëns, Mr. Bogart; "Arabian Slave," Shelley, Mrs. Nicholson; trio from "Attila," Verdi, Mme. Brune, Dr. Graham, and Mr. Bogart, accompanist, Mr. Frederic Maurer.

The third and last recital will take place on Wednesday evening, December 18th. Mr. Bogart will be assisted by Miss Sofia Newland, Mrs. Olive Reed-Bacheller, and a quartet.

Bacheller Song Recital.

Mr. Willis E. Bacheller gave his first song recital last Saturday afternoon at the Auditorium Hall, and was greeted by a large audience. The following programme was well presented:

Three romances for violin and piano, Schumann, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel; (a) "Io Sylvan Shad," (b) "Do I Love Thee?" (c) "Cameo," (d) "Would You Not Like to Know?" (in MSS.), P. C. Allee, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller; "Parsifal," paraphrase, Wagner-Wilhelm, Mr. Sigmund Beel; (a) "Sapho," (b) "Mistress Mine," (c) "June Song," Mary Carmichael, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller; allegretto from C minor sonata for violin and piano, Grieg, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel; (a) "Sweet Wind that Blows," G. W. Chadwick, (b) "O Let Thy Tears," E. Nevin, (c) "If All These Songs," Mand White, (d) "Myrtle," E. A. MacDowell, (e) "A Song of Faith," C. Chaminade, Mr. Willis E. Bacheller.

His second recital will be given this afternoon at three o'clock in the same hall.

Deutscher Vereio Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Deutscher Verein last Sunday evening by Mr. Robert Tolmie and Mr. Loring P. Rixford, a pupil of Mr. H. B. Pasmore. The programme was as follows:

Gavotte von violin, Sonate No. 2, Bach-Saint-Saëns; (a) "Anschungung," (b) "Warum," (c) "Grilleo," Schumann, Mr. Robert Tolmie; (a) "Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär," (b) "Margareth am Thore," Josen, (c) "I arise from dreams of thee," H. B. Pasmore, Mr. Loring P. Rixford; (a) Andante in F, Beethoven, (b) "Drei Prædico," Chopin, (c) Etude in C Moll, Chopin, Mr. Robert Tolmie; "Erl-König," Schubert, Mr. Loring P. Rixford; Polonaise in A Moll, Chopin, Mr. Robert Tolmie; piano accompaniments by Mr. Fred Maurer.

The Hawthorne Society will give a concert next Wednesday evening at Auditorium Hall under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commodore F. V. McNair, U. S. N., will leave here to-day for China to command the Asiatic squadron. Colonel W. H. H. Benyard, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is in New York city.

Major Benjamin Pope, U. S. A., has returned to Angel Island after a visit to friends in Detroit, Mich. Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty at the Presidio on December 5th.

Surgeon G. M. Wells, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort Bliss, Texas, and reported for duty.

Surgeon J. R. Waggener, U. S. N., has been detached from the Independence and ordered to the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Surgeon Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., of the Boston, returned to Mare Island last Thursday after a brief visit here.

Lieutenant J. H. Hetherington, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pinta* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant L. L. Reamey, U. S. N., will sail from here to-day for the Asiatic Station, where he will act as flag-lieutenant on the *Olympia*.

Lieutenant Charles Potter, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., is inspecting the harbor improvements at San Luis Obispo.

Lieutenant Harry Conpland Beeson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., will return to duty at the Presidio on December 2nd.

Ensign G. W. Logan, U. S. N., will leave here to-day by steamer for the Asiatic Station to act as flag-secretary on the *Olympia*.

Mrs. G. W. Pigman, wife of Commander Pigman, U. S. N., is in Richmond, Va., attending to the education of her daughters.

Mrs. William P. Elliott, wife of Lieutenant Elliott, U. S. N., of the *Philadelphia*, has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Frank Thompson, wife of Chaplain Thompson, U. S. N., and her little daughter have returned from Chicago and are now at Vallejo.

Captain James Parker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. Captain and Mrs. Frank Wildes, U. S. N., and Miss Wildes are at the Bernard House in Vallejo.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From Father Yorke.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23, 1895.

ENIGMS ARGONAUT: I am ashamed to trespass on your courtesy with a third letter. I promise you that it will be very brief and that it will be the last.

Mr. John S. Hittell has the fixed idea that I am playing hide and seek behind words. Though I fear the task is hopeless, I will make a final effort to demonstrate my sincerity. The following are commonplaces in Catholic theology:

First—"Minister" is a technical term, meaning the person by whom, and by whom alone, a sacrament is constituted. The minister of orders is a bishop, the minister of baptism is any person, Jew, Turk, infidel, or Mr. Hittell.

Second—"The ministers of the sacrament of matrimony are the contracting parties. Just as baptism can be administered without the priest, so can matrimony.

Third—"All Catholic theologians hold that Christian marriage is inseparably annexed to the sacrament. Protestants, therefore, who enter on the marriage contract infallibly receive the sacrament. This is possible because the contracting parties are the ministers.

I do not know what Mr. Hittell means by "full validity"; but if he means the "sacrament," he has my answer.

Mr. Hittell's authority (Webster) defines "Papist" as "an offensive designation applied to Roman Catholics by their opponents." That is what I meant by "calling names."

Yours truly, PETER C. YORKE.

The Flower Mission.

For many years the *Argonaut* has received through the mail, a few days before Thanksgiving, the sum of fifty dollars, to be given to the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission; it is always accompanied with a few pleasant lines, signed "M. R.—M. F." It generally comes in the shape of a fifty-dollar bill. This year it came in the shape of a draft from a city some thousands of miles away, and the donor says:

The *Argonaut's* annual lines in behalf of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission's Thanksgiving feasts to the needy and sick, have undoubtedly made their appearance already. Please have the inclosed fifty dollars handed to the society in time to be useful.

Respectfully, M. R.—M. F.

We have complied with the request, and forwarded the draft to the secretary of the mission. We do not know the identity of the unknown "M. R.—M. F.," but we assure him, her, or them that the gift is always looked forward to with keen interest by the young ladies of the mission, and that its arrival always causes them new delight. It is pleasant to think that the unknown donor, whether here or in distant cities, does not forget the Thanksgiving charities of our San Francisco girls.

A lady who refused to give her name also left five dollars for the Flower Mission, which was duly forwarded.

—IVORY FIGURES AND IVORY MINIATURE PAINTINGS. Do not fail to see the splendid collection just received at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

—SPECIAL THEATRE CANDIES—STRONG CINNAMON a specialty at Reed's, 113 Powell Street.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

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St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

VANITY FAIR.

It is said in London that when the Duke of Marlborough takes his bride to Blenheim, his mother, Lady Blandford, is going to live with them, and that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt will also take up her residence with her daughter. With his wife's mother-in-law and his own mother-in-law in the house, the young duke will have a very lively time. Considering the fact that Mrs. Vanderbilt has an imperious temper, it will be more lively than even he fears. The duke himself does not get on very well with his mother. He does not like her tendency to practical jokes. One evening at Blenheim she improvised a variation to an old game, by having a large curtain drawn across the room and getting the men to guess at the identity of the women by inspecting their feet and ankles, which were thrust under the curtain. This offended the duke, and he did not forgive his mother for some time. London gossips say that Lady Blandford does not approve of her son's marriage. If she does not, and if she and the young couple and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt all live together, there will be scraps and things at Blenheim.

At the New York Horse Show the toilets worn decide the fashions of outdoor gowns for the season. Most fashionable women wore at the great show velvet gowns, of the new fancy weaves, and broadcloth gowns combined with velvet, fur, or brocade. The most striking were those of the Louis Seize coat; next those with fur waists, and many wore brocade waists. Green was the color most often seen, although there were a number of costumes of royal blue. Many of the Louis Seize coats were embroidered with gold on the open fronts, with revers and collar of white satin striped with tails of Russian sable. Many broadcloth gowns were worn with coats of velvet or of flowered brocade. A novelty was the Russian jacket of velvet all laid in plaits, with sleeves made of glossy black fur. But capes were worn more than jackets, as they were easily laid aside in the boxes and for the promenade. Velvet and fur were the favorite combinations in these wraps. In fact, fur entered very largely into the confection of costumes in New York. It is not probable that it will be worn so much in San Francisco owing to the difference in climate. Soft-crowned hats seemed to be the mode, including velvet tam-o'-shanters.

Ladies calling on the Pope have to wear a prescribed costume consisting of a black, high-necked gown, no bonnet, and a black lace mantilla worn Spanish fashion over the head. At a recent reception, some American ladies, not knowing this regulation, appeared in low-necked gowns. The Pope was much put out at this *faux pas*, and commissioned a cardinal to tell the ladies that their costumes were unsuited for the occasion. The cardinal, who prides himself on being a man of the world, broke it to the ladies in this tactful manner: "The Pope is old-fashioned, and does not like décolleté dress, but for my part, I have been so much among savages that I do not mind them."

Since the divorce of the lady who was Miss Mabel Wright from Mr. Yznaga, she has called herself "Mrs. Mabel Yznaga." This has caused some comment in New York, as Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt retains her husband's full name. It is said that she has done this because the mother of the Duke of Marlborough still calls herself Marchioness of Blandford, which was the title his father bore at the time of his divorce. But if Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt should marry again, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt would have to abdicate his front name and title. The present Duke de Dino, while still Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, married Miss Curtis, of Boston. When they were divorced, he married Mrs. Stevens, of New York. Both ladies called themselves "Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord." The situation became so awkward that the marquis induced his father, the Duke de Dino, to give up his title to him in order to settle the situation. Mrs. Stevens then became the Duchess de Dino, while Miss Curtis was forced to cling to her shadowy divorcee title of "Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord." It would seem as though when a woman divorces herself from a man she should let go of at least the first part of his name.

A fashionable audience in Paris recently listened to a lecture on chemistry by a celebrated chemist. When the ladies reached the open air, their escorts stared at a number of them in amazement. A most remarkable change had taken place. Those of them who had worn rouge found on their return home that the rouge had been converted into various colors by the chemical decomposition from the gases which had been generated during the lecture. As the women marched from the hall, there were seen among them complexions of all sorts of colors—blue, yellow, violet, and black.

The fact that the Duke of Marlborough got his wedding clothes in this country shows that New York tailors make good clothes, if anybody doubted it. Even Londoners admit that. Talking of men's clothing, the fashions this winter show little change.

The dress-coat is made with the notched or peaked lapels, and the swallow-tails are cut square in the back; the collar is of cloth and not of silk, the lining extending to the button-holes on the lapel. The velvet collar is bad form; it is the symbol in Europe of diplomatic service, and should be worn only by diplomats. The dinner-jacket or Tuxedo has a long collar of silk extending to the waist; there is one button-hole for a *boutonnière*, and no outside pockets. Nothing but a black waistcoat should be worn with a Tuxedo, and an Alpine felt hat usually goes with it. The cutaway coat is coming in again, and the long-tailed cutaway has disappeared. The frock-coat has skirts falling just below the knee. Golf and cycling caps are made of the same material as the suit. Browns and grays in Scotch goods are the best material for "sack-suits" or "dittos." Russet shoes are worn with every kind of suit except the frock and dress. Colored shirts are still worn with white collars, and the club tie holds its own.

The Paris *Figaro* regrets that American summer tourists lately are evincing a preference for London. The *Figaro* estimates the number who went to Europe last summer at from 150,000 to 200,000. Of these, the *Figaro* finds that very few stayed for any length of time in Paris, but that most of them, after a few weeks, went back to London. Since the new hotels have been built in London of late years, Americans find themselves very comfortable there, and inasmuch as they can speak the language, it is more agreeable for them than in Paris. The *Figaro* speaks of this with a tender melancholy, and says that "it is regrettable." It states that each American tourist last year spent, on the average, 5,000 francs, or \$1,000. If 150,000 of them spent only \$500, that would make 375,000,000 francs. The *Figaro* thinks that Paris is not getting its due share.

The attempt of the director of the Comédie-Française to forbid the wearing of hats by the ladies in the orchestra stalls is extending itself to the other Paris theatres. The Opéra Comique and one or two other houses have made similar regulations. But the ladies are up in arms. They threaten to boycott all the theatres which impose restrictions on their attire. As a result of their ire, their hats and sleeves are larger than ever. At the opening night of a new play at the Porte St. Martin lately, the hats and sleeves were so enormous that a leading critic began his article next day by saying that he had seen nothing of the piece, of the scenery, of the actors, or of the costumes, and had seen nothing but hats and sleeves.

The point-lace garniture of Miss Vanderbilt's wedding-gown was made in Brussels to order. It is a combination of *point d'Angleterre* and *point appliqué*, the former in compliment to the English bridegroom and the latter a copy of the lace worn by the bride's mother and grandmother on their wedding-gowns. A bit of the family lace was taken to Brussels, and its design reproduced by the most skillful lace-makers. Such a quantity of lace was needed to trim the gown of the tall Consuelo that the inherited lace was not sufficient.

An American lady who has long lived in Europe was accused of lack of patriotism recently. She admitted that there might be some excuse for the accusation, and said: "I like Europe because everybody who surrounds me wears a pleasant face. They strive in every way to make my stay agreeable. At Frankfurt, last year, the landlady of my pension discovered my birthday in some way. That morning, when I went down to breakfast, there was a bouquet at my plate, and all the servants wished me a happy year. It is true they may have expected a few coppers for their good wishes, but their attentions pleased me, and I did not mind the coppers. I drove recently in the country, and stopped at a little inn for luncheon. While we were at luncheon, the driver busied himself in gathering for me a large bouquet of wild flowers. My landlady in Paris courtesies when I pay her, and wishes me a safe journey. When I go into a shop in London, the women wait on me with smiles. If I buy anything, they thank me, and if I do not buy, they thank me for looking at their goods, and hope that I will come again. When I telegraph ahead for rooms and dinner at a hotel, I find on my arrival the rooms prepared, a neat-handed waiting-maid in the bedroom, a black-garbed *maitre d'hôtel* bowing at the entrance to the private dining-room, a table set with gleaming glass and silver, immaculate napery, and a bouquet of flowers on the table; a cheerful fire burns on the hearth. It is as if one were returning home. These little courtesies may have mercenary motives, yet for all that they are very pleasant. One does not find them in America."

That the bicycle boom still continues in the United States is shown by the fact that the Michaux Cycle Club recently issued its announcement for the coming winter season. Still another new bicycle club is to be formed in New York, with fifty members only. It is started by some society leaders among the ladies. The craze is invading the judiciary. Judge White, of the United States Su-

preme Court, now rides daily in Washington, and Sir Francis Jeune, president of the British Probate and Divorce Court, is seen daily on a wheel in Regent's Park, London. General Sir Evelyn Wood, a Crimean veteran, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Charles Day Rose (the challenger), Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, are all new wheelmen. Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the Emperor William, and Prince Charles Victor, recently rode a thirty-mile race for a prize given by Queen Victoria. The craze has even extended its ravages to the American navy. Many of our ships of war now carry four or five bicycles stowed away, belonging to the officers. The officers of the navy have little chance for exercise, and they have hailed with joy this opportunity for getting agreeable exercise when they are in port. The only official as yet who has not dared to ride is the captain. It is feared in the navy that the intense dignity which characterizes the commander may be compromised by the bicycle.

Small Show for the Horses.

"What did you see at the Horse Show, Mary, what did you see at the show?"
"I saw a girl with a Worth gown, mother, and a bonnet from Virot."
"What did you see at the Horse Show, Willy, what did you see at the show?"
"I saw a man with a seal-skin vest, and they say they're all the go."
"But why do you talk of clothes, my girl, and why of clothes, my boy?"
"I thought you went to the Horse Show, children, the horses to enjoy."
"Oh, you're not *fin de siècle*, mother, in fact you are dead slow!"
"We put the clothes before the horse because it's a clothes-horse-show."—*Bazar*.

—VERONICA IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DIABETES and other forms of kidney troubles. So wonderful has been the result, that physicians now admit its great curative properties. Veronica is a natural medicinal spring water, and is for sale everywhere. Beware of imitations.

—FROM PARIS—OPERA-GLASSES WITH HANDLES to match, of aluminum, enamel, pearl, etc. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

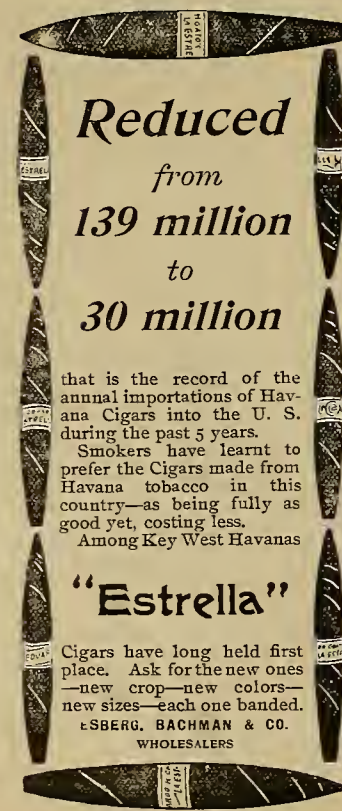
—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

Pat—"Shure, Moike, yer woif is a stroikin'-lookin' leddy!" Mike—"Faith, Pat, and she's more stroikin' than lookin'!"—*Leslie's Weekly*.

All lamps smell, if they do not smoke, with wrong chimneys. You want the "Index to Chimneys."

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.



Reduced
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that is the record of the annual importations of Havana Cigars into the U. S. during the past 5 years. Smokers have learnt to prefer the Cigars made from Havana tobacco in this country—as being fully as good yet, costing less. Among Key West Havanas

"Estrella"

Cigars have long held first place. Ask for the new ones—new crop—new colors—new sizes—each one banded.

ESBERG, BACHMAN & CO.
WHOLESALE

If your skirt edges wear out, it's because you don't use



BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS

It's easy to prove it for yourself.

Don't take any binding unless you see "S. H. & M." on the label, no matter what anybody tells you.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699 New York City.

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WATSON & CO.,
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Send for Circulars.

THE DR. DEIMEL Linen-Mesh Underwear

The softest material ever worn next to the skin—healthful, cleanly, and durable. Can be worn at all seasons of the year without fear of sudden changes of temperature. Never cold like plain linen, but warm like wool; but never overheating, irritating, or cumbersome. Absorbs all moisture from skin and dries quickly. Highly recommended by physicians.

For sale only at store,
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Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to tell everything?"
Other Listener—"Yas. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMIEKS sends 'em to him."

HENRY ROMIEKE,

110 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK
Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers in the world on any subject.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The right and wrong of the question of the nude in art were never more forcibly put than by Dr. Samuel Johnson a hundred years ago. "Sir," said the pestering James Boswell to him, "do you consider Mr. Opie's naked Venus indecent?" "No, sir," thundered the sturdy old moralist; "but your question is!"

Dumas fils tells of a double-action joke which he played on Meissonnier, who was a hotoist in his hours of leisure. The famous dramatist sent him a paper containing the dried roe of a herring, telling him that it was the seed of a very rare plant. "How are the seeds coming on?" he asked the great painter the next time he saw him. "Oh, beautifully; I have planted them in a circle." And he took the astonished joker to a corner of the garden where the heads of young herrings were just peeping up.

Barn Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer brought out his rare old pictures, dusted them, and set them in the best light. "Look at this Rembrandt; quite authentic, M. le Baron." "Authentic, you say? You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic." "Oh! oh!" said the dealer; "why, you are a connoisseur, M. le Baron." "I?" observed Rothschild, with a sigh; "if I had gone into the old curiosity business, I should have a fortune."

"Pat" Alexander, to whom "Shirley" makes reference in his memoirs, on one occasion met Dr. William Chambers on the North Bridge, Edinburgh, and asked him, excitedly: "Have you found her?" "Found whom?" "That woman you were advertising for." "Woman! I have not been advertising for any woman." "Oh, yes; here it is," and from his waistcoat pocket he extracted a soiled advertisement clipped out of the *Scotsman*. The doctor took it and read: "Wanted a woman to clean Chambers." When he looked for Alexander, that gentleman had disappeared—wisely perhaps.

Abraham Hayward, the famous *Quarterly* reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture-dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armor, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining-room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the Commonwealth period—no ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward; "he was very dear being an ancestor of mine."

A country parson wrote to Barney Barnato the other day: "My aim has always been investment, not speculation. When your bank came out, I regarded its shares as an investment and purchased four hundred of them at four pounds, sinking my little all in them, and a good deal more. They have now fallen to two pounds, and I am undone. I can not face my parish as a bankrupt, and what am I to do? I throw myself upon your mercy." Barnato was deeply moved by the appeal, and replied that he would buy back the shares at four pounds. On receipt of this reply, the guileless parson wired to his bankers to "buy four hundred shares Barnato bank stock at two pounds and send them round to Baroan Brothers, who will give you four pounds for them."

At Otford, in Kent, there was formerly a palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury; Wolsey is said to have held his court there. It was but a small place and is now a farm-house, picturesque enough, and olden, but exhibiting no special signs of prosperity. The other day, however, this little incident happened: The farmer sent for a carpenter to do some odd jobs about the house, and, among other things, to mend the knocker. The man took it off and said, after a close examination of it: "Do you know what this knocker is made of?" "Why, brass, I suppose." "No; it is pure gold." And it was. Think of the years that that rich prize has hung at the mercy of every tramp! A parallel case is that of the great globes on the pillars of the Summer Palace gates at Peking, which "the Barbarians," both French and English, concluded to be of some base metal, and left them untouched. And they, too, were solid gold.

When Eugene Field was city editor of the *Kansas City Times*, he found great amusement in annoying one of the characters employed on the paper. Ferguson was one of the "make-ups" on the paper, and in Wyandotte, where he resided, just over the line from Kansas City, he was the leader of a local temperance society. For over a year, Field, on coming down to the paper to go to work, would write a personal concerning Ferguson. Generally it ran like this: "Mr. John Ferguson,

the well-known 'make-up' of the *Times* composing-room, appeared for work yesterday evening in his usual beastly state of intoxication." This entertaining bit Field would send down in some bundle of copy, and the others of the composing-room would set it up and say nothing. Poor Ferguson knew that this awful personal was in their midst, and every night would go carefully over every galley for the purpose of locating and killing it. It gave him a great trouble. Every now and then Field would not write his personal about Ferguson, and then the hedeviled Ferguson was worse off than ever. As long as he could not find it, it might still be there. It almost drove the poor man off the paper. Now and then it escaped his eagle eye and was printed. On such occasions Ferguson's burdens were beyond the power of even a Christian spirit to bear.

KING OF TIGRE.

By Charles Warren Stoddard.

King of Tigre, comrade true!
Where in all thine isles art thou?
Sailing on Fonseca blue?
Wearing Amapala now?
King of Tigre, where art thou?
Battling for Antilles' Queen?
Sahre hilt or olive bough?
Crown of dust or laurel green?
Raving love or marriage vow?
King and comrade, where art thou?
Sailing on Pacific seas?
Pitching tents in Pima now?
Underneath magnolia trees?
Thatch of palm or cedar bough?
Soldier-singer, where art thou?
Coasting on the Oregon?
Saddle-horn or birchen prow?
Round the Isles of Amaron?
Pampas, plain, or mountain brow?
Prince of rovers, where art thou?
Answer me from out the West!
I am weary, stricken now;
Thou art strong, and I would rest;
Reach a hand with lifted brow!
King of Tigre, where art thou?
—Ave Maria.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and thoroughly than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver, and rheumatic ailments.

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Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market St.

A CARNIVAL OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO BE FOUND AT
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Fine German Baskets, Dainty French Satin Boxes, Christmas Favors
The Purest of Children's Candy and the most Acceptable Delicacies for Ladies. Secure an Early
Choice of Presents and We Guarantee Satisfaction.

FINE CANDIES. GRUENHAGEN'S, ICE CREAM SODA.
20 KEARNY STREET.

G. LEIPNITZ & CO.

Monday, December 2d, 1895,

GRAND OPENING OF OUR NEW AND ELEGANT STORE

250 and 252 Sutter St., cor. Grant Ave., a few doors above the old place.

The Largest, Most Complete, and Most Elegant Drug Store on the Pacific Coast

Everybody Invited. Souvenirs Presented to Purchasers on our Opening Day.

Owing to the constant increase of our business, and want of storage room for our immense stock of goods, we are obliged to remove to more commodious quarters.

On Monday, December 2d, we shall open our new store, north-east corner of Sutter Street and Grant Avenue, expressly built and fitted up for our business. We have not spared any trouble nor expense to make this one of the most complete, most elegant, and most perfect arranged drug stores in the United States.

Our Prescription Department is fitted up and arranged in the latest improved style and modeled after the best conducted pharmacies in the world. Our large force of Prescription Clerks, all graduates of American and German colleges, are employed in this department exclusively and thus enabled to give the compounding of prescriptions their entire attention. The immense number of prescriptions that are prepared at our store daily are a flattering testimonial of the confidence the public and the physicians place in our establishment.

Our show-cases are filled with the choicest Perfumeries and Toilet Articles of every description, and in such variety as has never been shown on this coast.

In separate departments and aside from the main store we keep a full assortment of Rubber Goods, Syringes, Hot-Water Bottles, Air Cushions, and many other appliances used in the sick room; also Trusses, Silk Elastic Stockings, Shoulder Braces, Obesity Belts, Electric Batteries, etc. All these goods we sell way below the usual price.

We carry an enormous stock in endless variety. New additions are made constantly. If you are looking for some rare or scarce article in the drug line come to us—you are sure to find it.

We have been in business in this city for over forty-four years, and have by fair and honest dealing and strict attention to business succeeded in gaining the confidence and liberal patronage of the public. We shall certainly take pains to keep it.

On our Opening Day, Monday, December 2d, we shall present to each purchaser a handsome souvenir that will be much appreciated by ladies.

G. LEIPNITZ & CO., 250 and 252 Sutter St., cor. Grant Ave.

We have just received a new shipment of the famous Bythnia Mineral Water from Santa Barbara, which has gained such a reputation in the treatment of Liver and Kidney troubles, Habitual Constipation, and Rheumatism. We can recommend it highly. Twenty-five cents per bottle.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO. (Ltd.),
Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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OK
WHISKEYis
Five Years
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Facts for Ale Drinkers.

Evans' India Pale Ale and Brown Stout are brewed from the best Malt and Hops obtainable.

They Never Vary in Quality and are unsurpassed by any other brands brewed in America or elsewhere.

Are Allowed Two Years to Ripen, before being bottled, to insure a uniformly high grade and prime condition.

Freedom from False Ferments and Harmful Acidity, rarely absent from other Ales.

Unequaled Brilliance, there being no sediment in the bottles.

Lower in Price Than Foreign Brands, because we have no custom duties to pay. In bottles or direct from the wood.

All of our Ale and Stout bottled at the brewery has a fac-simile of our signature on the label.

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.

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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1895.
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For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Nov. 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Nov. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Nov. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Nov. 15, 19, 23, 27, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.

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SOCIETY.

The Benson-Breeze Wedding.

There was a large and fashionable assemblage at Grace Church last Wednesday noon, when Miss Mary Frances Breeze, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Breeze, was married to Lieutenant Harry Coupland Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A. The chancel was neatly decorated with potted plants and flowers, the cavalry color—yellow—predominating. At the noon hour the wedding march was played and the bridal party made its appearance.

Miss Louise Breeze was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were: Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Emma Schneely, Miss Eleanor Wood, and Miss Kate Forbes. Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., acted as best man, and the ushers comprised: Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant William H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.; Lieutenant John A. Lockwood, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Samuel McP. Rutherford, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.; and Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A. The officers all wore the full-dress uniform of the service. The dresses worn by the ladies are described as follows:

The bride was attired in an elegant robe of blanc-ivoire Duchesse satin, made with a long court train. The skirt, which was in godet plaits, was draped with a deep flounce of point appliqué lace. The corsage bodice was trimmed with jabots of point appliqué lace and around the waist was a plaited belt of white satio. The elbow sleeves were quite bouffant, and the long gloves were of white undressed kid. A spray of orange-blossoms in her coiffure held in place the flowing veil of white silk moline. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and maiden-hair ferns.

The maid of honor appeared in a handsome gown of white satio, made walking length and trimmed with white chiffon. The high bodice was finished with a plaited belt and a butterfly bow. The sleeves were puffed and extended to the elbows, where they met gloves of white undressed kid. She wore a Tam o' Shanter hat of white velvet, adorned with white aigrettes and a huckle of Rhinestones. Her bouquet was of yellow chrysanthemums.

The bridesmaids wore becoming gowns of yellow satio and white chiffon. The skirts were of the satio, laid in godet plaits and the bodices were of white satio, covered with white chiffon. They were shirred in front to form a yoke and around the waists were belts of yellow satio. The elbow-sleeves were bouffant, and the gloves were of white undressed kid. They wore Tam o' Shanter hats of yellow velvet, trimmed with black tulle and Rhinestones. They carried yellow chrysanthemums.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Robert B. Peet, of Newport, R. I., assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute. The bride's brother, Mr. Thomas Breeze, gave her into the keeping of the groom. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, 1330 Sutter Street, to which a limited number of relatives and intimate friends had been invited. After the congratulations a delicious breakfast was served under Ludwig's direction. Late in the afternoon the newly wedded couple departed to make a tour of the southern part of the State. They will reside at the Presidio when they return. The wedding presents were numerous and very costly.

Monday Evening Dancing Class.

The members of the Monday Evening Dancing Class held their first meeting of this season in Golden Gate Hall last Monday night. The decorations were confined to groups of palms on the stage where the musicians were stationed. Almost all of the members were present and danced on the canvased floor until midnight. The affair was a pleasant one in every particular.

The Friday Night Club.

The Friday Night Club held its first assembly of this season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, and it was an eminent success. The hall was beau-

tifully decorated with colored draperies, tropical plants, and flowers, and appeared more than usually attractive. The floor was newly canvased. All of the debutantes of the season were present, and the display of modish gowns was most elaborate. There was general dancing all the evening until about two o'clock, with an intermission at midnight, when a delicious supper was served under Ludwig's direction. The next meeting will be a cotillion, and it will be held on Friday evening, December 20th.

The Greenwood Dinner-Party.

Mr. Frederick A. Greenwood gave an elaborate dinner-party last Wednesday evening in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club. In the centre of the table was an electric fountain surrounded by Jacqueminot roses and ferns, which produced a pretty effect. A string orchestra played during the service of the menu, and the evening was very pleasantly passed. Mr. Greenwood's guests comprised:

Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Daisy Vao Ness, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Alice Ann Clark, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel C. Buckhee, Mr. Henry R. Simpkins, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. William Whittier, and Mr. Lawrence Vao Wickle.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ella Goad, daughter of Mr. W. F. Goad, to Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker.

Mr. Frederick C. Siebe has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Millie Siebe, to Mr. Frederick J. McWilliams, of this city, son of Mr. James McWilliams, of Hong-Kong, China.

Mrs. Frank P. Wilson and the Misses Masten have issued cards for a matinee tea, which they will give from three until six o'clock to-day at their residence, 2218 Clay Street. Those who will assist in receiving are Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Miss Lou Wall, Miss Bessie Wall, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Tibby Taylor, Miss Della Mills, and Miss Lizzie Carroll.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Woolworth will give a matinee tea to-day at their residence, 1626 Sacramento Street.

The patronesses of the Nathaniel Gray Kindergarten will give a tea at the Hotel Wenban from three until five o'clock next Tuesday afternoon. Refreshments will be served and a musical and literary entertainment will be given.

For the benefit of the Nursery for Homeless Children a tea and musicale will be given this afternoon and evening at the residence of Mrs. Asa R. Wells, 2118 Pacific Avenue. The attractions will be numerous, and an excellent time is promised to all who will attend.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at her residence on Gough Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mrs. C. F. Dio Hastings, and Mr. Henry N. Stetson.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently at their residence, 1937 Clay Street, and entertained Mrs. A. Lee Robinson, Mrs. William Wayne Belvin, Miss Adele Perrin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Frederick H. Coon.

Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper gave an elaborate dinner-party last Wednesday evening as a compliment to their daughter, Miss Rose Hooper, who is one of this season's debutantes.

Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence on Post Street as a compliment to Miss Elma Graves. The hours were from four until seven o'clock. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Alice Hager, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Tilden, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Ella Hohart, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Henrietta Allen, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Mary Bowen. After the tea the ladies who assisted in receiving and a number of gentlemen were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Newhall.

Mrs. C. A. Fisher gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 2230 Broadway. She entertained many of her friends, and was assisted in receiving by Mrs. W. L. Locke, Miss Fisher, the Misses Houghton, Miss Birdie Rice, Miss Florence Davis, Miss Jennie Hand, Miss Abbie Edwards, Miss Edith Crane, Miss Stadtmuller, Miss May Ayres, Miss Edith Buckingham, and Miss Elizabeth Moffatt.

Miss Minnie Houghton gave an enjoyable matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 1414 California Street, in honor of Mrs. Samuel Knight. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Ella Goodall, Miss O'Connor, and Miss Jessie Glascock, and entertained a large number of her friends.

Mrs. George W. Bowers entertained a large number of her friends at her residence, 2610 Jackson Street, last Saturday at a matinee tea. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Cutler Paige, Mrs. Chester L. Smith, Mrs. Addison Starr Keeler, Mrs. Edward C. Smith, Mrs. H. C. Minton, Miss Magee, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Mabel de Noon, Miss Bruce, Miss Grace Nichols, Misses Florence

and Eloise Davis, Miss Beatrice Landers, Miss Florence V. Smith, and Miss Wonds. Several of the young people remained for dinner and danced the german afterward.

Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave a pleasant matinee tea last Tuesday at her residence on Fillmore Street in honor of Miss Maraquita Collier. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Dottie de Noon, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Harriet Graham, and Miss Henrietta Allen.

A theatre-party was given at the Baldwin last Monday evening, and it was followed by a supper at the University Club. Those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mrs. Rountree, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Cora Smedberg, Misses Williams, Misses Collier, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Mabel de Noon, Misses Carolan, Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. A. St. J. Bowie, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. W. S. Hobart, Mr. Thurlow McMullin, Mr. Henry Poett, Mr. Page Collier, Mr. Robert L. Eyre, Mr. A. Macondray, and Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding, who will leave early in December to reside permanently in New York city, was the guest of honor last Saturday evening at a dinner-party that was given to him at the Bohemian Club. There were one hundred and sixty-five gentlemen present at the festal board, which was handsomely decorated with flowers. An elaborate menu was served, followed by many felicitous toasts and several vocal and instrumental numbers of interest, all of which were of Mr. Redding's composition.

Mrs. S. B. Schloss gave an elaborate luncheon at the Hotel Richelieu last Monday, and entertained seventeen ladies most hospitably.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young gave the use of their residence on California Street, last Tuesday afternoon and evening, for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. The house was handsomely decorated and in the rooms were booths where fancy articles were sold. In the evening an interesting entertainment was given in the theatre. The attendance was very large, and a good sum was realized for the charity.

A Christmas Suggestion.

In the art of engraving, no more care or skill is required than in the stamping of note-papers. When properly executed, this makes a very pretty Xmas gift. We call special attention to our productions in this line. Cooper & Co., 746 Market St.

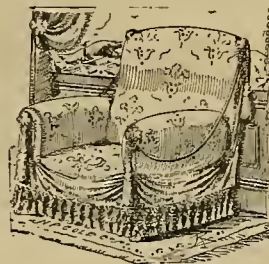
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The Southern Overland train now leaves San Francisco at 3:30 instead of 5:30 P. M. This makes it convenient for you to take dinner at Byron Hot Springs at 6:30. The Los Angeles Express goes at the usual hour—9 A. M. Round-trip fare, Friday to Tuesday, \$3.00. Send for free Booklet telling all about the Springs.

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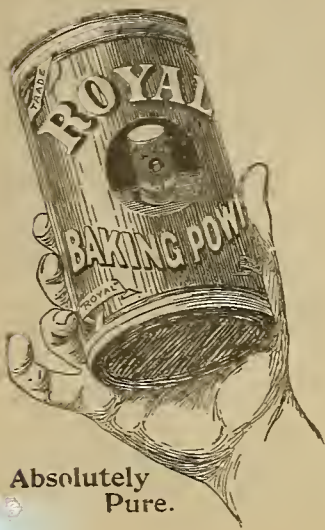
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, who had leased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis with the intention of passing the winter here, have been obliged to change their plans, and will leave for London in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have leased the Freehorn house on Jackson Street, and will pass the winter here for the first time in some years.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Emeline Hager, and Miss Lillie Lawlor, who are now in New York city, have been entertained at dinners, teas, and opera-parties by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, and other friends since their arrival there.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Robert L. Eyre will close their villa at Menlo Park next week, and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre are residing at 2121 Clay Street, where they will pass the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Mrs. A. Lee Robinson, and Miss Adele Perrin are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tolin have returned from Burlingame, and are residing at 1599 Taylor Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid are in Phoenix, Ariz., where they will pass the winter for the benefit of Mr. Reid's health.

Miss Jennie Blair will leave in January for Paris, where she will join her brother, Mr. William S. Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague left last Saturday for Louisiana, and will pass the winter on a plantation near New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, née McCutchen, were in Yokohama at last accounts.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Barnes will be for the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Claire Ralston, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Louisville, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker arrived in New York city early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are in New York city.

Mrs. George L. Bradley is in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum were in Paris at last accounts.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have returned to the city, and are residing at 2226 Clay Street.

At last advices, Mr. Edward W. Townsend was in Paris, seeing the sights under the tutelage of Mr. Harry Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger, both of whom were to have sailed for New York last week.

Miss Sara Dean will receive on the first and second Thursdays of each month at her residence, 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Greenwood and the Misses Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Powning, Mr. W. A. Powning, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hume, and Mr. L. L. Hume returned from the East last Monday on the Sunset Limited.

While en route Mr. L. Hume gave a railway dinner in the dining-car, which he had handsomely decorated especially for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King returned from the East on the new limited train early in the week, after a pleasant visit to New York, where they went to place their daughter, Miss Genevieve King, in school.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton passed Thanksgiving at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown, Delta Lodge, in Napa Valley.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, the artist, has returned to the city, after an absence of several years in Paris.

Mr. C. Osgood Hooker left for the East last Sunday on a brief business trip.

Mr. W. F. Goad left last Saturday for the City of Mexico, and will be away about six weeks.

Colonel C. F. Crocker is expected to return from his Eastern trip via New Orleans next week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Shainwald and Miss Martha Shainwald will leave on December 9th to visit China, Japan, and Australia, and will be away six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

The Misses Clark have returned from San José, and are occupying their residence on Broadway.

Mr. A. Page Brown is rapidly recovering from the effects of his accident of a few months ago, and is resting comfortably at his cottage in Burlingame.

Mr. Hugo Toland arrived from New York last Saturday to attend to the settlement of his mother's estate.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle will sail from New York on December 4th on the White Star steamer *Teutonic*.

Captain A. M. Simpson and family are residing at 2030 Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Simpson will receive on the second and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers will return from New York in about a fortnight.

Mr. C. F. Kohl, of San Mateo, will soon leave to pass the winter in Philadelphia.

Mrs. John Hemphill leaves for the East next Thursday.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire leaves for the East and Europe next Tuesday, with her children. She expects to be abroad about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have returned from the East.

The Death of the Younger Dumas.

Alexandre Dumas, the famous son of a famous father, died at his home in Paris last Wednesday. It will perhaps surprise many persons who are used to seeing his name written with the "fils" to learn that he had already passed his allotted three-score years and ten. He was born in a Paris attic when his father was a youth of twenty, and his early years were complicated by domestic vicissitudes—his father deserted the mother and child—and very lax business methods inherited from his father. When he attained his majority, or soon thereafter, he owed fifty thousand francs, and to pay these debts he became a reporter on a Paris paper. It was in this service that he met Marie Duplessis, whose story, "Camille," made him famous. It was an instantaneous success, and has not lost its popularity to this day. Most of Dumas's dramas resemble "Camille" in being problem plays; they have been almost invariably successful, as have also his novels. "La Dame aux Camélias" is his most famous work. "L'Affaire Clemenceau" was made notorious in this country, a few years ago, by the manner in which the scene where the model poses for the artist was staged; and "Francillon," celebrated for its Japanese salad and its bold advocacy of the theory that what's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose, are also well known.

THE SOCIETY MAN.

That Engagement.

"Yes," said the Society Man, "I was actually terrified as I heard 'em talk, don't you know. It was in the afternoon, and I was the only man there. There were five of us, taking tea. That is, I mean there were five of them. If there had been another man I wouldn't have felt so much alarmed, but there were five of them and only one of me.

"It was dreadful, the exactness with which they had got the thing figured down—the day he proposed, the hour, almost the very minute. It made me feel shivery when I thought how many times I had nearly proposed to a girl, but something always happened—er, fortunately—some other couple came within hearing—or some poor mindless Brownie ambled in and said, 'B'leeve this is our dance, Miss Blank,' and then looked scared when Miss Blank glared at him. Oh, I have had many a tight squeak. But I never knew how tight till I saw how the women keep cases on a couple, don't you know.

"They paid no attention to me. I sat with a tea-cup on my knees, and endeavored to conceal my horror by eating a whole stack of thin bread-and-butter. Reminded me of a stack of chips, don't you know, and I tried to smile. Couldn't smile. The women terrified and fascinated me. There was a fierce glitter in their eyes as they talked, and they all talked together! They talked about the engagement, when he proposed to her, how he proposed to her, which of them heard of it first, how she heard of it, whom she had told of it, when she had told of it, and all that sort of thing, don't you know.

"They all took a second cup of tea. [I did, too—à la Russe—one piece of sugar, one slice of lemon, some rum, hot water to taste; no tea at all; tea bad for the nerves; rum all right. Great snap.] While they were all pushing their veils up over their noses—just drawn 'em down, give you my word—said they wouldn't take any more tea, then did—curious creatures, women, what?—I thought I would say something. First chance I had. So I remarked, airily: 'Thought they looked rather devoted at the Wallace ball.' Five heads turned toward me and five women snapped—yes, actually snapped: 'They weren't engaged at all, then.' 'But,' I said, feebly, 'I heard it at the tea on Saturday, and the hall was only Thursday night.' To say that those women looked contemptuous wouldn't begin to express it. I withered before their glances. I shrunk. Then they started in. They had got it down to the exact day and hour; they said it was on Friday, and they even agreed on the hour; but such was the whirl of contending tongues that I didn't quite catch the time. One of them knew that some one sent a telephone to Mrs. Dashleigh at sixteen minutes past four, but another one knew that Miss Stanwell had heard it at half-past three.

"Tell you what, old man, it made me pensive. Never dreamed that the women kept such cases on a fellow. Hard enough to saw wood with one—eh, what? But think of a whole battery of cool gray feminine eyes piping a fellow off when he is going to propose—or when he thinks he is going to propose—or when he isn't going to propose, as the case may be. Just think of them holding a split-second stop-watch on a fellow—4:32:16—now they're off! Horrible, ain't it? B-r-r-r-r-r-r! Gives me the shivers. Just punch that bell, will you, old man. I'm going to take some Scotch and soda. You'd better split a Schwepps with me. What?"

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CONTAINING 1,150 ACRES.

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Brittan Ranch
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By Order of Bertha Brittan. This
Property has been in the family
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logue.

DESCRIPTION.

This property contains 1,150 acres, a little more or less,
of which over 200 acres are absolutely level, and covered
with oaks, and the remainder gently rolling and rising
into hills, well wooded and picturesque, with grand hay
and valley views, reaching from San Francisco to Mt.
Hamilton. The improvements consist of fine residence,
elegant grounds, and many outbuildings.

WATER SUPPLY.

The supply of water is abundant from wells and a
private reservoir, which can be largely increased, and is
piped throughout the grounds. Spring Valley Water
Co.'s main passes in front, and Menlo Park system could
be brought here also. Irrigation for crops is not neces-
sary in this valley.

THE CLIMATE.

This portion of the Santa Clara Valley, which is that
part of it nearest San Francisco, has a delightful,
healthy, and unexcelled climate, free from the harsh winds
and fogs of the upper peninsula, while the soil is the most
fertile of any portion of the State.

ENVIRONMENT.

Families of wealth surround this property in every
direction for miles with their grand suburban villas.
Southward, the magnificent Santa Clara Valley is thickly
settled with prosperous people on an almost unbroken
series of gardens, orchards, and vineyards for over thirty
miles—an area unexcelled in the world; and the whole
district from Burlingame south to San José is fast settling
up and growing into one vast residential suburb of San
Francisco.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Is within six miles, and many other educational and reli-
gious institutions are within easy distance.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

Bay Forest Farm is only one hour's (twenty-eight
miles) ride from San Francisco or San José, with many
trains daily. The daily commutation ticket to San Fran-
cisco is eight dollars per month. The line will soon be
made an overland road and the services greatly improved.
The Bay of San Francisco will ever assure competition in
freight, as well as permit the pleasure of yachting and
bathing. A branch of the San Joaquin Valley Railroad
and an electric road are early possibilities, and the pro-
posed Grand Boulevard from San Francisco would pass
through the farm.

Santa Clara Valley is famous for its good roads and it
is the chosen run of the bicyclist.

TO CAPITALISTS.

No better suburban home can be found. As a fine
stock farm, in addition to advantages above enumerated,
a first-class speeding track can be easily made on the
level land.

TO INVESTORS.

The price at which the property will sell will insure
large profits, and the building-stone quarry on the prop-
erty offers further means of improvement and income.

TO HOMESEEKERS.

Combine and buy this property at wholesale, then sub-
divide it. Its hills, valleys, and oak groves will make
many lovely and varied places to suit any taste.

Trains leave San Francisco, Third and
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A. M., etc.

Returning, leave Redwood, 12:29, 2:16,
3:44, 5:54; Saturday 6:40 P. M., etc.
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is invited, and carriages will meet visitors
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The bride—"I am trying to induce George—"
Her mother—"Trying to induce him? My dear,
you must not begin that way."—*Puck.*

She—"You know you would be just as happy if
you didn't kiss me." *He*—"But do you suppose I
am selfish enough to think only of myself?"—
Puck.

At the Horse Show: "Let's look at this pony-
trap, Uncle Jack." "What! do ye trap ponies
here? We allers rope um out in Montana."—
Bazar.

Old lady—"Well, here's ten cents for ye, but I
should hate to feel that I was encouragin' ye to
drink." *Tramp*—"I don't need no encourage-
ment, mum."—*Judge.*

One—"Stickers has been telling us of marvelous
sums he has made on Wall Street. Is he a Napo-
leon of finance?" *Two*—"Well, hardly—more of
a Napoleon of narration!"—*Puck.*

Customer—"Have done with telling me stories
that make one's hair stand on end." *Barber*—"I'm
telling you them on purpose, because when the hair
stands on end, it is better to cut."—*Il Caffaro.*

The hired man—"I'll bet Jack'll make his mark
on the foot-ball team this year." *Jack's father*—"Why?"
The hired man—"I give him my pair
of brass-knuckles when he went away."—*Life.*

Goodfello—"If my clothes were not too big for
you, I'd give you an old suit." *Hungry Hank*
(gratefully)—"Boss, if you'd give me the price of
a square meal, I warrant they'd fit me all right."—
Truth.

Strawber—"Have you ever thought bow re-
markably well the Prince of Wales is?" *Singerly*—"If I
had the power to get into debt the way he
can, I shouldn't feel as if I could afford to be sick
an hour."—*Puck.*

She (on the Honeymoon Railroad)—"I suppose,
George, it must have cost a lot of money to build a
railroad like this?" *He*—"Oh, yes! The tunnels
alone cost a million or so—but they're worth every
cent of it."—*Puck.*

Auctioneer (pot-boiler sale)—"Going! Going!
Gone! Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir.
The frame alone is worth the price." *Connoisseur*
(ripping out the picture)—"The frame was what I
wanted."—*New York Weekly.*

Clothier—"Were you pleased with the overcoat
which I sold you?" *Customer*—"Oh, yes; and all my
boys have worn it." *Clothier*—"Well, think of
that!" *Customer*—"Every time after a rain the
next smaller one had to take it."—*Fliegende
Blätter.*

"Great Scott!" bowed the boss, "does it take
you four hours to carry a message three squares
and return?" "Why," said the new office boy,
"you told me to see bow long it would take me to
go there and back, and I done it."—*Indianapolis
Journal.*

"If I give your friend a place," said the banker,
"he will have to give a bond. I suppose you will
go on?" "Bond!" exclaimed the other man;
"why, he can be trusted with uncounted millions."
"Yes; but all the money we have is counted."—
Indianapolis Journal.

Von Blumer (looking at his wife's check-book)—
"You don't mean to say you have given out a
check for one hundred dollars? Why, you've only
got fifty dollars in the bank to meet it!" *His wife*—"That's all right, dear! If the cashier says
anything about it, I'll tell him to charge it."—*Puck.*

John—"Did your wife go to the country this
year?" *Tompkins*—"Yes; she spent the summer
with friends at Blue Point." *John*—"You must
have been pretty lonesome?" *Tompkins*—"Yes,
I was; especially Saturdays and Sundays." *John*—"Why couldn't you arrange to spend those days
with her?" *Tompkins*—"I did."—*Bazar.*

"Papa." (She knelt beside the dejected figure
and fondly kissed the drooping head.)—"Papa,
can I not keep the wolf from the door with my
singing?" He was without bope, although he
smiled. "My child," he sighed, "your singing
would keep almost anything from the door, but
the wolf is pretty nerry, you know."—*Detroit
News-Tribune.*

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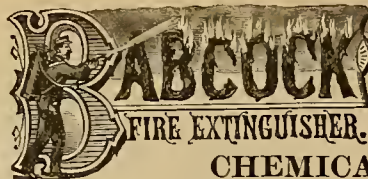
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The President's annual message to Congress was looked for with much interest. But it can not be denied that it has caused disappointment. Much space is devoted to the financial problem, but no remedy is suggested except a return to State banks and increase of the national-bank circulation.

About one-half of the message is devoted to the discussion of foreign affairs, and the remainder is consecrated to a futile and fruitless study of the financial situation of the country.

In foreign affairs, the President says that we are on pleasant terms with South America, China, and Japan. We have diplomatic disputes with Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Italy, Spain, Hawaii, and Turkey. Most of these

are trivial. The important ones are the dispute with Great Britain over the Alaskan boundary, the Venezuelan boundary, and the seal fisheries; with Germany, over her exclusion of American food products; with France, over the imprisonment of ex-United States Consul Waller. The tone of the message concerning the Venezuelan boundary question is unexpectedly firm. As to the Cuban question, the President urges the preservation of strict neutrality, and it is evident that he will leave to Congress the question of recognizing the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. By the way, why do the advocates of "recognizing Cuba" so persistently suppress the fact that it would be the recognition of an insurrection of blacks against whites? More than one-half the population of Cuba and about two-thirds of the insurgents are of negro blood. Already there are rumors of dissensions in the insurgent ranks owing to the harsh treatment of the whites by the negroes. Why do all the perfervid journals and eloquent orators who shout for "Cuban recognition" fail to mention this fact? Do the American people know that "recognizing Cuba" means the establishment of another "Black Republic," wherein whites shall be ruled by blacks, as in Hayti, that disgrace to nations? We are glad that President Cleveland does not urge the recognition of the Cuban insurgents, but leaves it to the Republican Congress. We hope that Congress will pause before they take any action which will lead to the domination of blacks over whites.

The financial part of President Cleveland's message is very long-winded, very ambiguous, very obscure. The President's style is not lucid, and it is difficult at times to understand him. But it is evident that he is in favor of retiring the greenbacks, and replacing them with "bonds of small as well as large denominations, bearing a low rate of interest." This seems to be Mr. Cleveland's panacea for every ill—bonds. We do not say that the greenbacks should not be retired—it is an open question—but if Mr. Cleveland converts the present non-interest-bearing loan of three hundred millions—which is what the greenbacks are—into an interest-bearing loan, how is he going to pay the interest? Issue more bonds?

Mr. Cleveland two years ago ascribed all the financial ills which afflict the country since the Democrats came in to the Sherman act. That has long been repealed. Now he ascribes them to the greenbacks. Yet the greenbacks have been circulating freely for thirty-five years. Why did not all these Democratic financial ills—vanished surplus, depleted gold reserve, and forty-million deficit—occur when the Republicans were in power? Greenbacks circulated freely then. They caused none of the financial ills which are giving so much trouble to Mr. Cleveland, his Cabinet, and his party.

No, it is not the greenbacks which are causing all the trouble in this country, Mr. Cleveland. You will have to guess again.

There is a mining-stock boom in Colorado. Exchanges are whooping things up in Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and Cripple Creek. The reckless disregard of what properties may be behind the stocks makes the late London and Parisian appetite for "Kaffirs" seem cold-blooded calculation by comparison. "Letters to brokers," says a dispatch from Denver, "now contain checks and drafts from one hundred to one thousand dollars' worth of stocks, with no restrictions as to the kind or value to be bought." One broker at Colorado Springs received a cash order of thirty thousand dollars for stocks, "the selection being left entirely to him." At Cripple Creek, a firm of gamblers gave sixteen thousand dollars on a blind order. At Denver, one hero, a stranger, called on a broker for "a list of stocks that showed a speculative value." On the list being handed him, the hero said: "That suits me," and forthwith gave an order for eighteen thousand dollars' worth of cheap Cripple Creeks. Orders come even from London, the broker being made the judge of the stocks on which to place the bet. "It should not be forgotten," says one correspondent with a conscience,

"that the valuations in the Colorado exchanges are based on nothing tangible. The stocks may rise, it is true, but they are bound to drop to worthlessness whenever a panic comes. Few stocks that can be bought to-day have a permanent investment value."

Influenced by the Kaffir craze across the water and the hurrah in Colorado, gentlemen who are always on the lookout for other people's money are talking of a new mining exchange in New York. Kaffirs, Colorados, and everything, from a gopher-hole up, that may be made to take the place of a playing card, are to be listed. It is pretty evident that the whole country within the next few months is to be given a chance to try its luck. Tens of thousands who catch the gambling fever will be ruined, and a few, who keep the bank and their heads, will become millionaires and be received into the New York Four Hundred. That is the story of every mining-stock epidemic.

What effect the debauch will have on mining itself is the question which most interests those who take other than the gambler's concern in the prospect. It will seem at first as if mines were the only form of property in the United States. That is always the case when the game is opened and the punters push in mobs to get a place and chance at the tables. We in California know all about it. In the end, mining suffers. The people who go into wild-cat stock speculation are not the ones who develop mines. It is true that good mines have been opened and worked by money obtained from assessments that would not have been paid but for the gambling of the crowds in the stock exchanges and round about them. But these mines, it should be remembered, have invariably been worked for the profit of their managers, and not for that of the stockholders. "Operators" regard dividends only as the minnows on the hooks wherewith large and fat assessment-gudgeons may be caught. We see what speculation has done for mining in California and Nevada—especially in Nevada. Here a mine whose stock is on the list falls under suspicion. As for Nevada, it is next to impossible to get capital to risk itself on what has come to be looked upon as a desert peopled by professional robbers—the Arabs of mining. The Comstock is a grave-yard, the smoke-stack of every hoisting-works being the monument of an elaborate and long-continued crime. And for every bonanza taken away from the great lode, another bonanza has been thrown down the barren shafts of wild-cats that were dug to be traps for the money of simpletons.

There is a revival of mining going on in California, but it is not one that revivifies the dead stock-market. Let us be glad of that. Men of wealth, as well as men desperately anxious to risk their small means in an attempt to grasp wealth within a week, have become equally suspicious of mining stocks. In the old days, when shares jumped so many points within a few hours that the man who was poor in the morning was rich at night, or *vice versa*, fortunes were made, to be sure, but multitudes were corrupted. Times seemed to be good because brokers and lucky gamblers spent money in luxury, dissipation, and kept the city lively, but the appearance of good times was deceptive. The obscure mob who wasted their savings in the stock-market lost the good of life, and in their old age have bitter memories instead of provision. It has taken California twenty years to outgrow the gambler's passion and settle down to ways of thrift—which are the best, the only, ways in which men who are on the outside of the banking game can reasonably hope to live with their own roofs over their heads and to die with their sons and daughters safely started in prosperous life.

The spasms of stock excitement are the effect, not the cause, of mining development. The prospector and the capitalist never forget that gold is worth finding and will continue, the one to search for ledges and the other to develop them. It was known that the Comstock was a great prize before ever a stock board in San Francisco to deal in its shares was thought of, and its millions would have been taken out at ten per cent. of what it cost to dig them had there been no gambling in shares. So it is with other mines,

Miners who are miners are about to have their turn again in this State, for wealth is coming to investors who look to the mines and not to the Pine Street stock gamble for their rewards. That the wave which, starting in London, has swept over the shores of the Continent, stirred New York and set Colorado to betting as if on horse-races, will reach San Francisco there need be no doubt; but California, we think, will not go wild as in the seventies. That lesson ought to last a life-time.

If there is any day that, next to the Fourth of July, is a distinctively American holiday, it is Thanksgiving Day. It even antedates the Fourth of July, for before this country existed as a Federal Union of States, Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in those colonies which subsequently became the New England and Middle States. In the Southern colonies, Thanksgiving Day was not celebrated. It was looked upon there as being in some way antagonistic to the celebration of Christmas, which celebration was regarded by the more rigid Puritans as being "Papistical."

But in the lapse of over a century this feeling has passed away, and both Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day are celebrated in New England. As we have said, it has come to be a distinctively American holiday. Every Christian nation has Christmas. No nation but ours has Thanksgiving Day. Therefore, when groups of Americans find themselves temporarily abroad, their hearts warm at the recurrence of Thanksgiving Day, and they meet together to celebrate the day with good feeling and good cheer. This has long been the case in foreign cities—notably in Berlin. There, for years, the American colony has assembled; has eaten of American turkey, American hominy, and American pumpkin-pie; has sung American songs, made American speeches, toasted the starry banner of America, and has always been presided over by the American minister. This pleasant and patriotic custom has been followed in Berlin for many years. Every American minister to Germany, without exception—from Bayard Taylor, in 1878, down to Theodore Runyon, in 1895—has presided over the annual banquet held by the American colony in Berlin on Thanksgiving Day.

An attempt has been made to inaugurate a similar annual dinner in London. Such a dinner did take place there on Thanksgiving Day. But it was not "honored" by the presence of Ambassador Bayard. Ambassador Bayard "sent his regrets." Ambassador Bayard was visiting the Duke of Leeds, in Yorkshire. Hence his absence. We are glad to note, from the dispatches, that Ambassador Bayard's "regrets," when read at the Thanksgiving Day dinner, were received with "marked coldness." The absence of Ambassador Bayard from the Thanksgiving Day dinner recalls the fact that he was also absent from the Fourth of July gathering in London. His absence on the Fourth of July was also caused by a visit to a member of the aristocracy.

What is there in the atmosphere of London that makes flunkeys of American ministers? We have recently promoted our diplomatic representative at the Court of St. James from the grade of "minister" to that of "ambassador," with the result, apparently, that the ambassadors are infinitely more flunkeyish than even the ministers were. From the earliest days down, the post of American minister to the Court of St. James has brought about a certain weakening of moral fibre. It was slightly noticeable in the case of even such broad-gauge men as James Russell Lowell. When the post was given to lesser men, they almost invariably became offensively and effusively Britannophile, as in the case of Edwards Pierpont, who was flamboyantly flunkeyish. Now that the post is filled by Bayard, a vain and weak old man, Americans have cause to be ashamed of their "ambassador."

It is not alone for Bayard's snobbish evasion of the Thanksgiving Day dinner that we use such harsh words. His whole course since he has occupied the post of American representative in England has been such as to fill American breasts alternately with anger and shame.

It is only a few weeks since he delivered a public address at Edinburgh in which he stigmatized American political life as a "foul pool of corruption." Even if this were true, it is scarcely fitting that an American minister should make such charges against his country in a foreign land. But it is not true. With all the faults of our political system, with all the complicated machinery of primaries, conventions, nominations, and elections, the fact still remains that the American people elect a preponderating number of honest men to govern them. We think that all of the present Democratic Cabinet are honest men. We think that a large majority of the Democratic senators and representatives are honest men. We think that Grover Cleveland is an honest man. And we even think that Mr. Bayard is an honest man, although a fool. And we think that the American people think so, too.

If anything were needed to convince the unprejudiced reader of the senile folly of Ambassador Bayard, it would be his denunciation of American political life as a "foul pool of corruption." But he did not content himself with that. He proceeded to attack "the American system of protection," which he declared to be a system of plunder and oppression. The American system of protection, he declared, "has done more to corrupt public life, to banish men of independent mind from public councils, and to lower the tone of national representation, than any other single cause. It has sapped the popular conscience."

It is possible that there may be, among those who read these lines, many who agree with Mr. Bayard in thinking that protection is wrong. But there can not be a patriotic American among them who would defend this demagogic denunciation of an American law by an American minister in a foreign land. Whether the protective system be right or wrong, it has been the law of the land for over a third of a century. Out of the twelve million men who voted in the United States in 1892, about six millions believed firmly in what Mr. Bayard denounces as a "system of plunder and oppression." The twelve millions of voters in the United States are about evenly divided on this grave question. Are the views of so many millions of Americans to be whistled down the wind by this senile ex-senator, capering through London drawing-rooms, and playing fantastic tricks before high-horn audiences to win British plaudits? What right has this old man to say that a system of laws which his country has upheld for thirty years "corrupts public life" and "saps the popular conscience"? Such a statement made by a British Cabinet minister in public would be an offense to the United States. Such a statement made in England by a French ambassador about the United States would most infallibly result in his recall. We should advise Mr. Cleveland to call in Ambassador Bayard before he makes a further fool of himself.

It would thus appear that Mr. Bayard's evasions of the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day dinners were typical of his frame of mind toward things American. He apparently dislikes the American economical and political systems. It is therefore quite natural that he should dislike American holidays, too. Mr. Bayard does not like the American "system of political life"; he does not like the American plan of protection to home industries; he does not like the American Fourth of July; he does not like the American Thanksgiving Day. These dislikes frequently go together—they are eminently British. But we advise President Cleveland to replace Ambassador Bayard by some American who is not ashamed of his country, of her institutions, and of her holidays.

The question of how convicts shall be employed, to their own moral advantage and the profit of the State, is engaging attention so seriously that good results may reasonably be looked for presently. The constitution of California provides that the labor of our convicts shall not be let out by contract, and an act of the legislature forbids the employment of prisoners in San Quentin at anything except the manufacture of jute fabrics. At Folsom, the men, having finished the great dam and canal, are kept at work putting up buildings and in a granite-quarry. Prior to the adoption of the present constitution, the prisoners at San Quentin worked under contractors, within the walls, and made hoots and shoes, sashes and doors, and labored in other manufacturing, which brought to the treasury enough to maintain the prison in part.

President de Pue, of the Board of State Prison Directors, in a recent letter replying to the secretary of the Pennsylvania Legislative Commission on Prison Labor, set forth very clearly the whole situation as it exists here. In San Quentin there are about thirteen hundred and fifty convicts and at Folsom about eight hundred and fifty. The only industries followed are those mentioned. The quarry and the rock-crushing plant at Folsom have a daily capacity of one thousand tons of road-metal, which it is expected will be used on the roads of the State at a small advance over the cost of operating the plant. Transportation by rail has been arranged for at about three-fourths of a cent per ton per mile, and a great improvement in the highways is ultimately expected. Mr. de Pue adds:

"Although the tests of the granite from the Folsom Prison have shown it to be of particular excellence, we have been unable to sell any great quantity, owing to the objections raised by the Federated Trades to the handling of prison products."

There is the most formidable obstacle standing in the way of usefully employing the labor of convicts in California. It is natural, of course, that free labor should object to the competition of wageless prisoners, but there is reason in all things. It is desirable to reduce this competition to a minimum, but that the fear of any competition whatever shall cause the convicts to be kept in idleness is absurd as well as wicked. The members of the Federated Trades are

citizens as well as workmen, and, therefore, under obligation to take a view a little wider than their own immediate selfish interest. Moreover, the embargo which the trades-unions have laid on penitentiary work does not accomplish the purpose intended—which is the usual consequence of a policy dictated by narrow-minded ignorance. For while California's prisoners are forbidden to make clothes, shoes, and other saleable articles, prison-made shoes and prison-made clothing come to the California market freely and sell in the open market. Indeed, the convicts at San Quentin and Folsom sit around doing nothing and wearing clothes and shoes manufactured in the prisons of other States in which the Federated Trades are not omnipotent.

Mr. de Pue, Governor Budd, and others who have given the subject close attention, have offered suggestions, which, if adopted, would at once keep the convicts employed and give least cause of just offense to free labor. They hold that the State has a right to do its own work and furnish its own materials when and where it can. When bricks are needed for additions to asylums, the bricks should be made at the Napa Asylum. The materials for the building of the Affiliated Colleges, soon to be erected in this city, should be made by the prisoners and the wards of the State. Only the hrooms made in the Home for the Blind should be used in public institutions. The convicts, in turn, should manufacture clothing and shoes for themselves and the inmates of the asylums and reform schools, as well as the furniture needed. Prison Director Fitzgerald says:

"The saving thus effected would be immense. Take the item of blankets alone, for instance. Each prisoner must have a pair of blankets. They cost from two dollars and a half to five dollars a pair. Average it at three dollars a pair, and the total for San Quentin is four thousand dollars. There are thousands of people in the insane asylums, all of whom must have blankets, clothes, and shoes. If our prisoners were employed in making these articles, you can see how enormous the saving would be."

Then turning, as it were, to the Federated Trades, Mr. Fitzgerald says:

"I am not in favor of putting convict labor in competition with free labor; but when it is merely a question of having the State utilize its own forces for its own benefit, I do not think any good objection can be made to that proposition."

At San Quentin there is ample room for factories, and at Folsom there is enough power to run any machines that may be set up. The only things which stand in the way of employing the convicts is the hostility of the trades-unions and the fear felt of them by the politicians. Mr. Fitzgerald is right in saying that no good objection can be made to his proposition. But it is not necessary that an objection should be good in order to be made. The last word of the Federated Trades is that convicts ought not to be taught trades lest, on their release, they should be able to do honest work side by side with the haughty unionists. That is a species of aristocratic pride which is unreasonable and undemocratic, and should not be recognized in a republic.

The prison directors, we are glad to learn, are at work upon a harmonious plan, and will make a report to the next legislature. The governor, too, is committed to the policy of making the labor of all State institutions mutually beneficial. Therefore, if we can get a legislature that will care more for the welfare of the State treasury and for the rescue from further crime of such convicts as would work for a living at some trade, than for the harmful and entirely selfish attitude of the Federated Trades, our penitentiaries will be made self-supporting, or nearly so.

We observe in the daily papers the statement—and we hope

that it is true—that the San Francisco Normal School is to be abolished. This is one of the many costly excrescences that have grown up in the school department. Originally it was a single normal class in the Girls' High School. From this normal class a part of the pupils were daily detailed to assist as teachers in various schools. These normal-class pupils naturally served without pay, as their service as teachers was part of the instruction they were seeking as teachers. This simple and economical arrangement has been replaced by the present costly and cumbersome one, by which, according to School Director Henderson, there are forty-nine substitute teachers drawing \$25,984 per annum. In addition to that there is the "San Francisco Normal School," a full-fledged school, with principal, vice-principal, assistants, etc., all evolved from the normal class, and costing the tax-payers of San Francisco many thousands of dollars a year. To this "San Francisco Normal School" young women come from all over the coast to be educated as teachers. As was shown in the Durrant trial, the unfortunate Blanche Lamont came to attend this school from a point as remote as Butte City, Mont. There are already three State normal schools in California, situated at Los Angeles, San José, and Chico. For the support of these institutions, the tax-payers of San

Francisco pay, in common with the other tax-payers of the State. After paying their hard-earned money to support these State institutions, the tax-payers of San Francisco should not commit the gross folly of supporting a city normal school to do exactly the same work as the State institutions for which they have already paid.

There are doubtless some people who would like to see the "San Francisco Normal School" continued in existence. Among these are some scores of San Francisco parents who will send their daughters to a San Francisco normal school, but can not afford to send them to the State institutions. Then there are also those young women in the interior of the State who desire to fit themselves for teaching, and who prefer to do it in San Francisco rather than in San José, Los Angeles, or Chico. There are more amusements here, good cable and electric roads, the park and the ocean beach to visit, the climate is good, living is cheap, libraries are abundant, there are plenty of theatres, and there are social gatherings like the Christian Endeavor meetings of Emmanuel Baptist Church. Altogether we do not wonder that young women from the interior prefer San Francisco as an educational resort. Nor do we wonder that San Francisco parents prefer to educate their daughters here. Principal Richard D. Faulkner, of the Franklin Grammar School, writes a letter in which he says, among other things: "A resident of this city who desires to fit his daughter for the profession of teaching will certainly feel it a great inconvenience, if not a burden, to send her to San José, Los Angeles, or Chico."

Well, what of it? There are many parents who feel it "a great inconvenience, if not a burden," to send their sons to Yale or Harvard to be educated. Should the rest of us, for that reason, put our hands in our pockets to relieve these sorrowing parents of their burden? What have the tax-payers of San Francisco to do with the "convenience" or the "financial burdens" of the parents of intending teachers?

Principal Faulkner, the teachers in the "San Francisco Normal School," and the parents of young women who prefer to learn teaching in San Francisco rather than in Chico, may as well understand right now that the tax-payers of this city are very tired of paying taxes twice in order to afford a certain number of young women—many of them from other counties and other States—an opportunity to acquire the "higher education" gratis under agreeable social and climatic conditions. If the promise of the board of education—to abolish the San Francisco Normal School—is not promptly carried out, the *Argonaut* will publish the names and home addresses of the pupils in this "San Francisco" Normal School in order that the people of this city may see how many strangers their money is educating.

Chicago adds the latest to the long list of warnings as to the dangers of tall buildings. The other day a structure was destroyed by fire in that city, and a hideous loss of life accompanied the destruction. The building was occupied by various manufacturers. The fire started on the second story, and though there were stairways and two elevators, the horror of what happened is almost too great for reading. Despite the stairways, and elevators, and fire-escapes, everybody above the fourth story would have perished but for the splendid courage of the firemen and their excellent apparatus. The volumes of black and stifling smoke pouring upward closed every means of exit save the fire-escapes. This terror of death must be counted on when tall buildings are in question. The girls in their fiery prison made their way down to the fourth story, where smoke stopped them. A few descended the fire-escapes before the arrival of the engines, but finding they must make a drop of from sixteen to eighteen feet, climbed back again. The clouds of smoke grew more thick and furious, and, of course, it was expected that at every instant the flames would burst through them. "The fear-maddened girls crowded at the windows," says a Chicago paper, "seemed determined to throw themselves out and down to the stone flagging of the street, but were restrained by the shouts of the people below and the quick action of the firemen." Two—Nellie Turner and Kittie Landgraf—in trying to reach an extension ladder that was being hoisted, fell headlong to the sidewalk, and lay there mangled. Another girl, almost strangled with smoke, stood on the narrow window-ledge, holding to the sash with one hand and bracing herself to make the leap to a death less dreadful than that by fire.

"Don't jump; climb down to me," shouted Captain Hermanson, from his perch on the upper part of the ladder; but the girl did not hear, and dropped. Fortunately her body came within reaching distance of the captain. He seized one of her ankles as she turned in the air, and the act almost threw him from the swaying ladder. Before he was forced to loosen his hold or be carried down himself, two firemen below him seized the girl and carried her down the ladder, amid the plaudits of thousands who were watching every move in the tragic scene."

Others, men as well as women, fell from the windows

overcome by smoke, and were caught by the firemen on the ladders. Then great nets were spread below and the prisoners of the fourth story jumped in safety. Scores were rescued from what seemed certain death. Later the firemen, who had subdued the flames, were working on the fourth floor, when all the floors above tumbled in on them and four men were buried and killed. This, however, is an ordinary peril which firemen must face.

Chief Swenie, who but a week or two ago joined Chief Bonner, of New York, in protesting against the soaring steel-framed modern buildings as death-traps, said of this latest Chicago fire: "The building was a good one. It was of mill construction, and that we deem the best in case of fire, for nothing is concealed."

Nevertheless this good building, only seven stories in height, was the next thing to a fiery furnace for everybody in it above the third story. Had it been made of steel, with a veneer of masonry or brick, it would have been little better. When the smoke begins to surge up the stairways and elevator-shafts of any structure, whether "fire-proof" or not, the inmates are captives. They may be saved by the exertions of others, or they may not. In a twelve or fifteen-story structure, the only hope for those on the upper floors is that the fire below will be extinguished before the smoke has choked them, or before the heat has expanded the steel beams, hurst them from their places, and brought the whole creation of iron and stone and brick down in a pile of ruin, rubbish, and death.

If San Francisco thinks there is no need for regulating the height of buildings, nor of prescribing the methods of their construction, she ignores the dreadful examples of what such neglect involves, which cities to the east of her are furnishing and are continuing to furnish. The notion that a man owns a piece of ground from the centre of the earth to the heavens and may do what he pleases with it, is entertained only by persons who do not comprehend civilization—which, in one sense, is but another word for a recognition of the rights of others. In the cities of the Old World, where the centuries have done their educational work, each man who owns a building lot is not permitted to forget that lots, owned by others, adjoin his, and that these owners are entitled to air and light, of which he may not deprive them.

The best time to open the war on tall buildings is when none of them have been run up; the next best time is when a city has but a few of them. The latter is San Francisco's case. There should be no yielding to those who wish to rear cloud-touching towers. Property interests aside, men and women have an indefeasible right to life, and a very tall building is always a death-trap for wholesale murder *in posse*. Should the pressure for sky-scrapers prevail, San Francisco one day will know what it is to have the sense of blood-guiltiness; for fires we must have, and a tall office building, filled with people, would be a slaughter-tower. With the lesson of Chicago's recent horror fresh in mind, San Francisco's board of supervisors should act in the plain interest of humanity. Besides, an architecture which breaks here and there into mountains and pinnacles can never be harmonious, and without some regard to harmony no city can hope to be beautiful.

There have recently been some revelations in the news patches of the dailies which tend to cast doubt on the belief that men prey upon women. It is beginning to look as if women preyed upon men. One of the most startling of the cases to which we refer is that of the girl, Ada McReynolds, who has been arrested at Sonora, Cal., charged with being accessory to the murder of George Morris, Wells-Fargo's express agent. The authorities say that the girl was trying to force Morris to marry her, which he was reluctant to do. She threatened him with the vengeance of her brothers, George and Wesley McReynolds. She was told that Morris had insured his life in her favor for five thousand dollars. She then determined to have her brothers murder Morris, in order to secure this money. When the bloody deed was accomplished, she betrayed them to the authorities, in order that there might be no question with the insurance company as to Morris's death not being a suicide. Now the three—the sister and her brothers—are in jail, charged with the crime.

The Sonora authorities give the foregoing as the story of the crime, although there are not wanting those who claim that Morris was murdered by a jealous lover of the girl, and that she, to shield her lover, denounced her brothers to the law. However that may be, there can be no doubt that she confessed Morris's murder in order to secure the insurance money on his life. Whether her tools were brothers or lovers can not yet be told. But what a dreadful picture of cold-blooded crime. Whether the girl lured her lover Morris to his death through greed—whether she urged her brothers to slay him to avenge her seduction—whether she urged an-

other lover to commit the foul deed—whether she betrayed her brothers to save the lover—whatever may be the answers to these speculations, the fact remains that she signed a confession admitting that she had a man murdered for money, and that she denounced her own brothers for the crime. She is a hideous and abnormal criminal, although a woman.

It is only a few weeks ago that a man in New York—one Cuyler Hastings—stood up at the bar to defend himself against the charge of having ruined a young girl. The unfortunate man was completely overcome, and protested his innocence. But the testimony of his alleged victim and of her companions—accomplices, as they turned out to be—seemed convincing, and Hastings was in a fair way to be sent to the penitentiary for a long term of years. Suddenly it was discovered that the alleged victim—a girl called "Chicago May"—had black-mailed many men. The police looked up her record; it was found to be phenomenally black. The girl broke down, confessed that her story was a lie, and that she had been trying to black-mail Hastings. The unfortunate man was "honorably discharged" by the court. But the felon's cell and the ruined name which stared him in the face will never be forgotten by Cuyler Hastings.

The latest of these cases is the break-down of the legal proceedings against Walter Langerman in New York for criminal assault upon one Barbara Aub, a hook-agent. This girl told with great particularity of the assault upon her, which, she said, was committed in Langerman's rooms, whither she had gone to sell books. Langerman denied that the act had been an assault. Nevertheless, the jury, after ten minutes' deliberation, found him guilty, and it was expected that he would receive a sentence of at least twenty years. When the day came for sentence, Recorder Goff, after a stinging denunciation of Langerman for his libertine life, amazed those in the court-room by declaring that Barbara Aub had made a confession; that her charge of criminal assault was false. She had made it through a mixture of motives, greed for money being one.

These three cases occurring so recently and within so short a space of time betray a craft and cold-bloodedness on the part of these three females which place them in the front rank of dangerous criminals. In charges of this nature, brought by women against men, the evidence is generally the unsupported testimony of the woman against the unsupported testimony of the man. Why should the jury believe the woman rather than the man?—as they generally do. If these three cases are representative ones—and there is no reason why they should not be—many a man has gone to a bloody grave, as did poor George Morris, or has rotted away his life in a felon's cell, on the lying story of some Jezebel.

A very curious decision has recently been handed down in the superior court of San Francisco by Judge Daingerfield. The action was itself a curious one. One Mrs. Kittie Morrison brought suit against her sister, Elizabeth H. Rodgers, widow of the late millionaire, Alexander Montgomery, and now Mrs. Arthur Rodgers. Mrs. Morrison sued to recover two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for inducing Montgomery to marry her sister. The complaint alleges that Mrs. Rodgers cohabited for several years with Alexander Montgomery, and bore him two illegitimate children; that the plaintiff, being promised a liberal compensation therefor by the defendant, succeeded in inducing Montgomery to marry her. She now sues to recover. Mrs. Rodgers's attorneys demur, on the ground that the contract sued upon was "against public policy."

Judge Daingerfield sustained the demurrer. He declared as a legal principle that "contracts in promotion of marriage are void, even where the contract is to induce a man to keep a promise of marriage already made to a woman by whom he had begotten children." Judge Daingerfield went on to say that marriage-brokerage contracts were void under the common law of England, although "valid under the civil law of Justinian." This would make them valid in nearly all the countries of Continental Europe. No precedent was found for the suit by any of the counsel. Judge Daingerfield may therefore be looked upon as a pioneer. But is his finding based upon good law and good morals? Is not his decision "in restraint of matrimony"? If a person shall bring about a marriage, thereby legitimizing children, is it not a praiseworthy act? Is not a decision which condemns such an act *contra bonos mores*, rather than the act itself? As for the judge's remark when he says, "Hired agents must not interfere with the sacred affairs of the heart," we submit that this must be considered as *obiter dictum*—he is going outside of the record. It is not in evidence—in this or any other case—that marriage is always "an affair of the heart."

ANN QUINN'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

A Mirage of Midnight.

It was nearly midnight; the ironing was done and the clothes lay heaped on the table in snowy piles still hot from the iron. Ann Quinn drew a chair up to the little kitchen window that overlooked the river and sat down with a sigh of pain, for her back ached. She rested her chin in her hand and stared through the faint tracery of familiar objects on the glass to the water beyond, lying dark and glossy under the stars.

"I wonder if Mis' Niles wants that chipped heef for breakfast," thought Ann Quinn, for she was both a cook and a laundress. "Guess I'll fry them cold potatoes left from dinner, too," she continued, her eyes resting on a far-away cluster of electric lights that trembled like a diamond pendant.

Presently, as she sat there, the red rim of the moon pushed itself up behind some trees on the opposite shore. Ann Quinn watched it rising, with a meditative look. "It's terrible red: them little branches looks like they was drawn on it with a pen. I wonder what that black thing in the water is?" she broke off, as a feeler of moonlight slipped across the river to where something black and long bobbed stiffly in the current. She shaded her eyes from the lamp and pressed her face close to the glass. "Looks like a man," she muttered. As she spoke, the thing wheeled about and began drifting in toward the stone breakwater beneath the window. Slowly it drew near, the little moon-sparks dancing in its wake. It floated into the shadow, and she strained her eyes in vain to look it.

"Guess I'll go to bed," she said, giving one more look into the darkness. She did not go though, for suddenly she saw a lean hand thrust over the breakwater, then another, and the next moment the figure of a man crawled out on the stone below her.

Ann Quinn started back, her heart pumping like a steam-dredger, for she heard the thick splash of wet feet coming up the steps, and she saw a face pressed against the window that she had just quitted—a drawn face, yellow-pale as the handkerchief knotted about its throat.

"Let me in, Ann Quinn!" said the lips, though she heard no voice. "Let me in!"

She stood staring, her broad cheeks whiter than the plates on the dresser behind her, but she did not move. The man waited a moment, then he pushed up the sash and swung himself into the room.

The lamp hinked and guttered in the draught, and a door slammed. Ann Quinn quivered from head to foot. The man stood looking at her with famished eyes.

"A life-time, a whole life-time," he whispered at last, and his voice sounded cold and empty as the echo in a vault.

"Go away!" cried Ann Quinn, "and take your wet hand off my ironing!"

The man moved, and stared at the piles of clothes on the table.

"Did you do that?" he asked, in a low voice, "and are you tired?"

"Yes, I did it, an' I am tired," she replied, stealing her way stealthily toward the door.

As she moved, her terror lent a new, cat-like grace to her awkward body; she looked almost like another woman in the swaying light—a woman with narrow, wicked eyes and lithe motions. The man stepped quickly before the door and stood there, his clothes flooding the black river water on her clean floor.

"And all this time you have worked, while I have had more, a thousand times more, than I could use! And we have lived near each other, here in the same city, and never knew it!" He covered his face with his hands and groaned. "Our sin—what was it that we should reap such lonely years in punishment?" Then he moved toward her, his arms outstretched: "My love, my lost love! give me one kiss, my first since that other grave closed over us!"

Ann Quinn gulped, and her hair rose softly. "If you touch me, I'll kill you!" she said, hoarsely, catching a knife up from the shelf behind her. The man seemed not to hear her; he grasped her in his arms, and crushed his mouth on hers, and his lips were wet and cold.

Ann Quinn leaped away from him and hurried the great knife in his heart. He looked into her terrified eyes, and a shadow fell on his face.

"See," he said, mournfully, "you have stahhed me—again, but this time it is too late."

She looked, and there was no blood gushing from that great slash, only the drip, drip of the thick water. Then she covered her face and prayed, for she saw that the man was dead.

There was a loog silence, broken by the chime of a clock to the house behind them. The man shivered. "An hour more, dear God, only an hour more!" he pleaded, and he wrung his hands, crying hurriedly: "How can I say it all! How can I make her uoderstand!" He seized Ann Quinn's arm and shook her fiercely.

"Remember, woman! Try to remember! Have I forgotten? Have I not lived alone—waiting—and you never came?"

She brushed her rough hand over her eyes, something stirred in her torpid brain. As the summer lightning, threading the sky, will show a sudden pearly perspective of unseen cloud-mass, then flash out, leaving the same blind night it found, so the soul of Ann Quinn opened for an instant, beyond her wretched, work-ridden world, only to close again as quickly. The man caught her look and asked, his voice teose and quivering:

"Those faded lilies of the valley, there in that cup, why did you keep them only from the flowers you threw away this morning?"

"They—they—smelled good," answered the woman, troubled, bewildered.

"Only that?"

"Yes, only that."

"Have you never dreamed of some one you loved, some one apart from this miserable squalor I find you in?"

The blood flooded into her sallow face.

"What business is that of yours? Go away, I say!" she added, weakly, giving him a push and catching at the table to save herself from falling.

"Tell me," he pleaded, "have you never missed me, who was more to you those few short years ago than life or honor?"

Ann Quinn looked into his eyes and laughed. There was no mirth in that laugh, though, and he shielded himself as if she had struck at him. Then he spoke again.

"Listen," he said. "To-night in a far land my soul will be horn anew—until then the veil is lifted. But we will cheat God and Love and Law! You and I—together. Soon my eyes will be blinded and I shall not know you, except by this—take it and keep it always over your heart, and though you be old and hent, and though you be a little child, still I shall know you."

He thrust his hand into his breast and drew out a leather case. He opened it and pushed something toward her. She looked; it was a faded spray of lily of the valley. Then he reached into his pocket and threw a canvas bag down on the table. "Take these," he said; "there is enough here to keep you from this drudgery," he pointed to the ironing; "and now I must be gone—the river calls to me."

They stood looking at each other in silence. The light swam before Ann Quinn's eyes and everything hurried but that white face staring into hers; nearer it came, ever nearer, and she felt her muscles quiver in resistance, then grow lax, there was a pause, a gasping breath, and she had thrown herself into his arms. The cold ooze from his wet hair trailed on her neck; closer and closer they swayed together, locked in each other's arms, then, with a strange, thin cry like the wail of a new-born child, the man tore himself away and leaped from the window into the night beyond. There was a heavy splash, and silence.

The wind had blown out the lamp. Ann Quinn groped her way to the table, dazed and stupid. She struck a match; it sputtered and went out. Then she crawled away into a corner, her wide eyes fixed on the open window. The moon swam high, and the river ran molten silver beneath it. The little stars set, and the gray scroll of morning unrolled across the night. Still she sat there, her eyes fixed on the empty window-space.

Suddenly she stood up, and she felt old, and dizzy, and lame. She reached out and picked up the canvas bag the man had given her. She shook it, and there rolled out on the table a great handful of unset rubies. Ann Quinn stood staring at them until the first sunbeam came sifting through the darkness, lighting them into a thousand crimson sparkles.

There was a rap at the door, and she thrust the jewels from sight. It was only the milk-man, and he looked at the woman's face in disappointment. "So you've heard the news already?" he asked.

"What news?"

"Why, didn't you know they've found the body of Ellis Price, the millionaire, drowned not a hundred yards from this very spot?"

"No," said Ann Quinn.

"Yes, and they think he must have been murdered. He left home to go to the bank with some rubies he had for his niece's wedding, and they weren't on the body anywhere."

"Murdered—murdered? What would they do if they found—some one with them rubies?" Ann Quinn asked, thickly.

"Why, hang him high as he'd swing," answered the milk-man.

Ten minutes later Ann Quinn stole down to the river-side. She reached over and dropped a handful of stones into the water—a handful of stones that shone like blood-drops. Down they sank into the gray river slime. But on the ripples above them hung something too light to sink, for it was only a dried stem of lilies-of-the-valley.

Ann Quinn watched it drift out of sight. Theo she turned back to the house to get breakfast.

JULIE CLOSSON KENLY.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1895.

Paul d'Humy, a French naval engineer living in Liverpool, has succeeded in converting petroleum and other oils into a hard, homogeneous mass, suitable for use as fuel on board war-ships. He claims that the cakes burn only on the surface and give no intense heat. They can be made in any size or shape, and can not evaporate or cause an explosion. They require very little draught and make not more than from two to three per cent. of ashes. A ton of this fuel, M. d'Humy says, represents at least thirty tons of coal, and the cost is not more than from five to ten dollars per ton.

The other day the Countess Jomdes, member of a well-known noble family, and her sixteen-year-old daughter, were found dead in one of the hotels at Monte Carlo. They had taken poison, after losing sixty thousand dollars at the tables, practically becoming penniless. They had been in Monte Carlo only a week.

The *Allahabad Pioneer*, the principal journal of British India, and the one on which Rudyard Kipling began his literary career, recently contained a paragraph in the "want" columns as follows: "Situation wanted as snake-charmer in respectable family. P. S.—No objection to looking after the camel."

Professor Runnebaum, of Berlin, who recently made a tour of the Pacific Coast on behalf of the German Government, reports that the end of the forests on the Pacific slope will rapidly approach if the law does not soon protect them against the ravages of fire and the axe.

TRILBYSMUS IN LONDON.

The Furor Over "Trilby"—The Critics Condemn It, but the People are Crazy over the Play—Du Maurier and the Critics—Royalty Present.

After London had made merry over the American Trilby furor, it is not unamusing to find this great village suffering from an acute attack itself. The play was first produced in Manchester, as I wrote to you some weeks ago. It was successful there. But when Mr. Beerhohm Tree brought it to London, the great town went fairly mad over it. All London is flaming with Trilby. Upon the hoardings there are posters of Trilby, in the hook-sellers' windows there are volumes of Trilby, in the Oxford Street shop-windows there are pictures and placards of Miss Baird as Trilby, and one Bond Street window contains a huge sculptured foot which has a legend upon it stating that it is modeled from the foot of the Trilby at the Haymarket. Mr. du Maurier did not disdain to take advantage of the Trilby boom, and on the day after the play was presented at the Haymarket, October 31st, he placed on exhibition in Bond Street some three hundred Trilby drawings. I imagine that Mr. du Maurier must have sold three distinct sets of Trilby drawings, for there was such a sale in New York, I am informed. Those on sale in London were not the completed pen-and-ink pictures, nor the first rough sketches, but were the intermediate pencil drawings. They were of more interest to artists for their technical values than to others, yet the room was crowded with people.

The business at the Haymarket continues enormous. Popular as that theatre is, it has never done such a business for fifteen years. People are writing to the papers complaining of the overcrowding of the theatre, while already every seat is hooked up to the middle of January, and the crowds that quarrel around the pit entrance every night require the service of a large squad of police to manage them.

I have written to you already about the cast of "Trilby" in Manchester. It is the same in London. With the exception of Mr. Beerhohm Tree, the critics have not spoken highly of the players. Nor have they gushed over the play. Miss Dorothea Baird, the Trilby, is admired for her beauty, and her feet are highly spoken of, but she is condemned as being amateurish. As for Little Billee, he is looked upon as being a mere manikin or lay figure.

The tone of the critics toward the play has brought about an amusingly contradictory state of affairs. The critics have condemned the play and the players, but Mr. du Maurier, who originated the characters, thinks they are extremely good. The young man who plays Little Billee, and to whom the critics particularly object, was the one who sat to Du Maurier for the sketches of Little Billee in the hook. He has, therefore, been dragged forth from his retirement at Hampstead Heath to appear upon the Haymarket boards. The unfortunate youth never appeared on the stage before, and is distressingly had, according to the critics, but Mr. du Maurier says that he is good. The critics, who are never modest, have now turned fiercely upon Du Maurier, and demand to know by what authority he constitutes himself a judge of the drama and of acting. The fact that he originated all these characters, and that he thinks that the actors and actresses are carrying out his idea of the types and personages, does not ruffle the critics in the slightest degree. They apparently assume that they know better what Du Maurier meant when he wrote "Trilby" than he did himself. Perhaps they do. Who knows?

Mr. Clement Scott has been particularly severe on "Trilby." He remarks with cutting satire that Mr. Beerhohm Tree had not hoomed "Trilby," some other speculator would have done so; he also says that the spectacle of the cancan, as danced at the music-halls, was condemned by the County Council of London as being degrading to art, but that now London had the cancan at the Haymarket, and not very well done either. He further severely remarks that he never expected to see tipsy French soldiers tumbling over chairs on the Haymarket stage, or plays resting entirely on false noses—evidently a bit at Mr. Tree's Svengali probois. There are those who are unkind enough to say that Mr. Scott's drastic remarks on Beerhohm Tree's production of "Trilby" are due to the fact that he does not like Beerhohm Tree. Mr. Beerhohm Tree does not like Mr. Clement Scott. This feeling between two great men arose from some of Scott's criticisms on Beerhohm Tree's Hamlet. When that production was criticised by Mr. Scott, he and the actor met one evening and had quite a row at the back of the theatre. Since then, the relations have been rather cool between them. On the first night of "Trilby," the Haymarket people sent Mr. Scott two seats instead of a box. Inasmuch as Mr. Scott is notoriously fond of boxes, and considers the occupancy of mere seats as being beneath his dignity as a great critic, it was generally considered that this was intended as an insult to him. It was thought that he would not go, but he did go, and then slated the play. Some people believe that it was a kindness on the part of Mr. Tree not to send Mr. Clement Scott a box. For ever since Mr. Scott excoriated a play by one Esmond, some weeks ago, a number of friends of the wounded dramatist have been in the habit of hooting at Mr. Scott whenever he appeared in his box. It was thought that the hooting of Scott might interfere with the first night of "Trilby," hence Mr. Tree put the great man into the stalls instead of into a box. But no one knows exactly where the truth of the matter lies.

Despite the adverse criticisms of Mr. Clement Scott and other dramatists, "Trilby" is a success. Mr. George du Maurier likes it, and the public likes it. The fact that the British public likes it is shown by the fact that the British shop-keeper is selling Trilby hoots, Trilby koickerhockers, Trilby bicycle stockings, Trilby bicycle caps, Trilby lozenges, and Trilby cough drops.

If anything had been needed to give a good start to "Trilby," it received one in the shape of a very fashionable

audience on the first night. Royalty even was present in the shape of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Nicholas of Greece, and the Duchess of Fife. There is a scene in the play in the foyer of the Cirque des Bashi-Bazouks, when Trilby's manager says to Zou Zou and Taffy: "We have a fine house to-night. Even royalty is present." When this remark was made, everybody in the house looked at the royal box, and a faint rustle ran round the audience. But royal personages are evidently carefully schooled, for not one of them showed by word, look, or sign that they had heard the remark. The Princess of Wales looked very handsome in black lace and velvet, with a high-cut gown and diamonds around her throat. It is said that the princess is desirous of setting the Continental fashion of wearing *demi-toilette* at the theatre. Whenever she appears in the royal box, she always wears a high bodice with sleeves to the wrist. This, of course, is the Continental fashion, where full-dress at theatres is almost unknown. The theory there is that a woman at the theatre is in public, and therefore a low-cut dinner-gown is not proper. But in London people go so much from dinners to the theatres that the fashion of wearing low-cut gowns is quite common at the opera and theatre. Therefore the Princess of Wales would have much difficulty in changing the fashion, even if it were not unkindly said of her—as it is—that the reason she wears high-necked bodices is because she has an eruption on her throat. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, November 20, 1895.

The general public of the United States knows little of the value or general uses of the passport in foreign countries. A passport is a guarantee by the Government of the United States that the person bearing it is who he claims to be, and is entitled to the consideration of the officers of the government he is visiting. So long as people are traveling through Europe, their movements may be unquestioned; but if they give an appearance of intending to sojourn at a place, they are frequently forced to give an account of themselves and their object in staying. This is particularly the case in Germany. Passports are certainly necessary for the Turkish dominions, including Egypt and Palestine, and should be certified by a Turkish consular officer before entering within the limits of Turkish jurisdiction.

An old man in England was sent to prison for four months for petty stealing, whose record, the judge who sentenced him said, "is one of the most awful pieces of reading that has ever come to my notice." In 1863, he was sent to jail for three years for stealing two tame rabbits; he then got seven years for stealing five shillings and a shawl; then ten years, with seven years' police supervision, for stealing three ducks; and, finally, consecutive sentences of five years each on three charges of stealing a coat, a pair of reins, and a shawl, with another seven years' police supervision. In all, thirty-five years of penal servitude for six thefts of objects whose value amounted to a few dollars.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia, when asked to frame a rule requiring cable and electric cars to stop at the near side of street-crossings, sent letters to the mayors of Baltimore, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, and New York, asking whether, under present arrangements in their cities, cars stop at the near or far crossing, and whether in the opinion of the mayors the far or the near side affords the greater public security from accidents. Practice was five to four in favor of the far side; in the opinions of the mayors, the near side wins by a vote of seven to one. The mayor of St. Louis did not express his opinion.

An enterprising Yankee book-agent is making a barrel of money in Alabama. He soon came to appreciate the enthusiasm of the negro in matters of religion. He found that in all the illustrated Bibles the pictures of the angels were in white, and he conceived the idea of having a Bible made for the colored race, filled to overflowing with pictures of negro angels. The books cost him about \$1.10, but he placed the first large shipment at \$3.00 each, payable \$2.50 cash, the balance in monthly payments. He is selling the Bibles as fast as he can get them delivered.

Among the Shakers, if a member of the fraternity has taken cold, her companions seriously set themselves to work to make her angry. They make disagreeable personal remarks about her, until she blushes with indignation. Then her blood is heated, and, the theory is, she will be able to throw off the chill from which she has been suffering.

In his annual report, President Andrews, of Brown University, says: "For those in perfect health and trained to it, foot-ball is safer than either rowing, yachting, gunning, or running hounds. Rowing appears to be many times as fatal. So is base-ball. Even tennis is worse."

Berlin proposes to have an immense "Cairo Street" at her exhibition next year. Six times as much space will be given to it as was given at the Chicago exhibition, and besides reproductions of Egyptian scenery and monuments, there will be a harem hidden among the shops.

Paris boulevards will soon be as dull as down-town streets at night. The hookstores have now agreed to close at ten instead of midnight; the other retail stores have long been closing early; the only lights to be seen when the theatres close will be in restaurants.

Indians at a rancheria, near Ukiah, Cal., have organized a bicycle club. All ride wheels, irrespective of age or sex. They have spent all the money they earned picking hops learning to ride.

THE OPENING OF OLYMPIA.

An Enormous Place of Amusement—Three Auditoriums Under One Roof—Rice's New Burlesque—Fay Templeton, Walter Jones, Irene Perry, and Theresa Vaughan.

An enormous "amusement temple" opened in New York this week. Last night Oscar Hammerstein's new place, called "Olympia," had its inauguration. The opening was an enormous success, so far as the crowd went. Hammerstein was forced to close his portals, and then to send for the police to keep the people from hattering down the doors.

The Olympia enterprise is a colossal one, even for New York. Nothing quite so large has ever been undertaken here. There are some theatrical enterprises like it in London, such as the Earl's Court shows, and the enormous buildings in which the water show, called "Venice," was given. But Olympia is the largest theatrical building in New York. It is situated on the east side of Broadway, occupying the entire block between Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth Streets—two hundred and three feet of Broadway frontage. It extends back one hundred and fifty-four feet on Forty-Fifth Street and one hundred and one feet on Forty-Fourth Street. There are three spacious auditoriums under one roof, to be known as the Olympia Theatre, the Olympia Music Hall, and the Olympia Concert Hall. Three separate entertainments are to be given nightly in each of these halls, and a single admission fee admits to all. In addition to these, there is a roof-garden with a complete stage, while below the street level there are cafés, billiard-rooms, howling alleys, and Turkish baths. Mr. Hammerstein bought the property in January, 1894, and has had over a thousand men working on it in order to open it in November, as he had advertised.

It is a little unfinished as yet, and on the first night you were apt to carry off paint, stucco, and gilding on your garments. But that will be all right, Mr. Hammerstein says, in a few days. There is a vast amount of color and gilding in the various auditoriums, most of which are finished in the Louis Seize style. The music-hall is very beautifully decorated, containing eleven tiers of boxes—one hundred and twenty-four in all—said to be the largest number in any place of amusement in the world. In the theatre there are eighty-four boxes. The music-hall has the largest auditorium, seventy feet wide by one hundred feet long. The stage is forty-three by seventy feet. The theatre auditorium is sixty by sixty-eight feet, and the stage thirty-one by sixty feet. The concert-hall is eighty-five feet long by forty-five feet wide. All of the auditoriums are finished in the richest style. The floors are of variegated marbles, the walls are beautifully paneled, elaborate carvings adorn the boxes, panels, ceilings, and roofs, and in the lobbies and corridors various alcoves and niches are filled with life-size statues. In the concert-hall is a great glittering chandelier carrying several hundred electric lamps.

As I said, when Olympia opened, last night, Mr. Hammerstein's amusement palace was invaded by a well-dressed mob. Through some blunder, over ten thousand tickets of admission had been sold, and there was sitting-room only for six thousand. By eight o'clock, a crowd of enormous proportions had gathered around the Broadway entrances, and the ushers and ticket-takers were utterly powerless to manage them. In the lobbies the brass rails and plush ropes were carried away by the crowd, and the attempts of the employees to prevent the people from entering were futile. The mob formed flying wedges and began making around-the-end plays, when a vigorous attempt to huck the ushers' line was stopped by the appearance of a squad of police. After that, matters were quieter, but there were hundreds of people who had bought tickets who never were able to reach their seats during the evening.

The concert-hall was not running last night, although people walked through it and inspected it. It is to be opened on December 1st, with the Olympia orchestra of seventy-five picked musicians, and the best vocal and instrumental solo talent to be procured in New York. The orchestral concerts are to be conducted by Herr Fritz Scheel, a conductor who comes from San Francisco with the reputation of having won the plaudits of your somewhat critical musical city. In the music-hall a vaudeville performance was given last night, and thirty performers appeared. They included acrobats, acrobatic dancers, one-legged acrobatic clowns, trapeze performers, grotesque wire performers, and women gymnasts. Among these were three who performed on a trapeze brilliantly lighted with electric lamps, two on the bar and one on the top of the trapeze seated on a bicycle, of which she kept the pedals swiftly revolving, and around the rims of which were many electric lamps. Another specialty that attracted attention was the appearance of a handsome woman who accompanied a skirt-dance with hand-springs and somersaults.

The main performance of the evening, however, was in the theatre, where there was a new Rice burlesque produced under the title of "Excelsior, Jr." As the title would indicate, the play is a burlesque on Longfellow's famous poem. R. A. Barnett is set down as the author and E. E. Rice as the "producer." This, of course, means that much of the music has been written by Ned Rice, although he has not scrupled to get Messrs. Tracey and Sloane to assist him. But it is not so much the music or the words of what are known as "Rice burlesques" that make them go—it is the ensemble. Rice has been producing burlesques for many years, from before the time of "Evangeline," in 1872, down to "1492," and every one who knows American theatres knows what a "Rice burlesque" means. It means a piece in which there shall be a plenitude of fun, clever comedians, neat dancers, some lilting running songs that people will remember, and a great many pretty girls wearing as little as the law allows. That is a "Rice burlesque," and that is what "Excelsior, Jr." is. Mr. Rice has felt a little timorous about producing this on the heels of the long and successful run of "1492," but even "1492" has had its day,

and therefore "Excelsior, Jr." has been put upon the stage.

There were many favorites in the cast, among them Theresa Vaughan and Walter Jones. These two were the ones who made the principal success of "1492" during its long run in New York. And now that the "1492" company is on the road, people in other cities will doubtless wonder what the New Yorkers saw in "1492." But they will not know how funny Walter Jones was as the tramp—there can not be another actor who can lose a burning cigar inside of his shirt-collar, have conflagrations break out all the way down his person, and finally remove the cigar from the bottom of his trousers with the same skill as did Jones. As for Theresa Vaughan, she was the life of the Union Square scene in "1492." Both of these favorites have characters in "Excelsior, Jr.," which are feeble compared with those in the other burlesque. In fact, Mr. Jones was not recognized at all when he entered, and the audience did not catch on for some time. He appeared as William Tell, Sammy Smug, and 'Arry, a costermonger. The audience did not know him as William Tell, and only recognized him as Sammy Smug. Theresa Vaughan looked very handsome, as she always does, but the melodies given her contained nothing melodious.

Another old-time favorite was Fay Templeton, who played the leading rôle, that of H. W. Excelsior, Jr. Miss Templeton looked very well in men's clothes, and sang with a good deal of dash. It was considered very daring in her to sing a plantation negro melody after May Irwin, who is looked upon here as having a monopoly of the "I want yo', ma honey" style of aria; but she made a hit with her song, very much to the surprise of both her audience and herself.

Another surprise was the reappearance of another old favorite, Irene Perry, who took the part of Mary Vanderbilt Lamb. Miss Perry will be remembered as having been one of a very successful burlesque company known as the "Pop" company, which played on circuit some years ago. Miss Perry was then a beautiful girl of nineteen, and Alvert Weher, the son of the wealthy piano manufacturer, fell in love with her and married her. During the last ten years she has retired from the stage; but the glamour of the foot-lights was too much for her, and, although she had everything that one could wish for, she has returned to the stage. Doubtless Ned Rice will lick his play into better shape than it is now. He always does, and it will probably have a long run, but not so long as "1492."

As to Olympia, the general verdict is that the building is architecturally beautiful, but that there are some mistakes in its arrangements. There should be plenty of room for moving around, as is the case in the big English music-halls. There is none in Olympia. There are little narrow galleries, and not broad and spacious promenades.

About the theatres generally there is not much to say. The opera season, for some strange reason, while the houses are full, seems to be rather a frost. Even Calvé evokes little applause. As for Maurel, although he was the great star of last year's season, owing to his performance of Falstaff, this year everybody is demanding that he be "fired out on his neck." As a whole, the season has not, as yet, been a brilliant success.

In the way of theatre oddities, there are two performances that are much talked about in New York. One of them is the second-sight feat performed by Lorenz and Kennedy, a man and woman. The woman is blindfolded on the stage. The man walks among the audience and takes from the spectators coins, watches, rings, and the like. He simply points his finger at the blindfolded woman on the stage, and she promptly gives the name of the article, date of coins, country of minting, etc. It is very novel and has attracted much attention. The other theatrical oddity is the appearance of a French pantomimist, Mlle. Jane May, in a pantomime play called "Miss Pygmalion"—the same style of piece as "L'Enfant Prodigue." It is the story of Pygmalion turned around—that is, Miss Pygmalion falls in love with a statue she has made. When she is in love with the statue, she does not leave anybody long in doubt as to that fact. She begins by making eyes at the stone man. He does not move. She offers to kiss him. He does not stir. She embraces his cold frame. He does not yield. She uncovers her bosom. He is still unmoved. She then strips her outer garments open, and the audience becomes much alarmed. They do not know what Miss May is going to do. But she is exhausted, sinks into a chair, and falls asleep. The statue becomes alive, leaves its pedestal, and goes toward her. Here the curtain falls. It is time. Although the audiences have not been large, the performance has caused a vast amount of talk in New York. It is looked upon as being decidedly *fin de siècle*. There are some who consider Miss May's haring of her bosom as much more improper than the wholesale display of bosoms at the Metropolitan Opera House. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 26, 1895.

A horrible accident occurred last Saturday on the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Electric Railway at Lasalle. Mrs. Mary Ann Shearer left her house to take the cars to the Falls, and as she neared the tracks turned about to wave her hand to her children in the house, stepping backward as she did so. The car struck her, knocking her down, and cutting her head off close to the body, and it rolled off the track into the ditch. The ghastly spectacle was witnessed of the woman's face looking up at the passengers, with the eyes staring and a smile on her lips, as she had waved her last good-bye to her loved ones.

The "lady journalist," as they call her in England, is finding considerable difficulty in securing a man's pay for a man's work. The suit of a Miss Taylor against her employer has brought out the fact that she was engaged as editor of an Edinburgh weekly paper at a salary of two hundred dollars a year, and subsequently, when the office of the journal was removed to London, her salary was advanced to five dollars a week and eventually to ten dollars.

A WOMAN AT MONTE CARLO.

The Most Famous Gambling-Place in Europe described in "The Impressions of Aureole"—How they Live and Play and Eat and Die in the Prince of Monaco's Realm.

One of the books that are being much read in London just now is "The Impressions of Aureole." It purports to be a record of a frisky young matron's experiences in the smart set of English society, and describes their fads and foibles quite cleverly. Its interests are so local and of such passing moment that it probably will not be reprinted on this side of the water; but it contains several passages worth reproducing, notably those on Monte Carlo, whither she goes with her husband—whom she calls "Billy"—after he has broken his collar-bone in the hunting-field. They are presently joined by the husband's bosom friend, Sir Raymond Howard, and the three see all there is to be seen in the Prince of Monaco's tiny realm.

The very first morning, while her athletic husband is tramping over the hills in search of an appetite, Aureole has her first glimpse of the famous gambling-halls. She says:

We have agreed to *déjeuner* at the "Grand" at twelve-thirty, so I dawdle through an elaborate toilet, skim "Galignani," and scribble half a dozen home letters. By this time it is nearly midday, but Monte Carlo drowns late, apparently. The lovely palm gardens below are almost deserted, and I contemplate a gentle stroll *pour passer le temps*. The entrancing view of town and harbor and rocky mountain background holds me absorbed for fully a minute. But the wind blows chill through my foolishly thin garments, and I find it January below, if June above. I see a woman selling flowers at the top of a high flight of steps. That must be the Casino; and the next moment I am buying button-holes. An *affiche* tells me there is an exhibition of pictures somewhere. I will take a peep, if only for the sake of warmth and shelter. A swing door yields with the thought, and I stand in the far-famed temple of the golden calf. A few officials lounge around, but the building seems strangely empty and desolate. I advance a few paces shyly, and at the extreme end of the magnificent hall perceive a struggling group of well-dressed people. Why do these people battle round that mysterious portal?—men and women hustling and shoving for dear life! I hover inquisitively on the outside edge. A clock booms a slow twelve, and a face appears in the widening aperture. Then a magnetic vitality thrills the waiting cue. A Frenchman, with hair *en brosse*, grasps my hand in the hurry of business, exclaiming, "Vite, vite, meuss, par ici, par ici!" and, with a great swirl, I am borne along in the breathless rush. When I come to my senses I find myself seated in front of what I have reason to believe is a roulette-table; and, as people are standing round four-deep, it dawns on me that this fuss is merely to secure a chair. Well, I am anxious to see the famous game, and fairly jammed in. A remarkably gentleman-like young man sits next me, and I watch his manoeuvres curiously. I have always heard that hands are an infallible indication of breeding, and my neighbor's are long, and white, and waxen, with filbert nails and polished pearly crescents. He wins every stroke, and those dazzling fingers draw in gold and rouleaux incessantly. He must have felt my interest, for he exclaims suddenly: "Follow my play, madame. I am *en veine*. I feel inspired. *Six derniers*." Thirty-two. Quick! Quick!

How I excavated a purse from the innermost recess of my being, in cold blood, I can not tell; but I flung a napoleon on the number suggested, as the "Jeu ne va plus" rang out. The next instant a heap of gold and silver is thrust into my hand. Bah! How easy! How glorious! My handsome adviser laughs at my unscopified pleasure. "Yes, gambling may be wicked; but, having accidentally made the *coup*, the best thing evidently is to fling it back on to the tables. Once or twice I follow my leader with magnificent results, and money pours on me in a golden shower. A delicious excitement sent the blood coursing through my veins. Bill and breakfast go clean out of my head, and, encouraged by my new acquaintance, I literally plaster the green cloth with coins. I begin to suspect that this man with the deferential manners must be one of the grand dukes or Altesces Royales who swarm locust-like at Monte Carlo. People are watching us now, envious of our luck. Well, raking in the louis d'or to the sound of those monotonous voices is a real dream of delight.

I had lost a considerable stake for the first time, and was consulting the Unknown eagerly. My fingers were spread greedily over a pile of winnings, and I slowly raise a flushed face.

Bill was standing exactly opposite. The sight brought me back to earth with a run, though I laughed at his dead, astounded, scared expression of countenance. I turn to bid adieu to my companion in crime; but, hocus pocus, Prince Charming has vanished.

With a light heart and heavy pocket, I am soon wending my way at Bill's side across the Place, wickedly elate and joyous.

"He was the most fascinating, distinguished man," I assert, with a defiant upward glance.

"Yes," replies Bill, heartily, "capital chap."

"Ab! a friend of yours? I'm so glad."

"Friend! The comfort of my life! The best chiropodist in London."

One infers that there are all sorts of persons at Monte Carlo, but it is sometimes easier to place some of them than was the case with this young man. For instance, Aureole describes a famous queen of Bohemia, in whom one perhaps recognizes Otero, the dancer, who was here in America four years ago, and is now one of the half-dozen leading *grandes cocottes* in the French capital. Aureole gives this account of a now famous passage-at-arms between Otero and another of her kind—was it Liane de Pougy or Emilienne d'Alençon?—that took place a few months ago:

A struggle for supremacy has been brought to an abrupt and unexpected finale. The glowing and fantastic Spaniard to whom I have before alluded strained every nerve to outdo a French rival. Her magnificent jewels were indeed hard to beat; but, to show her contempt for the display, the Frenchwoman arrived one night blazing with precious stones. A little dark *femme de chambre* followed close on her footsteps, and to the delight of rivals, it was found the maid, as well as the mistress, was smothered in diamonds. After a triumphant progress, attended by her gleaming satellite, the ingenious lady (who was felt to have scored) vowed contemptuously she had enough left at home to decorate a third.

We were laughingly discussing this episode, when the news circulated like wildfire that the Spaniard had stabbed her antagonist. The strangest rumors were afloat, and, as at Monte Carlo bushing up is reduced to a science, it was hard to elicit the truth.

However, it appears the women had come face to face on the steps of the Casino, and, after an interesting exchange of compliments, had gone for each other like wild cats. The beautiful, wicked, tropical creature, with her uncontrollable passions, flashed out a knife, and cut her enemy viciously across the forehead. Frantic screams rent the air. The weapon was wrenched from that reckless band, and a hundred horrified by-standers separated the combatants. In these delicate affairs, the functions of judge, policeman, jury, and counsel are united in the tormented "Administration," and it was felt the naughty, violent children must be sternly punished. To be banished from the Elysian Fields of the principality is about equal to penal servitude; so our bright particular star will not again be visible to the naked eye; while her victim has been comically excluded for one cooling, healing week.

Aureole is of opinion that croupiers should be angels, or,

at any rate, men of iron nerve and heavenly temper. She says:

As any stick is good enough to beat a dog, so any aggravation, any taunt, that the ingenuity of aggrieved man or woman can conceive, is good enough to hurl at the head of these long-suffering officials. The perpetual see-saw from mechanical sameness to wildest racket must be terribly trying, and, indeed, they soon acquire a sorrow, careworn, anxious air. A wrong at the tables has the curious effect of turning the most placid philosopher or the gentlest lady into a bubbling fury, and I have seen a rich man, who would give a thousand pounds to any out-at-elbows charity, livid with rage at having a five-franc piece grabbed, or his claim to some trivial payment disputed. Experience has taught the *habitudes* of the dangerous lesson that if they make fuss enough, and proclaim their wrongs with sufficient vigor, "L'Administration" is certain to disburse twice over rather than prolong the row. Consequently, there are quite a number of harridans, who habitually turn dishonest pennies by money-grabbing. "C'est une nouvelle industrie," as I heard a Frenchman remark, sarcastically. In nine cases out of ten the victim is too shy, or weak, or unready, to give battle, and personally I would suffer a thousand losses rather than harangue the multitude with the necessary frenzy. The grabber—relying, I conclude, on the protection of sex—is nearly always of the female gender. Now and then they catch a Tartar, and then the fun grows fast and furious; but, in any case, the wicked old harpies have the best of the transaction, for they are case-hardened to abuse, and know the management will never resort to brute force; while nothing less ever makes them disgorge.

A day or two ago I was staking an occasional napoleon over the heads of the crowd, and observed an enormous, quite typical John Bull standing near. On his other side was a tiny, shabby, shriveled, toothless Frenchwoman; and I felt the keen, shifty eyes, with their ferret red rims, meant mischief. The man stretched out an assured hand to secure a few louis paid for a successful *coup*; but before he could possess himself of the money, a greasy black kid glove darted forth, and, quick as lightning, the gold pieces were dropped into some mysterious personal recess. My huge neighbor represented his rights, while the woman vociferated, shrugged, and swore away her little depraved soul in staccato French. The croupiers patiently endeavored to judge between the rival claimants, and then tried to cut short the dispute by proceeding with the game.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux," cried the automatic voice. Meanwhile, John Bull was turning a slow, dull purple, and seemed visibly to swell. Leaning forward, he possessed himself of one of the wooden rakes from the table. "J'ai-Mee-Sla!" he exclaimed, in stentorian tones that resounded through the gold-incrusted palace; then, sharply rapping the old woman over the shoulder: "Et cette vile Dame Lar pree. Bagged it under my very nose!" he cried, lapsing into the vernacular in an appeal for popular sympathy. By this time the noise had attracted people from all directions, and crowds pushed eagerly to the scene of action. The powerless croupier, with a deprecatory shrug, turned the wheel, stakes were placed on the table, and play resumed.

"Lar," said John Bull. "Thieving devils. Prenez sar," and he flung a gold piece into the revolving machine. The croupiers cried "Coup Nul" as the ball fell into number eight. Then, to add to the complication, a wail of despair arose from an unfortunate who had placed twenty francs *en plein* on that number. A babble of tongues arose, and the croupiers, losing their heads, told off a minute official to remonstrate with the aggressive one. An impudent pigmy tapped the giant on the shoulder, and John, without even glancing round, flapped his elbows and sent the little man sprawling. Then play was once more resumed. The croupiers looked doubtfully, almost appealingly, at John; but that magnificent person, who seemed to revel in the storm and ride triumphant over the tempest, flung a resolute five-franc piece into the revolving cylinder. "Si vous pouvez par me payer," he shouted; "il faut fermay le boutique!"

I was struck dumb at the celebrated, the grandiose, the far-famed "Administration" being bluntly advised to "shut up shop." Shouts of "payez le" rose on every hand, and with the fear of Judge Lynch before their eyes, the croupiers thrust the money hastily into the Englishman's big fist.

"Now you can *ally au diable* as quick as you please, madam," said John, coolly pausing to wipe the perspiration from his bald and streaming brow.

Another player who brought the administration to terms was "a naval Yankee." Sir Raymond Howard thus tells the story to Aureole:

He was the captain of a trading-ship entrusted with twenty thousand francs. Putting in accidentally at an adjacent port, he thought he would visit the gambling-rooms. Allured by the horrible fascination, he ventured a small stake. Like all beginners, he won *coup* after *coup*, until an upsetting turn of the tide. He carried the precious notes in his pocket, and, his own money exhausted, was tempted to borrow from the sacred trust. In a few nightmare hours he found himself a penniless, ruined, and dishonored man. But the old boy didn't take long to make up his mind. Broad and burly, he presented himself to the "Administration," and explained the awful state of the case. Naturally, they refused to refund the money. The mariner grew terrible in his despair. "Under these circumstances, gentlemen," he said, "life is valueless. I shall go back to the boat, and if I don't receive twenty thousand francs within half an hour, shall blow out my brains; but before sending in my checks, I'll have the satisfaction of bombarding your confounded Casino. I take my oath to that. Good-morning!"

He was soon busy loading, aiming, and placing his solitary cannon; but in something under twenty minutes the vessel was bailed by a trim employee from bead-quarters. "Captain," said the visitor, politely, "your preparations will be unnecessary; you can unload. Here are your twenty thousand francs. *Bon voyage!*"

There are two questions at Monte Carlo that burn with quenchless ardor, according to our author; they are How to win? and What to eat? Of this latter, she says:

The problem of *cuisine* is on the carpet from earliest dawn. Dining not wisely but too well has a tremendous effect on the revenue. Any feeble notion of the value of money has long vanished.

Monte Carlo is simply the delightful metropolis of fun, folly, and superstition. Every one subscribes to private articles of credulity; but meeting a priest on the way to the Salle de Jeu is notoriously fatal. At the first symptom of a row, the true gambler scents the horrid *déveine*, and hastily removes his stake. The Englishman with the evil eye is also much dreaded. This poor fellow ruined himself with an industry worthy of a better cause, and the "Administration" paid his journey home a dozen times; but he invariably reappeared, until in despair they drew his gambling fangs by arranging for his keep here. Now, like a lost soul, he flutters round the tables, taking a keen vicarious interest in the proceedings. The Italians point at him with the first and second fingers, to render innocuous malign influences, for if his glance lights on you at the critical moment, you may give your stake up for lost.

On the other hand, to have anything to do with a suicide is extraordinarily lucky, and when a calamity occurs there is quite a rush to annex the least scrap belonging to the defunct. This seems ghastly, but it is almost worse to find living deformity brings good fortune. A crippled woman, who walked round the rooms, was half-mobbed by a horde of absurd creatures pining for contact with her lucky hump; and an ardent gambler never falls on occasion to rub his money on the pink part of a virgin's cheek.

With this, Aureole and her spouse take leave of Monte Carlo. The other portions of the hook are, as we have said, less interesting to American readers, and so we leave it.

The ever-recurring complaint of climatic changes appears in 1866 in John Williams's remarks on the alterations in the British climate "within the last fifty years," bringing increasing humidity and cloudiness, cold springs, and "un-genial seasons."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose eightieth birthday was recently celebrated, is learning to play on the piano.

William Black, the novel writer, is also a portrait painter, an enthusiastic hotanist, and an all-round sportsman.

The full name of Chevalier, the London music-hall singer, is Albert Onesimo Britannicus Gwathveoye Louis Chevalier. It would make a good yell for a Welsh college.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth is said to have his name in the *Index Expurgatorius* for a hook on the Virgin, which he wrote when he was Cardinal Pecci, but of which Pius the Ninth disapproved.

Charles Day Rose, the Englishman who issued a challenge for the *America's* Cup recently and then withdrew it, was thrown from his horse while hunting, a few days ago, and broke his collar-bone.

Sar Peladan, the head of the "Rose Croix" and writer of an endless series of mystical novels, having found a rich widow who will marry him, has shorn his long locks and given up his eccentricities.

Paderewski's invalid son is an unusually brilliant boy, despite his hopeless condition. He is much further advanced in his studies than the average child of twelve, having already mastered four languages.

Senator Sherman has outlived all but one of the men who were his rivals in the convention of 1880. Of that great array—Grant, Blaine, Windom, Garfield, Elihu B. Washburne, and Edmunds—Edmunds alone survives.

When recently asked the value of his London real estate, the Duke of Westminster replied that he could not form an estimate of its value, but that he would not take twelve millions of pounds for his holdings in the metropolis.

Six of the South African millionaires are believed to own one hundred and ninety-five millions of dollars between them. Mr. Alfred Beit is the richest with sixty millions, Mr. Barnato has fifty, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes twenty-five.

M. Rousseau, the new governor of the French possessions in Indo-China, is a radical dress reformer, and has issued orders that all ladies attending government balls shall wear high-necked gowns. He has been nicknamed "Mr. Modesty."

London's new lord mayor, Sir Walter Wilkin, made his fortune by the sale of a German yeast. In view of Sir Walter's probable elevation to a haronety at the expiration of his term of office, a political antagonist remarked: "We Have Risen" would make a fine family motto for the Wilkins.

David Plunkett, member of Parliament for Dublin University, who has just been raised to the peerage, though not a wealthy man, has probably more money standing in his name than any single private citizen in the world. He is trustee for many rich people, including the Guinesses, and generally holds in that capacity from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 worth of securities.

Lieutenant-Commander W. S. Cowles, naval *attaché* at the United States Embassy in London, was married on November 25th to Miss Anna Roosevelt, sister of Commissioner Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, and cousin to First Secretary James R. Roosevelt, of the embassy. Lieutenant-Commander Cowles was recently divorced from a daughter of Allen G. Thurman, who has since married again.

Schlatter, the Denver miracle-worker, is a remarkable-looking man, and, says one who saw him recently, "would attract attention on any street in any city, aside from the peculiarities of his long hair. There is a masterful look about him, as well as a spiritual look. Nobody can look at Schlatter and doubt for an instant that he believes in himself or his mission. Everybody respects the man's sincerity. He looked clean—clean in body, clean in clothing, clean in mind, and clean in soul. And he has the gentlest face you ever saw."

Anthony J. Drexel-Biddle, a grandson of the late Anthony J. Drexel, the wealthy banker who willed him an even one million dollars, has entered into partnership with Alexander Bradley, as editor and proprietor of the *Sunday Graphic*. Mr. Drexel-Biddle was a reporter on the *Ledger* when his grandfather died, and was widely written up as the "millionaire reporter." He has done some creditable special work in relation to athletics, and is himself a clever athlete who is not afraid to don the gloves and have a "go" with men as noted as "lanky" Boh Fitzsimmons.

Queen Victoria is beginning to act queerly. Not long ago she forced her entire court and household to don mourning and attend the funeral of a young medical student, whose only claim to her consideration had been that he was the nephew of her favorite personal attendant and gillie, the late John Brown. At the solicitation of Princess Beatrice and others, her medical attendant, Sir James Reid, attempted to check some of these eccentricities. The queen, however, took his remonstrance amiss, and now Sir James's post is being filled by the young man who had been his assistant.

Paris has lost one of its curiosities by the death of the Duchesse de Pomar, who was also Dowager Countess of Caithness. She was the daughter of a Cuban planter named Mariateguá, immensely rich and fond of entertaining. She became a Spiritualist, took up Mme. Blavatsky, and believed herself to be a reincarnation of Mary Stuart. The palace she built in Paris she called Holyrood, and a statue of Mary Stuart offered by her to the city was refused, as it turned out to be a portrait of herself. Her title of duchess was given to her by Pope Leo. With all her eccentricities, she was very charitable.

LITERARY NOTES.

Stevenson's Posthumous Volume.

"The Vailima Letters" is a volume of epistles addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to his friend, Sydney Colvin. The letters were written from Vailima, the mountain home in Samoa, where the last four years of Stevenson's life were spent. The correspondence is a most satisfying one, being full of particulars of daily doings and thoughts as heart could wish. The letters, in fact, form a complete journal, only there is no trace of the egotism peculiar to that form of autobiography. They were written in the beginning with no thought of publication, and the attitude throughout is that of absolute surety in his friend's sympathetic interest in all his concerns.

The charm of the man is vividly felt as we read, and the playfulness and boyish light-heartedness that overflow in almost every letter are quite irresistible. The earlier part of the volume reflects a keen enjoyment in the novelty of a planter's life. All the factotums of Vailima, the dumb brutes, the very plants, become familiar to us. Stevenson's literary work, the hours he spends in writing, his hopes and discouragements, all are freely told. A strange pang it gives one to hear this master of English and prince of story-tellers call himself, in a despondent mood, "a fictitious article" and one who has "only managed to please the journalists."

There is much in the book about the political affairs of Samoa, and this, to the general reader, must be the least interesting part of the volume. And, indeed, despite Stevenson's own assertion, "I wouldn't change my present installation for any post, dignity, honor, or advantage conceivable," it must always be a matter of regret that one gifted so far above his fellows was obliged to live his life out in a kind of exile.

Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago.

Grant Allen's New Book.

Mr. Grant Allen is so exhilarated by the amount of notice, unfavorable as it was, bestowed on "The Woman Who Did," that he has written another book somewhat on the same lines as that delectable piece of fiction. The work is called "The British Barbarians," with the sub-title, "A Hill-Top Novel." This latter name, Mr. Allen informs us in a complacent introduction, will be used hereafter to designate those stories which are written as the expression of his own individuality. If this "protest in favor of purity," as he calls it, be an index of what we are to expect in future from the Hill-Top Series, the name may have its uses, for the book is a very dull one. It chronicles the impressions of a mysterious stranger who comes, nobody knows from just where, to study English manners and customs for the purpose of compiling a "History of Tahoo." He finds the whole social fabric deplorably rotten. Of the people with whom he comes in contact, the only one who takes his fancy is a pretty young woman with a husband and several children. With her he elopes, and it is only when the outraged husband pursues them—"the man he had never wronged," as the book has it—that the supernatural origo of the youth is disclosed. He is a visitant from the twenty-fifth century. His associates there are to be commiserated, for he is a most prosy and interminable talker. This free-love episode is laid before the reader as the marriage of true souls and the fulfillment of the highest law of nature. All the other "protests for purity" are in a similar vein. There is nothing in the book to arouse comment beyond its perverse and unsavory doctrines.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00.

Large Prizes for Novels and Stories.

The contest inaugurated by the New York Herald last spring awarding large prizes for the best novel, novelette, short story, and epic poem has been concluded, and the result was announced on December 1st. Julian Hawthorne has won the first prize of ten thousand dollars for novels, his work being entitled "Between Two Fires." The second prize for novels, two thousand dollars, has been won by W. C. Blakeman, of Islip, N. Y.; his novel is entitled "The Black Hand." The prize for novelettes, three thousand dollars, has been won by Miss Mollie Elliott Seawall, of Washington, her work being entitled "The Sprightly Tale of Marsac." The prize for short stories, two thousand dollars, has been won by Edgar Fawcett, of New York, his story being entitled "A Romance of Old New York." The name of the winner of the epic poem prize, one thousand dollars, has not yet been announced.

It is interesting to observe that the winners of all these prizes are practiced writers. The Argonaut has never believed in the "mute, inglorious Milton" legend. The best work in writing is done by people who know how to write. The result of all of these competitions has invariably been that the first prizes go to writers of experience. It was the case with the competition for plays inaugurated by the Herald some years ago. It has been the case with the various competitions conducted by the Youth's Companion, and it is again the case in the Herald competition just closed. Julian Hawthorne is one of the best-known authors in the country. Edgar Fawcett is the author of

many books and magazine articles, and is an experienced writer. Mollie Elliott Seawall has written a number of stories for the magazines and the illustrated periodicals, and is the author of several books of sea-stories. The result of this competition confirms the theory entertained by all editors of experience—that literary matter of merit almost invariably comes from practiced writers.

Hans Breitman in Florence.

"Legends of Florence," by Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitman), is a book which will be valuable to students of folk-lore. It consists of all sorts of legends concerning the places of interest in which Florence abounds. The peculiar value of these old tales is their source. They have been taken directly from the lips of the people, and differ in characteristics with the individualities of the tellers. Their authenticity as genuine stories handed down by tradition has been verified by comparison. Mr. Leland's researches on the subject of mythology and ancient superstitions have led him in various directions at odd times, but the field he explores in this book is an exceptionally rich one. The old churches, fountains, and public places of Florence will be invested with a new interest to the traveler who loves to linger by the way and steep his mind in old stories of the places he visits. And the student of folk-lore and the ethnologist will both find much in the book that will help to throw a light on the history and development of a people.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

Richard Harding Davis in the South.

A friend writes to the Chicago Tribune from Richmond, apropos of the Laughton-Gibson wedding, some rather unflattering comments on Richard Harding Davis's behavior:

"Mr. Davis said he could not bother about remembering to whom he had been introduced, so he talked to any one he wanted. Also he insisted on having the fiddle called in and dancing 'Virginia reels and things,' which he deemed appropriate to the occasion, though the courtly Virginians were all unused to them. In short, he did his best to come down to the supposed level of his entertainers and join heartily in their simple rural pleasures. Mr. Richard Harding Davis seems to have the knack of arousing antagonism among his acquaintances. For my part, I know him only through his books, where I am bound to say I have always found him a most delightful and vivacious companion. His Paris articles I have read, however, in the city of which they treat on what was not my first nor yet my second visit there. Consequently his cocksure manner did not always win relief. There were, however, some trusting souls who wasted time and money at the Café de Paris and the Ambassadeurs, fondly trusting to see the goings-on described by the lively Davis. Once, at a breakfast of artists and literary men who had known their Paris too, these many years, the subject of Davis came up. My word, how they scored him! There was a member of Harper's staff present, who quoted the funny but unkind verdict of a New York writer upon him—it was either Bunner or Brander Matthews—who had said: 'Davis must have been born with the gift of ignorance. No man at his age could possibly have acquired it.'"

An Unreal Wonderland.

Alice M. Richards, Sr., and Alice M. Richards, Jr., have attempted a curious literary feat. They have jointly produced a work, the one as author, the other as illustrator, closely following on the manner of Carroll and Tenniel. The book is called "A New Alice in the Old Wonderland," and in it we find the same company of absurd personages who jostle each other in Lewis Carroll's incomparable mixture of dreamland and nooseose. New incidents are invented, but the work is merely a fairly accurate piece of copying. Messrs. Carroll and Tenniel have no cause to feel ruffled, since their imitators neither are, nor claim to be, witty or original. This is not the real Wonderland, and so one can lead us to that marvelous realm but Lewis Carroll himself. The two Alices are lowly in their ambitions. They are clever enough to strike out for themselves instead of dealing in imitations of those greater than they.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

English Criticism of "Jude the Obscure."

The Argonaut's judgment on Thomas Hardy's new novel, "Jude the Obscure," is corroborated by the opinions of the English critics. For example, Black and White says:

"Thomas Hardy's latest, 'Jude the Obscure,' is vastly disappointing. The features which marred Tess are repeated, and that with emphasis. You can not away with certain portions, whose grossness is paralleled in Zola alone. This is infinitely to be regretted. In two passages, when Arabella plays Alec to Jude's Tess, the first is absolutely gross: the thing, perhaps, which Arabella would have done, but not the thing which needed to be reported. For it is closely followed by an episode just exactly as bold, just as consonant with Arabella's animality. To read the novel is to be convinced that the editor of Harper's was not merely justified, but was absolutely driven to excision in the public interest, and that Mr. Hardy has wilfully abandoned the reticence which makes for truth, and has thrust forward details, revolting in themselves, which destroy the artistic unities of his achievement. The stronger your admiration for the novelist's work, the deeper must be your sorrow at the course he has elected to pursue—for that way madness lies."

An English Love-Story.

"Where Highways Cross," by J. S. Fletcher, tells the love-story of an English farmer. He is an old bachelor who engages a young woman as his housekeeper, and, falling in love with her, offers to marry her, only to find that she has a husband liv-

ing. The story is embellished with numerous details, but it is written with a certain careful precision that robs it of spontaneity. The usual accessories of English rural life are not missing. The book opens on market day in a country town, the old men and women of the village gossip together with the approved hurr in their speech, and the farmer gives the farm-hands and their wives an old-fashioned Christmas feast. All these things have the air of being brought in conscientiously to give local color to the tale. The book reminds one of an understudy to a great actor. All the details are carefully attended to, but the vital spark of interest is wanting.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

A New Year-Book.

"The Helio Jackson Year-Book" is a collection of extracts from the writings of the late Mrs. Jackson, one being given for each day in the year. The selections are made by Harriet T. Perry, and are chosen with judgment and feeling. Both prose and poetical works are represented, though there is nothing quoted that has not the ring of the true poet, irrespective of rhyme or rhythm. The idea of dating the extracts does not seem a happy one. In but few cases has the date any bearing on the selection, and the most devout admirer might find it laborious to turn to the volume every day. The plan of a daily quotation is a peculiarly felicitous one for a calendar, but it seems inappropriate in book-form. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50.

The following poem is taken from a small book of verses, entitled "An Evening Thought, and Other Verses," to be published by H. S. Crocker & Co., of San Francisco, by Edward Maclean Hulme, an under-graduate student at the Leland Stanford Junior University:

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Love, if some evening, when the soft, white mist
Holds in embracing arms the weary world,
And the last sunbeams all the peaks have kissed,
And in sweet slumber all the flowers are furled,
You should come to me, clad in Death's dark grace,
And gaze upon me with your tender eyes,
And with a sad, sweet smile upon your face,
Should say, "I bring the peace the world denies,"
Into that distant land I do not know,
Into the darkness that I hope means light,
I would, dear heart, with you too gladly go,
And you should be my guardian through the night.

The "Rhymes and Chimes Calendar for 1896," which the Chaoning Auxiliary puts forth this year, is a very desirable record of the year. It consists of a dozen sheets of heavy paper, fastened together with a thong of soft leather, one each of which is printed the calendar for one month, accompanied by a picture of some famous heltry-tower and an appropriate poetical quotation. The designs, which are pretty and of excellent taste, were made by Nellie Stearos Goodloe, and in them are shown the towers of Notre Dame, the Kremlin Tower at Moscow, Magdalen Tower at Oxford, where May has been ushered in with music and song for well-nigh four centuries, the bells of Limerick, the towers of our Californian Carmel Mission, and others of equal note. The verses, too, are very well chosen. It is for sale at the bookstores at \$1.00 a copy.

The latest author to complain of piratical publishers digging up and reprinting his early and immature work is Hall Caine. An American house has just unearthed and put on the market a story Mr. Caine wrote hurriedly to fill a gap between serials by Zola and "Ouida" while he was on a Liverpool paper, several years ago, and Mr. Caine feels much aggrieved; he never had the story republished in England, and, indeed, used parts of it in writing his now famous novel, "The Deemster."

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Ian Maclaren's" Latest Work.

The admirers of "Ian Maclaren" have almost done him an ill turn. They have chanted his praises in the rather hysterical strain which seems to be the fashion nowadays, and left him in the difficult position of living up to a reputation too great for his modest merits. Fortunately, he pays no heed to these ill-judged paeans, but pipes away a clear little note that will always charm the few. "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" is a continuation of the tales of the canny Scotch farmer folk who dwell in the Glen of Drumtochy. It is full of pithy character sketches, and the simple happenings which formed the important events of the Glen are told with rich humor.

The story is written in the Scotch vernacular, which gives a quaint turn to the simplest saying, but it takes a zealot to the cause to sit down to such an unmixed diet of Scotchism. One finds fault, too, with the sentimental twist that exists in all these sharp-witted farmers. Drumtochy has more than its fair share of hard-headed old bachelors whose shrewd exteriors cover the softest of hearts. This lack of virility and vigor is the weak spot in "Ian Maclaren's" art. When Drumsheugh and Jamie Soutar fall to talking of the life-long loves they have cherished, they are less pleasing and less real than when in their sagacious moods they are looking sharply after "the bawbees."

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A New Book of California Verse.

Flora Macdonald Shearer has collected the verses she has been writing in the past few years, and publishes them in a volume which takes its name from the first and longest poem in the book, "The Legend of Aulus." It is a story taken from the "Gesta Romanorum," and tells a tragic tale of love. Aulus loves Flaveria, but their union is forbidden by an old Roman law which decrees that no man shall marry a maid of greater fortune than his own. But Aulus is heir to the powerful Hortensius, and him he murders to obtain his wealth. At first he prospers, but in the end ruin and destruction overtake him. This legend has been elaborated into a strong story, and it is told in smoothly flowing verse.

The other poems are chiefly sonnets and ballads, some of the occasional ones, such as the sonnets on "The Famine in Russia" and "Booth in Hamlet," being notably good.

Published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

A Life of the "War Lord."

The fourth volume of the Public Men of To-Day Series is "The German Emperor, William II," by Charles Lowe. It is a worthy successor of the volumes on the Ameer, Li Hung Chang, and Stambuloff. Mr. Lowe, whose books on Bismarck are considered standard works, is thoroughly conversant with the affairs and personages of modern Germany, and his estimate of the young "war lord" seems a very just one.

In the first chapter he treats of William's ancestry and birth, his early training, his student days, his betrothal, and his marriage. "A Tragic Time" the second chapter is headed, and rightly, for into it are crowded the illness of William's father—whom Mr. Lowe calls "an imperial Hamlet," fretting his life away in inaction—and the death of the old emperor. A third chapter is devoted to William's life as a crown prince, and then his career as emperor is treated under the headings, "The German Constitution," "First Flights," "William the Versatile," "A Bismarck Drama," "Saviour of Society," and "A Tourist Kaiser."

Published by F. Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Story of Manhattan.

"The Manhattaners" is the cacophonous but fitting title Edward S. Van Zile has given his latest novel. The story is light, modern, superficial, irreverent, as the construction of such a word as *Manhattaner* would indicate, and it is also amusing and quite clever.

It is built up upon the love-affairs of two newspaper men: a bright young enthusiast who has a complicated passion for a society woman who thinks herself a *femme incomprise*, and a disappointed man who meets and loves a good woman in time to avoid becoming a confirmed cynic. These two themes are modified by various minor interests, and the scenes are the usual ones of a New York novel, painted with a deft touch. Mr. Van Zile is journalistic in his methods and point of view, but there is good stuff in his story.

Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

American History in Story.

James Otis, a popular writer of stories for boys, has had an excellent idea in planning his *Stories of American History*. His aim was to interest young readers in our colonial and revolutionary history, and this he has done by writing stories of boys who took part in its leading events. In "The Boys of 1745," his young hero is a New Hampshire lad who goes with the expedition sent out by the

colonies to take Louisbourg, in Nova Scotia, when the mother-country needs their aid in war; and another of the series, "Neal the Miller," has its scenes laid in the stirring times that immediately preceded the Revolution.

Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, 75 cents each.

"The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill."

"Annie Laurie," whose journalistic work is well known in San Francisco, has written "a story for wee hits of tykes" which has been brought out as an elaborate picture-book for children. It is called "The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill," and relates the adventures of its young hero with his "choo choo cars" made of chairs, with a cockatoo that strayed into his yard, with a tall boy who had a voracious appetite for cakes, with a little girl who lived on the other side of the fence, and with various other persons and things that ventured into his small world. The illustrations, which are quite as important as the text, are by "Swin," the caricaturist who invented the little California bears so popular at the time of the Midwinter Fair.

Published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"A Sherburne Romance," a fourth volume in Amanda M. Douglas's Sherburne Series, which have delighted the hearts of thousands of boarding-school girls, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Stories of the Wagner Operas," by H. A. Guerher, giving of each of the operas the sources from which Wagner obtained its materials, the circumstances in which it was written, and its plot, and illustrated with reproductions of German pictures, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Her Fairy Prince," by Gertrude Warden, is an English story of a girl, the daughter of a rascally English captain, who lives by his wits on the Continent; she marries a dissipated young fellow in the hope of reforming him, and later discovers that she cares more for another man. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Chess Novelties and Their Latest Developments," by H. E. Bird, is the latest and most up-to-date book on this most absorbing of games. The author has been a chess-player for more than half a century and has held an acknowledged position in the chess world since 1851, and in this book he brings his ripe knowledge to bear on recent developments of the game. His comparisons of the progress of chess openings of the past century and the present are well worth careful study. Published by F. Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," by Albert Stearns, is a story of an American boy who comes into possession of Aladdin's lamp and consequently has its attendant genie at his command. The genie is rather scornful of his new master, because the tasks he devises are so trivial and prosaic; but Chris is pretty well satisfied to make his all-powerful slave play in a game of base-ball and win and build him a palace such as Aladdin, who knew nothing of electric lights and elevators, could never have imagined. The palace vanishes in the end and the genie escapes his thralldom, but not until Mr. Stearns has provided plenty of fun for his young readers. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Inmates of My House and Garden," by Mrs. Brightwen, contains a store of information concerning animals of various sizes and species, from a lemur to a cork-moth. A good portion of the work is devoted to anecdotes of wild creatures that have been tamed and domesticated as household pets. In addition to this, many chapters are given to a description of the minute insect life which the keen-eyed will find abounding in house and garden. The authoress is an enthusiast on her subject, and though her book has no scientific value, being merely a record of desultory observation over ground that has already been well explored, it is written in a simple and unpretending fashion that may find favor with those interested in the same themes. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Natural Course in Music for Public Schools," by Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, has just appeared. It adds one more to the many already in the field, but it has benefited by the mistakes of other systems, and is well adapted to the needs of the schools. It consists of a series of charts and music-books intended to cover a space of eight years. The materials used are selected with care, and are of the best. It is an improvement on the old practice of employing trumpery words and music, on the supposition that children are incapable of comprehending the works of master minds. This course will prove the contrary. The work is well graded, but the most advanced reader is disappointing in its lack of freshness and variety. An excellent feature is the introduction of the familiar national airs at the end of each volume. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, six volumes, from 30 to 50 cents per volume.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel moves through Italian scenes and is called "Taqisara." It is to appear first as a serial. Mr. Crawford, they say, sometimes chooses his title long before he writes his book. He has already selected "A Rose of Yesterday" as a name for a novel which is to appear in the *Century* two years hence.

Edwin Munsell Bliss has a timely article on "Reform or Partition in Turkey" in *Harper's Weekly* for November 30th.

The latest of Hezekiah Butterworth's Zigzag Series is "Zigzag Journeys Around the World," which Estes & Lauriat publish. It describes a journey from the East to San Francisco, and thence to Japan, China, India, Europe, South America, and finally home.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately "Annals of Westminster Abbey," by E. T. Bradley (Mrs. Murray Smith), with an introduction by her father, Dean Bradley. The book, which has been in preparation for several years, will contain nearly two hundred illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. L., and H. M. Paget, and an etching by Francis Walker, A. R. P. E. This sumptuous volume gives the romance and life of the abbey, and does not deal with architectural details.

James T. Knowles's prose rendering of "The Legends of King Arthur and His Knights," which is published by F. Warne & Co., is in its eighth edition.

Edward W. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden" stories are now in their ninety-eighth thousand, Lovell, Coryell & Co. report, and eight thousand of "A Daughter of the Tenements" have been sold. Mr. Townsend has been over in London, looking after the sale of his books there.

The *Century* for December contains the following list of articles:

"The Passion-Play at Vorder-Thiersee," by Annie S. Peck; "Sir George Tressady"—II., by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte"—continued, by William M. Sloane; "A Midsummer Night," by Benjamin Kidd; "Captain Eli's Best Ear," by Frank R. Stockton; "Tom Grogan"—I., by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency," by Leslie J. Perry; "Humperdinck's 'Hänsel und Gretel,'" by Bernhard Stavenhagen; "The Grasshopper and the Ant," by J. G. Vibert; "The Brushwood Boy," by Rudyard Kipling; "Music, Heavenly Maid," by T. T. Munger; "Tissot's 'Life of Christ,'" by Edith Coves, with twelve illustrations from Tissot's paintings; "One Way Out," by Jacob A. Riis; verses by Henry Jerome Stockard, Sarah D. Hohart, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Edith M. Thomas; and the departments.

The recent suggestions of General Nelson A. Miles touching the improvement of the coast defenses of the United States, lend special relevance to an article in *Harper's Weekly* for November 30th, on "The United States Proving Grounds at Sandy Hook."

"Hildegard's Neighbors" is the new volume in Laura E. Richards's Hildegard Series of stories for young girls. Estes & Lauriat are the publishers.

In the Story of the West Series, which Ripley Hitchcock is editing for D. Appleton & Co., "The Story of the Indian," by George Bird Grinnell, is just out, and "The Story of the Mine," by Charles Howard Shinn, and "The Story of the Trapper," by Gilbert Parker, are in preparation. Other volumes on the explorer, the cowboy, the soldier, and the railroad are to follow.

An interesting book on the culinary art, discussing its history, science, practice, and ethical and medical import, has been issued by F. Warne & Co. It is by Dr. J. L. W. Thudichum, and is entitled "The Spirit of Cookery."

Lovell, Coryell & Co. are the publishers of Raymond Raife's story in the Rider Haggard vein, "The Sheikh's White Slave."

"The Brushwood Boy" is the title of Mr. Kipling's story contributed to the December *Century*. The scene is laid in "England, India, and the world of dreams." Mr. Kipling, by the way, will go on writing for *St. Nicholas* during the coming year, though the Jungle Stories have arrived at an end.

Eleanor V. Hutton is contributing a charming series of papers descriptive of a holiday season in Venice to *Harper's Bazar*. She calls the series "Farm-Life on the Giudecca."

Chatterbox and the *Little Ones' Annual* for 1895 are among the important juvenile publications announced by Estes & Lauriat.

Under the title "Courtship by Command," the Messrs. Appleton will soon publish a historical romance dealing with an episode in the life of Napoleon. The author is M. M. Blake.

Henry Austin, the author of the *Illustrated American's* "Famous American Duels," has written a long open letter to the Los Angeles *Capital* in reply to that journal's criticisms on his statements. He refers incidentally to the *Argonaut's* recent articles on the Broderick-Terry duel, and speaking of the Rust-Strider encounter, says: "The assertion of my assailant [in the *Capital*]

that Major Ben Truman, the graceful compiler of that excellent hook, 'The Field of Honor,' is the only person in the world who ever received an account of that duel from an eye-witness, is an assumption simply astounding." Mr. Austin will find it also simply astounding when he learns that the editor of the *Capital* and, presumably, his critic—"assailant," he calls him—is that graceful compiler, Major Ben C. Truman.

F. Warne & Co. put forth a handsome holiday work in "Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales," by John Timms and Alexander Gunn. It is in three volumes, and is embellished with twelve full-page photogravures.

"A Dash to the Pole," Herbert D. Ward's thrilling narrative of an aerial voyage to the Arctic regions, which Lovell, Coryell & Co. publish, is having a lively holiday sale.

The eighth and concluding volume of Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia has just been issued by D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

Ten years ago, James Tissot was noted in Paris as a painter of fleshly nymphs, of a series of pictures depicting the pleasures of life in the capital, and of portraits of men and women in the fashionable world. Suddenly he closed his studio, and announced that he was going to Palestine to illustrate a "Life of Christ." For years he studied the Gospels and scriptural history, and thoroughly familiarized himself with life in the Holy Land. He has painted nearly four hundred pictures, and a book is soon to be published containing them all, reproduced in color, and selling at three hundred dollars for the cheapest copy. A number of the pictures appear in the Christmas *Century*.

To Mr. George du Maurier.

You, whose swift fingers, through so many years,
Have made us sad or merry at your will,
Whose graceful fancy brightens and endears
Whatever pictured page your art may fill;

With wise, unvenomed wit making us see,
As by some wizard's glass revealing truth,
How beautiful or base our life may be,
What grace in age, what gentleness in youth.

No need that you, whose pencil can not stale,
Having such power to charm us with its spell,
Should let your pen surpass even that, nor fail,
To hold us fettered by your words as well!

Yet poor imprisoned Peter, lost in dreams,
Lives in our hearts, no transitory guest;
And Trilby, with her pain and passion, seems,
Of all we owe you, dearer than the rest.

In idle phantasy, we dimly see
Some shore Elysian where your lovers meet;
Secure and sheltered, by a tideless sea,
They clasp and kiss, inseparable and complete.

Dream-children are they, shadows of a shade,
We, too, are dreams, in Life's uneasy sleep;
With them the promise, while we fail and fade,
Of immortality, secure and deep.—*The Sketch.*

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"1492."

Rice's "1492" comes to the Baldwin next week, to remain through the holidays. It began its career in New York more than two years ago, and has been as successful as any of E. E. Rice's extravaganzas—which is saying much. It is, of course, a farrago of catchy music, amusing situations, lively hits at the fads and foibles of the day, and the company includes some well-known singers and comedians. Bessie Bonehill is the leading card; she is an Englishwoman, a graduate of "the halls," and as a male impersonator she subjugated the New York dudes, after a triumphal career among the London Johnnies. She takes Theresa Vaughan's part. The "daisy Queen of Spain" is Richard Harlow, a female impersonator whose gowns are particularly stunning; he was the originator of the rôle, and has retained it from the beginning. Other people in the cast are the Standard Quartet; Gertrude Rutledge, a ballad-singer; Fleurette, a *dansuse*; Louis Williams, baritone; and Willie Dunlay, a youthful counter-tenor. Herr Kilyani will himself superintend the posing of the Kilyani Living Pictures. Finally, the management has whispered it into the ear of the press that the entire company comes out here in Pullman palace cars, "that the female members' youth and beauty, which have been so favorably commented upon throughout the country, will be substantiated by San Francisco theatre-goers."

Lillian Lewis in "Cleopatra."

Shakespeare's classic drama, "Cleopatra," is to be given at the Columbia next week, with Lillian Lewis as the Serpent of Old Nile. Miss Lewis, whose position on the American stage is well established, has surrounded herself by a company of capable actors, and in point of scenery, costuming, and spectacular effects, the production is a notable one. Two prominent accessories to the picturesqueness of the play will be the panorama and the barefoot ballet—which latter out-Trilbys Trilby by several feet, so to speak.

Miss Lewis's engagement is for one week only. On Monday, December 16th, she will be followed by the popular Irish comedian, Daniel Sully.

"The Beggar Student" at the Tivoli.

The romantic opera, "The Beggar Student," by Millöcker, the author of "The Black Hussar," "Gasparone," and other kindred German operas, will be presented next week at the Tivoli Opera House. The rôle of Symon, the beggar student, is one Martin Pache has sung in Europe and this country. His merry companion, Jan, will be sung by John J. Raffael, who played in this opera with the McCaull Opera Company. Ferris Hartman has twice appeared in this city as General Ollendorf and met with favor; and the rôle Enterich, the drunken jailor, will be in the hands of George H. Broderick; Laura Millard will sing for the first time in this city the Countess Laura part. Emilie Melville will be Bronislava, the younger sister and hungry daughter. The rôle of the Countess Palmatica will be sung by Mahella Baker. The splendid chorus and excellent orchestra will all aid in making this a perfect production.

On Monday evening, December 16th, Von Suppe's famous opera, "Faust," will be presented, with Alice Carle as the dashing Lieutenant Vladimir. This opera was originally sung in English at the California Theatre in this city, and has always been a favorite work with all music-lovers. "Ixion" is to be the Christmas spectacle, upon which great labor and care are being expended.

Robert Downing in Legitimate Drama.

A season of legitimate drama will begin at the California Theatre on Monday night, when Robert Downing will appear in Saumet's historic tragedy, "The Gladiator." It has always been a favorite with the robust school of tragedians, and Mr. Downing is seen at his best in it. "The Gladiator" will be repeated on Thursday and Sunday evenings; "Julius Caesar," with Downing as Marc Antony, and Edwin Ferry and Charles Collins as Cassius and Brutus, will be given on Tuesday and Saturday evenings; "Othello" will be given on Wednesday evening and at the Saturday matinee; and "Ingomar" will be given on Friday night.

Eugenie Blair returns as Mr. Downing's leading lady; she has been in his company for some time past, and received her early training with Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Frederick Warde,

and James O'Neill. She is to wear some very handsome costumes in "Helena," which is to be given during the second week of the engagement. For the holidays, immediately following Mr. Downing, May Irwin will be the attraction in her new comedy, "The Widow Jones," which is new and has a good New York record.

Milton Nobles Returns.

The management of Morosco's Grand Opera House has secured Milton Nobles to play a return engagement, which begins on Monday night. His wife, Dollie Nobles, who has not been acting for some time past, has now returned to the stage and will be seen on Monday night as Dorothy Goodall in "A Son of Thespis." The entire cast is as follows:

Act I.—Warren Merrill, J. Harry Benrimo; Bernard Carroll, A. C. Henderson; William Goodall, Milton Nobles; Philip Hawley, Edward Browning; Servant, H. E. Humphrey; Philander Phipps, Frank Hatch; Philis, Maud Edna Hall; Act II., III., and IV.—William Goodall, Milton Nobles; Philander Phipps, Frank Hatch; Colonel Tom Alchostra, Fred J. Butler; Bernard Carroll, A. C. Henderson; Arthur Marggold, H. Coulter Brinker; Reuben Hawkins, Charles Lathan; Sophocles Spott, Charles W. Swain; Marshall Stalk, Clement Hopkins; Philis Goodall, Maud Edna Hall; Dorothy Goodall, Dollie Nobles; Mrs. Madge Marggold, Julia Blanc; Phoebe Adams, Florence Thropp.

New Plays and New Players.

The next entertainment to be given by the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art will be unusually interesting. There are a number of new aspirants for the stage who will make their debut upon this occasion, and there will be two plays new to the public of San Francisco, the first, "Tea at Four O'Clock," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, and "The Costumed Ball," by a local author. In addition to the above plays, "The Violin-Maker of Cremona" will be presented, and the school will be seen for the first time in other accomplishments, such as dancing, fencing, and pantomimic work.

The Dramatization of "Chimmie Fadden."

A recent paragraph in the New York *Mirror* says that "in the dramatization of 'Chimmie Fadden,' the work has all been done by Augustus Thomas." This is a mistake. E. W. Townsend, the author, worked in collaboration with Augustus Thomas, the dramatist. All of the leading characters are taken from the book, including Chimmie, the Duchess, His Whiskers, Miss Fanny, Mr. Paul, and others. Mr. Thomas devised the dramatic setting, and suggested the fastening of a crime upon Chimmie, from which predicament, it is unnecessary to say, he emerges successfully. All of the dialogue is from the pen of Mr. Townsend. As both of these gentlemen have worked most harmoniously together, newspaper paragraphs calculated to cause friction between them seem to be unnecessary.

The effect of European clothing upon Japanese women is quite remarkable, for whenever it is adopted modern manners and customs usually go with it. The educated Japanese say that when a native woman adopts modern dress she insists upon the same treatment and courtesies that her sisters in Europe receive. It is a curious fact that when a woman is dressed in the Japanese costume, her husband always precedes her when entering a room or in walking the streets, and treats her as Japanese husbands generally treat their wives—that is, like servants. But when the same woman puts on modern dress, the conditions are reversed. Her husband pays her the same deference that European and American husbands show their wives, and recognizes her as an equal. Therefore, dress reform has had a powerful influence in the advancement of Japanese women.

John Thomas Hill, who is the musical director of the De Wolf Hopper company under the *nom de théâtre* of J. T. Hiller, has begun a suit in the local courts for divorce from his wife, known professionally as Jeannette St. Henry. She was at the Baldwin not long ago in Pauline Hall's company. Mr. Hiller was at one time the husband of Ilma di Murska.

Publication of a new Spanish-American daily, the *Diario de California*, was begun in this city on Monday last. Its purpose is to foster trade between California and Spanish-American countries, and it has an English section devoted to information about Mexico and Central America.

Signora Eleanora Duse has written a novel, the plot and situations of which are drawn from the Italian stage. The actress is the possessor of an admirable literary style, and is a keen student of character.

—THE TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS FOR ladies, at the Lurline Baths, continue to be extremely popular. Large parties of ladies go regularly on these mornings to enjoy the exclusive swim afforded them. They being centrally located, and having the tank refilled each day with the pure ocean salt water, make them the favored baths of San Francisco. The emptying of the tank every night at 10:30 o'clock is free to public view.

—THE CHRISTMAS GOODS JUST BEING OPENED by S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary St., comprise the hand-somest novelties ever brought to their establishment.

COMMUNICATIONS.

It is Not the First Time.

147 HOLYHEAD ROAD,

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, November, 14, 1895.

DEAR SIR: You would please a good many people if you would bring forth your scalping-knife for the benefit of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who calmly *steals* (convey, the wise it call) in this week's issue of his paper, *To-Day*, a clever story entitled "Lurline," which appeared in your columns a month or two ago. It occupies two pages of *To-Day*, and is printed without a word of acknowledgment to its source. Yours truly, N. G. HURST.

Some time since a well-known English barrister, on entering upon a house in a fashionable West End row, unwittingly bound himself to paint the whole of the exterior of the dwelling. On finding what an expense he had made himself liable for, he remonstrated with the landlord, who simply smiled and declared that the bond must be fulfilled. Then did the wily barrister cause the whole front of his house to be painted in strips of vivid green, yellow, and pink, greatly to the chagrin of the fashionable neighbors, who were the tenants of the same landlord. In vain did the landlord storm; the barrister tenant threatened, unless the bond were canceled, to have the back of the house painted like a rainbow, with huge black spots covering it at intervals. Agreement canceled.

On account of his daughter's marrying a Gentle, Mr. Cohen, president of the Jewish board of deputies in London, has resigned the office, which he had held for sixteen years.

—IVORY FIGURES AND IVORY MINIATURE PAINTINGS. Do not fail to see the splendid collection just received at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

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Jones—"I think I'll have to give up smoking for good. It will come pretty hard, I suppose." Judson—"Not at all! I've done it lots of times."—Puck.

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Repertoire: Monday, "The Gladiator." Tuesday,

"Julius Caesar." Wednesday, "Othello." Thursday,

"The Gladiator." Friday, "Ingomar." Saturday Matinee,

"Othello." Saturday Evening, "Julius Caesar."

Sunday, "The Gladiator."

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THE HORSE SHOW.

By Geraldine Bonner.

The proper way to begin a description of a scene from high life is to have the superb equipage of the heroine dash up to the kerb-stone, an enormous footman fly to open the door, the heroine herself, in the rustling splendors which heroines affect, descend languidly, and, escorted by obsequious millionaires, make her entrance into the halls of dazzling light, where she will be the cynosure of all eyes and be spoken of by people who talk a language composed of ungrammatical English and more ungrammatical French.

This is the correct way of introducing scenes from fashionable life. The only other way of doing it is to take a downward plunge into the darksome realms of a picturesque poverty. Here the heroine, drawing her ragged shawl over a form of statuesque proportions and adjusting her wretched but scrupulously neat hat over a face of peerless beauty, stands in the cutting blast from the north-east, and regards, with her lamently brilliant blue eyes, the haughty, thoughtless crowd as they enter the portals. In this style is developed the opportunity of contrast; and, somewhere about, the truly conscientious writer, who has the tastes of his reader close at heart, will see to it that the rich but honest hero is standing behind a pillar ogling the neat but ragged beauty and already spinning the threads in the web which is going to lead him eventually into matrimony.

But to bring the heroine on the scene in a cable-car is simply ordinary, undistinguished, if not actually low. There is neither the romance of poverty nor the splendor of riches about a cable-car. It is the vehicle of that great middle class who never do anything interesting, disreputable, picturesque, or startling. And ignominious as it is at ordinary times, it was particularly so on Tuesday evening, when large Jewesses, in huge sleeves, and ponderous Gentiles, in spreading capes, were all packed in as close as they could get, all swinging together in a solid group from the straps, every now and then new-comers, serenely undaunted, insinuating themselves into the swaying mass.

The cool night-air in that moment of transit from the car to the Pavilion seemed sweet as the breath of fields in the spring-time, and then was lost and left behind in the forward march into the building, where the pungent smell of horses and the acrid smell of the tan-bark mingled with that other medley of remarkable scents which makes San Francisco rank in the nose of Heaven. The fragrances that floated from lace and silk which had lain all week between cushions of sachet were overpowered. Even the strong, heady scent of the long-stemmed American beauty-roses that the rose-faced American beauty herself wore, pinned stiffly along the front of her bodice, floated into the air, unsavored, unnoticed, and unknown.

In the glow of bunched lights, whitening the arched interior of that gloomy old barn where the Horse Show is held, the American beauty was on view in many shapes and forms. There was the single American beauty on its thickly leaved, sturdy stalk that pretty girls wore up near their collars. There were the American beauties in bunches that slim, smooth-faced youths carried, as they trotted in the wake of beauty. Upon the tan-bark ellipse there were American beauties, satin-coated, with arched necks, and restless eyes working round in a circle of brownish white, cavorting and quivering and dancing in an ecstasy of nervous excitement. And in the front of the boxes, and on the promenades, and on the tiers of seats behind these were American beauties in all the bravery of gay millinery and pale colors.

The Horse Show and the opera in New York are the only places where the prominent and fashionable rich half of the city may be gazed upon in their habits as they live by the obscure and unfashionable other half. In consequence of this, these two places are becoming merely rendezvous of people who stare and people who are stared at. The wealthy in boxes dress for the admiration of the crowd on foot, who do not let any hampering scruples in the way of delicacy interfere with their free, untrammelled joy in staring. We have not yet reached this stage in San Francisco; nevertheless, to pay a dollar to see the beauties, whose names and pictures cast a glamour over the pages of the daily press, is a temptation that only an iron will, backed by a socialist tendency, can resist. The day is not far distant when the beautiful Mrs. This and the *spirituelle* Miss That will gaze out over a sea of ogling faces and hear their appearance discussed as freely as are the beauties of their equine rivals on the other side of the fence.

In San Francisco, the Horse Show is as yet the only place where the wealthy side of the community gather en masse. Here that beauty of which California may boast is represented in all its modifications of racial type. To any one who has lived much in other parts of the Union, the Golden State will always be regarded as a sort of semi-foreign adjunct of the country. It is the least American piece of the United States. The intermixture of foreign blood, the strangely pleasure-loving tendency of the people, the preponderance of the Irish type among the well-to-do class, make it seem a sort of tributary State, conquered and

attached, but not yet welded in with the rest of the republic.

The appearance of these very American beauties seated in the front of the boxes is unusual in this country. They represent a variety of types, but, taken *en bloc*, are unlike the women in any other section of the United States. The one point in which they show a family resemblance is in their appearance of health, their blooming, splendid robustness. The fragile, ethereal woman, the ideal beauty of the East, is unknown in California. Her claim to hellishness would be uncomprehended. The Eastern belle, *passée* before her time, slender as a reed, pale, delicately faded, but possessed of that exquisite and finished elegance and charm that Balzac described as the salient characteristic of his Marquise de Rochefide, would be a complete bewildering to the Californian, who with his idea of beauty associates a goddess-like figure, a rose-leaf complexion, eyes as clear and deeply colored as a child's, lips as red and smooth as geranium-petals, the whole completely, flawlessly handsome, and as devoid of mystery and romance as a picture in an English keepsake.

Beauty, as seen at the Horse Show on Tuesday evening, pointed back toward many different races and many sorts of ancestry. The distinction of appearance that comes from a fine stock was rare, as it is all over the West, being confined in this country to the East and the South. Now and then a flower-fine face, touched with that delicate charm which tells of a race that has known the good and seemly things of life for many generations, shone out like a star. Astonishing richness and purity of coloring were the most striking characteristics of the tiers upon tiers of outlooking feminine faces that circled the promenade. There were blonde faces, wonderfully fair, all a sort of blended white and yellow, like the statues made by the Greeks in ivory and gold; dark faces, with opaque, pale skins and hair that draped itself heavily, which told of Spanish forebears; other dark faces where the skin was brown, the same brown as the eyes, only lighter and clearer, and with a red stain in the cheeks, these suggesting a touch of that "Greaser" blood which no family in California or Mexico was ever known to admit.

Of the Irish, there were several varieties; winsome faces, mischievous, full of color, given to laughter, with sparkling eyes and white teeth. Then the stolid, Irish peasant type, large, hovine, superbly healthy, inclined to be florid in coloring, with hair tending to the warm tints of red, or chestnut, or gold, with pale eyes and round cheeks where the color shades into soft coral tones. The black-haired Irish beauty runs too much to fat in California to be as triumphantly lovely as she is on her native Emerald Isle. Very splendid she can be, however, in a genial climate, which, while it gives her cheeks the most delicate rose-flush, never bestows upon them one single freckle, and when her husband or father is sufficiently well-to-do to allow of her employing the finest *modiste* and buying the most stanchly made corsets procurable for money.

But—the Horse Show! It has been forgotten. Here is the end of the paper, and nothing has been said about Peacock, or Socrates, or The Lark, or Huntress, or any of the rest of those splendid creatures that pranced and danced or steadfastly paced about the arena from eight till eleven. There is no room left to tell about Professor Herrmann and how fine he looked in his fawn-colored coat, with the big pearl buttons, or what a beautiful heast his leader was—that is, if the leader is the horse that goes in front in a tandem. There are certain kinds of ignorance that there is no use in trying to disguise. One may write about yachts when one does not know the jib from the mainsail, about dogs when one does not know a pug from a St. Bernard, about music when one can not tell "The Star-Spangled Banner" from "The Watch on the Rhine." But there is no use writing about horses when your knowledge of them is as limited as was that of the Aztecs when Cortez conquered Mexico.

Still it seems a pity not to pay the passing tribute of one's ignorant admiration to the fine animals that paced about the arena on Tuesday. It is a little like admiring pictures when your taste tends to chromos, and you are guiltily, if secretly, aware of that blot upon your 'scutcheon. To the eye of a blind and dense ignorance, the gray horse upon which Mr. Hobart flew over the fences with bird-like grace was an extremely ugly creature, with its long, flat neck, its long, narrow body, and its long, thin legs. Yet mainly because of its very ugliness, a lurking feeling lay in the mind of the beholder that it was the proper horse to admire. It certainly knew how to go over the hurdles, with no heedless bluster or excitement. Looking at it from the hack, the eye of the amateur could not but mark and admire the neat and business-like manner in which it tucked up and turned in its hind hoofs as it cleanly cleared the bushes on the hurdle, thereby not brushing a single bough. But there is no room to say more, only three lines to remark that this article is like Job's Billings's entertainment, one of the principle features of which was that it contained so many things that didn't have anything to do with it.

— DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Hawthorne Society.

The Hawthorne Society gave its one hundred and twenty-seventh concert last Wednesday evening. A lecture by Mr. H. B. Pasmore on the divine art of music was delivered. The entire programme was as follows:

Part-song, "Ve Little Birds," G. A. Macfarren, Miss Florence Wyman, Miss A. M. Forester, Mr. W. E. Smith, and Mr. Pasmore; lecture (illustrations during lecture); "Addio a Lugano," Campana, Miss Elizabeth Warden; "The Two Grenadiers," Schumann, Mr. H. E. Medley; "By the Sea," Schubert, Miss Edith Scott Waters; "Because I Love You, Dear," Hawley, Mr. W. E. Smith; quartet, "Legends," Moehring, Miss Wyman, Miss Elna C. Olsson, Miss Forester, and Miss Waters; part-song, "What My Lover Said," H. B. Pasmore, Miss Wyman, Miss Forester, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Pasmore.

Art Association Concert.

A concert was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The programme was as follows:

Organ overture, "Faust," Schumann, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Love's Sorrow," Shelley, Miss Emma A. Haas; violin solo, romance in G major, Beethoven, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle, accompanied by Miss Tuttle; song, "Merrily I Roam," Schleiffarth, Mrs. F. S. Eby; organ, "Rondo," Beethoven, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Forget Me Not," Suppé, Miss Emma A. Haas; violin solo, "Legende," Wicelawski, Mr. Benjamin Tuttle; song, "Waiting," Millard, Mrs. F. S. Eby; organ, march from "Anthony and Cleopatra," C. de Blamont, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

Bachelor Song Recital.

Mr. Willis E. Bacheller gave his second song recital at Auditorium Hall last Saturday afternoon, and was ably assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel in presenting the following programme:

Sonata in A for violin and piano, Handel; (a) Hungarian song, T. Korbay, (b) Scotch song, MacPherson, (c) Irish song, C. Villiers Stanford; polonaise, Wieniawski; Reminiscences from Mountain and Fjord, op. 44, Edward Grieg, (1) Prologue, (2) Joan, (3) Ragnhild, (4) Ingeborg, (5) Ragna, (6) Epilogue; andantino and allegro vivace from violin and piano sonata, Paderewski; (a) "The Blue-Bell," E. A. MacDowell, (b) "Remembrance," C. Saint-Saens, (c) "Invocation," C. Chaminade.

The San Francisco Oratorio Society has been organized, with a membership of about three hundred ladies and gentlemen prominent in musical circles here. The first oratorio to be rendered will be Mendelssohn's "Elijah," which will be given on December 10th. The soloists will be Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine, Mrs. Leccie Sedgely-Reynolds, Mr. Frank Coffin, and Mr. S. Homer Henley.

Ovide Musin will give an orchestral concert at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night. The celebrated violinist will be assisted by Annie Louise Musin, the eminent pianist Edouard Scharf, and an augmented orchestra under the direction of August Hinrichs. The programme will include three concertos.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give his third and last song recital in the Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening, December 18th. He will be assisted by Mrs. Olive Reed-Batcheller, Miss Sofia Newland, and a quartet.

— THE SALE OF THE BAY FOREST FARM announced by McAfee Brothers for this Saturday, December 7th, will undoubtedly be largely attended by those desiring attractive suburban residences. Any of the regular morning trains leaving Third and Townsend Streets will reach the grounds in time for the sale.

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about what to give their husbands
for Christmas.

Let's reason a little:

Consider that he shaves three
times a week; 156 times a year
—156 pleasant thoughts of your
kindness and good judgment—
should you give him a shaving-
stand.

There might be something
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VANITY FAIR.

In last week's *Argonaut*, our New York correspondent, writing of the opera audieoes, said that in his opinion those at the Metropolitan were more brilliant than the audiences in the Continental opera-houses. Since his letter appeared, a Paris correspondent, Katherine de Forrest, thus writes to *Harper's Bazar*: "A few evenings ago we went to the Opéra Comique to see Calvé in the 'Navarraise' for the last time before she goes to America. It was a marked occasion, and the house was crowded, but in looking about over the toilets I couldn't help but remark how much everybody this year looked like everybody last year; that is, the general effect of the gowns was so much the same. Few people dress for the theatre in Paris. It's a great mistake, for sioyers and actors say themselves that a brilliant house is an inspiration to them, and that oothog acts as a greater tonic thao the first sight of the tiers of lovely women in exquisite gowns at the London and New York houses."

As to the dress of the men at Contineotal opera-houses, "Flaneur's" remarks on the subject as to wearing dress-coats and tweed trousers are borne out by the following from the New York *Sun*. It is told by a man who went to the Berlin Opera House in an evening suit from a swell London tailor. He wore, however, a "dioner-jacket," or Tuxedo. But here is his tale: "When I got to the opera-house, I saw two meo whose duty it was to see if the audience had complied with the rule to regard to full-dress. This with the meo consisted in a careful scrutiny of their coat-tails. Wheo it came my turn to pass, they nabbed me. I had seo meo passio in who wore all sorts of trousers and shoes, neckties and shirts, who had dooe nothing more to comply with the law than to put on a dress-coat. So I was particularly indigoant wheo this committee of two told me that I could oot go in. 'But,' I said to them, 'this is the English style. It is entirely full-dress.' *Englische Herren moden* (English styles for men) are respected in Berlin, and the two hesitated for a moment. But my immaculate shirt and my stiff tie, my patent-leather pumps and my white gloves, were of no avail. My coat had oo tails, and I could oot go in. Tails were the real criterioo of full-dress, and I didn't have any."

Here is a crumb of comfort for ladies who consult their mirrors often. An investigator of real merit has come forward with an interesting study as to the uncharitable criticisms made by ladies of their own beauty. Every girl who is dissatisfied with herself should remember, hereafter, that she is better looking than most kinds of looking-glasses bid her believe. A mirror, it is contended, can oot flatter a face that is in its oatural state—that is, not made up. Eveo the very best plate-glass has a pale-greeo tinge which reflects a color a trifle less clear thao the original. Hair also has ever a more glossy sheen than the glass shows—if it is wavy, the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight, the glass accentuates the straightness. Again, no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection of it in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to a oon-coceited girl may pass quite uoocited by her friends. The two or three gray hairs that appear unkindly soon oo the head of a girl who overworks her brain, simply have the effect of high lights in a picture, and pass for extra gloss. The figure that looks heavy when seo only as far as the waist in a glass may be absolutely to graceful proportion when seen with the rest of the figure. Altogether, it is plain that women take themselves too seriously, and would remain sweeter and fairer much longer if they but ceased to worry over shortcomings that are trivial to a degree.

"Why do not college girls marry?" is a question which is beioo discussed in the *Bachelor of Arts*. "Alumna" says: "While eogaged to obtaining my college education I succeeded in getting a very fair idea of what men consider woman's position to be, and I also succeeded in coming to the very definite conclusioo that my ideas did not coincide with theirs. Men like women to be feminine and subservient, tender, loving, faithful, and not too well informed. Most men are oot well read, and they fight shy of a woman who may, at any moment, inadvertently bring them to shame by referring casually and as a matter of course to books, writers, or ideas that they have never heard of. The average man dreads such a woman. These remarks apply to college men as well as to others. My conclusions are that there is no reason why a woman should marry, nor why she should fit herself to marry. It is said that marriage is woman's natural end in life, and the 'nursery,' as Dr. McKensie says, 'is her sphere.' That may be true from the standpoint of the human race, but suppose ooe does not care to sacrifice one's self for the human race—what then? I think, therefore, that college education does teod to unfit a woman to be the wife of a modern man; for it makes her feel her individuality, and to test him by a severer scrutiny, and to think things out for herself. I lik that there is among women an unjustifiable

awe and respect for men and their views, and I am glad to have escaped from this form of hypootism."

In opposition to these views of "Alumna," "An Old-Fashioned Girl" writes: "The statement of 'Alumna' seems to me very far 'advanced.' I am not a graduate of a woman's 'college,' nor do I wear a conspicuous Greek letter society badge on my collar. I was not 'graduated' from any institution, and the people I know are not at all what are called the 'college set.' But I know that as to marriage, meo woot wives who will love them and be good-natured, dress well, and soothe them after their business aoxieties. I must say I think we are very silly in trying to be 'learned' and not trying to be agreeable if we cao. / do not want to fight my own way in the world and lead a looly existence of self-support—not I. And if 'submissiveness' as a wife means yielding to a strooger nature who has a better knowledge of the world thao I have, and who loves me, and who will stand between me and the world, and who will protect and care for me—then, really, I prefer to be 'submissive.'"

If American women want to know what English women think of them, here is an extract from an article oo the subject in the *Realist*, a widely read London weekly, published for and by women, and edited by Lady Colin Campbell. Here are some of the traits which the writer professes to have discovered in our women: "The American woman must surely be the vainest creature that struts oo this earth. Compared to her, Yum-Yum, io the 'Mikado,' admiring herself in her mirror, and congratulating herself on being the most beautiful woman in all the world, is modest. She at least utters her coovictions only to herself, whereas the lady from Chicago or Ciceroville goes up on the house-top and screams so loud that we are compelled to listeo whether we will or no. She io oot a bad-looking woman, and she goes to one of the best Parisian modistes for her clothes. But she io not a lady—the world io out of fashion, but the thing never is—and nothing could make her one. She io quite without charm of manner, and her education io of the sort that our board schools give our coachmao's childreo at our expense. Her own comfort io the ooe thing she thinks of." And here the writer proceeds to give the American womao some tips as to her danger of being taken for an Englishwoman: "So loog as you cover yourself with diamonds in the morning; so loog as your voice can be heard from ooe end of the Rue de la Paix to the other; so loog as your one topic of conversation io your frock and what you gave for it; so loog as you sit about in the public rooms of a hotel io a gown io which you might go to court; so loog as you are not afraid to stuff 'en plein table d'hôte' that the room was that stuffy, and the women smelled that strong, you thought you'd have been sick right there; so loog as you do all or any of these things, believe me, you need have no fear of being taken for the only kind of Englishwoman worth considering."

The recent international marriages have caused some discussion in the New York papers about "marrying for money." A New York journal having made the editorial statement, that "Of two girls, otherwise equally captivating, but the one rich and the other poor, the truly typical Americao will incline to prefer the latter," a correpoedot, signing himself "Quaker," controverts it, sayioo: "But not one time in a thousand will he follow out his inclination. 'The typical American' io out for the stuff, and he won't let a mere inclinatioo stand in the way. The same may be said of a young American woman. She likes the poor man better, perhaps, but she cao't afford luxuries, so she takes the man with the mooney. The typical Americans of the couotry can do as they please io the matter of marryioo, for rural society io not exacting, and living io cheap; but the typical Americans of the city had better staoa from under."

The "Royal" Trade-Mark.

Judge Showalter, of the United States District Court, has rendered a decision in the case of the Royal Baking Powder Company, of New York, against George E. Raymond, of Chicago, of much importance to the numberless army of baking powder consumers. The name or designation, "Royal," was adopted over thirty years ago, and has since been constantly used by the Royal Baking Powder Company upon its packages of baking powder. Its high standard of quality having been always maintained, consumers have come to rely implicitly upon the "Royal" brand as the most wholesome and efficient of any in the market. This recent decision of the United States Court thoroughly sustains the claims of the Royal Company to the exclusive right to use the name "Royal" as a trade-mark and as a designation for its baking powder, and grants a perpetual injunction against the defendant. The special importance of this decision consists io the protection which it assures to the millions of consumers of Royal Baking Powder against inferior and unwholesome compounds.

—VERONICA IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DIABETES and other forms of kidney troubles. So wonderful has been the result, that physicians now admit its great curative properties. Verocia is a oatural medicinal spring water, and io for sale everywhere. Beware of imitations.

A HORSE-SHOW SUGGESTION.

'Twas midnight as I waoered round about the gorgeous halls
Where stood the gorgeous horses in their truly gorgeous stalls;
And I found them chatting gayly as they munched upon their oats:
Their manes were braided neatly, and all glossy were their coats.
And I listened to their comments on the questions of the day,
In hiding with my note-book just behind a hale of hay.
Said one: "This show's increasing in its popularity,
And thousands throng here nightly just to see what they can see.
There's the people in the boxes, and the horses in the rings,
And upon the oval promenade a lot of dudes and things.
But in the catalogues we find no reference, not a line,
To any but us horses—number seven, six, and nine;
But those creatures in the boxes—all the man and woman show—
Are ignored just as completely 's if they weren't there, you know.
For instance, in Box 22 last oight a lady sat,
With real electric diamonds and a cloud-compelling hat.
Her action was exquisite; she created quite a huzz;
And I confess I'd like to know just who that lady was.
Again, in number 63 there stood a lanky youth,
With limbs suggesting mighty speed—an antelope, in truth;
And I helieve that he could jump, and yet I do not know
If he were Dude or Thoroughbred or just a common Beau.
And so I say the managers next year ought to provide
A catalogue to demonstrate what's on the other side;
And every single visitor—young, old, or white or black—
Should be mentioned in the catalogue and numbered on the back."
And then the horses went to rest, and I went on my way,
And left them munching drowsily upon their wisps of hay.
But ere I went to hed that night down by my desk I sat,
And wrote the managers to have a catalogue like that.
So that next year in Horse Show time we'll find, if they agree,
An interestingly combined display of pedigree:
The People in the boxes and the Horses in the rings
All numbered and identified—aye, even dudes and things.
—Bazar.

—SCIENTIFIC PRESENTS—MICROSCOPES, BAROMETERS, thermometers, telescopes, magic-lanterns, drawing instruments. Henry Kaho & Co., 642 Market Street.

Finest oysters io all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Cawker—"I sat up with a sick friend last night."
Cumso—"What ailed him?" *Cawker*—"He lost ninety-three dollars."—Life.

A lamp with wrong chimney stinks if it does not smoke. Get the "Index to Chimneys."

Write to Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, for it.

Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

STALE SMOKE

If your cigar goes out, blow through it soon as possible
You will see some dead smoke leave it. That would become stale and make your cigar stink if left in it.
A cigar cleaned this way will always taste fresh when lighted

"ESTRELLA"

the NEW—in Up-to-date sizes and mild colors. Have you tried it yet? Every cigar banded. Prices: 2 for 25c.—10c.—3 for 25c.

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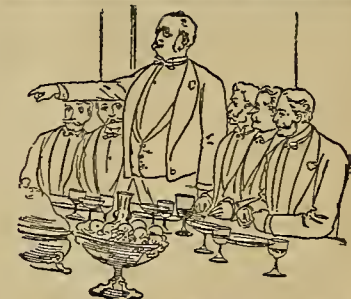
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Senator Evarts, when asked once by one not initiated if there was a difference between a canvas-back and a red-head duck, and if he could tell the difference, quickly replied: "I can, very readily; it is simply in the size of the bill."

A budding dramatist once submitted to the late John Clayton, manager of the old Court Theatre, a very, very bad play for perusal. Clayton read, and returned it, with the following characteristic letter: "MY DEAR SIR: I have read your play—Oh, my dear sir. Yours truly, JOHN CLAYTON."

Two Democrats were watching the election returns in a down-town refectory recently (says the Portland Oregonian). The outlook was dismal, and the following colloquy took place: "By the great St. Patrick, Moike. Sure, here's Kentucky gone Republican." "Kentucky! Holy snakes! What's the news from Texas?" "Texas didn't vote." "Thank God!"

A farmer in the Kansas cyclone district was building a stone wall. He was putting it there to stay, building it five feet across the base and four feet high. A stranger came riding by, and seeing the care the farmer was taking, said to him, "You seem to be mighty careful about that wall." "Yep," replied the farmer, "I'm er building her to stay." "Tain't no use," replied the stranger; "it'll blow over just the same." "Wall, let her blow over, she'll be a foot higher if she does," replied the farmer, continuing his work.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story: Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her usual contribution in the collecting plate, merely gave a stately bow. This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost patience and blurted out: "We cud dae wi' less o' yer manners an' mair o' yer siller, ma leddy." Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, in a not over well pleased tone, said: "Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?" "I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor; "but with your permission I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."

A naturalist, who is an ardent student and absent-minded, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Many guests were invited for the occasion. As the first guest arrived, one of the daughters was sent to summon the father from his study. When they reached the room, the daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and, as he shook hands with the nearest guest, she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty. The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay and instantly went down on his hands and knees in an attempt to gather up something. "Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked. "Spilled anything!" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone; "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt." The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over; and the only thing that the naturalist said to his friends in answer to their congratulations upon his happy married life was to ask that if they carried any of his Egyptian fleas they would return the insects to him.

Brice's greatest play was building the Nickel Plate. He put in every dollar he could get, and there came a time when he had to sell. He went to Vanderbilt, whose road the Nickel Plate paralleled. Vanderbilt would not buy the Nickel Plate. He said he could afford to wait the first mortgage foreclosure and buy it from the sheriff. "If you don't buy it, Jay Gould will," said Brice. "Oh, no, he won't," said Vanderbilt. Brice then went to Gould. He knew that he did not want the Nickel Plate, but he had a beautiful scheme to propose. He knew Vanderbilt would buy the road before he would allow Gould to get in. Brice thereupon told Gould that if he would sit silent and not contradict, neither affirm nor deny, any newspaper articles to the effect that he was going to buy the Nickel Plate, and after this clam-like silence had continued for a week, if he would then ride slowly over the Nickel Plate in an observation-car, Vanderbilt would buy the road, and he would give Gould five hundred thousand dollars. It struck Gould that the whole thing would be a majestic joke on Vanderbilt. The papers said that Gould was going to buy the Nickel Plate. Gould, when questioned, looked wise. At the end of a week he meandered, snail-like, over the Nickel Plate in the rear end of an observation-car, and had all the air of a man who was looking at a piece of property. Stories were wired about Gould's trip from every water-tank and way-station along

the line, and before Gould had reached Chicago, Vanderbilt, in a fit of hysterics, wired Brice that he would take the Nickel Plate. He did so, and Brice was saved.

LATE VERSE.

Memories.

As a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you remaining,
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me—all things leave me—
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go.
Other moments I may know.
That shall waft me, in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro.
Fragrant memories—fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you remaining,
A hid sweetness in my brain.
Others leave me—all things leave me—
You remain.—Arthur Symonds.

Caen—1894.

In the quaint Norman city, far apart,
A width of humming distance set between,
They rest, who once lived closely heart to heart,
William, the conquering Duke, and his fair Queen

Too near of kin to wed, the Church averred,
And harred the way which joy was fain to tread;
But hearts spoke louder than the priestly word,
And youth and love o'erleaped the harrier dread.

No will of wax had England's future King;
With iron hand he hushed the curse aside
As 'twere a slight and disregarded thing,
Aod, asking leave of no man, claimed his bride.

And they were happy, spite of han and blame,
Rich in renown, estate, in valiant deed;
And the sweet Duchess, at her broiery frame,
Wrought her lord's victories for all men to read.

But as the years of wedlock ebbed and flowed
And still the Church averred her stern face,
The royal pair grew weary of the load
Of unrepented sin and long disgrace,

And hought a peace from late relenting Rome;
Two stately abbeys built they, and endowed,
With carved pinnacle and tower and dome,
And soaring spire and bell-chimes pealing loud.

Within the crypt of one they hurried here,
True wife and queen, when her time came to die;
And when strog death conquered the Conqueror
He slept beneath the other's altar high.

Was it of love's devising that to-day
With all the wide-grown city space to har,
Across the roofs and towers from far away
St. Etienne looks upon La Trinité?

Was it some subtle prescience of the heart
Which laid on time and change resistless spell,
Forbidding hoth to hide or hold apart
The resting-place of those who loved so well?

For still defying distance, day and night
The spires like heckoning fingers seem to rise,
The bells to call, as perished voices might,
"Love is not dead, Belov'd, love never dies!"

—Susan Coolidge in the Independent.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their digestive organs, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

"I can't use this as a poem, miss," said the editor, "but if you'll shorten it a little, I'll publish it as a new college yell."—Chicago Tribune.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Afridi (Cargo only).....Thursday, Jan. 9, 1896

Coptic (via Honolulu).....Tuesday, January 28

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in

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31, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt

Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Dec. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25,

29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los

Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Dec. 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31,

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SOCIETY.

The Horse Show.

The Horse Show, which commenced last Tuesday and ends this evening, has engrossed the attention of almost every one in society during the week. Those who rented boxes have had parties of friends with them each evening when were also their guests, in many cases, at either dinner or supper. In addition to the many affairs of this character given at private residences, there were suppers almost every evening at the University Club, the principal entertainers being:

Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. Hager, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. Peter J. Donahue.

The boxes presented a brilliant appearance, especially on Tuesday evening, when they were all well filled with handsomely gowned women and their escorts. To-night it is expected that the show will be very brilliant socially, as many box-parties have been organized, and there will be many suppers afterward. Among those who were in boxes on Tuesday evening were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Miss Fanny Crocker, and Mr. Samuel W. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Mr. Marshall Bond.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Miss Frances Curry, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Miss Ethel Smith, and Mr. J. S. Severance.

Mrs. A. Page Brown, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Anna Head, and Mr. Walter S. Hobart.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, and Minister Le Gblat, of Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mrs. Sperry, and Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Robert M. Eyre.

Mrs. James Phelan, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Miss Phelan, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Mr. S. G. Morphy.

Mrs. Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. H. N. Stetson, Mr. F. L. Owen, and Mr. H. D. Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett.

Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, Miss Fanny Friedlander, and Mr. Henry Mendell.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall.

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. Beverley MacMonagle.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Sara Collier, Mr. W. D. Page, and Mr. W. R. Heath.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Mrs. Robert Beck, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Kate Clement, Mr. F. R. Webster, and Mr. Walter Leonard Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, and Miss Alice Owen.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey.

Captain and Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Keeney, and Miss Ethel Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss Nellie Hillyer, and Dr. H. L. Tevis.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Miss Wilcox.

Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Charles Miller, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Ferd C. Peterson, and Mr. W. J. Somers.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton.

Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin, and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Goodall.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, and Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot.

Mr. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, and Mr. A. C. Tubbs.

Mr. Richard Tobin, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Mr. H. P. Bowie, and Mr. W. G. Landers.

Mr. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Miss

Edith McBean, Mr. A. St. J. Bowie, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, and Mr. M. S. Latham.

General W. H. L. Barnes and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Barnes.

Mrs. Charles Simpkins and Mr. Henry R. Simpkins. Mr. and Mrs. George Shreve and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, Mrs. John B. Nevin, and Mr. C. H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Spiers, and Mr. W. S. Wood.

Mr. W. F. Goad, the Misses Goad, Mr. M. C. McNutt, Mr. Clement Tobin, and Mr. N. G. Kittle.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page, and Miss Florence Breckenridge.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, and Mr. Basil Heatbroke.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Fannie Lent, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Mr. Eugene Lent.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Mrs. W. W. Belvin, Mrs. A. Lee Robinson, Miss Adèle Perrin, and Mr. C. K. McIntosh.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mrs. R. T. Carroll, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Romietta Wallace, and Mr. Martin Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Mrs. C. F. Dio Hastings, Miss Jennie Caterwood, and Mr. A. P. Hayne.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Lieutenant and Mrs. A. F. Fechteler, U. S. N., and Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mr. and Samuel Knight, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Ella Goodall, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook.

Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Joseph Clark, and Mr. Henry Redington.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Jerome, and Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King.

General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mrs. E. A. Bruguère, Miss Juliet Williams, and Miss Hannah Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Cutler Paige, Mrs. H. Dutard, Miss Florence Davis, and Mr. T. B. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. C. R. Winslow, and Mr. H. N. Stetson.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett, Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper, Miss Rose Hooper, Mr. Addison Mizner, and Mr. A. W. Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Howard, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mrs. Joseph A. Donoboe, Jr., and Miss Daisy Cassery.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Miss Thomas, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. William Pringle, and Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness.

The Lent Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Fanny Lent gave a lunch-party last Saturday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent, 699 Polk Street. The guests were seated at four tables, and a string orchestra played during the service of the repast. Mrs. Lent's guests were:

Mrs. John F. Boyd, Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Edgar J. Lion, Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mrs. Alfred Holman, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Palache, Mrs. Page, Mrs. F. A. Frank, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Beaver, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Barry, Miss O'Connor, Miss Anna Head, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Nellie Wood, Miss Castle, Miss Brown, Miss Kaufmann, Miss Lowry, Miss Adams, Miss Fitch, Miss Scott, Miss Jennie Blair, and Miss Laura Bates.

The Jarboe Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe entertained several friends at dinner at their residence, 1299 Taylor Street, prior to the first assembly of the Friday Night Club, after which the party attended the hall. The guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Celia Tobin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. William R. Heath, and Mr. Frank L. Owen.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Emma Childs, daughter of Mrs. O. W. Childs, of Los Angeles, and Mr. John Wilbur Dwight, of Elmira, N. Y., will take place in Los Angeles on Tuesday, December 11th. Rev. Francis Mora, assisted by Rev. George Montgomery, will officiate. Miss Hortense Cecilia Childs will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Ruth Edith Childs and Miss Edith O. Shorb. Hon. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, will be best man, and Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. James Slauson will be the ushers.

The wedding of Miss Margaret E. Sharp and Mr. Arthur Ewing Shattuck took place last Wednesday evening at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Rev. Dr. Reilly performed the ceremony. Miss Amy Sharp acted as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Anna Hobbs and Miss Nellie Fuller. The best man was Mr. Alexander Vogel-lans, and the ushers comprised Dr. William F. Sharp, Dr. James G. Sharp, Mr. Edward Tucker, and Mr. Raymond Benjamin. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, 2315 California Street, where the newly married couple will receive on the first, second, and third Fridays in January.

Miss Hohart has sent out cards for a dancing-party for the evening of Friday, December 13th.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington will give a matinée tea to-day at her residence in honor of Miss Blackmore, who is visiting here from the East.

The Fortnightly Club will hold its next dance on Friday evening, December 13th.

The next meeting of the Monday Night Club will be held on December 16th.

A hazard will be held at the Presidio to-day, from eleven o'clock in the morning until midnight, for the benefit of the charity work of the Golden Circle of King's Daughters. The price of admission will

be twenty-five cents. Lunch and supper will be served.

The members of the San Francisco Sornsis will give their first reception in their new rooms, 424 Pine Street, on Monday evening, December 9th.

Mrs. Sleeth, Mrs. Powers, Miss Morrison, and Miss Kellogg will receive at their studio, 609 Sacramento Street, from three until seven o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum gave a dinner-party at their residence, 2525 Pacific Avenue, last Sunday evening as a farewell compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. John Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne, Miss Lena Maynard, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner-party on Thanksgiving Day at their residence on Bryant Street, and entertained Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Emily Schneely, Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel G. Murphy, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Crayton Thompson, Mr. William Randol, and Lieutenant R. H. Nohle, U. S. A.

The Misses Clark gave a luncheon at the University Club on Thanksgiving Day, after which their guests were driven out to the foot-ball game in a four-in-hand and witnessed the contest from a private box. The party comprised Miss Clark, Miss Alice Ann Clark, Miss Grace Clark, Miss McNutt, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Ethel Smith, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Lieutenant R. H. Nohle, U. S. A., Mr. Snuthard Hoffman, Mr. McLean, Mr. Tarn McGrew, and Mr. Marshall Bond.

Mrs. Runnseville Wildman gave a luncheon at her residence on Tuesday. The following ladies were present: Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William F. Herrin, Mrs. Louis Aldrich, Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mrs. William Mintzner, Mrs. J. H. Jewett, Mrs. L. H. Coit, and Mrs. W. W. Foote.

Miss Helen Schweitzer gave a dancing-party last Saturday evening at the residence of her parents, corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets.

Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant gave a matinée tea last Tuesday at her residence, 1426 Clay Street, and in entertaining her callers she had the assistance of her mother, Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. John D. Tallant, Mrs. A. S. Tubbs, Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mrs. Charles W. Tuttle, Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mrs. Frank L. Mathieu, and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver.

Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth gave a matinée tea last Saturday at their residence, 1626 Sacramento Street. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Dottie de Nomm, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Genevieve Carnlan, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, and Miss Bessie Zane.

Mrs. A. M. Simpson gave a matinée tea last Saturday at her residence on Pacific Avenue. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. T. M. Barker, the Misses Sperry, Miss Barker, Miss Florine Brown, Miss Carrie Little, Miss Bertha Simpson, Miss Margaret Simpson, and Miss Richards.

Mrs. James Irvine gave a matinée tea recently at her residence, 308 Page Street. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Mrs. M. E. Knoph, Mrs. Calvin McMahan, Mrs. E. T. Mills, Miss Le Count, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Fisher, Miss Emma Fisher, Miss Church, Miss Holt, Miss Kittredge, of Oakland, and Miss Maud Smith.

Mme. B. Ziska gave an "at home" on Friday evening at her residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue.

The members of the Concordia Club gave an informal entertainment last Tuesday evening in the Japanese room at the club-house.

Fashion in Champagnes.

The firm of Veuve Pommery Fils & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vassier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Pignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that Pommery Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

At the recent public wine sales the following were the prices obtained for cases containing 12 bottles:

Pommery Sec. 83 to 89 shillings.
Moët & Chandon 77 to 82 shillings.
Veuve Clicquot 77 to 82 shillings.
G. H. Mumm 72 to 77 shillings.

Tourists to the Continent of Europe also observe the higher price which Pommery invariably commands at the better hotels and resorts.—London Exchange.

GOLD SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES FOR holiday gifts can be fitted to the eyes later without charge. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Cuticura

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HAIR
and
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A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great skin cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

CHANGE OF TIME

The Southern Overland train now leaves San Francisco at 3:30 instead of 5:30 P. M. This makes it convenient for you to take dinner at Byron Hot Springs at 6:30. The Los Angeles Express goes at the usual hour—9 A. M. Round-trip fare, Friday to Tuesday, \$3.00. Send for free Booklet telling all about the Springs.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

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MENNEN'S Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Delightful after shaving. Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Take up substitutes Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts. Sample mailed. (Name this paper) FREE GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

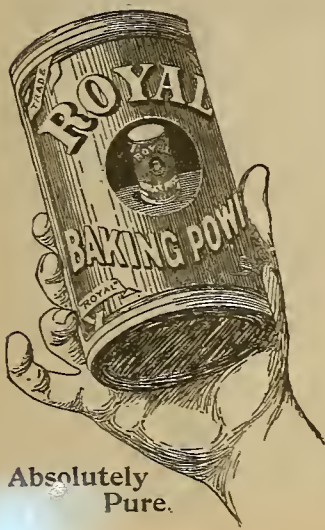
C O C O A

If you want to be beautiful, to possess a clear skin, bright eyes, and steady nerves—in other words, be really healthy—drink nature's purest, best, most palatable, tonic and invigorant—cocoa. Try it as a substitute for medicinal tonics.

CHIRARDELLI'S COCOA

The kind of cocoa that is pure, of even quality, and of unadulterated manufacture—that's the kind you must use to obtain the full benefit. Chirardelli's Cocoa is of the highest known grade—the result of nearly fifty years of experience. Don't accept the offered substitutes.

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Pure.



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HOW TO USE IT: Take three dessert spoonsful of a cup of boiling water or milk. Stir briskly a moment, and your Chocolate is ready to serve. Put up in 1 lb. and ½ lb. tins. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Sole Mfrs., Philadelphia.

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25th

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle sailed from New York city for Europe last Wednesday on the White Star steamer *Tenacity*.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. Robert M. Eyre have secured rooms at the Palace Hotel for a brief period.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington arrived in New York city last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver have removed to 1401 Taylor Street, corner of Jackson, and will receive on Tuesdays.

Mr. George E. P. Hall left last Wednesday for Constantinople, and will be away about three months.

Captain A. M. Simpson and family are now residing at 2000 Pacific Avenue. Mrs. Simpson will receive on the second and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. Henry Stull, the artist, of New York, has been passing a week at Mr. W. O. B. Macdonough's ranch.

Mr. Richard H. Folis, Jr., has gone to Baltimore to resume his medical studies.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire has gone East en route to Europe. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young left last Sunday for the East en route to Paris.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and Miss Emelie Hager were to leave New York for San Francisco on December 7th.

Mrs. J. S. Cone and Miss Cone, of Marysville, accompanied by Miss Nellie Hillyer, leave for the East by the Sunset Limited next week. They will stop at Atlanta a few days for the Exposition, and then sail the following week from New York for Europe.

Colonel C. F. Crocker returned from his Eastern trip last Wednesday. He was accompanied West by Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York, who will be his guest while here on a brief visit.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Miss Amy Requa, and Miss Julia Crocker left last Saturday for New York city, where they will remain a couple of months.

Miss Birdie Rice has returned to Paso Robles, after a visit here of a few weeks.

Mrs. Frederic Lemon, nee Wardwell, formerly of this city, who has been visiting her mother here, returned to Boston last Thursday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral A. E. K. Benham, U. S. N., retired, is residing at 1727 Corcoran Street, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lester A. Beardslee, wife of Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., of the *Philadelphia*, came down from Puget Sound last Sunday.

Commander H. E. Nichols, U. S. N., is on waiting orders, and is residing at 1652 Ninth Avenue, East Oakland.

Lieutenant-Colonel Albert Hartsuff, U. S. A., has been inspecting the sanitary condition of Fort Sheridan, Ill.

Lieutenant-Colonel Evan Miles, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twenty-Second Infantry to the First Infantry.

Major H. B. Bartlett, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the command of the marine barracks at the League Island Navy Yard and placed on waiting orders. This is in consequence of the serious illness of Mrs. Bartlett, which required her prompt transfer to San Diego, whither the major accompanied her.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., have returned from Napa Valley, and will receive on Wednesdays in December and January at the Low residence, corner of Sutter and Gough Streets.

Captain Calvin L. Hooper, U. S. R. C. S., has been appointed Superintendent of Construction for the Pacific Coast by the Treasury Department.

Lieutenant W. D. Rose, U. S. N., is residing at 450 Eighth Street, in Oakland.

Ensign Henry E. Parmenter, U. S. N., on duty at the Bureau of Equipment, is residing at 1834 I Street in Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Dwight W. Ryther, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed second lieutenant in the Second Infantry.

Captain C. E. Gillette, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, U. S. A., have been making a tour of inspection of the Northern mining fields.

Captain William Dougherty, First Infantry, U. S. A., is acting Indian agent at the Hoopa Valley Agency.

Chief-Engineer H. Herwig, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Marion* and ordered to continue under hospital treatment.

Dr. Ogden Rafferty, U. S. A., of Benicia Barracks, has been ordered to duty at Fort Bliss, Texas.

Dr. William M. Kneeder, U. S. A., formerly of Fort Mason, has gone to his new station at San Diego.

Surgeon George P. Bradley, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Mare Island* Navy Yard and ordered to the *Indiana*.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon George Rothganger, U. S. N., has been detached from naval hospital treatment and ordered to the *Independence*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson, U. S. A., has been retired from active service.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. H. Winslow, U. S. N., are residing at 1715 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C.

N., has been detached from the Naval Hospital at Yokohama, ordered home, and granted three months' leave of absence. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Stokes.

The United States steamer *Boston* was put in commission November 18th at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The names of the officers of the ship are as follows: Captain, Frank Wildes; Lieutenant-Commander A. V. Wadhams; Lieutenants, H. R. Tyler, W. McLean, W. S. Howard; Ensigns, S. M. Staite, S. S. Robinson, T. S. Wilson; Surgeon, M. H. Crawford; Passed Assistant Surgeon, J. E. Page; Paymaster, J. R. Martin; Chief Engineer, R. R. Leitch; Passed Assistant Engineer, E. H. Scribner; First Lieutenant of Marines, R. M. Dutton; Gunner, J. C. Evans; Carpenter, O. H. Hilton; Paymaster's clerk, G. H. Grenhle. The *Boston* will go to the Asiatic Station to relieve the *Concord*.

Mrs. Fannie M. Kantz, widow of the late General A. V. Kantz, U. S. A., has leased the Wood House, 1320 Tenth Street, Seattle, for one year.

A Charity Tea.

The charity tea given for the benefit of the Nursery for Homeless Children, last Saturday afternoon and evening, at the residence of Mrs. Asa R. Wells on Pacific Avenue, proved to be a financial and social success. During the afternoon and evening a musical and literary programme was presented; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell, Mrs. Alvina Heuer-Willson, Mrs. Mary Mann-Brown, Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. Kayton, Mrs. James Alva Watt, Mrs. Langstroth, Mrs. Harry Clark, Miss Daisy Gilmore, Miss Klink, Miss Clough, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mr. John I. Housman, and the Mandolin Club, taking part in it. Later in the evening there was dancing.

Mrs. William Hollis, president of the Nursery for Homeless Children, received the guests, assisted by the board of lady managers. Miss Field, Miss Goewey, the Misses Dunn, Miss Sharon, Miss Denigan, Miss Russell, Miss Riordan, Miss Beveridge, Miss Snook, Miss Nutting, Miss Latham, Miss Gibb, Miss Easton, and the Misses Wells assisted in the refreshment room, and punch and lemonade were served by Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. Dawson d'Ancona, and Mrs. James Stewart.

A Polo Tournament.

The first game of the winter polo tournament of the Burlingame Club was played on Saturday, November 30th. The teams were: Reds—Mr. W. S. Hobart, Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. R. M. Tobin; Blues—Mr. C. A. Baldwin, Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. H. R. Simpkins. The "Reds" team won by 3 goals to 1½.

The winning team will play the remaining team on Sunday next at three P. M. This team will be Mr. J. S. Tobin, Mr. Malcolm Thomas, and Captain A. Fane-Wainwright. This match was to have been played on Saturday, but was postponed so as to give an opportunity to the patrons of the Horse Show to see this game, which is expected to be exciting and interesting.

Charles Rollo Peters's Exhibit.

Charles Rollo Peters, the well-known artist, has returned to San Francisco after a protracted stay abroad, and has received a warm welcome from his many friends. He has brought with him some eighty-five pictures, the result of his studies there, which are much admired. They include both landscapes and marines. He will place them on exhibition next Thursday, December 12th, in the large rooms formerly occupied by the Real Estate Exchange, on Post Street, between Montgomery and Kearny. This is an extremely convenient place, and many will avail themselves of the opportunity to see Mr. Peters's work. The pictures will be sold on the following Saturday, December 14th.

Paris women who wear bloomers or knickerbockers when riding bicycles will be disqualified from receiving the sacraments of the church, according to the instructions issued to the clergy by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris.

A Christmas Suggestion.

In the art of engraving, no more care or skill is required than in the stamping of note-papers. When properly executed, this makes a very pretty Xmas gift. We call special attention to our productions in this line. Cooper & Co., 745 Market St.

— MESSRS. S. & G. GUMP HAVE JUST RECEIVED several first-class paintings from Munich. If not framed yet, but judging from the glimpse we had of them, they will prove a valuable and interesting addition to their collection.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

— FROM PARIS—OPERA-GLASSES WITH HANDLES to match, of aluminum, enamel, pearl, etc. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

— G. D. MORSE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 916 MARKET Street, Columbian Building, is making cabinets at reduced prices for the Xmas trade.

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Vin Brut.

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A Whole Tableful at One-Fourth off the ticket price.

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Traveler—"I say, miss, there's no meat in this sandwich." *Waitress*—"No?" *Traveler*—"Don't you think you'd better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

In her impotent rage, her grace could only scowl at the duke, her husband. "This," she bitterly exclaimed, "is what a woman gets by buying what she doesn't want just because it's cheap."—*Detroit Tribune*.

"I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours." "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive?" "Yes, sir, but his hair is all gone."—*Spirito Folletto*.

Eastern visitor—"How was it you did not hang that last murderer? Did he establish an alibi?" *Quick-Drop Dan*—"That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him, he wasn't there."—*Puck*.

"I may be wrong," said the Hoosier, "but I will back my judgment to the extent of a small bottle, anyway." "Small bottle!" said the Milwaukee man, with scorn; "I'll bet you a small keg."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Head nurse—"That self-poisoning case won't give an account of himself, and says he will die." *Surgeon* (reaching for apparatus)—"Ah! one of those fellows who won't be pumped, eh? Well, we'll bring it out of him!"—*Puck*.

"Knickerbockers?" she said; "why not? I have a perfect right." "And the left?" one asked her, hesitatingly. But she preserved a dignified silence, deeming the question in the nature of a personality.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Old maiden aunt—"In Venice at last! One-half of the dream of my youth is now fulfilled!" *Niece*—"Why only half, auntie?" *Old maiden aunt* (sighing)—"I contemplated going to Venice on my wedding tour."—*Blumenlese*.

George (nervously)—"I'd like the best in the world, Kittie, to marry you, but I don't know how to propose." *Kittie* (promptly and practically)—"That's all right, George. You've finished with me, now go to papa."—*London Fun*.

"What is that loud, jarring noise in the next room?" asked young Ferguson, with some uneasiness. "It's papa," answered the young woman; "I—I think he's changing his mind about your coming here so often."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Jonley—"Yes, sir, I was once up in a balloon with a crazy man. I don't suppose you can even imagine the horror of such an experience." *Jimley*—"I don't know about that. I've gone up in an elevator with a small boy running it."—*Roxbury Gazette*.

"I suppose you are a socialist, or anarchist, or something?" asked the lady of vague ideas. "Madam," replied Mr. Brokedown Baldwin, "I am a passive altruist." "What in the name of common sense is that?" "I believe in being helped all I can."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Wonderfully active old fellow, that man Binks," said De Eff; "he told me that his legs were so limber he could kick himself in the back. I couldn't do that—and I'm not half his age." "You don't need to," said Hawkins; "almost anybody would be glad to do it for you."—*Judge*.

Miss Palisade—"I don't understand, Mr. Clubberly, why you crossed over when you saw me coming along the street the other day. It isn't a bit like you, and Dr. Probe, who was with me, was very much disturbed about it." *Clubberly*—"I should think likely. I owe Probe about a hundred."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Lord Bleshugh—"Afraid to follow the hounds? Why, I didn't think you Americans were afraid of anything!" *Wool E. West*—"Well, I ain't much of a horseman, and blamed if I'm going to take the chances of one of them blooded horses taking the bit and running clean off your little island with me."—*Puck*.

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Argonaut

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The Argonaut.

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Last week the Argonaut took occasion to comment upon some of the recent remarkable actions of Embassador Bayard in Great Britain. The actions to which we particularly drew attention were his marked absence from both the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day celebrations by the American colony in London, and his extraordinary speech before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. In this speech Embassador Bayard used language concerning his and our common country, her citizens, and her institutions, which filled even British hearers with amazement. The report of this

speech, printed in the London News of November 8, 1895, came under our observation at the time that Embassador Bayard had further distinguished himself by declining to be present at the Thanksgiving Day celebration. His un-American speech and conduct caused the Argonaut to denounce him in unmeasured terms.

Some of our Pacific Coast contemporaries have expressed a belief that our language was rather strong in commenting on Embassador Bayard. We did not think so when we wrote the article, nor do we think so now. But if we had entertained any doubts in the matter, they would be removed since the debate began in Congress last Tuesday, over the introduction of a resolution to impeach Embassador Bayard. When the article in the Argonaut appeared, it was the first editorial reference to the matter that we had seen in any American newspaper. But the intense excitement which the matter caused in Congress, the heated debate which followed its introduction, and the poor defense of Bayard's had caused made by the Democrats, convinced us that we had made no mistake when we had given the matter so much prominence. We are glad to see that the Republican majority in Congress voices exactly the views expressed in the Argonaut article of last week, and we believe that these views are shared not only by all Republicans, but by patriotic Democrats as well.

Two resolutions were introduced in Congress, one by McCall, of Massachusetts, and another by Barrett, of Massachusetts. Both recite the substance of the speeches delivered before British audiences, by Bayard, in which, among other things, he said:

"In my own country, I have witnessed the insatiable growth of a form of socialism styled protection, which has done more to corrupt public life . . . and to lower the tone of the national representation than any other single cause. Protection, . . . an engine for selfish profit, . . . has sapped the popular conscience; . . ."

Elsewhere, Embassador Bayard referred to American political life as a "foul pool of corruption," and in still another speech, referring to his country and his fellow-citizens, he used this remarkable language:

"The President stands in the midst of a strong, self-confident, and oftentimes violent people—men who desire to have their own way and who need to have that way frequently obstructed; and I tell you plainly that it takes a real man to govern the people of the United States."

The resolution introduced by Representative McCall requested the President to inform the House what steps, if any, he had taken to recall and censure Embassador Bayard. The resolution introduced by Representative Barrett demanded Bayard's impeachment. This, however, was for the purely parliamentary purpose of making the resolution at once debatable by calling it a question of privilege. After he had secured that, Representative Barrett waived the impeachment clause, and the resolution, as amended, was carried. Many Democrats voted for it.

Last week, in commenting on the extraordinary language of Embassador Bayard, we said that statements denouncing the American system of laws, "if made by a British cabinet minister, would be an offense to the United States. Such statements made publicly in England by a French embassador about the United States would most infallibly result in his recall." This expression of opinion is corroborated by the following extract cabled from the London Times of December 11th: "Speeches such as those made by Mr. Bayard would not be made by a European diplomat, and even in Mr. Bayard's case they were rather surprising."

This is the point of view of a Tory journal in Great Britain. From the point of view of an American journal in the western part of the United States, Mr. Bayard's speeches are more than "surprising"—they are offensive, unpatriotic, and un-American. That was the view we took of them, and we are more than glad to see, by the tone of the debate in Congress, that our view is shared by all of the Republicans and apparently by many silent but disgusted Democrats.

The chief champion of Bayard in the House was ex-

Speaker Crisp. But he made a poor fight. He tried to show that Barrett's resolution was an attempt to bring about a debate on free trade and protection. This attempt was disingenuous, and was a failure. The American people have no wish to suppress discussion on this grave issue of their national life, but they do not want their political issues discussed (and denounced) by American ministers in foreign lands. Crisp, when interrogated in this direction, said: "Any citizen of the United States, no matter in what capacity, has the right to say what he thinks upon economic questions." American private citizens—yes; foreign ministers—no. If Crisp's rule were applied by all governments to their diplomatic officers, diplomacy would soon become a farce. Mr. Bayard, as a citizen of Delaware, may say what he pleases to the citizens of his little State. Embassador Bayard, as a representative of the United States of America, one of the most powerful nations of the earth, must needs put a bridle upon his foolish tongue.

In the course of the debate, Representative Hitt, a former officer of the State Department, said that diplomatic officers abroad "were especially cautioned to use the greatest reserve in all their public utterances; not to allude in their public speeches to any dispute between the United States and any other government, and, better still, to avoid public speeches whenever that could be done." And as if to accentuate the difference between this prattling "diplomat" and a dignified and patriotic American minister, Galusha Grow, the veteran of the House, recalled the remark of Charles Francis Adams, when American Minister to Great Britain during the Civil War. An Englishman, in conversation with the American minister, praised highly the courage and fighting qualities of the Confederate troops. To which Adams laconically replied: "Yes—they are my countrymen."

There was a man who, even in time of civil war, would not discuss with a single foreigner our unhappy domestic dissensions. Here is a man who, in time of peace, denounces before a foreign audience six millions of American voters as supporting a system which "corrupts public life," "lowers the tone of national representation," and "saps the popular conscience."

As to Embassador Bayard's remarks about the President of the United States—that he "stands in the midst of strong, self-confident, and often violent people—that it takes a real man to govern the people of the United States," we would like to inform Embassador Bayard that the people of the United States are not governed by any one man—they govern themselves. Embassador Bayard's tuft-hunting progress through baronial halls, his trencher-work at ducal dinners, and his rubbing of calves with Jeems Yellowplush, have affected his brain. He thinks that Grover Cleveland is hereditary. Fortunately he is not. Grover is transitory. All flesh is grass, and Grover will pass. But before he passes out, he ought to recall this doddering dotard Bayard before he further disgraces his country. And when Mr. Bayard returns to the quiet shades of Delaware, we advise him, when next he wants to utter the opinion that "it takes a real man to govern the people of the United States," to overhaul his constitution. And when he has done so, if he still does not believe our dictum—that the people of the United States are not governed by any one man, but by themselves—we advise him to read a certain great speech delivered at a certain great battle-field by a certain great American, in which he said: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It is remarkable that the press of California, a mining State, should have contained so much news about the African gold mines and the stock excitement over there in Europe, and so little news about the gold mines of Colorado, which is next door to us, and the stock craze that has resulted from the developments, and the hopes which they raise. Mining exchanges have sprung up everywhere in Colorado, and all are doing a rushing business. New York is catching the fever, and the stocks are soon to be listed there. Of course not one stock

in fifty represents anything more than a prospect, or a scheme of gamblers to take advantage of popular interest; but behind the cloud of wild-cats there are some great properties out of which enormous streams of wealth are pouring. Colorado has not abandoned silver, but she is making a solid claim to the title of "Golden State." Within the last two years she has given her chief attention to the more precious metal, and in the second year her product was over twelve millions of dollars, nearly equaling that of California.

There are more miners at work now in Colorado than at any time during her history, and they are for the most part either digging out gold or searching for it. Our days of '49 are renewed in the vigorous life of the State, and also in the accounts of sudden riches. Cripple Creek has now a monthly output of \$1,000,000 in gold. W. S. Stratton, not long ago a working carpenter, is the money king of the camp. He is rated at \$25,000,000. One of his mines is the Independence. The 500-foot shaft was sunk in ore, and the profit was from \$50,000 to \$200,000 monthly. The ore has paid for the finest modern machinery, defrayed all expenses, and left Stratton a fat bank account, notwithstanding his purchases of many adjoining properties. Only the first level of the Independence has been drawn upon. What is in sight is estimated at \$8,000,000, and the bottom of the shaft is still in rich ore. The Portland Mine has paid over \$250,000 in dividends, besides clearing off \$300,000 of debts. The Victor pays \$20,000 dividends monthly. One five-ton lot of ore taken out the other day returned \$15,000. The Anchoria-Leland Company leased its mine for a year, and the lessee is doing so well that he has refused \$50,000 to surrender it. The C. O. D., owned in France, is proving exceedingly rich. In Leadville, the Ibex Company has taken out \$3,000,000 in gold while sinking its shafts and opening its tunnels. The October output was \$400,000. Everywhere capital is being invested in old and new mines. The moneyed men of the East and Europe have experts on the ground. The Rothschilds, of course, are represented. A new railroad is projected which will bring Cripple Creek within three hours' ride of Denver.

A feature of the situation is that Colorado's own capitalists are putting their wealth into the mines of their State. "Nearly all of the big mining men of Colorado," says the correspondent of the New York Sun, "are discouraging in every way possible the gambling in unknown stocks at the exchanges." But these same men are buying mines and developing them.

That is a spirit which has grown strange in California. There are as rich mines in the Sierra Nevada and its spurs and foothills as any in Colorado or Africa. The Utica and the Rawhide are but samples of the prizes that await the intelligent and courageous investment of capital. But prospectors have grown weary of coming to San Francisco when they have found a good prospect. One of them, writing to a contemporary concerning the remark of the president of the Chamber of Commerce at the recent Miners' Convention in this city, that "when you come here with a good mine, just let us in on it—that's all we ask," makes some comments which are as sharp as they are just. During long years, he says, the miner with a property, or the fair chance of a property, has been met in San Francisco by the men of money with the declaration of their indisposition "to do anything in that line." Not only prospects have been thus rejected, but "ledges where shafts one hundred feet deep, or tunnels and corresponding drifts have been run; where the surface ore has paid, sometimes, extraordinary expenses; where there were wood, water, power, sometimes ditches and flumes already at hand; where unforeseen circumstances had prevented a continuance of operations. If unknown, the men are not even listened to."

The fortunes made in African mines and in Colorado mines will do more than eloquence at miners' conventions or the pleas of needy prospectors to open the eyes of San Francisco capital to its folly in neglecting the mines of the State. Example inspires pluck. There are signs that the shoulder turned for decades to our mines is warming. Rich mines turning out millions a year—like the Utica, the Kennedy, and the Rawhide—inspire the over-cautious capitalist with a desire to imitate. And if the operations on the mother-lode at Coulterville half meet expectations, the strings around the money-bags will be further loosened. Moreover, foreign capital is not afflicted with local lethargies, and to it we owe most of the developing work that is being done in our mountains. It cares nothing for State lines, and California's mineral wealth is held in higher respect abroad than it is at home.

When the *Examiner*, some weeks ago, surprised and irritated the *Call* by trying to steal its thunder in the matter of securing the national convention, the San Francisco dailies began a wild bluffing boom. Their "subscriptions" to the conven-

tion fund rose rapidly, and finally they reached such a height that their proprietors became alarmed, and stopped, fearing that they might really get the convention and have to put up. The *Argonaut* remarked at the time that it was almost preposterous to expect the Republican or any other national convention to come here. We said that most of the delegates are very busy men; that they find it difficult to squeeze out of their busy lives even the five or six days needed for a convention at such a central point as Chicago; that for most of them it would be impossible to spare twenty days, which is the least that a convention at San Francisco would mean; that even when held at central points, national conventions usually melted away on the closing day, owing to the haste of delegates to return to their homes; that the telegraph wires leading east from San Francisco were utterly inadequate to the needs of the great journals of the East.

Considering all these facts, we frankly stated it as our belief that it was folly to expect the Republican convention to come here. We think that was the belief of most sensible men. We think that it was the belief of the proprietors of the morning dailies, Messrs. Hearst, Shortridge, and De Young. Nevertheless, those gentlemen united in a preposterous "convention boom," in whose success none of them believed. Mr. Hearst did not believe that the convention would come here, and he did not believe that either Mr. Shortridge or Mr. De Young believed it would. Neither of the latter two believed that Mr. Hearst believed it. None of the readers of any of their journals believed it, or believed that the editors believed it either. Nobody believed it. It was all an elaborate "jolly," to use the slang of the day. But it seems odd that, in a serious city, a set of presumably serious journals should indulge in such infantile self-mystification.

If anything were needed to convince doubters that "San Francisco has never been in it from the first," to use the mournful language of Boomer George Knight, it would be the fact that the Eastern journals have never seriously considered our claims. San Francisco has hardly been mentioned in the Eastern press in discussing the convention. A vague reference might at times be made to the fact that San Francisco would get "a complimentary ballot." That is just what she got. And that is all she got.

A selection from the headings in our dailies for some weeks will give an idea how successfully the San Francisco journals worked her convention boom:

THE CONVENTION SECURED!

SAN FRANCISCO ROLLS UP NEARLY A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

CHICAGO CAN NOT RAISE FIFTY THOUSAND!

THE FIGHT BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND PITTSBURG!

THE SMOKY CITY HAS NO CHANCE!

A WELL-KNOWN STATESMAN SAYS SAN FRANCISCO HAS IT SURE!

BALLOTING BEGINS TO-MORROW!

THE GOLDEN CITY GOES INTO THE FIGHT WITH A CLEAR MAJORITY!

NO OTHER CITY IN IT WITH SAN FRANCISCO!

* * * * *

St. Louis gets the Convention.

The unhappy Holy Father, who possesses everything that money can buy or heart can wish, except the power to disunite Italy and resume misgovernment of the old Papal States, has under consideration an oft-repeated invitation to abandon Rome and move to Avignon, France, where some of his infallible predecessors held court for more than seventy years. What has brought the standing invitation of the pious French into renewed notice is the trouble that His Holiness is giving several of the crowned heads of Europe. King Humbert of Italy is uncle to Dom Carlos, King of Portugal. The latter, needing relaxation, proposed to set out to pay a number of calls on other monarchs, among them his royal uncle, who was at Monza, his autumn headquarters. Dom Carlos, who is a good Roman Catholic, thought he could thus do his duty as a nephew and at the same time avoid giving offense to the prisoner of the Vatican; but Premier Crispi, anxious to make the most of the visit, threw the political fat into the ecclesiastical fire by informing Portugal's king that Humbert would be happy to see him at Rome; and thereupon began preparations for festivities, which gave the highest offense to the Vicar of Christ. That gentleman caused it to be conveyed to Dom Carlos that the latter's appearance at the Quirinal would be considered by him as a personal affront. On the ground that "the king of a Catholic nation could not hesitate between a simple ceremonial and a gratuitous offense to the Pope," Dom Carlos declined to visit Humbert at Rome, but offered to compromise by shaking hands at Monza. Humbert turned to ice, declined the compromise, and the upshot of the trouble was the recall of the Italian minister from Lisbon and of the Portuguese minister from Rome. Things

were made a little less comfortable, also, for the prisoner of the Vatican.

Avignon saw its chance and urged Pope Leo the Thirteenth to seek refuge within its affectionate limits. The municipal authorities of the French town not long ago acquired the remains of the old Palace of the Popes there, and have authorized an expenditure of one million four hundred thousand dollars for its restoration and refurnishing. An envoy proceeded to Rome and preferred a number of requests to His Holiness, one of them being that he take asylum in the restored palace, and another that permission be given to search the archives of the Vatican for documentary and artistic records relating to the residence of the Popes in Avignon. "The latter request," we are informed, "was cordially granted, and the projected restoration of the palace heartily approved; but a reply to the former petition was reserved until the views of the French Government on the subject should be expressed in diplomatic form."

His Holiness, being familiar with the archives of the Vatican, is doubtless aware that it is not piety alone which moves Avignon to open her arms to him, or that makes all France wish him to quit Rome. He has only to threaten with some show of seriousness to do that in order to gain anything in reason from King Humbert. Though having the Head of Christendom on his hands causes Italy's monarch various worries, he knows, as a business man, that a Pope is a good thing to have around. Rome is not a religious city, but the tradesmen thereof would probably rise in riot were they to see the bonanza of the Papal court, which draws visitors in swarms, about to be carted off to another country. The French, being careless as to morals, long for a return of the good old days when the Pope sat in Avignon, and made of that town a sort of reservoir from which fructifying streamlets of gold trickled out and spread over the land. We are told by Dr. John W. Draper, in his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," that:

"In the pontificate of Clement the Sixth, A. D. 1342, the court at Avignon became the most voluptuous in Christendom. It was crowded with knights and ladies, painters and other artists. It exhibited a day-dream of equipages and haquets. The pontiff himself delighted in female society, but, in his weakness, permitted his lady, the Countess of Turenne, to extort enormous revenues by the sale of ecclesiastical promotions. Petrarch, who lived at Avignon at this time, speaks of it as a vast brothel. His own sister had been seduced by the Holy Father, John the Twenty-Second. During all these years the Romans had made repeated attempts to force back the Papal court to their city. With its departure all their profits had gone."

His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth is familiar with the Great Schism, and he will be chary about risking a retreat to Avignon. Rome, when deserted before, wouldn't do with out a Pope, and set up one of her own, who cursed and excommunicated him of Avignon, and got cursed and excommunicated in turn. As this somewhat troubled the faith of even the most mindless and devout, the cardinals called the Council of Pisa, which convicted the rival popes of the crimes and excesses charged against each by the other, and deposed them both, appointing in their stead Alexander the Fifth. But it is one thing to depose a pope and another to get him to consent to his deposition. Consequently Christendom was in possession of three popes at once, all infallible, all issuing bulls, and all cursing and excommunicating and having a good time in general. Hence lively as the hopes of France may be, and high as the bids which Avignon may offer, it is not very likely that Leo the Thirteenth will take chances on removing from Rome. A successor in the Holy City would be sure to spring up, and as Leo is an eminently respectable old gentleman, he would to a certainty disappoint the expectations of the French, even if he did flit to Avignon. There would be no revival of the sinful gayeties of the Middle Ages under him, for he is an ecclesiastic who accepts the code of morals that has come in as the age of faith has gone out. He realizes, too, that in this era of godless common sense one Pope is as much as the Roman Catholic world would stand.

The most notable figure in the opening of the Fifty-Fourth Congress was the Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed. It is just four years since he stepped down from the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives—stepped down amid the jeers and in insults of the Democratic side—stepped down, covered with the obloquy of the Democratic press—stepped down, the first Speaker for many years to leave, without the customary vote of thanks, the Speaker's chair. This torrent of abuse was due to Mr. Reed's strict enforcement of the rules drawn up by the Republicans, by which he counted member "present" when they were plainly visible before him. After four years it is gratifying to Mr. Reed to be returned to his old place in the Speaker's chair, and it must be doubly gratifying to find that his Democratic opponents have been quietly using the very rules which they so bitterly abused and for formulating and enforcing which they had denounced Reed as a "Czar."

In his opening address, Speaker Reed touched upon the

when he said: "It is very agreeable to me to stand once more in the place which I left four years ago." But the most significant words of the new Speaker, in his address to the House, were these: "If at any time anything is done that may seem inadequate, time, which has justified itself of us on many occasions, may do so again. Those who have acted with wisdom in the past may fairly be expected to act with wisdom in the future." And in his speech before the Republican caucus which nominated him, Mr. Reed said: "We have, unfortunately, a divided government, which usually leads to small results. But there are times when rest is as health-giving as exercise. Rather than run risks, we can afford to wait until well-matured plans give us assurance of permanent benefit. Crude and hasty legislation is above all things to be shunned."

It is very evident from these remarks what the policy of Speaker Reed will be. He has never been accused of timidity, of weakness in party fealty, or of lack of political virility. Therefore these words of his are all the more significant. They indicate a policy for the Republican majority of non-activity.

The New York *Tribune* is one of the leading Republican organs of the country, if not the foremost one. It is controlled and directed by Whitelaw Reid, himself a prominent Republican, and at one time Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The views of the *Tribune* are therefore entitled to respectful attention. They by no means accord with those foreshadowed by Speaker Reed, although the journal does not controvert him in set words or by name. But the *Tribune* calls upon Congress to return to the protective tariff of 1890; it says that a Republican Congress which would deviate from the strict line of Republican principle through fear of a Presidential veto would be repudiated by the people; it further says that the members of this Congress were not chosen by the electors through pique at having been fooled by Democratic demagogues, but with a set purpose—to remedy the disasters caused by Democratic maladministration. The *Tribune* demands that the Republican majority shall refuse appropriations if the President refuses to sign their tariff bills.

We are inclined to think that Speaker Reed is a better guide in this emergency than is the *Tribune*. It is all very well to talk of bulldozing Cleveland by tying up appropriation bills, but Cleveland is a very stubborn mao. If any such dead-lock were to take place, and business, which has not yet recovered from the Democratic free-trade panic, were to receive another staggering blow, the people would hold the Republican party responsible for it. As matters are, trade is depressed, and the hoped-for boom of the late midsummer has flattened out; but still there is a large and healthy volume of business, which would be injured by a dead-lock in Congress over impossible tariff legislation.

We say "impossible tariff legislation." The phrase is within bounds. Cleveland did not scruple to withhold his signature from a Democratic tariff bill which did not suit him. He certainly would not hesitate to veto a Republican tariff bill which did not suit him. And inasmuch as it would be impossible for the Republicans to pass a tariff bill over his veto, the part of wisdom is to see what partial revision of the tariff he will consent to. It is probable he will consent to some. His party's tariff has completely collapsed. Even if he will not consent to restoring the duty on wool, there are other commodities concerning which he would not be so stubborn. And after we have elected a Republican President next fall, then we can restore the duty on wool.

The House is Republican, the Senate is uncertain, and the President is a Democrat. Under the circumstances, it would be folly for the Republican House to make attempts at forcing through legislation which they know can not succeed. All that it would amount to would be to "put the Democrats in a hole." They are in a hole already. But unfortunately they put the country into a hole too. And the Republicans in Congress, instead of making material for next year's platforms, had better devote themselves to getting the country out of this Democratic hole.

It is unfortunate that the fame of California as a winter resort can not be prevented from spreading among the kind of people who are not wanted here, or anywhere else. Tramps as well as millionaires have learned that here the temperature of pleasant summer days may be enjoyed the year round. As a consequence, Southern California, which has been better advertised climatically than any other portion of the State, is suffering from a plague of vagrants, now that snow and ice have fallen upon the East. The moneyless leisure class is just as fond of sunshine and warmth as the moneyed leisure class, and apparently finds no more difficulty in traveling around at will. Dispatches from various southern points say that the vagabonds are already scattered in alarming numbers throughout the region. "Sixty men were counted yesterday," says a San Diego telegram, "in

bivouacs between Oceanside and this city. Forty tramps arrived here yesterday, the police say, and over two hundred have arrived within two weeks. Twenty came in today in a single squad." These vagrants, who are strong men and well able to work, live without toil. How luxuriously they manage to subsist by beggary and theft is shown by the description which follows of one of their camps in Sweetwater Valley, not far from San Diego. It is given as the observation of a constable who went to have a look at them, presumably to gratify his private curiosity, as he did not exercise his official power to disturb in any way so much felicity:

"In a thick clump of willows on the Sweetwater River bottom he found a big tent and a collection of brush wickiups, occupied by hoboes. Thirteen men were counted, six of them asleep and the others basking in the golden sunlight, ripening along with the oranges. The floor of the tent was covered with a carpet, and upon this were spread blankets of good texture—new horse-blankets—and several fine overcoats. Beer-bottles were scattered around the outside of the tent, and numberless tin cans and chicken and turkey-feathers. A negro was employed to do the cooking. One of the tramps had been a surgeon's assistant, and seemed to be a man of good education. The government of the crowd appeared to be semi-military, and the chief, a big, strapping Irishman, expressed his determination to get a horse, in consideration of his dignity as the leader."

Of course the people living in the vicinity of this encampment complain of robbed hen-roosts and the filching of other articles. Two more camps of the same sort have been found in the region. At San Diego some tramps entered a dry-goods shop and walked off with armfuls of womeo's cloaks while the clerks were at dinner. Three others were arrested loaded down with men's and boys' new clothing. A citizen who refused to give money to a brace of vagrants was "knocked down and robbed under the glare of the electric lights." On the Hoyle ranch, it is telegraphed from Los Angeles, a tramp was given a meal, and while he was eating it, Mrs. Lynd, the housekeeper, passed near him. He seized and bound her and tied her to a door-knob, after which he rifled the place. The woman, when he had gone, managed to pull a bell-rope with her teeth, and thus got assistance. The tramp has been captured and jailed. A good number of houses have been robbed in Los Angeles. A burglar chloroformed a Miss McArthur, and so beat her that she barely escaped death. At Tracy the tramps have been raiding the Pullman cars.

It is satisfactory to read that the burden of the support of the "unemployed" and their outrages are causing the people of Southern California to lose their temper. The camp at Sweetwater and other head-quarters of the tramps in the neighborhood of San Diego are to be broken up by the police. The officers are being instructed to treat the vagrants with severity instead of half-sympathetic tolerance. Santa Ana has set up a rock-pile "for the benefit of the crowds of tramps who have been flocking this way recently."

Nature has given the wanderer with a prejudice against work an invitation to come to California when the skies are unkind elsewhere. It is a paradise for bummers. But nature's invitation can readily be withdrawn by the inhabitants. With a little good sense and resolution, California could be made the least hospitable State in the Union to the vagabond. Instead of sleeping in a tent on soft carpets and blankets, rising, when disposed, to consume the stolen delicacies which his negro cook has prepared for him, he should be taught that to cross the border into this State means work—hard, heart-breaking work. There ought to be in every village a rock-pile like Santa Ana's. Each county jail should be merely the sleeping-quarters of men who are forced to labor vigorously during the day. The chain-gangs should stretch from one end of California to the other. Every loafer, who saunters in among us to evade the Eastern winter and live off us without giving something in return, should be seized and utilized on the county roads, and the streets of the villages, towns, and cities. A vagrant is always under reasonable suspicion of being ready for crime; therefore to seize him and put him to work is not only to get the value of his labor, but to insure the community against the predatory activity of a sneak-thief, a robber, or a burglar. It is disgraceful to California that she has permitted herself to suffer so long from this pest of tramps when it would be so easy to take organized action for their exclusion. One sunny winter in the chain-gang would cure for life any vagrant of a desire to revisit this genial climate. The tramp's presence here is an impudent challenge to decent, self-supporting people. It is a challenge which should be accepted promptly.

The *Argonaut* made some remarks last week on the desirability of abolishing the San Francisco Normal School—an institution for which there is no warrant in law, whose certificates have no validity such as is possessed by State Normal School certificates, whose expenses are paid by taxing the

tax-payers twice, and whose pupils come from all over the coast to be given, gratis, a "higher education" by the citizens of San Francisco. We are glad to see that at its last meeting the board of education took up the matter. The committee seems to handle the school very gingerly—why, we can not imagine, for two of its teachers, James G. Kennedy and D. C. Stone, have been removed by death within a few weeks, and it is only necessary for the board not to fill their places. As for the plea that closing the school now would "be unfair to the young ladies who entered," it has no merit. There was no warrant in law for the existence of the school, or for entering the young women; there is therefore no obligation to them. As for questions of fairness, it is not fair to force the tax-payers of San Francisco to support an illegal city normal school when they have already paid their State taxes for supporting three State normal schools.

We note that the committee's report corroborates our charge that there were non-residents from all over the coast attending the "San Francisco Normal School"; they found thirty-one. The average attendance at the normal school was eighty-four, according to the last report to hand; thus we find that of the young women receiving a "higher education" at the expense of the San Francisco tax-payers, more than one-third come from points outside of San Francisco. There is absolutely nothing to be said, in law or in common honesty, in favor of maintaining the "San Francisco Normal School." It is illegal, and it is dishonest. It should be abolished, and it should be abolished now.

The board took no action in regard to the Polytechnic School. We shall take up this matter in our next issue, and show the tax-payers of San Francisco upon how many kinds of expensive nonsense their hard-earned money is being wasted.

Those daily journals in San Francisco which were apparently working so vigorously to secure the Republican National Convention will be interested in knowing—or probably their readers will, for they have not mentioned it—that one of the objections to San Francisco advanced in the East was that "its drinking-water was impure"! This we give on the authority of the New York *Sun*. That journal gave as its authority the very San Francisco journals which were working to secure the convention. From this it is evident that the groundless newspaper attacks upon San Francisco's water supply have had their effect where it was not desired—in the East. In San Francisco the people have paid no attention to them. But the sensational charges of the daily press of San Francisco evidently are believed in distant cities where the character of that press is not known.

The *Post* publishes a striking editorial in which it summarizes the extraordinary powers given to the mayor of San Francisco by the proposed new charter. It requires thirty-six paragraphs briefly to enumerate the various arbitrary actions within the power of the mayor. They include the right to suspend any person from office at his pleasure, to instruct the auditor not to audit demands, to fill all vacancies, to appoint the city attorney, to appoint the public administrator, to appoint the clerks of the justices' courts, to appoint deputy clerks, to appoint the commissioners of public works, to appoint the park commissioners, to appoint the school directors, to appoint the public library trustees, to appoint the police commissioners, to appoint the fire commissioners, to appoint the board of health, to appoint the election commissioners, to appoint the civil commissioners, and many other powers as well. This gives the mayor entire control of the police department, the fire department, the school department, the street department, and the election officials. We are free to confess that we think this is a little too much power under a republican system of government. This city once came near having an O'Donnell for mayor, and now has a Sutro. Who would be willing to place these unparalleled powers in the hands of the unspeakable Sutro?

We observe by the New York dispatches that Barbara Aub, who accused one Langerman of criminally assaulting her, and then confessed that the accusation was false, has now confessed that the confession was false. Langerman was found guilty, was then found innocent, and now will probably have to be found guilty all over again. There was some theorizing in New York over the fact that if Barbara Aub had died the day before she made her confession, Langerman, although innocent of her charges, would have spent years in a felon's cell. But she did not "die before making her confession"—she is still very much alive, and is still making confessions. If she keeps on, and if as much faith be attached to her statements now as when she made her charges, Langerman will be innocent on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and guilty the rest of the week.

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As a consequence, Southern California, which has been better advertised climatically than any other portion of the State, is suffering from a plague of vagrants, now that snow and ice have fallen upon the East. The moneyless leisure class is just as fond of sunshine and warmth as the moneyed leisure class, and apparently finds no more difficulty in traveling around at will. Dispatches from various southern points say that the vagabonds are already scattered in alarming numbers throughout the region. "Sixty men were counted yesterday," says a San Diego telegram, "in

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THE PAINTER AND THE WIDOW.

An Ingenious Story of Rent Day in Paris.

The typical *propriétaire*, or landlord, is the Parisian. He is the prince of the species. He seems to have come into the world merely in order to receive his rent. Four times a year he places his signature at the foot of the little paper known as the *quittance*, and, having done so, he goes out to see how the poor world wags. His god, his faith, his law, is the rent day; the tenant who pays in, in his eyes, an honest man; the tenant who does not pay is a rascal.

The type of the model Parisian proprietor has, in his younger days—for he is now past fifty—been engaged in commerce; his fortune has been amassed with difficulty and by endless pinching and cheese-paring. The frugal habits of the past cling to him in his riper years. He is parsimonious, and his household is still managed on the principles of the strictest economy. Some proprietors allow themselves the luxury of a *garçon*, or steward. The tears of the widow and the orphan have no effect on the steward, who is armed with the huckler of an authority all the more inflexible because deputed. Thus the proprietor avoids trying his feelings, and succeeds in maintaining his budget unimpaired.

Parisian proprietors have their eccentricities. As a general rule, they will not allow their tenants to keep dogs in their rooms, whether large or small. The same rule applies to the dogs of visitors, which, if they are permitted to call, must climb the back stairs. Certain proprietors, to the great disgust of old maids, forbid the presence of cats in a house. But this is not the end of the chapter. Some barbarous proprietors go so far in tyranny as to exclude children below seven years of age. There are, again, proprietors who proscribe dancing. Tea-parties and quiet music are, however, permitted, though grand pianos and chamber organs are looked at askance.

The four *termes*, or rent-days, are on the fifteenth of January, April, July, and October, but the last *terme* mentioned is the most important of the year, on which day the streets of Paris are filled with all manner of vehicles, from huge, lumbering wagons drawn by six or eight horses to the modest hand-cart carrying off the lare and penates of some poor workman, the greater number of the last class having been turned out of their abode.

There is a friend of mine, a painter, who has all the talents, and no talent of his own. He would copy or imitate a Greuze or a Watteau to perfection. A Diaz by him only wants the signature, which an unscrupulous dealer does not hesitate to forge. My friend, whom we will call Durand, is an excellent man, industrious and clever, but too negligent to take the initiative in anything, even in painting. Well, he had given notice to leave his apartment last July, on the fifteenth of the month at noon, according to the custom of the country. He had, however, been so absorbed in his painting that he had forgotten to retain a wagon to take away his furniture, and when he did at last concern himself about the matter, he only succeeded in securing one for the end of the day.

But at noon precisely, just as he was putting the finishing touches to a copy of Greuze's famous "Cruche-Cassée," there came an imperious knock at the door. It was the new tenant, escorted by her furniture. She was furious to find that Durand was "dawdling over his paint-brushes," while all her furniture was out in the street, exposed to the gaze of indiscreet passers. She even threatened to call the police.

Durand, like many painters, thinks the sea more charming than ever when agitated by a storm. He found some resemblance between this woman and the sea, and concluded that his fair visitor was rendered more charming by her anger. She was about twenty-five years of age. She had dark hair and blue eyes, a fine, nervous figure, and her rosy nostrils were slightly dilated by her emotion. She was accompanied by a little girl of six years of age—a little golden-haired fairy. "What!" continued the irate lady, "you are not going away until five o'clock? It is absurd! What am I to do with my furniture? Where is the proprietor? I must see the proprietor!"

Durand sought an ally. The little girl was playing with a shepherdess in porcelain that stood on a table. "Would you like it?"

"Oh! yes; it is so droll!"

"Take it."

"Jeanne," said the mother, "I forbid you to accept anything."

"Only to please her," replied Durand. "I could quite understand your prohibition, but it is an economy for me. I shall have so much less to move."

Women are easily disarmed. The lady fixed her eyes on the tapestry in order to keep her countenance.

"Your name is Jeanne?" said the painter.

"Yes," answered the child.

"And your papa, where is he?"

"He died two years ago, and mamma is a widow."

Then, turning to the lady, Durand apologized for his sins, told her he had cleared one room, and that he would go and help to get her furniture in. Soon the furniture began to find its place—the wardrobe, the mirror, the book-case—"Oh, madame, without knowing you, I can read your mind: Montesquieu, Balzac, Bossuet, Hugo, Lamartine—" "La, la, la!" cried the angry lady. "You would have done better to leave before twelve o'clock than to be trying to study my character."

"I am working all the time, madame. Look! I have placed the console there—here the statue of the Virgin—this little mirror opposite the window—"

"Oh, it is no use; you can not make peace with me!"

There was an interval of twenty minutes, during which the lady stood at the salon window. Durand had remained in his room with the child. "Are they coming to-day or to-morrow, your men?" she asked, angrily, as she came back into the room. But she stopped in the middle. Jeanne, motionless and smiling, was seated on a chair, and Durand was painting her portrait.

"Mamma," said the little one, suddenly, "I am hungry. You have a *pâté* and some wine in the big basket."

"Come, then, and breakfast on the balcony," replied the mother. Durand was left alone to finish his sketch. There was a silence of ten minutes. Then the child returned timidly:

"Mamma has something to ask you."

"She wants to turn me out?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Mamma wants to know—if you—if you would like a piece of *pâté*?"

This happened on July 15th, and when the porter arrived to announce that the men had at last come to remove Durand's furniture, he found him sitting on the balcony at table with the mother, and dandling the child on his knees.

Misfortunes, however, never come singly. The wagon was too small. It would not hold all Durand's things at once. "Leave your pictures, your easel, and your palette," said Jeanne. "I will take care of them, and then you will be obliged to come back again and finish my portrait."

He left them. He came into possession of them only on the fifteenth, when he took all his furniture back to his old rooms. This time, however, there was no difficulty about the outgoing tenant, for, before that date, she became Durand's wife, and the two households were merged into one.

PARIS, November, 1895.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. W. G. Grace, the great English cricketer, has put the five thousand pounds of his shilling testimonial into an endowment insurance policy payable in fifteen years.

Miss May Palliser, who is shortly to marry Lord Walscourt, a peer of between fifty and sixty, won a prize in a beauty show when she was in her teens. She and her sister, Miss Grace, were the successful competitors in a contest among a large number of ladies who sent in their photographs.

The King of Portugal was a sight worth seeing when he appeared in public in London recently. He wore the orders of the Garter, of Christ, of the Tower and Sword, of Santiago, and of Our Lady of Villa Vicosa. An irreverent American who saw him said that he looked like a hargaid counter on "ribhon day."

Rev. Dr. George W. Carter, who is now on trial before the Virginia Methodist Conference for alleged violations of church laws, is seventy years old and has had a somewhat stormy career. He has been divorced twice, has fought two duels, has edited a newspaper, has been a college professor, and has always preached gospel sermons.

Helen Keller's sense of touch is said to be so marvelously developed that she can recognize a person's emotions by simply placing her hand upon his or her face, even although the play of feeling is so subtle that the ordinary observer would not detect any change of expression. She can also detect the presence of any one by the sense of smell, and she is learning to sing by laying her fingers on the sides of a singer's throat, and imitating with her own vocal chords the vocalist's notes.

Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge enjoys the distinction of being the first wife of an American ambassador to give birth to a child during her husband's tenure of such an office. According to precedent, the Czar and Czarina will be godfather and godmother to the child, and will probably give it a silver cradle as a christening gift. Another American woman who has enjoyed this distinction at the Russian court is the wife of the former German ambassador, who was a daughter of John Jay, of New York.

When the Common Council of London refused the other day to pass a vote of thanks to Sir Joseph Renals, the retiring lord mayor, it violated a precedent of more than a century's standing. Sir Joseph's attempted public dinner to Barney Barnato, of which our London correspondent wrote a few weeks ago, disgusted them, and they found still graver cause of complaint in the appearance of his name as chairman of a company for insuring against loss of liquor licenses (licenses being granted by the lord mayor), and as director in a long list of wild-cat companies, most of them now bankrupt.

At the present rate, there will soon not be a single crowned head in Europe exempt from the bicycle mania, save Queen Victoria. The latest are the Prince of Wales, the Queen-Regent of Spain, and the Emperor of Germany. The Empress of Austria has taken to the wheel. King Alexander of Serbia's performances on the bicycle excite the admiration even of professionals by reason of his endurance and speed. The little King of Spain recently sustained an accident by a fall from his wheel. The Czar of Russia is an enthusiastic wheelman, as are also his huge cousin, Prince George of Greece, his uncle, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and his cousin, Prince Christian, the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark. Both King Humbert and Queen Margherita ride. Even white-headed and limping old King Leopold of Belgium rides a bicycle, and a year ago sustained two or three very severe falls. The royal family of Great Britain are satisfied with tricycles. It has been generally believed that the daughters of the Princess of Wales used a lady's bicycle, and statements to that effect appeared in several of the British newspapers. Queen Victoria, when she read this, commanded an official denial in the "Court Intelligence" of the metropolitan and provincial press, stating emphatically that "the daughters of the Princess of Wales have never at any time ridden bicycles." It is to be hoped that the queen will never set eyes on a photograph, taken at Copenhagen, which shows the Princess of Wales herself seated on a tandem bicycle, her companion being her brother, King George of Greece.

THE CASE OF BARBARA AUB.

A Criminal Trial which Shocked and Startled New York—Walter Langerman Brought to the Threshold of Sing Sing—A Perjured Female Witness.

Rarely has a criminal trial so startled this great city as has the case of Barbara Aub against Walter Langerman. It is not a pleasant case to discuss, either in newspapers or in conversation; but there are unpleasant things in life that must be discussed, and although no sympathy is felt for Langerman, owing to his lewd life, his narrow escape from a felon's cell has moved the public most profoundly.

I have said that this is not a pleasant case to discuss. But it is one whose lessons are far-reaching. It has doubtless happened many times before. It is as old as human nature. If any other man shall stand up before twelve jury-men accused of a crime like that imputed to Langerman, let the jury-men, before they convict, reflect on the facts brought forth in the case of Barbara Aub.

To summarize briefly this unpleasant story, Barbara Aub, a book-agent, called upon Walter Langerman in his chambers in May of this year, carrying with her a note from a friend of Langerman, a Mrs. Emily Roselle, requesting him to subscribe for the book. The note was a peculiar one, and couched in semi-suggestive language. The girl herself testified that when she rang the bell of Langerman's apartment at eight o'clock in the morning—having called several times before without finding him at home—he opened the door, and, pointing to the bath-robe which he wore, told her that she had better come again. She replied, however, that she did not mind that, and entered the apartment. She testified that after a brief interview he brutally assaulted her. When she left his chambers she swore that she went to the East River, intending to drown herself, but was afraid to do so. She then told her story to a friend, one Miss Smedley, who at once went to the police, and Laogerman was arrested and lodged in prison, where he has since remained. There were, of course, no other witnesses but Walter Laogerman and Barbara Aub. Langerman denied *in toto* the girl's story of assault, admitting only that she had come to his apartment and that she had been a consenting party. This was the only direct evidence. Other occupants of apartments in the house swore that they had heard no outcry from Langerman's apartments on the morning of the seventh of May.

Recorder Goff, who presides over the Court of General Sessions, will be remembered as the man who was prosecutor at the sittings of the Lexow Committee last winter. The recorder in his charge bore very heavily against Langerman, and the jury decided to convict him after ten minutes' deliberation, although they stayed out for thirty-three.

None of the jury seemed to doubt Langerman's guilt. That was the general tone of the court-room. The newspapers surpassed themselves in the size and sympathy of their headings. Mr. Hearst's paper, the *Journal*, had a heading half a column long running as follows: "Barbara Aub Is Vindicated—Lawyer Langerman Promptly Found Guilty On Her Charge—The Maximum Penalty For His Offense Is Twenty Years In Prison—The Unfortunate Victim Embraced By Women And Congratulated By The Jury's Foreman." The article which followed was full of sympathetic touches, showing how faithfully the *Journal* reporter reflected the feeling of the court-room. Witness this:

"In one corner of the room sat Barbara Aub. Her right cheek rested against the shoulder of her constant friend, Miss Smedley, and most of the time her eyes were closed. Now and then one of her friends would lean toward her and brush back a lock of dark hair which had strayed. Many were the glances of sympathy cast in her direction. Even Mary, the old apple-woman, looked toward her and whispered to a court official: 'Poor darlint!'"

When the jury were asked as to their verdict, the foreman replied, "Guilty." "The tones," says the *Journal*, "were unmistakably cold and unsympathetic." "Serves him right," remarked a woman, as the prisoner was led away. The reporter goes on: "Oh, my darling, my poor dear lamb!" cried Miss Smedley, springing forward and throwing her arms about the girl's neck. Then Mrs. Mitchell, Barbara's aunt, and other friends all tried to embrace her at once. Her counsel held out his hand to her, and the assistant district attorney said: "I rejoice with you, little woman." Foreman Fulton of the jury walked up to Barbara Aub and said: "In behalf of the jury, I wish to congratulate you on the outcome of this trial. We were all of one mind. If we can in any way aid you, I am sure each one of us would be happy to do so." And as if to add the capstone to this pyramid based on perjury, Recorder Goff said: "The safety of society depends upon the virtue of its womanhood. When virtue is lost, then history tells us that nations decay. The law has always been pronounced in its protection of woman."

On Monday, when Langerman appeared for sentence, Recorder Goff made a lengthy harangue, in which he scored the defendant in unmeasured terms. He charged him with loose living and with acts of "unbridled lust," and, speaking very slowly, he continued in this strain for many minutes. Yet at last he said: "But notwithstanding all this, you are entitled to justice, and justice demands that you shall not be punished on this verdict." Thereupon Recorder Goff went on to say that Barbara Aub had made a confession, stating that her charge of assault against Langerman was false. The recorder committed her to jail to await indictment on the charge of perjury, and ordered Langerman to be committed to the House of Detention as a witness against Barbara Aub. The tears ran down Langerman's cheeks as the words were uttered declaring him not guilty of the charge. He said to a reporter afterward: "I believe that the girl is crazy. I have decided not to appear against her. My future I have not thought of yet. I am no saint, but I think that I shall try to live a better life hereafter."

Langerman may have been no saint, but the treatment of

him by Recorder Goff has aroused the most intense indignation. The man doubtless was a libertine, a *roué*, a lewd liver, but that does not palliate an attempt to prove him guilty of an offense of which he was innocent. There can be no excuse for the indecent harangue which Recorder Goff made before springing his dramatic disclosure of Barbara Aub's confession upon the waiting court-room. Either Langerman was guilty or he was innocent. He had been found guilty by the jury, and declared innocent by the confession of the woman whose perjured testimony had brought him to the bar. Knowing him to be innocent, Goff still lashed him with his judicial whip. There was nothing in the evidence before him to show what Langerman's life had been, and Goff himself admitted that he had based his criticisms on anonymous letters received during the trial. Goff has been condemned almost universally, and all that he has been able to say in reply in an interview is: "I am convinced that it became my positive duty to brand Langerman in the terms I did, and in doing so from the hench I feel that I was fully within every point of judicial propriety." Recorder Goff's ideas of "judicial propriety" are indeed peculiar.

As for the Aub woman, she may suffer as severe a penalty as was threatened her victim. The penalty for her offense is twenty years at Sing Sing. But it is doubtful whether she will be punished for her perjury. Already there are signs of a mawkish sympathy among such women as "The Daughters of Hope" and all that sort of thing, and, in fact, several of her friends, like Miss Smedley and others, still profess to believe that Langerman was guilty, although the woman herself says that he was not. Her friends are working up a case of attempted suicide for her, and have secured one or two physicians to testify, if necessary, that she has suffered from hysteria to such an extent that she is not of sound mind.

The sentimentality of the public in these cases is such that a woman is looked upon with sympathy whatever her offense. But I do not see how sympathy can be extended to Barbara Aub. The crime that she has committed is a crime against the law rather than against Langerman. Langerman is nothing. Langerman is a poor, low animal. Langerman is a crawling worm. But by the shock that she has inflicted upon the public mind, and by the doubt that she has thrown upon the justice of convictions in similar cases, Barbara Aub has inflicted an injury upon the orderly execution of the criminal law from which it will take long to recover. If women who have been in reality outraged fail to punish their assailants hereafter, it will be due to Barbara Aub. If men who are in reality preying upon female virtue go unwhipped of justice, it will be due to Barbara Aub. And for years to come juries who are hearing cases of criminal assault will have their minds affected by the facts in the case of Barbara Aub.

NEW YORK, December 4, 1895.

FLANEUR.

OLD FAVORITES.

If I Should Die To-Night.

[The New York Press prints the following poem with the statement that "at a banquet at Bowling Green, N.Y., the author of the following poem, Ben King, was called upon for a recitation. He was in his usual good health, and none enjoyed the banquet more than he. The next morning, April 7th last, he was found dead in his bed." This poem, however, is printed in Steadman and Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature" and credited to Belle Eugenia Smith in the *Christian Union* of June 18, 1873.]

If I should die to-night

My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,

My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said.
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,

Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with arrested glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way—
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,

Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow!
Think gently of me—I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged! forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Young Princess Mercedes of Spain, who celebrated her fifteenth birthday the other day, received on that occasion from her mother her first diamond in the shape of a pair of superb ear-rings. Hitherto she had been confined to pearls as jewels, and henceforth she is to be regarded as grown up and marriageable. Princess Mercedes, although so young, is one of the ex-queens of Europe, for she bore the title of Queen of Spain during the six months that intervened between the death of her father and the birth of her brother, little King Alfonso the Thirteenth.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, is eighty-five years of age, Senator Palmer is seventy-eight, Senator Pugh is seventy-four, Senator Morgan seventy-one, Senator Harris seventy-five, Senator Sherman seventy-two, and Senator Geary seventy.

Some English papers say that for a long time the pocket-money allowance of the Princess Maud of Wales was only five dollars a month. Her mother when a young girl had the same amount.

A YANKEE MONTE CRISTO.

Henry Meiggs's Meteoric Career in California, Chile, and Peru—An Absconding San Francisco Treasurer who Made Millions in South America.

The strange and eventful career of Henry Meiggs on the Pacific Slope of South America reads like a tale from "The Arabian Nights," and as an exhibition of what Yankee brains and energy can accomplish, it is unparalleled.

Who has not heard of him?—that versatile adventurer, the associate of Ralston, the California banker, the bosom friend of Sharon, Mackay, O'Brien, Baldwin, and one of the princes of the golden era of '49. He was born in Catskill, N. Y., in 1811, and amassed a fortune in the lumber trade before he was twenty-seven years old. During the panic of 1837, he lost everything, but he recovered from bankruptcy within two years. When gold was found at Sutter's Mill in 1849, Meiggs joined the Argonauts and sailed for California in a vessel loaded with lumber, which he sold in San Francisco for twenty times its cost. He built a wharf—long famous as Meiggs's Wharf—and a saw-mill on the bay, and sent men in the woods to cut trees. His business prospered, and possessing a genial nature and a liberal disposition, he soon won the friendship and confidence of the people, and they made him treasurer of the City and County of San Francisco.

He was the custodian of many thousands of dollars, and in addition held the fortunes left by deceased persons pending the administration of their estates. Money flowed into the vaults so freely, and he had such a strong hold upon the confidence of the people, that he began to believe he had some sort of equity in the treasure. Friends who had assisted him to office solicited temporary "loans," which they never repaid. A craze for speculation ensued at this time, and Meiggs fell a victim. He looted the treasury and the money held in trust, and when the financial crash of 1854 came, he was compelled to flee the city. He bought a small schooner and, with his wife, departed secretly by sea.

It was a long time before his victims heard of him, and then the report came that he was engaged in extensive railroad building in Chile. The people in Chile rather distrusted him, but he was soon upon his feet. His genius found an opportunity. Having no experience in railroad construction—not even a rudimentary knowledge of surveying—he, nevertheless, turned his attention to that business. The Chileans were anxious to have a railroad from the seaport of Valparaiso to Santiago, the capital, and Meiggs promptly undertook it. Previously, an English company had built the road from the coast to the foot of the great Andean range which lies between the two cities. This was half-way, and it was the easiest part to build. The lofty mountains discouraged the English, and they threw up the contract. To finish the road was a stupendous piece of engineering, and nothing similar had never before been attempted in South America. The chief feature of the contract was a question of time. Meiggs agreed to perform the work within a given time, stipulating, however, that if he made shorter work of it, he was to receive an enormous bonus for every day saved. There was a small fortune in each day; but it appeared to the Chileans such an impossible task that the government did not hesitate to accept Meiggs's terms. He made over one million dollars out of it. He demonstrated to the conceited Chileans what a Yankee could do in the way of railroad construction.

After this, Meiggs made money rapidly in various enterprises, for nothing succeeds like success. He erected in the suburbs of Santiago a magnificent home—a structure of rare beauty and a conspicuous example of extravagance—costing over one million dollars, every timber and brick and tile being imported, the marble staircase alone costing forty thousand dollars. He then began a career of social splendor that dazzled the natives. Some time after the death of his wife, Meiggs married again, and the manner in which he secured his second wife is to this day related with great relish by the gossips of Chile.

In Chile, *mantas* and skirts of white flannel are worn by *penitentas*—women who have grievously sinned, and thus advertise their penitence. They haunt the churches, and kneel for hours before the images of saints. In the large cathedrals, as in the smaller churches, these white figures are visible, kneeling, crouching, motionless, looking like statues. Ladies of high rank are to be seen among the *penitentas*, as well as beautiful girls of lower station. It is strange to learn that this method of securing absolution is very fashionable, and when the gayety of the summer season is over, and at the beginning of Lent, the ranks of the *penitentas* are full. Souls that can not be cleansed by this course retire to a convent south of Santiago, called the Convent of the Penitents, when they scourge themselves with whips, wear sack-cloth, sleep in ashes, and live upon water and crusts, until the priests give them absolution. Within the walls of this convent was a fair *señorita*, of whom Meiggs became enamored, and, with the help of an American dentist, he began a courtship romantic beyond the imaginings of a Boccaccio. For it involved notes tied to stones and thrown over the walls, impromptu scenes from "Romeo and Juliet," a rope ladder, excited nuns, angry parents, and a scandalized church. But it all ended happily, however, in parental forgiveness and a fashionable wedding. Meiggs's extravagance now made him run short of money, and to replenish his purse he put up his palace as a lottery prize, enlisting the aid of an English adventurer. The lottery was a fraud, and so many Chileans were victimized that Meiggs speedily lost caste in Chile.

Again falling in debt, he next looked to Peru as a new field to conquer. He had to borrow a thousand dollars to defray the expense of a journey there; but his reputation had gone before him, and the Peruvians gave him valuable railroad contracts. In Peru, and in fact along the whole west coast of South America, the cloud-piercing Andean

cordillera stretches from the north to the south, holding in its embrace many valleys of surpassing richness, while here and there along the seashore are narrow plains of greater or less fertility. Throughout Peru, Bolivia, and Chile, however, Meiggs's enterprises eventually extended, affording the mines in the mountains, the estates and sugar *haciendas* in the valleys, and the nitrate-heds in the Province of Iquique easy egress to the markets of the world.

The most notable contract secured by Meiggs was the Oroya road, which is classed as the eighth wonder of the world; there is nothing in America or in Europe that compares with it in scenic grandeur or as an example of engineering science. But beautiful scenery or engineering skill alone can not make a railroad pay, especially if it goes nowhere. The money gave out when it reached the town of Chicla, nestling in the heart of the Andes, just one hundred miles from its first goal. To connect the capital, Lima, with the silver mines of Cerro del Pasco, and thence to the head of the Amazon River navigation, and so on to the Atlantic, had long been the dream of Peruvian statesmen. The idea was as grand as its consummation appeared visionary and impossible. With his usual energy, however, Meiggs at once took hold of the work, and in 1870 the railroad was begun. Commencing at Lima, it ascends the narrow valley of the holy Rimac River, and rises five thousand feet in the first forty-five miles to a pretty valley which is now used as a summer resort. Then it follows a giddy, serpentine pathway along the edge of great precipices and over bridges that seem to float in the air, tunnels the Andes at an altitude of sixteen thousand feet—the highest spot in the world where a piston-rod is propelled by steam—and reaches the town of Oroya, thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The track has been forced through the mountains by a series of sixty-five tunnels, aggregating six miles in length. The tunnel of Galera, at the top of the Andes, is four thousand feet long, and it is the highest tunnel upon the surface of the earth. As the cañons were too narrow for a curve, the system of reverse tangents had to be adopted, and the track zigzags up the mountain-sides on the switch and back-up principle, until the summit is gained; hence, there are often five or six lines of track parallel to each other, one above another, on the mountain-side. Nearly the whole length of the road was made by blasting, and there is no earth visible except what was carried there. Grading was done with the drill and hundreds of pounds of powder. During the six years the road was under construction, over seven thousand lives were lost. Human life is cheap, however, in Peru.

Meiggs made millions in Peru. At one time he had contracts with the government in his own name amounting to eighty millions. He employed the best American engineers obtainable, and paid them salaries of twenty thousand dollars a year each, besides large bonuses in addition. When the Arequipa road was completed, he chartered two ocean-going steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, fitted them with wines and provisions, and invited the Peruvian Congress, all the national officials, and the leading men of the country, to be his guests at the celebration of the opening of the road. To relieve the monotony of the sea voyage, he took along an Italian circus company. For two weeks the distinguished company enjoyed themselves in a grand spree. Rare wines and costly champagnes flowed freely as water. Meiggs caused beautiful medals of gold, silver, and bronze to be struck off in commemoration of the event, which he distributed by thousands. The cost of this magnificent entertainment was not less than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In Peru the people follow the Spanish proverb: "He who pays, commands"—and Meiggs was an uncrowned king. With the magic wand of gold, he virtually controlled the Peruvian minister of finance, the supreme court justices, and the influential members of Congress. He lived in a marble-fronted palace in the aristocratic part of Lima, and kept open house like a prince. No viceroy of the golden days of Spanish rule lived so royally or dispensed favors with such a prodigal hand. His wines were the best money could buy, and his cigars, made especially for him in Cuba, were of the same brand used by Emperor Napoleon the Third.

Meiggs's greatest ability was as a financier. While practically uneducated, he possessed excellent common sense, and he understood human nature as few do. When building railroads in Peru, he was paid, of course, in national bonds, and he personally placed them, in England and France, upon far better terms than the Peruvians had ever been able to do. Bolivia had a reputation for never meeting her obligations, yet he succeeded in disposing of Bolivian bonds to excellent advantage in England. But as an organizer and a contractor of great works, and as a manager of men, Meiggs was never equaled in South America, and rarely surpassed anywhere.

Artists and writers never sought his assistance in vain. It was Meiggs's custom to educate young girls, claiming their favors in early womanhood, afterward giving a large dowry as an inducement to marriage. Like the Count of Monte Cristo, he would pour gold by the handful into the laps of women who craved his aid. His wedding-present to the daughter of the Peruvian president was a diamond necklace that cost one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He was the personification of lavish liberality, and the descendants of the Incas—the Cholos of to-day—almost deified him.

Meiggs could not, however, forget the shadow which hung over his earlier life in the United States, and the fact that he was a criminal and a fugitive continually troubled him. Finally, by the use of money and the help of friends, the legislature of California was induced to grant him amnesty. He was invited to return, but he never availed himself of the privilege.

In October, 1877, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, a stroke of paralysis carried him off. The amount of the fortune he left is not known, but along the west coast of South America his name and fame will never be forgotten.

ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

LIMA, PERU, November, 1895.

WORKING AN ANGEL.

James L. Ford's Novel of Cheap Theatrical Life—
"Dolly Dilleneck," the Story of a
"Wine-Opener's" Career.

The theatrical "angel" and the class of cheap actors, "fake" managers, and other sharpers who bathe upon him, are described with sardonic insight by James L. Ford in his novel, "Dolly Dilleneck." Mr. Ford wields one of the most virulent pens in American journalism, and his knowledge of the shams of that phase of metropolitan life where all is garish glitter on the outside, concealing a corrupt and dingy reality, is very complete. The *Argonaut* has printed at various times in the past two or three years several of his sketches of this life—such as the tale of "Little Eva Swallowtail"; or, The Society Reporter's Christmas, and that of the innocent young man's evening call on two young ladies for whom the brilliant Mr. Pincheck "rushes the growler"—and not a little of these has been worked over into this novel.

Dolly Dilleneck is a young mao whose parents, having given him a sober and pious upbringing, die before he reaches his majority, leaving him half a million to make ducks and drakes of. He is a youth of weak brain, and he embarks immediately on the career of "wine-opener." A young man of this type considers it glory to "put up for an actress," and Dolly proved to be easy prey. The one who charms the money out of his pockets is a pretty girl, whose ambition it is to become a successful actress. She is an inexperienced country girl when they first meet, but Maude Wheatleigh, as she chooses to call herself, is clever and cool-headed, and she keeps the upper hand in the game from the first. Here is some of their talk, when, on the evening of her arrival in New York, Dolly takes her to dinner:

"Do you know," said the blue-eyed one, glancing about her with a look of trusting timidity, "that I am frightened almost to death when I think of being here all alone with a man I've known such a very short while? If I wasn't sure from your looks that you were a perfect gentleman, I'd never dare do what I'm doing now; but somehow every few minutes I make up my mind I'll get up from the table and run right back home. I'm so afraid something awful will happen."

"Don't talk so, I beg of you," cried Dolly, placing a detaining hand on her wrist, and experiencing a distinct thrill of rapture when he found that she allowed it to remain there. "I assure you on my honor as a gentleman, Miss Wheatleigh, that if you will only put trust in me, no harm shall befall you. We'll go to the theatre to-night, and then I'll take you home and leave you there."

"How good you are!" she exclaimed, impulsively, throwing a soulful look across the table at him. And then she fell to toying with her empty glass—using her free hand, not the one which Dolly was now rapturously pressing—and presently she said: "How do you call this sweet drink that foams? I think it's real nice."

"That," replied Dilleneck, grandly, "is champagne, and we'll have another bottle." With which he touched the bell in a lordly fashion, while a very slight smile played across Miss Wheatleigh's lips.

Maude confides to him her hopes of fame, and she sets to work to assist her. His first step is to visit Mr. Hustle, of the theatrical firm of Hustle & Hardup. Mr. Hustle's manner of gulling the guileless youth is seen in the following interview:

Mr. Hustle listened with deep attention to all that Dolly had to say, and then asked for a few moments' time for reflection. In exactly two minutes—during which time he had calculated that five hundred dollars was about the proper sum to ask for—he informed his visitor that he happened to know of an exceptional opportunity for a young lady, provided she was pretty and clever.

"Could you bring her here this afternoon?" inquired Mr. Hustle, when he had learned from the lips of his caller that the young lady was not only pretty, but "bright as a new dollar."

He could; and so it was arranged that Maude should call at two o'clock and her sponsor at five, which would give Mr. Hustle time for consultation with his partner.

The senior member of the firm was alone in his private office when Dolly presented himself at the hour agreed upon and demanded in a tone of feverish eagerness, which lifted Mr. Hustle's estimate from five hundred to eight hundred dollars, what he thought of Miss Wheatleigh.

"Oh, she's all right, my boy," said the manager, confidently. "She's not only pretty, but she's chock-full of talent. I only wish I'd got hold of her two weeks ago. We might have done something for her then, but now—"

"Why, I thought you told me this morning that you had an opening for a pretty and talented young girl!"

"That's just what I thought myself, my boy; but when I came to talk about it to Hardup, he wouldn't listen to it for a minute, on account of the expense. So far as I'm concerned, I'd take the risk in a minute, and put her in a part where she'd stand some chance of making a bit. Even now I've got just enough confidence in that lady's talent to make her an offer—not the one I hoped to make her when I saw you this morning, but a good offer for a beginner. We're sending out a company in a week or two to play the Pacific Coast, and I'm willing—"

"The Pacific Coast! Why, she'd be away for six months at the very least!" cried Dolly, with a look of despair that made the manager bite his lips hard to keep from laughing outright.

"Six months!" he continued. "Why, if the company catches on we're thinking of sending them to Honolulu and over the Australian circuit."

The young man's face fell, and he shook his head so lugubriously that Mr. Hustle was obliged to step to the door and make a pretense of speaking to one of the clerks in order to hide his mirth.

"Well, I'm afraid that's the best I can do," he remarked, as he returned to his seat. "You see, Hardup is always kicking about expense, and trying to cut everything down to hard-pan. My idea was to put this little lady into a very nice speaking part in the piece we're going to bring out next month; have her coached for it by some first-class instructor, get her some fine dresses, and spend a little money with the newspaper boys, you know, just to make sure that she got a fair show before the public. Let's see; we open in Paterson about five weeks from to-

day, and about a month or two after that we're due at the Jollity Theatre here in New York. It's my opinion that by that time she'll have made such progress that she'll take the town by storm—yes, sir, by storm. But the expense, my boy, is something awful, and my partner won't bear it."

"How much would it cost?" demanded Dolly.

"It would cost," continued the manager, thoughtfully rubbing his chin, "at least a thousand dollars, and it might—"

"Very well," said the victim, "I'll foot the bill myself; but it's on condition that nothing shall be known about my connection with the enterprise."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Hustle, suavely, but in a tone of reproach, "do you think that anything that happens in this office is ever known outside? I only hope that you will be as careful not to mention the transaction as I shall be; for if it ever became known on Broadway that we were taking money from outside parties, our credit would be seriously damaged."

Maude Wheatleigh has both talent and beauty, and she advances rapidly in her profession. Her managers, however, are careful to keep her off the New York boards until her name has been sounded enough to whet public curiosity. She takes a minor part in a traveling company, of which Miss Pearl Livingstone is the leading actress. The following extract gives a glimpse of that lady in her room in a hotel of a great Western city, entertaining some of her fellow-artists:

The floor was thickly strewn with the mutilated sheets of many-paged Sunday newspapers; for Miss Livingstone kept a voluminous scrap-book, in which she pasted every favorable notice of herself that she was able to collect during her travels. Although an omnivorous buyer of newspapers, she never read anything but the dramatic department in each; and the speed with which she could find and clip from a forty-eight-page Sunday journal the three-line paragraph containing her own name had long been the theme of much admiring comment on the part of her professional associates.

These same associates, however, noticed with secret glee that the havoc made by Miss Livingstone's shears in the papers which lay scattered about the floor was not nearly as noticeable as it usually was on Sunday mornings in large Western cities, and that, moreover, two or three of the papers had not been cut at all. From one of these uncut sheets a large double-column portrait of Miss Maude Wheatleigh looked out upon them with a pleasant, self-confident smirk.

Miss Livingstone's guests, to the number of three, were seated at a round, bare table in the centre of the room, engaged in a game of draw-poker with their hostess, who acted as banker, and at the same time dispensed occasional hospitality from a tall dark bottle containing the precious golden juice of the grain and bearing the label of a brand which enjoys in the highest degree the respect and confidence of the community.

Miss Wheatleigh sat directly opposite her hostess, by whom she was treated with a courtesy of the polished and elaborate sort that nothing less than intense feminine hatred and jealousy can prompt.

"Seen the papers this morning, Miss Livingstone?" inquired Mabel Morris, with a look of round-eyed innocence, as she shuffled the pack preparatory to dealing.

"I sent out for them, and I guess they're here somewhere, but I haven't had a chance to look at them. It's your ante, I believe, Miss Temple."

"The only one I saw was the *Despatch*," continued Miss Morris, slyly kicking Miss Temple under the table as she dealt the cards, "and my! but there was a beautiful notice of Miss Wheatleigh, and a picture, too. You must have a mash on that reporter, Miss Wheatleigh. Can't you get him to say a word about the rest of us?"

"I don't think much of your dealing," cried Miss Livingstone, hastily, as she threw her cards on the table. "You can give me five more, and I'll stay in, unless you're going to raise the price."

"What's the name of that *Despatch* critic, anyway?" inquired Miss Temple, carelessly, as she discarded two cards.

Her question was addressed to Miss Livingstone, who was believed to know the name, age, and personal characteristics of every dramatic critic and city editor in every town and city in the Union.

"Billy Fenwick is still there, I believe," she replied, "and he and I don't speak. You've met him, I suppose, Miss Wheatleigh?"

"Never even heard of him before," rejoined Maude, calmly. "I'm sure it was very nice of him, though, to put that notice in his paper. What sort of a man is he?"

"Like all other men—thinks that if a young girl is an actress, she is necessarily destitute of self-respect. He tried it on with me once, and I just put him where he belonged. 'Mr. Fenwick,' I said to him, 'you seem to forget that you are addressing a lady who has forgotten more about etiquette than you ever knew in your life.' I'll take five cards." And as for the notices in your old paper, I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for them. I can get notices, and pictures too, in the biggest papers in this country. There's nobody reads your old rag, anyway. I'm sure I wouldn't buy a copy or he seen reading it—"

"Where did that one come from that's lying on the floor all crumpled up?" inquired Miss Morris, suddenly. And then Miss Temple snickered, and the leading lady grew red in the face.

Maude's luck at poker, combined with her success with the public, is too much for Miss Livingstone's temper, and the scene ends in a quarrel.

Mr. Freelance, who is one of Maude's admirers, contrives a ploy to give her the principal rôle in Miss Livingstone's place. There is no impediment to this in the shape of a contract with that irascible lady. Some subtle tactics, therefore, are required on the part of the business manager to bring about the result aimed at, and they are outlood to this scene:

"To what fortunate occurrence am I indebted for the distinguished honor of this visit?" said Miss Livingstone, coldly, quoting from the second act of the society drama in which she had won so much renown.

"My dear Miss Livingstone," cried the business manager, "I came to tell you how sorry I am that you and Miss Wheatleigh have had this unfortunate misunderstanding. It's really too bad, because you both occupy such important positions in the company, and are together on the stage in so many scenes, that any coldness between you is sure to become apparent to the audience and mar the effect of the performance. Now if—"

"And why are we both important members of the company?" demanded Miss Livingstone. "I was engaged as leading lady by Mr. Hustle, and my position is distinctly stipulated in the contract. As you know perfectly well, other persons in the company have been pushed ahead and had their heads swelled with ridiculous notices and pictures in the papers until, I believe, they

actually think they know how to act. I have put up with this and with other forms of impertinence for some time, Mr. Freelance, but I don't intend to any longer. It is not that I am afraid that my reputation as an artist will suffer by comparison with any of the amateurs, who can only obtain an engagement through the good offices of wealthy young gentlemen who happen to take a fancy to them—not at all, Mr. Freelance. My standing in the profession is such that I am not at all uneasy; but I don't propose to be annoyed in this way any longer, and I warn you that you had better return to the old version of the play to-morrow night. I mean the original version that we played at the beginning of the season, before you undertook to *improve* it by building up every rotten part that could possibly interfere with those that were originally intended to carry the piece."

Miss Livingstone paused, partly to regain her breath, and partly because she had reached the end of the speech, which she had carefully prepared in anticipation of the business manager's visit.

"There are so many people in the company who have wealthy friends," remarked Mr. Freelance, thoughtfully, "that I can't imagine whom you refer to. As for the parts that have been built up, why, of course, I have endeavored to give some prominence to such artists as possess talents of the kind calculated to make them acceptable to the public; but I am sure that an actress of your experience and talent knows the artistic value of competent support. I can not control the newspapers, and I will not be held responsible for the ravages of what you term the 'swelled head.' It is a disease which is not even confined to the profession which you adorn."

"You needn't heat about the hush with me, Billy," screamed the leading lady, excitedly. "You know I'm talking about that thing that calls herself Wheatleigh, and I tell you now she's got to be called down or else my under-study will read my lines on Monday night."

"What!" exclaimed the manager, with well-feigned horror and fear, "let Hardbrook go on in your rôle! You know as well as I do that she can scarcely play the part she's cast for now. I'd rather not raise my curtain at all."

"Very well, then," said the actress, decisively, for she thought she had him at a disadvantage, "we will play the original version to-morrow night. You can call a rehearsal in the morning if you like." And with these final words, she resumed her perusal of "The Garland of Gems," while Mr. Freelance softly withdrew.

Miss Livingstone perseveres in her refusal to appear again in the new version of the play, entrenched as she is in a belief that her under-study is beneath contempt as an actress. The counter-move is supplied by the fact that Maude Wheatleigh has also studied the part, with the knowledge of the business manager only. She achieves a success in the piece, and a new step onward is taken.

The next chapter in her career is to be a starring tour, and for this, more "backing up," to the extent of several thousand dollars, is easily obtained from Dolly Dilleneck.

These extracts will serve to show the character of the book. We will not relate the story of Maude's marriage to Dolly, of her brilliant New York debut, nor of the disastrous newspaper enterprise which drained the last of Dolly's patrimony.

The book is a clever one, though somewhat dreary in its revelations of the seamy side of stage life, and of the ways of sharpers and haogers-on who help to ruin the gilded youths whose money makes the way easy.

Published by George H. Richmond & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Dainty Books for the Holidays.

The well-chosen and artistically made books put forth by Thomas B. Mosher have often been commended to these columns. His publications appeal to lovers of good literature, and their typography and general make-up are such as to gladden the heart of the bibliophile.

Those that he has published for the present season are among the best that bear his imprimatur. "The Child in the House: An Imaginary Portrait" is a delightful essay by that master of style, Walter Pater, and the book is exquisitely printed and bound in a chaste cover of white parchment. "Aucassin and Nicolette" is an exact reprint of Andrew Lang's translation, printed in London in 1887 and dedicated to James Russell Lowell, which is now a rare book, valued at three guineas; it contains the original etched title-page and three woodcut designs by Jacobus Hood. Issued uniformly with it in the Old World Series is the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; this contains Theodore Watts's "Toast to Omar Khayyam," W. Irving Way's note on Edward Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald's essay on the Persian poet, and finally the text of the first edition of Fitzgerald's translation of the Rubaiyat, the text of the fourth edition, his notes, and the variations between the second, third, and fourth editions. And in the well-known Biblot Series there are two new issues: "The Blessed Damsel: A Book of Lyrics chosen from the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," with A. Mary F. Robinson's memorial *canzone*; and "The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti," translated into rhymed English by John Addington Symonds.

These books are published by Thomas B. Mosher, at Portland, Me., and are for sale in San Francisco by William Doney.

A third edition of Miss E. C. Alexander's "Wild Flowers of California" has been issued most appropriately at this season, for no more strikingly Californian holiday gift could be devised. It contains eight well chosen specimens of the wild flowers of this State, carefully pressed and mounted on heavy paper by Miss Alexander, and bound with sonnets on Californian flowers specially written by Miss Ida D. Coolbrith and Miss Grace Hibbard, making a pretty book. Published by the Popular Book Store, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Fertility of Anthony Hope Hawkins.

"Anthony Hope" is writing too much. It is a temptation apt to beset writers when their literary wares command a good price, and "The Chronicles of Count Antonio," his latest book, marks the downward step with him. It is a tale of outlawry and adventure among the mountains of Italy in some elder day, it matters little just when. Count Antonio is a valiant gentleman who, having incurred the displeasure of his lord, the Duke of Firmola, intrenches himself in some mountain fastnesses, and sets the duke at defiance. Here he remains for three years or more, performing many doughty deeds and winning the admiration of the duke's followers as well as his own.

It is the lofty nobility of his character that is the theme of the book, together with his devotion to his lady, and their faithful loves. The count, however, has almost too much quietism, and Lucia has a right to get a little out of patience with him for keeping her waiting so long, through a superabundance of that quality.

The book is in a strain of high romance and has the brilliancy of style that "Anthony Hope" knows how to command. But it strikes one as written to order and not destined to live. He should do better work than this.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Heart of a Maiden.

Such a glimpse into the heart of a sweet young maid one seldom gets as the little book gives, called "The Journal of the Countess Françoise Krasinska," translated from the Polish by Kasimir Dziekonska. The young Polish girl of barely sixteen begins her record in 1759, while she is still living in the home nest at the Castle of Maleszow, with her parents. "I have heard that in France some women have written their memoirs, and why should I not do something of the kind?" she writes; and forthwith she plunges into a recital of all the customs and ceremonies of this eighteenth-century household, her own duties and occupations, and her manner of education.

Her eldest sister Basia's wedding soon engages her mind, and with it the thought of her own romance waiting for her somewhere in the future sets her little heart to beating. It is a pretty one when it comes. The young Duke of Courland, who hopes to be some day King of Poland, woos her, and they are secretly married. And then almost immediately the journal abruptly ends. Dreams are over, and life begins in earnest. Neither she nor her husband ever wore a crown, though two of their descendants, Umberto and Margherita, rule over Italy now.

Her story is a romantic one, and its interest is enhanced by the knowledge that she was a beauty in her day. The journal is written with a charming freshness and simplicity of language, and the dreams of ambition that are innocently revealed do not hide an affectionate and trusting nature.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

A Story by the Editor of "Life."

"Amos Judd," by J. A. Mitchell, the editor of *Life*, is a bright little book, quite bubbling over with romance. Mr. Mitchell has given freshness to the well-worn theme of an American girl marrying a prince by presenting a new kind of prince. His hero is an Indian *rajah*, the possessor of dazzling Oriental beauty, a trunkful of diamonds and rubies, and the power of foretelling future events. All this, thrown against the background of a quiet Connecticut village, comes near to furnishing that rarity, a new situation in a novel.

The young foreigner has been brought up from childhood in the little town of Daleford, and here the love-story blossoms. Its heroine is just that charming kind of a girl that one likes best to regard as the true American type. There is an attractive atmosphere of youth and high spirits in the book, and the chatter of the lovers is so gay and pungent that one does not cavil at finding in an Oriental such a quality of genuine American humor.

The story turns upon the strange prophetic gift which is the youth's heritage, and Mr. Mitchell succeeds in getting his readers into the attitude of accepting for the time being the wonders of his tale.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

Short Stories by Blackmore.

"Slain by the Doones," by R. D. Blackmore, contains four stories, the volume taking its name from the first and best. It is a tale of that Exmoor made familiar in "Lorna Doone," and is steeped to the romance of the age. The times are lawless, and the fierce Doones are abroad in it, carrying off helpless maids, slaughtering brave men.

"The Lover's Leap" also goes back to older days. Frieda is a kind of Ophelia, who, deserted by her lover, is seized with madness, and, donning her bridal robes, flings herself over a precipice, followed by her faithful dog.

The remaining stories come down to later times. "Crocker's Hole" will be most richly appreciated

by anglers, recounting as it does the hooking and landing of a monster trout.

None of the stories rise to any great height, but they are picturesquely told, and they take us into the heart of the lush English woods as none but Blackmore can do.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

A pretty holiday edition of Mary Russell Mitford's well-known "Country Stories," illustrated by George Morrow, and handsomely printed and bound, has been published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Marion Crawford's new novel, "Casa Braccio," which was reviewed at some length in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*, is published, in two volumes and with Castaigne's illustrations, by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Five Minute Stories" is the title of a book of short tales and clever jingles for little children. The author, Laura E. Richards, has long been one of the most successful caterers to the young folk's literary tastes. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.25.

A selection of "Marmontel's Moral Tales," for which George Saintsbury has revised the translation and provided a biographical and critical introduction and a few notes, with illustrations by Chris. Hammond, has been published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Defoe's History of the Plague in London," edited by Professor G. R. Carpenter; "Webster's First Buoker Hill Oration," together with other addresses relating to the Revolution, edited by Professor F. N. Scott; and "Macaulay's Essay on Milton," edited by J. G. Croswell, have been issued in Longmans' English Classics published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 60 cents each.

"Round the Yule Log," a charming Christmas story typical of Norway and the Norwegians, has been translated from the original of P. Chr. Asbjørnsen by H. L. Brockstad and furnished with appropriate illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, 50 cents.

A new edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been issued for children by J. M. Dent & Co., of London. It is edited by Israel Gollancz, who tells in a preface the essential facts of Shakespeare's life and discusses his works, notably the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The text of the play is printed in large, fair type, with illustrations and ornamental borders and head and tail-pieces designed by Robert Anning Bell. Published in America by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The new volume in Hezekiah Butterworth's popular Zigzag Series—of which more than a third of a million copies have been sold—is "Zigzag Journeys Around the World." It contains descriptions and stories of famous places visited in a trip across the continent to San Francisco and thence across the Pacific to Japan, China, Europe, South America, and home again. A great deal of useful information about foreign countries is contained in these sketches, and they are very fully illustrated. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Occasional and Immemorial Days" is the title of a volume in which the Very Reverend A. H. K. Boyd, first minister of St. Andrews, has printed sixteen sermons which he has preached on various notable occasions. Dr. Boyd—whose initials, "A. H. K. B.," have appeared at the end of many a pleasant anecdote and reminiscence article—is one of the most noted clergymen of modern Scotland, and in these sermons his eloquence, his learning, and his kindly piety are equally delightful. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Mrs. L. B. Walford has worn out her powers by overwork. "A Bubble" is a mere pot-boiler, written mechanically and with little thought. Those two earlier books of hers, "The Baby's Grandmother" and "Mr. Smith," had no higher mission than to amuse, but that they accomplished thoroughly well, and left a pleasant memory behind. This book, however, is a poor effort. It is a story of two young men and a girl. The latter amuses herself with a student, and reads books with him, falls in love with a lord, and marries him. Almost on her wedding day, the student is carried to his grave, but it is quite impossible to become worked up over this finale. Even in Mrs. Walford's better days her forte was comedy. She had some skill in moving to laughter, never to tears. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Gathering Clouds: A Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom," by Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, is a successor to his "Darkness and Dawn; or, Scenes in the Days of Nero," inasmuch as, while the first novel pictured the influences which enabled the church to triumph over the world, the second shows how the world re-invaded and partially triumphed over the church. It is a long story, but

an interesting one, presenting accurate pictures of the Byzantine Empire in the fourth century. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Children's Stories in American Literature," by Henrietta Christian Wright, contains brief biographies of the leading American men of letters from 1660 to 1860. The first chapter treats of the ballads and other early literature, and then, beginning with Audubon, the author recites in fit terms for young readers the important events and influences in the lives of Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Prescott, Whittier, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Stowe, Lowell, Parkman, and Holmes. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Cruising among the Caribbees," by Charles Augustus Stoddard, is a readable account of a winter voyage among the West Indies made by the editor of the *New York Observer*. He first "read up" his subject, and in his first two chapters he tells what he read and gives a brief account of the history and characteristics of the Caribbees. Then he begins the log of his travels, which lasted some months and gave him many novel impressions. The book is well illustrated from photographs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Andrew Lang has followed his "Blue True Story Book" with another which he calls "The Red True Story Book"—the color indicating the sanguinary character of the tales it contains. The first story is "Wilson's Last Fight" against the Matabele, narrated by Rider Haggard; then follows "The Life and Death of Joan the Maid," prepared by Mr. Lang; and these are followed by some thirty tales of battle, adventure, and shipwreck in Scotland, India, France, Canada, Australia, Peru, and other widely scattered corners of the earth, from the time of the Sagas to our own day. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has broken her long silence by putting forth a new story of children entitled "Two Little Pilgrims Progress." It has for its hero and heroine two little orphans—a boy of twelve years and his twin sister—who live with an aunt on a farm in Illinois. The children are educated and poetic, while the aunt is ignorant, hard-hearted, and utterly matter-of-fact. Naturally, the household is not a happy one, and at last the children take their savings and run away to see the World's Fair at Chicago. The book is filled with their adventures in this wonderland, the story ending with their adoption by a convenient philanthropist. The book is illustrated by Birch. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The Garden Behind the Moon" is a fairy-story by Howard Pyle, who not only writes but illustrates the tale. His hero is a gentle, simple-hearted lad who walks down the moon-path—the silvery path made by the moon's reflection in the water—from the brown earth to the moon and even to the beautiful garden behind the moon, where many children live and play and have no care or sorrow. But out in the moon-country there are giants, and ogres, and winged horses that can talk, and other strange things, and there the hero finds a beautiful princess whom he rescues from a terrible iron giant. The book will be read with absorbing interest by young readers, and their elders will commend the manliness and honesty it inculcates. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Nasty Nvvel by Nordau.

"The Comedy of Sentiment," by Max Nordau, is a novel written some years ago which the publishers have chosen this time to bring out. From one point of view only, it is an astonishing production. It reveals an absence of prudery, or, rather, a tendency to indecency, which is, to say the least, unexpected on the part of this apparently strait-laced moralist. There were many passages in "Degeneration" which were psychopathic, neurotic, and erotic, but they were ostensibly quoted only to condemn. Nordau's novel is a book that the Young Person can not read without a blush; and even the veteran will find that it leaves a pretty bad taste behind.

A whole volume devoted to a lengthy and detailed account of a repulsive affair of passion between a man and woman who have not even the excuse of being in love—that is what it consists of. A young German professor, whose sensual side is strongly developed, becomes the prey of an adventuress in search of a husband. Their intercourse is described with unpleasant frankness, and there are details given that are not unworthy of Zola.

As far as workmanship is concerned, Nordau has acquitted himself of a very nasty task with a reasonable degree of success. Paula is a sufficiently true portrait of a dissolute and scheming woman, and the young professor, whose amorousness and vanity are so easily played upon, has plenty of prototypes, no doubt. But the book, nevertheless, demonstrates that Max Nordau, though a keen critic, is only a very mediocre novelist. His skill lies in pulling in pieces, not in building up. He has shown that he can equal in grossness the writers he has dissected and classed as degenerates, but he can never hope for the genius that illumines.

Published by F. Tenoyson Neely, New York; price, \$1.50.

Andrew Lang's Romance of Joan of Arc's Day.

"A Monk of Fife," by Andrew Lang, is one of the first fruits of the new cult for Joan of Arc which, it has been predicted, will follow the Napoleonic craze. The monk of Fife is not a monk at the period of which the story treats; he begins as Norman Leslie, a Scottish lad with an almost girlish appearance, but a quick temper and a strong arm, and in the first few pages of the book he hits a companion over the head with an iron golf-stick and, leaving him for dead, flies to France, where his elder brother is fighting under the French banner against the English.

Here he becomes apprentice to the court painter, who is father to a most lovely daughter; but, a French soldier insulting Joao of Arc—then full of her divine mission, but not yet accepted by the Dauphin—young Leslie grapples with him, they fall together into the moat, and Leslie escapes from the castle in the guise of a laundry-maid; with the result that the story becomes known, Leslie fights several duels, and joins the French forces. The remainder of the book follows the fortunes of this young Scot, who is appointed a personal attendant to Joao of Arc and follows her through her battles to her death at Rouen.

Published by Loogmaos, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A Romance of Reform.

"The Wonderful Visit," by H. G. Wells, describes a visit to earth made by an "Angel of Art," clad in saffron and purple. He drops down from somewhere to a very prosaic English village, and is accidentally winged by the vicar's bullet. In consequence, he spends an adventurous week with him, learning the meaoiog of the to him unknown terms anger and pain, hunger and death. He shocks the British matroo by the brevity of his attire, and reduces the vicar to despair by his unconventionalities.

Mr. Wells has apparently an indistinct design of pointing out the need of reform in our social system, but his own views are too shadowy to grasp. He has, however, written a readable little book, crisp and often witty to style. The mingling of the fantastic and the matter-of-fact is cleverly done, and there are some funny situations, as, for instance, when, on the vicar's offering to eodue the angel to coat and trousers, the latter prepares to effect the exchange on the lawn.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Short Stories by Robert Grant.

Robert Grant has been generously represented among the new books this year. Cameo editions of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "Opinions of a Philosopher" were followed by "The Art of Living," and now comes a sumptuous book of short stories, called "The Bachelor's Christmas." The brilliant red of the lioeo cover attracts the eye, and the large type printed on heavy, uocut paper and the illustrations by Gibson, Weotzel, and others give promise of pleasant reading.

This is not belied by the stories. "The Bachelor's Christmas" culminates in a diocor and ball given by a New York mao in honor of the girl for

whose sake he has remained unmarried, and to it he invites all the bachelors and old maids of his set. A right merry time they have of it, and it results in the union of more than one pair of loving hearts. "An Eye for an Eye" is more sombre, telling how a wronged woman perjured herself in strip of honor the man who had ruined her life. "In Fly-Time" is a tale of a summer outing, in which an aeronaut and a hustling country reporter play prominent parts. "Richard and Robin" has for its hero a promising young artist whose career is broken at the outset by a successful speculator, who leads him into extravagances he can not afford. "The Matrimonial Tontine Benefit Association" is so well known from the discussion it excited when it appeared in one of the magazines that it need not be recapitulated here. Finally, in "By Hook or Crook," we again meet the young architect and his wife who figured in "In Fly-Time," now grown prosperous and introducing to the world their niece, who is soon to a fair way to make a fool of herself over a foreign musician, but is saved in time by an efficacious but extraordinary scheme contrived by the reporter.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Military Life in the Orient.

"Garrison Tales from Tonquin," by James O'Neill, has none of the dash of military exploits and none of the color and picturesqueness one expects in stories of the Orient. It rather reveals the grinding monotony of the soldier's life in that distant little-known country, the callousness of feeling brought on by the daily separation and death of comrades, and by an oppressive military rule over a wretched and servile people.

Mr. O'Neill's bent of mind is of the introspective kind; rather than the stir of adventure, it is the inner life of the comrade by his side that attracts him, or the old missionary musing over the failure of all his hopes. He is on his own ground, and he possesses the art of bringing vividly before the reader these unfamiliar scenes. The incidents he relates are trivial in themselves, and would often be worth nothing in unskilled hands. They are dreary little stories, too, but Mr. O'Neill writes so much like a Frenchman that he has caught something of the finish and admirable compactness of style peculiar to the best school of the French short-story writers.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

LATE VERSE.

An Adamless Eden.

When every woman in the land
Proclaims, with proper pride, a
Crusade against the nuptial band
In manner Princess Ida,
We'll have one satisfaction then,
In state of things so sexless,
That writing-women, eke, and men,
With "Problem" tales will vex less.

When lovely woman says "Pooh, pooh!"

To love and its allurements,
And doesn't seem to care a sou
For amorous assurances;
When she's overcome old Adam's thrall—
In fact, has quite forgotten him—
Farewell to hooklets each and all
Stamped "Pseudonym" or "Autonym."

Then "Zeit-Geist" huds will wilt away,

And in the sere and yellow leaf
Carnations green and roses gray
To eyes neurotic tell o' grief;
Then "Monochromes" will sink in gloom,
No "Keynotes" "Discords" stronger sound,
Nor in the market standing-room
For Scarlet Sins he longer found.

"George Egerton," "John Oliver,"

"Iota," and vivacious "Gyp,"

"Victoria Cross"—toute la galère—

Will out of all remembrance slip.

If Eden Adamless should stop,

Of fiction new what dearth there will he!

Meanwhile, we reap a goodly crop,

From Kate to Tess, from Tess to Trilby.

—Louis J. Macquilland in the Sketch.

The Old Nvvel and the New.

Oh! when we finished a tale of old,
The thing was through, and the story told.
But when we shut up a tale that's "New,"
There's little told, and there's nothing "through."
With neither beginning, middle, nor end,
We do not part with the book as a friend.
Fini! The word seems ironical sport,
It is not finished, but snapt off short,
Like the poor maid's nose by the blackbird's beak
In the "Song of Sixpence." That tale was weak,
Ending in naught, like an alley blind.
But our story-spinners appear to find
Their moral there. Their tales don't close,
But break off short—like the poor maid's nose.
Ah me! for a few of the fine old chaps
Who gave us meals, not mere dishes of scraps.

—Punch.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the Board of Park Commissioners of San Francisco for the year ending June 30, 1895, has recently been issued from the State Printing Office at Sacramento. It is a comprehensive account of what has been done in the past year and of the present condition of Golden Gate Park, and it contains a map and several illustrations.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. W. D. Howells's forthcoming novel is to be entitled "The Landlord of the Lion's Head." It is a story of American summer hotel life, and is to appear as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. S. R. Crockett's new novel of the seventeenth century, "The Grey Man," will also appear in the same weekly.

Macmillan & Co. announce for publication a work on "Experimental Morphology," by Charles B. Adams, Ph. D., instructor in zoölogy at Harvard.

"The Poor in the Great Cities," to be published shortly by the Scribners, brings together the best experience in dealing with the problems of the poor. The authors contributing to the volume are Walter Besant, Oscar Craig, W. T. Elsing, Joseph Kirkland, J. W. Mario, J. A. Riis, E. R. Spearman, Willard Parsons, W. J. Tucker, and Robert A. Woods. The work will be illustrated, and will contain an appendix on tenement-house building by Ernest Flagg.

A timely hook published by Estes & Lauriat is "The City of the Sultans; or, Constantinople, the Sentinel of the Bosphorus," by Clara Erskine Clement, who contributed "The Queen of the Adriatic" and "Naples" to the Italian Cities Series.

Explorer C. E. Borchgrevink's article on "The First Landing on the Antarctic Continent" in the January *Century* will have an introduction by General A. W. Greely.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.'s list of new books includes:

"The Life of Joseph Wolfe, F. Z. S.," by A. H. Palmer; "The Romance of the Woods," by Fred J. Whishaw; "Pioneer Work in Opening the Medical Profession to Women," by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell; "The Monks of the West," by the Count de Montalembert; "In the Household of Faith," by the Rev. C. Ernest Smith; and "Laymens' Gazetteer of the World," edited by George G. Chisholm.

Christmas gifts for men, a Christmas market, and Christmas suggestions of various kinds appear in the number of *Harper's Bazar* published December 7th.

The new edition of Byron's works which the Macmillans have in press is to be issued in ten handsome volumes. The addition to the poems of the letters of Byron was an excellent idea on the part of the editor, W. E. Henley, and the publishers.

The new "Cyclopedia of Architecture in Italy, Greece, and the Levant," to be issued by the Scribners, is an elaborate and exhaustive work. There are twelve full-page plates and over two hundred and fifty text illustrations, also a glossary and a carefully edited bibliography. The work will be issued in a handsome quarto, decorated parchment binding, uniform with the "Cyclopedia of Painters and Painting" and "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," the edition limited to five hundred copies for America and England.

"Rob Roy," "The Betrothed," and "The Talisman"—the last two in one volume—are issued by Estes & Lauriat in a new holiday edition, with introduction and notes by Andrew Lang.

The first of Marion Crawford's three papers on Rome will be printed in the January *Century*. It will be illustrated by A. Castaigne.

Edwin Lester Arnold, the son of Sir Edwin Arnold, publishes through the Messrs. Longmans "The Story of Ulla, Etc." This is not Mr. Arnold's first essay in fiction: his "Phra the Phoenician" was a success a year or so ago, and he has written other stories.

The first of Professor Woodrow Wilson's six papers on George Washington will open the January number of *Harper's Magazine*. This paper, entitled "In Washington's Day," will graphically portray the colonial life of tide-water Virginia at the time of Washington's birth; will also show what were the distinctive features of the New England of that day, and of the Middle Colonies; and will indicate the situation of the conflict between England and France for the possession of North America.

The new volumes in the edition of the novels of Ivan Turgenev, translated by Constance Garnett, and published by Macmillan & Co., contain "A Sportsman's Sketches."

The Messrs. Scribner announce Dr. Corrado Ricci's "Correggio: His Life, His Friends, and His Time." The author is the curator of the Museum of Parma, and has had extraordinary facilities granted him by the Italian Government. The book will have sixteen full-page photograph plates and over two hundred text illustrations.

Estes & Lauriat's hook on "The Salon of 1895" contains one hundred photograph plates—twelve of them in colors—of paintings shown in this year's Salons.

The Messrs. Longmans have about ready their new and thoroughly revised edition of "Cycling," by the Earl of Alhermarle and G. Lacy Hillier, in

the Badminton Series. The book has been almost wholly rewritten. Racing records are brought down to January 1, 1895.

"Sinbad, Smith & Co." is the suggestive title of the new Arabian Nights story which Albert Stearns is to contribute to *St. Nicholas*. The opening chapters will appear in the January number.

Harper's Weekly, dated December 7th, contains a double-page illustration by Wenzell, showing the interior of the Metropolitan Opera House. The final paper in the notable series of articles on public schools is given in the same number; and another important feature is an article expressing the necessity for stricter building laws in the United States, with especial reference to safeguards against fire. Maps of Paris and New York, with details of the number and location of fires in each city during one year, afford a basis for comparison.

Macmillan & Co. are about to publish a new edition of "The Marvelous Adventures of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.," with illustrations by Arthur Layard. The volume will be bound in scarlet and gold.

Estes & Lauriat are the publishers of Nathan Haskell Dole's translation of "Victor Hugo's Letters to his Wife," which are to be found in no editions of his writings.

A new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's little book, "The Child's Garden of Verses," is to be issued immediately by the Scribners, illustrated by Charles Robinson, a young English artist.

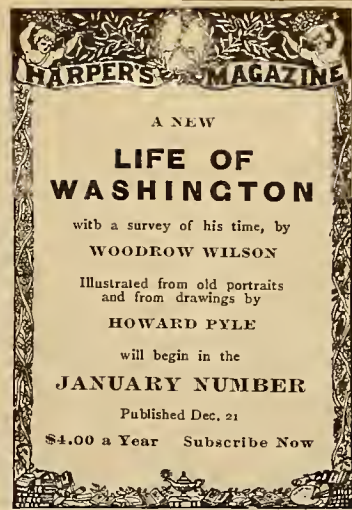
W. D. Howells, Mary Hallock Foote, and Amelia E. Barr are among those who will contribute novelllettes to the *Century* during the coming year.

"Taquisara" is the title of F. Marion Crawford's new story, a dramatic picture of Italian life and character. The story will run serially in the *London Queen*, and he published next autumn by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in two-volume form.

Mrs. O. W. Oliphant has issued a new novel, "Old Mr. Tredgold: A Story of Two Sisters," through Longmans, Green & Co.

Richard Harding Davis, in his article, "The Paris of South America," in the December *Harper's*, has much to say of Venezuela and the dispute over territorial boundaries between that country and Great Britain. "It is possible," he says, "that there never was a case when the United States needed to watch her English cousins more closely and to announce her Monroe doctrine more vigorously than in this international dispute over the boundary-line between Venezuela and British Guiana."

Bulletin No. 7 of the California State Mining Bureau is a table showing the mineral productions of each county in the State in 1894. Copies may be obtained free by making application, inclosing two cents for postage, to the California State Mining Bureau, 24 Fourth Street, San Francisco.



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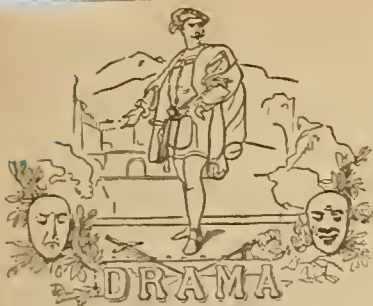
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Beside these old familiar friends, the national airs have an abrupt, brusque way of bursting out at intervals. Sporadic national airs have broken out all through "1492." In one instance they got so bad that the Goddess of Liberty was brought in to charm them away, and young women waving small American flags were conducted upon the scene and tried to exorcise the demon.

Next to the musical frenzy, that of making puns is the most marked characteristic of "1492." Everybody puns. There is an epidemic of puns. People stand up side by side and make puns in fevered emulation, each one so intent upon getting in his word on time that they enunciate their witticisms with the air of automatons. Every now and then the company collects together and has a regular punning-bee. People who at other times just stand about aimlessly in tights, develop the fever, and before you know what they contemplate, they step forward, and another pun has fallen upon the ear of night. Some of them were good, but they come too thick and fast to make a lasting impression. It was miraculous, uncanny. A little bit of plain, unvarnished talk, the peaceful words of some phlegmatic man who has new thoughts on the weather, the gentle babble of a woman on the latest infants' foods, or the proper way to manage servants, these even would be a boon—would be a tranquillizing, soothing boon—after the plague of puns in "1492."

Into the feverish midst of this tumult of wit, peace and serenity are introduced by the Kilanyi Living Pictures. These were claimed to be the finest exhibition of this sort on the stage, and the pictures, which make a strong pretension to be unusually artistic, are undoubtedly the best that have been here. The ones chosen for reproduction are popular and commonplace, but as they are intended to please not a few selected individuals, but a large audience, the projector is hardly to blame. In viewing the nine tableaux, one is struck by the impossibility of ever achieving a real artistic success in this form of representation. There is not one woman in a hundred sufficiently well made to pose for "the altogether," and one sometimes wonders if even the old Greeks found the immortal beauty of their goddesses complete in a single form. By the aid of pink silk tights, calcium lights, and deeply tinted, gauzy draperies, the sylphides used as models look prettier than nature did in the beginning, but the general effect is that of a picture which is a crude and glaring copy of a well-known original.

The prettiest of the series was a reproduction of Bridgeman's "Cigale." This picture, somewhat of a departure for the painter of "The Procession of the Sacred Bull Apis," is a graceful and delicate creation. The shivering grasshopper, her flimsy draperies lashing about her shrinking limbs, creeps through the bare woods where once the summer was green and gay, her guitar clasped in her arms, her white shoulders raised against the nipping blast, while behind her the bared trees drop their last, crackling leaves. This picture was well done. The misty look of winter—gray, still, and cold—gave to the background a suggestion of silveriness and frost. The Cigale herself looked much younger than the matured and boldly handsome model painted by Bridgeman; but her attitude was good, suggesting all the shrinking, frightened helplessness of the improvident grasshopper who had sung all summer under the green shadows and forgot that the winter was close behind.

Several of the other pictures would have been equally good if trifling defects had been remedied. In the tableau of "Psyche at the Well," the wife of Cupid is represented as possessing two small and filmy wings that would hardly sustain the weight of a New Jersey mosquito. How ever Psyche—who one can not help seeing is an extremely solid and well-made young woman—traveled about the country with these pinions, is one of those questions no one can answer. To the gods all was possible, but when members of the Olympian hierarchy are shown to mortals, the showman ought to remember that the mortals are apt to judge the gods by the same weights and measures that they use themselves. In the picture of "The Rhine Daughters," one of the nymphs, attired in a flesh-colored silk union suit, lies prone upon her back on a rock, with her legs and arms curled up as though suffering from strychnine poisoning. It is the most ungraceful pose possible to imagine. The art of posing is now said to be inborn, like the sense of color and the critical faculty. If this is the case, the third Rhine Daughter had better give up a profession for which an unerring Nature does not seem to have designed her.

The tableau of a fresh-faced, merry peasant girl, striding along with firm, bare feet over a mountain road, is also successful. The color in this, the effect of sun and brightness, is well done. The perspective, too—the figure well in the foreground, showing the movement of its forward advance—is cleverly managed. A couple of figures, progressing down a sort of gulch, puzzled almost everybody. Evidently, from the fact that a foot of each was supported in mid air on a wooden contrivance somewhat similar to that in which a photographer confines your occiput, they were supposed to be depicted in the act of running. A yellow scarf, an end held by each, billowed out over their heads. This and the fact that, as they fled, each held the other with an embracing arm, led one to believe that it must be Paul and Virginia, who, according to the artists, invariably assumed this attitude and always ran. Paul wore a fur rug tied on with a strap, and Virginia, who subsequently preferred death by drowning to taking off her clothes, was attired in five strips of colored gauze.

Of the performers in "1492," Bessie Bonehill in three characters and Ross Snow in two divided the honors. Richard Harlow is a startling and amazing-looking vision. A British beauty might be proud of such a pair of shoulders, except that it must be rather expensive to use so much cosmetic every evening. His walk—the free and loose-jointed, gently galumphing swagger that obtains in society circles—was inimitable. He wasn't pretty, and his waist was of a generosity of girth that suggested health-waists and dress reform, but, upon the whole, he was unquestionably imposing.

The English woman, Bessie Bonehill, is the first of this class of performers that we have seen who is neither loud nor coarse. She has much charm, a fresh and child-like voice, and extremely good teeth. It appears to be the star attraction now for the music-hall and extravaganza prima donnas to get themselves up to look as like men as possible. Bessie Bonehill makes an exceedingly good-looking young fellow, being especially handsome in an elegant and well-fitting dress-suit. One of the most potent attractions of her singing, and one that many professionals lack, is the extreme clearness of her articulation. The listener rarely loses a word of her songs.

Title Insurance.

That title insurance is becoming a feature of real-estate transactions in this city is evidenced by the fact that nearly all the large deals lately are being submitted to the California Title Insurance and Trust Company for search. Among the searches recently made by that company was the Pacific Bank property on the corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, which, but for the opposition of the Peoples' Home Bank directors, would have been sold for \$750,000. Not long ago the company issued a policy upon the Union Iron Works' property, at the Potrero, for \$700,000. These transactions indicate that title insurance is rapidly becoming a feature of local business. A large part of this result has been caused by the recent attempts in this city to upset titles, the latest of which is the Noe title suit.

— HAVE YOU SEEN THE CHRISTMAS CANDY novelties at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street?

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Note from Abroad on Lynching.

9 PLACE OF L'INDUSTRIE, BRUSSELS, November 25, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your delightful journal reaches me here every week. Your article on "The Aftermath of the Durrant Case" recalls an article you published a few weeks back on lynching. You condemn it and deplore it. I agree with you, but has it ever occurred to you that the reason lynching is so common is that so long as laws are made for the protection of the criminal and not for the protection of the good citizen, just so long will people take the law in their own hands. There are too many delays and too many legal loopholes enabling criminals to escape just punishment. Again, when a man is convicted and sentenced to death, instead of ordering him executed in twenty-four hours or a week, he is sentenced to be executed a long time afterward. It is all wrong, besides being unfair to his victim. If there were fewer chances of a criminal getting off by new trials, etc., after conviction, and punishment should take place immediately on sentence, lynching would die a natural death. This applies to every State in the Union. Very truly yours, AOOISON THOMAS, Of Newport, R. I.

— HAVING OVERCOME ALL MECHANICAL DIFFICULTIES, the Lurline Baths can now refill the swimming tank in one hour and a half. In this altered condition of things they propose to empty the tank at ten o'clock every night and to forthwith refill it. Wishing to afford bathers and the public every satisfaction, they will throw their doors open and permit all persons to witness the operation free of charge.

— THE NEW ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS JUST received by S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street, are beautiful. Don't fail to see them.

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— ROBERT DOWNING —

Monday, "Helena." Tuesday, "Julius Caesar." Wednesday, "Helena." Thursday, "Damon and Pythias." Friday, "Helena." Saturday Matinee, "Helena." Saturday Evening, "The Gladiator." Sunday, "Helena."

Next Attraction, Monday, Dec. 23, May Irwin in THE WIDOW JONES.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Revived Interest in the Legitimate.

Robert Downing is one of the best expoeots of the legitimate drama now on the America stage, and the large audiences that have attended every performance during the past week at the California Theatre show that the taste for that form of play is by no means drowned by the flood of burlesque and farce-comedy that has come upon us in the past few years. Mr. Downing has been most successful in his round of tragic rôles, his treatment of them has been critically watched, and generous applause has shown that he is appreciated. Miss Blair, too, has been a popular favorite; she is a very handsome woman and a conscientious and intelligent actress.

Next week they will present Sardou's "Helena," for the first time in this city. It is a strong play, with excellent parts for Mr. Downing and Miss Blair, and was very well received in Washingtoto, where it was given its first representation in English early in the present season. It affords opportunity for elaborate stage pictures, and the costumes are said to be historically correct as well as very handsome.

"Helena" will be given on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, and on Tuesday evening "Julius Caesar" will be repeated, on Thursday "Damon and Pythias," and on Saturday "The Gladiator."

The Serpent of Old Nile.

Lillian Lewis, a woman of fine presence and an emotional actress of marked power, has been presenting "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Columbia Theatre this week. It is Shakespeare's drama that she gives, but the text has been materially altered to give greater opportunity for the star's special abilities and for scenic effects. These latter, with the handsome costuming and a ballet, make the performance notably spectacular, and it seems to have pleased the patrons of the house.

Next Monday evening, Daniel Sully, an Irish comedian who has won a large clientele of admirers, will present his new comedy, "A Social Lioo." This will be given during the early part of the week, and for the remaining nights a new comedy, entitled "A Night in June," is announced. Mr. Sully is supported by a good company, including Dan Mason, a German comedian; Katie Michelena, late of Emma Juch's opera troupe; Fanny Leicester Allen, a soubrette; and John C. Haven, a tenor from the Metropolitan Opera House.

Last Week of Milton Nobles.

Milton Nobles has enjoyed a prosperous week at Morosco's Grand Opera House in "A Son of Thespis," which will be continued until Monday night, when he will inaugurate his last week in this city prior to his departure to fill Eastern engagements. The play he will present is his own satirical comedy, "For Revenue Only; or, a Third Party Movement," in which he has the rôle of a reporter, space-writer, and all-around liar (for revenue only), who becomes political manager for a banker with a bee in his bonnet. Dolly Nobles is also in the cast, which, in its entirety, is as follows:

Tom Knowall, Milton Nobles; Jefferson Potter, Fred J. Butler; Durham Perry, Charles E. Lottian; John Knowall, H. Coulter Brinker; Anthony Waddles, Charles W. Swain; Lysander Flanigan, Frank Hatch; R. Emmett Duffey, A. C. Henderson; Adolph Schmidt, H. E. Humphrey; Wayback Jenkins, George Nichols; Deacon Jarvis, J. Harry Benimo; George Washington Johnson, Frank Wyman; General Delancy Smythe, William Henri; Major Belamy Brown, Clement Hopkins; Herr Petropoorviskey, Edward Browning; Rose Merrywin, Dollie Nobles; Violet Merrywin, Florence Thropp; Cornelia Sawio, Julia Blanc; Mary Ann, Mionie Ellsworth.

"Fatinitza" at the Tivoli.

Franz von Suppé's romantic opera, "Fatinitza," is to be revived at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday night, and will be continued until Monday, December 23d, when the holiday spectacle will be produced. "Fatinitza" has always been very popular in this city, and Lieutenant Vladimir is one of Alice Carle's favorite rôles. Laura Millard will be the dashing Princess Lydia, Martin Pache the untiring American reporter, Julian Hardy; Ferris Hartman the wily Pasha; George Broderick the gruff General Kanchukoff; and John J. Raffael the Captain Staraieff.

On Monday evening, December 23d, the holiday spectacle, "Ixion; or, The Man at the Wheel," will be presented with gorgeous scenery, beautiful costumes, dazzling light effects, and appropriate accessories. A ballet of twenty young women will be a feature of the performance, and Thomas C. Leary has been especially engaged. A transformation scene entitled "Sea Shells" will close the performance.

The Columbia School Exhibition.

The sale of seats for the next public performance of the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art will commence next Monday at the Columbia box-office. The programme will include three plays. "The Costumed Ball" is the work of a local dramatist, and in it Daisy Belle Sharpe will make her debut, the others in the cast being Edward Browning, James Keoe, Gladys Wynn, and Beatrice Browlog. This will be followed by

the first local production of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's one-act comedy, "Tea at Four o'clock," and the third play is "The Violin-Maker of Cremona," in which Freda Gallick will play Jaee Hading's famous rôle of Jianoioa. The entertainment will conclude with an exhibition of dancing as taught in the school, and singing by the Columbia Sextet of female voices.

Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Drew.

There was quite a touching incident during the ceremony of the presentation of a loving-cup to Joseph Jefferson by his fellow-actors a few days ago in New York. The *Evening Sun* says:

"It is just sixty-three years since I made my debut," replied Mr. Jefferson, "I was not very old at the time—only four. But there was a child actress in the company at that time who is also here to-day, and it gives me infinite pleasure to take her hand."

Mr. Jefferson turned and held his hand out to Mrs. John Drew. She rose and stood beside him. Instantly the entire audience rose to its feet, and, as they stood there hand in hand, Mr. Jefferson said, with a sly smile: "Here, ladies and gentlemen, you see two children who have withstood the alleged destructive influence of the stage."

Notes.

"1492" will be continued at the Baldwin next week.

Louis James will be seen in "Marmion" at the California Theatre next month.

Marie Wainwright will be seen at the Baldwin next month in "The Love Chase" and "The Daughters of Eve."

Decima Moore and Cecil Hope, of the Gaiety Company, are to be married shortly after the return of the company to London.

The Tavery Grand Opera Company will soon be with us again at the Baldwin, bringing a repertoire of some twenty operas. Little Guille, the popular tenor, is still with the organization.

Julia Marlowe-Taber added a new character to her repertoire a few nights ago, when she appeared at the Broad Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, as Prince Hal in "Henry the Fourth."

May Irwin in her new play, "The Widow Jones," which was especially written for her by John J. McNally, author of "A Country Sport" and "A Straight Tip," will follow Robert Downing at the California Theatre, remaining through the holidays.

Herrmann is to be at the Baldwin for a week, commencing Sunday night, December 29th, during which he will give ten performances, including two Sunday nights and matinees on New Year's Day and Saturday. During this engagement he will perform the feat of catching bullets fired from a gun, which he has exhibited only once before at a benefit matinee in New York.

Fanny Rice will be the holiday attraction at the Columbia Theatre in a new comedy, entitled "Nancy at the French Ball." It turns on the adventures of a young woman who is dissatisfied with her lot and tries her wigs in a new field. Two members of her company who are well known in San Francisco are Alice Vincoot, a graceful and pretty woman, who, like Fanny Rice herself, was once a member of W. T. Carlton's opera troupe, and W. H. Frillman, the minstrel basso and interlocutor.

Eduard von Kilanyi, the originator of the Kilanyi Living Pictures, died in New York on December 5th. He was born forty-three years ago in Hungary, and his mother was ballet-mistress at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin. There Kilanyi, while yet a boy, learned scene-painting. He first produced his living pictures in March, 1892, in Berlin, then at the Eldorado, Paris, and next at the Palace Theatre, London, during the winter of 1893-4. The interest in them immediately became a craze, which spread to this country. The Kilanyi pictures were first given in "1492," in New York, and were soon copied all over the country. Kilanyi leaves two brothers, both actors.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Ziska Musicale.

Mme. B. Ziska gave a musicale at her institute, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, on Friday evening, December 6th. The following programme was presented:

Piano solo, "Papillon," Grieg, Miss Dora Tungate; recitation, "Words and Their Uses," Miss Eynold Yale; piano solo, "Mountain Stream," S. Smith, Miss Bowman; recitation, "Suppose!" Miss Louise Muller; song, "A Winter Lullaby," De Koven, Miss A. Lewis; recitation, "To Quoque," Dobson, Misses Tungate and Seawell; piano solo, "Gaité de Cœur," S. Smith, Miss L. Muller; recitation, "Shadows," Miss Bowman; piano solo, "First Mazurka," F. Chopin, Miss Edna Lewis.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore's chorus will give its first concert next Friday evening at Metropolitan Hall, under the auspices of the Mother's Club and for the benefit of the Boy's Club. An excellent programme will be presented.

Mr. Andrew Bogart will give a song recital next Wednesday evening in Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel. He will be assisted by some of our best talent and will present an excellent programme.

The Burlingame Club.

Two coaches left the Mecbaicks' Pavilion here at eleven o'clock last Sunday morning bound for the Burlingame Club. One was driven by Mr. Joseph D. Grant and the other by Mr. Walter S. Hobart. Their guests were: Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, Mr. R. Carmo, Mr. Francis T. Underhill, Mr. Samuel Taylor, Mr. Frederick S. Moody, Mr. J. B. Caserly, Mr. Horace Vachell, Major J. L. Rathbooe, and Mr. E. D. Beyland.

The club was reached in two hours and ten minutes, and, much to the surprise of every one, Mr. Grant's team of California horses, without change, came in first, although Mr. Hobart had three relays of horses. Luncheon was served at the club and then the polo game was witnessed.

The players in the two teams were Mr. Henry R. Simpkins, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Hioshaw, Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. P. P. Eyre, Mr. R. M. Tobin, and Mr. Joseph S. Tobin. It was a hotly contested game. In the evening the gentlemen who went down in the coaches were the guests of Mr. Walter S. Hobart at dinner at his farm near San Mateo. They all returned to the city on Monday morning, after passing the night at the cottages of Mr. Grant and Mr. Hobart.

The Death of G. A. Sala.

George Augustus Sala, one of the most noted figures in English journalism, died at Brighton last Sunday in his sixty-seventh year. The son of an Italian father and an English mother, his childhood was spent in Paris and at an English school, and at an early age he had to shift for himself. He tried his hand at drawing political cartoons, translating French farces, engraving, and a variety of pursuits, and it was not until his twenty-second year that he found his true métier, journalism. A story sent to *Household Words* was his first literary success, and for some years he was a constant contributor to that periodical and *All the Year Round*, Charles Dickens being his friend and adviser until death severed their intimacy.

But active journalism soon claimed him, and he joined the staff of the London *Daily Telegraph* in its first years. His connection with that journal continued almost until his death; indeed, when Sala had to part with his cherished library a few months ago, the proprietor of the *Telegraph* required him on a pension. His descriptive work was particularly brilliant, and as a war-correspondent he accomplished some notable feats. He has also published several books, such as "A Journey Due North," "From Waterloo to the Peninsula," "Twice Around the Clock," "Cookery in Its Historical Aspects," and "Things I have Seen and People I have Known," made up largely from his contributions to the *Telegraph*. Mr. Sala twice visited the United States—in 1863 and again in 1884, including San Francisco in his later visit.

The Sketch Club sale of small sketches, varying in price from one to ten dollars, will end this afternoon at five o'clock. The rooms are at 308 Montgomery Street.

The Art Association holds its annual distribution of pictures Saturday evening, December 14th. Some forty pictures will be distributed among the members.

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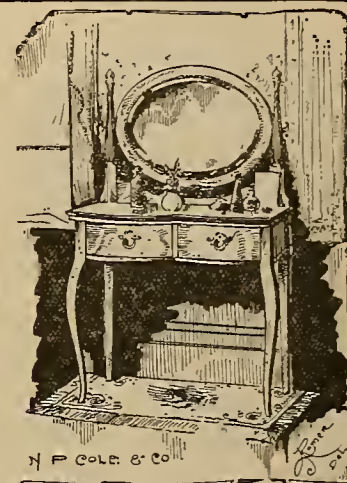
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Women have whims; one of them is looks—likes to look her best. How would a dainty dressing-case, with swinging mirror and gracefully curved legs, be? Come and look at them, anyway. Welcome!

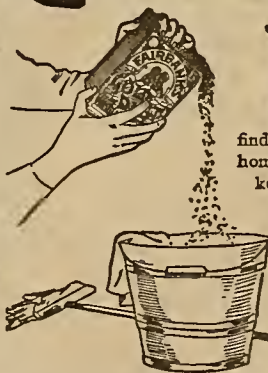
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VANITY FAIR.

In discussing the recent Horse Show in New York, a journal of that city estimates that the women there paid to dressmakers and milliners \$530,000; that the men paid to tailors and hatters \$130,000; and that there was paid out altogether for flowers, carriages, admissions, boxes, dinners, luncheons, and incidentals about \$370,000. This makes a grand total of \$1,030,000. The figures are tabulated minutely, giving "ten women who spent \$200," "fifty who spent \$1,000," "one hundred who spent \$500," etc., down to "5,000 who spent \$20 each." It is quite probable that the figures are within bounds. In the table, 9,000 people are included, and no account is taken of the 10,000 or 11,000 who made no extra expenditure for the Horse Show. Our show in San Francisco was, of course, very small compared with that held in the populous city of New York; but roughly speaking, if these figures are correct, we might divide the sum estimated by this New York statistician by five, which is about the ratio San Francisco's population bears to New York. This would give the sum probably expended in San Francisco for dressmakers, milliners, carriages, dinners, luncheons, etc., at \$200,000. But admitting that there is error, and that these figures are large, cut them in two. This would make it \$100,000. If that amount of money was expended as a result of the five-day Horse Show in San Francisco, it certainly is a direct benefit to the shops of the city and to many thousands of people.

The recent death of Redfern, the lady's tailor, accentuates the fact that the two most prominent names in the gowning of women are men's names—Redfern and Worth. It is the contention of the modern woman that the reason women have not equaled men in the various avocations of life is because they have not been given a fair field. Men have replied that in the domain of cookery women have had control for centuries, but that all great cooks have been men. To this may be added the still more convincing fact that the field of devising fashions and costumes for women should belong exclusively to women, if any calling does. Yet in the last quarter of a century it is admitted that no two names have reached such a pitch of pre-eminence in the confection of woman's costumes as the names of Redfern and Worth.

The New Woman is getting dangerous, if we may believe a paragraph in a New York paper. Young Mr. Drexel was visiting recently, and was walking home in New York city about eleven o'clock. Mr. Drexel is extremely good-looking, but he is so modest in his deportment that he thought he would not be molested. But four girls stood on a corner, and as he passed, one of them said: "Ain't he pretty?" Mr. Drexel turned and ran, but the four girls followed him, embraced him, and deliberately kissed him. He screamed for assistance, and Patrolman Farley came to his aid and arrested the four girls. The next day in court, when the judge interrogated the officer as to their offense, Patrolman Farley described it, and added: "They're what are called *New Women*, your honor." The judge fined the New Women two dollars apiece. Mr. Drexel doubtless will not be molested by the same women, but with his fatal gift of beauty he is liable to be in danger all the time. As to New Women generally, we think they will be inclined to resent Policeman Farley's classification.

An English lady in Paris has just gone into mourning for her husband's mother, who was over eighty and lived in a distant part of France. The English daughter-in-law must for six months wear a long crape veil falling to the bottom of her dress. So writes Katharine De Farrest to *Harper's Bazar*, in discussing funeral etiquette in France. Funerals there are high-priced. A third-class funeral costs from eight hundred to one thousand dollars. The lowest price for a first-class funeral is three thousand dollars, and from that up to an unlimited sum. When a funeral takes place in Paris, the *porte-cochère* is hung with white and black draperies drawn back with heavy cords and tassels; the initials of the deceased are in black on white or silver on black. In wealthy families one of the rooms is hung with rich black drapery and converted into a *chapel ardente*, as was done for young Willie Mackay's funeral. French funeral invitations are generally in envelopes about a foot long, with a black border about three-fourths of an inch wide. The funeral invitation contains the names of all the relatives from the grand-parents down to the infant children. Up to a recent period, the relatives formed a line at the church on either side of the door to receive all who entered. This reception is now, however, performed by two or three relatives. French funeral etiquette, as will be seen, is rather oppressive.

We note with interest that Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, the Speaker of the new House of Representatives, intends to pay a little attention to the members' manners. Such attention is certainly needed. Mr. Reed has announced that he will not tolerate smoking within the House of Representatives, and neither will he permit members to place

their feet upon their desks. This announcement will convey the news for the first time to thousands of Americans that their representatives are in the habit of placing their feet upon their desks, but it is lamentably true. The spectacle of the American House of Representatives on a cold winter's day—when the galleries are filled with slumbering darkeys who have gone in there because it is warm—when the seats in the chamber are half filled—when some member is drooping in a speech to which no one pays any attention—when half of the members in the chamber are reading newspapers with their feet upon their desks—when others are standing up smoking in the outskirts of the chamber—when there is a general appearance of free and easiness about the place—this spectacle is not calculated to make an American proud of the House of Representatives. There are dignified legislative bodies in the world, but there are few such bodies so lacking in decorum as that of the United States. Speaker Reed's innovation will meet with the heartiest commendation from every one who has ever entered the House.

All London is laughing over the solicitude of Queen Victoria for the safety of Prince Henry of Battenberg, husband of her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice. In a moment of weakness, possibly vinous, Prince Henry recently volunteered to accompany the British military expedition to Ashantee, on the Coomassie Gold Coast of Africa. Battenberg bears the military title of "colonel," which would make him second in command of the expedition. He sailed on the steamer *Bahurst* from Liverpool on November 23d, and the queen is inviting every one who knows anything about Ashantee and the Gold Coast to dine at Windsor in order to tell her about African fevers and native bullets. Prince Henry is believed to be lamenting most earnestly his hasty action, and to be very sorry indeed that he volunteered. He never will do so again.

The traveling American never ceases to interest our British cousins. The Paris correspondent of the *London Daily News* recently headed an article "Diamond Daisy Millers." It must be admitted that Henry James's creation, Daisy Miller, struck the fancy of our British cousins, and they seem to meet her numerously over there. Americans who have never been abroad seem to doubt her existence, but those who have traveled are reluctantly forced to admit that Daisy Millers in the flesh may be found in Europe every day. Concerning these "Diamond Daisy Millers," the *News* says: "The new American hotels in Paris overflow with them. Crowds of pretty girls in faultless Parisian toilets and many of them in their teens, one and all displaying diamonds enough to set up an actress, one and all speaking with the American accent." From this it is evident that our feminine compatriots in Europe are recognized by their accent and by their habit of wearing diamonds in the day-time.

A recent paragraph tells us that in South African society, where topics for small talk are not numerous, they have invented a new entertainment called "the conversational luncheon." At each guest's plate, beside the menu card, is placed a topic of conversation for each course. This strikes us as being rather a ghastly procedure. Fancy the awkward *contretemps* that might ensue if you were to take to dinner a pretty divorcee, and find that the subject of conversation allotted for soup was "divorce." Then there is the dreadful possibility of taking in a Vassar girl, and finding that the subject of conversation for fish was "protoplasmic evolution," and being conscious that you knew nothing at all of evolution and less about protoplasm. Then there would always be the dark suspicion that the person you took in to dinner might be chummy with the hostess, had access to the cards, and loaded up with encyclopedic conversation before the affair began. Altogether, we think the South African system one deserving of the most cordial condemnation.

Apropos of the etiquette of the Austrian court, the most exclusive in Europe, a good story is told. The American Minister at Vienna had just been relieved, owing to a political land-slide at home. His successor was a Captain Y. from the West. When the captain appeared to receive the office, his predecessor informed him that he would present him to the emperor on the following day. "When will the empress receive me?" asked Captain Y. "The empress will not receive you," was the curt reply; "she receives no foreign ministers. You will not be presented to her at all." "But," said Captain Y., "I think I will leave my card upon her." "She will think you are mad," said the outgoing minister; "I have been here for years and have never been presented." "But," said Captain Y., "I lunched with the empress yesterday, and I still think that I shall leave my card." "You *what*?" shouted the ex-minister. "Yes," said Captain Y., "she is very fond of horses, it seems, and told me that you had said in court circles that I was a wild cowboy from the woolly West. Being interested in cowboys, she at once invited me to luncheon. I am very much obliged to you for having secured me a privilege which you yourself have always failed to obtain." And as the ex-minister left the legation, he was

obliged to admit that the Western man had got the better of him.

In a book entitled "Religio Athletæ," Arthur Lynch thus sets down in verse the points of feminine beauty as viewed in the Orient:

"Four things are black, in Arah loveliness:
The hair: the eyebrows; lashes, with the Kohl
Deep bordered; and the iris, whose recess
Yet shines with all the lightnings of the soul.

"Four things are white: complexion, white of eyes,
The limbs, the teeth like pearls in coral set.
Four red: the gums, the tongue, the cheek's warm
prize
Of peachy tint, the lips with kisses wet.

"Four round: the ankles, forearms, head, the neck.
Four wide: the eyes, the forehead, hosom, lips.
Four fine: the eyebrows with the nod and heck
Divine, the nose, the magnet fingers, and the lips.

"Four long: the fingers, arms, the legs, the back.
Four small: the ears, the breasts, the hands, the feet;
Four thick: the calves, the knees that do not lack
Their nervous strength, the thighs, and hips complete."

"Is Lady de Vere entertaining this year?"
"Nay very."—Puck.

Not even "pearl glass" or "pearl top" lamp-chimneys are right, unless of right shape and size for your lamp. See "Index to Chimneys."

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of tough glass.

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Better carry plenty of matches.

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Other Listener—"Yes, Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMEIKE sends 'em to him."

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Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers in the world on any subject.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Max O'Rell tells the story of a chairman he had at one of his lectures, who, on introducing him to the audience, spoke for an hour and a half. The lecturer then arose, and quietly proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman for his excellent address, sat down again, and the meeting closed.

A lawyer residing in the North of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir, if you pay the inclosed, you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."

It is not often that public speakers with a reputation own to the value of their delivery, but a certain popular preacher once found it very useful. Some wicked members of his congregation pressed him to publish his sermons, which they had good reason to believe were plagiarized from other divines. But he was even more aware of it than they were. "No," he said, "I will not do that, for if I published them they would lose so much in manner."

Professor Blackie was asked once to preside at a temperance meeting, and, being of an amiable turn of mind, he consented; but he did not help the cause much, for this is what he said: "I can not understand why I am asked to be here. I am not a teetotaler—far from it. If a man asks me to dine with him, and does not give me a good glass of wine, I say that he is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Germans drink beer, Englishmen wine, ladies tea, and fools water."

The Rev. Anthony Timmins, though a very excellent person, was scarcely *au fait* with the manners and customs of Society. Having received an invitation to stay for a day or so at a big country house, he went to ask his friend De Vere's advice. "You must take a servant," said De Vere; "everybody does." Mr. Timmins took his friend at his word—and took one of his maid-servants to the country house. He does not yet understand the coolness of his reception there.

On one occasion, a magistrate asked a woman: "What is your age, madam?" "Whatever you choose, sir," answered the lady. She was under oath. "You may put down forty-five years, then," said the magistrate to the clerk; "what is your occupation, madam?" "Sir," said the witness, "you have made a mistake of ten years in my age." "Put down fifty-five years, then," said the magistrate; "your residence—" "Sir," exclaimed the lady, "my age is thirty-five years, not fifty-five!" "At last we have your statement," said the magistrate; and he proceeded with the examination.

A workman in a mine who had played hase-hall in his time once saved his life by making a good catch. He was standing at the bottom of a shaft waiting for a bucketful of dynamite-sticks that were being let down to him. The bucket was part way down, when he saw it strike against some obstruction and turn partly over. Out fell one of the sticks. He watched it falling in a zig-zag course—a messenger of instant death. When it struck the hard bottom, there would be a tremendous explosion and a dead miner. But it did not strike the hard bottom. Like a player on the ball-field, the workman put up his hands and caught the stick.

Pat Sheedy, whose plan to establish a new Monte Carlo at Cairn was telegraphed from New York last week, is something of an epigrammatist. In detailing his plan to the reporter, he said that the invalids who go to Cairn "are looking around for some mental diversions. There is no finer thing to divert the mind than gambling. It makes people forget their other troubles." He was once asked how it was that, if he played a "square" game, he could always find people he could beat. "My boy," he replied, "there's a sucker here every minute; and," he added, reflectively, "sometimes twins." On another occasion he watched the hubbly rise in the wine he was drinking. "A glass of wine," he presently observed, "makes a poor Irishman feel like a rich Jew."

In the early days of the drama in Shasta County, Mrs. Estelle Potter gave a performance of "The Marble Statues." In the course of the play, she had to address the statues of her ancestors. There were no marble statues in Shasta at that time, but the manager assured her he would supply the deficiency, and, as she reached the town after dark, it was necessary to give the play without rehearsal. When the scene came in which she was to address her ancestors, Mrs. Potter was astonished to find that the first was a Chinaman, whitened and in a toga, but undeniably Chinese. So were all the others. Mrs. Potter managed to get through her speech, but she almost had hysterics in her dressing-room. But the Chinese statues never cracked a smile. The manager, who had hired them at five dollars apiece, covered them

from the wings with a revolver, and had threatened to blow their heads off if they so much as blinked.

A lady, living in the upper part of New York (says the *Critic*), wanted a cank who would go home at night, and put an advertisement in the paper setting forth her needs. Among the applicants was a negro woman of huge proportions. The lady looked at the negress and thought of her little kitchen. She did not want to state the real reason, for fear of giving offense, so she said: "I'm afraid that you would not get here in time in the morning, you live so far down-town." "Don't you fear about that, honey," said the negress; "it won't take me no time to come up on my hike." The lady regrets now that she did not ask this wheelwoman whether she wore bladders or knickerbockers.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Flirt.

Sing a song of Sylvia,
A pocketful of lies—
Four-and-twenty falsehoods
Laughing in her eyes.
While her eyes are open
She means to have a fling—
Now, is not she a pretty bird
To have upon a string!

—Pick-Me-Up.

The English Wife.

[Max O'Rell says that the English wife sits opposite to her husband at the fireside in the evening with her curl-papers in her hair.]

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night when first we met;
Her hair, with careful oiling,
Looked shiny, black, and wet.
Her footsteps had the lightness
Of—say a mastodon;
And oh! she looked exceeding smart,
Though high of hue—and bone.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now
With the slimmest, style, and lightness
Of—say a Low Dutch Vrow!

A wreath of orange-blossoms
When next we met she wore,
The spread of form and features
Was much greater than before.
And standing by her side was one
Who strove, and strove in vain,
To make believe that such a wife
Was a domestic gain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With her big front teeth projecting,
A queer blend of horse and cow.
And once again I see that brow—
No bridal wreath is there—
A ring of curl-papers conceals
What's left of her scant hair.
She sits on one side of the hearth,
Her spouse, poor man, sits near,
And wonders how that scarecrow thing
Could once to him be dear!

I wooed, and departed,
Yet methinks I see her now,
That type of British wifehood.
With the corkscrews round her brow!

—Punch.

A Vindication.

They call me cold!
A had and bold
Old Bachelor, they say.
Alack-a-day!
And likewise woe!
They do not know.

A woman-hater I. Misogynist,
Who say a woman never would he missed!

By all the gods of old!

Me! Cold!

Why, say,

If I'd my way

To-morrow's paper'd advertise my bliss

In terms like this:

"Married: By Rev. Bishop Jones,
Last night at eight, George Henry Bones,
To Jennie Dobbs and Maud Kazoo,
And Helen Winks, and Polly too;
To Mary Barnes and Annie Smith,
To Florence Green and Fairy Frith,
To Birdie Wilkies, Sallie Brothers,
And six or seven lovely others."

Me! Cold!

Misogynist both bad and bold!
Whatever else I am, that's what I'm not!

Great Scott!

The truth, if you would know, the rein that checks,
In short, is this: I love the whole sweet blooming sex!

—Bazar.

Disastrous Failure!

We can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimilative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidneys. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver, and digestive organs may be relied upon. The Bitters conquers malaria and kidney troubles.

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Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Dec. 9, 13, 17, 21,

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SOCIETY.

The Hobart Reception.

The most brilliant social affair of the week was the ball given by Miss Hobart on Friday evening at her home on Van Ness Avenue. There were at least three hundred guests present. The rooms were handsomely decorated and a string orchestra played for the dancing, which was enjoyed until long after midnight, at which hour an elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction. Miss Hobart was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Anna Head, and Miss Vassault. Among the invited guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson S. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Brigham, General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Lieutenant and Mrs. Harry C. Benson, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Judge and Mrs. John H. Iloah, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bonr, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle, Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguiere, Mr. and Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beyland, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. J. McK. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Paxton Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lester, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Judge and Mrs. Joseph McKenna, Judge and Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, Dr. and Mrs. B. MacMonagle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Lee Robinson, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. H. Schussler, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague, Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Thomas, Lieutenant and Mrs. George M. Stoney, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Vassault, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Judge and Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. A. B. Forbes, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Heath, Mrs. C. W. Howard, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles Simpkins, Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, Mrs. R. C. Woolworth, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Buckhee, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Carolan, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Carrigan, Miss Daisy

Casserly, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Collier, Miss Sara Collier, Miss Marquita Collier, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Doyle, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Forbes, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Aileen Goad, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Mahel de Noon, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Anna Head, Miss Heath, Miss Hinselwood, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Howard, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jessie Hobart, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss McNutt, Miss Moore, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Randol, Miss Schussler, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Frances Taylor, Miss Tompkins, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Virginia Vassault, Miss Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Woolrich, Miss Woodworth, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss M. B. West, Mr. Lawson S. Adams, Jr., Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. John W. Barnes, Mr. William Breeze, Mr. Thomas Breeze, Jr., Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. John O. Blanchard, Mr. Danforth Boardman, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. George C. Boardman, Jr., Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Samuel Buckbee, Jr., Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. J. William Carrigan, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. William Collier, Mr. Page Collier, Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Peter J. Donahue, Mr. George Davidson, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Senator Charles N. Felton, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. Ernest Folger, Mr. Charles Fernald, Brigadier General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Ogden Earl, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Albert Hooper, Mr. P. J. Harrison, Mr. R. C. Harrison, Mr. R. W. Harrison, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. W. R. Heath, Colonel Hoffman, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Frederick Kohl, Mr. J. B. Lincoln, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Walter Landers, Mr. P. D. Martin, Mr. W. S. Martin, Mr. Andrew Martin, Mr. Atherton Macdonay, Mr. Walter McGee, Mr. J. C. McKinstry, Mr. Tarn McGrew, Mr. Latham McMullin, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. F. W. McNear, Mr. Seward McNear, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. James McKee, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, U. S. A., Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. W. D. Page, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. H. W. Poett, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Ensign Charles F. Preston, U. S. N., Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. William M. Randol, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. Oscar T. Sewall, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Mr. H. N. Stetson, Mr. J. B. Stetson, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Lieutenant C. P. Summerall, U. S. A., Mr. Raymond Sherman, Mr. William H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Augustus Taylor, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Clement Tobin, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. L. S. Vassault, Mr. L. S. Van Winkle, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. Alfred Wheeler, Captain E. Fane Wainwright, Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Frederick R. Webster.

The Pope Dinner-Party.

Mr. George A. Pope gave a dinner-party at the Pacific Union Club last Monday evening in honor of Mr. Francis T. Underhill, Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, and Mr. R. Carman, the judges at the recent Horse Show, and Mr. Samuel Taylor, of the editorial staff of the *Rider and Driver* of New York city. The others present were:

Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Austin Tubbs, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. Harry Jerome, Mr. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. Richard H. Pease, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. William B. Tubbs, and Mr. Oscar T. Sewall.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Miss Amy Requa, and Miss Julia Crocker are in New York city.

Mrs. S. B. McKee, of Oakland, has returned from a prolonged visit to her daughter, Mrs. Norman Lang, in Portland, Or.

Misses Ethel and Bee Hooper, of St. Helena, have been in the city during the past week as the guests of Miss Jennie Catherwood.

Mrs. William Kohl, Miss Mamie Kohl, and Mr. C. F. Kohl are in Philadelphia, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. William H. Magee arrived last Tuesday from Central America after an absence of several months.

Miss Marie Voorhies is visiting her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Henry, in Washington, D. C., after passing a couple of months in Atlanta. She will be in New York city during January and February, and return to Washington in the spring.

Mrs. Harold Sewall, nee Ashe, arrived here last Tuesday from Maine, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, at her residence on Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase will leave here December 31st to visit friends and relatives in Chicago, St. Louis, and New York.

Mrs. J. S. Cone and Miss Josephine Cone, of Red Bluff, accompanied by Miss Nellie Hillyer, of this city, will leave to-day on the Sunset Limited for New York, en route to Europe, where they will remain during the winter. They will stop over a few days at Atlanta to see the exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham have returned from a three weeks' visit at their home near Clear Lake, Lake County, and will pass the winter in this city at the north-west corner of Sutter and Jones Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart are now residing at the south-east corner of Sacramento and Hyde Streets.

Mrs. A. E. Garceau, of Chicago, is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. George Hyde, at her residence on Geary Street. Miss Hilda Castle gave a matinee tea in her honor recently.

Mrs. Marquita Collier will be the guest of Miss Edith McBean at the Hotel Richelieu until Christmas.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre have leased the home of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, 3548 Jackson Street, for the winter.

Mrs. F. L. Wilde and Miss Ethel Patton will return next Monday from their European trip and a visit to relatives in Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Atherton and Miss Atherton, of Oakland, have gone to Honolulu for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri F. Emerie and Miss Lorena Barbier have returned to the city after passing the last six months on the Emerie ranch near San Pablo.

Mr. Rothwell Hyde has returned to St. Helena after visiting here for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Bugbee, of Oakland, are the guests of Mrs. Bugbee's mother at her residence in Pasadena.

Mrs. William S. Tevis, Miss Emelie Hager, and Miss Lillie Lawlor returned from the East last Wednesday.

Miss Henrietta Allen will leave soon to visit friends in Southern California.

Mr. John W. Mackay sailed from New York last Thursday for Paris, and will soon return with the remains of his son, Mr. John W. Mackay, Jr., which will be interred in Greenwood Cemetery, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mrs. John Hemphill, and Mr. George E. P. Hall sailed from New York for France last Wednesday.

Colonel C. F. Crocker returned from Los Angeles last Wednesday.

Miss Kate Jarboe has been here from Santa Cruz during the past week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson.

Mrs. J. G. Gauld, of Portland, Or., will reside here during the winter with her mother, Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle, at 2120 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome will return to New York city early in January.

Mrs. A. Lee Robinson will return to Louisville, Ky., this evening, accompanied by her sister, Miss Adèle Perrin.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin went East early in the week en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier and Miss Sara Collier are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen at their residence, 2508 Fillmore Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothschild have returned to San Francisco to reside here permanently, and are temporarily at 611 Van Ness Avenue.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as recruiting officer in this city.

Assistant-Paymaster John Irwin, U. S. N., son of Rear-Admiral Irwin, U. S. N., will be on duty on the *Thetis* on December 30th, relieving Passed Assistant-Paymaster Z. W. Reynolds, U. S. N., who has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Chief-Engineer James Entwistle, U. S. N., has been detached from the Bath Iron Works and ordered to the *Boston*.

Chief Engineer R. R. Leitch, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston* and granted a leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant C. E. Fox, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Philadelphia* on December 31st and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant C. H. McKinstry, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has leased the residence of Mrs. de Blois, on Gibbs Avenue, Newport, R. I., for a year. He is on duty under the orders of Major Lockwood, U. S. A.

Lieutenant George M. Wells, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been detailed as examiner of recruits in this city.

Under paragraph 854, Army Regulations of 1895, the following named officers are relieved from duty as departmental recruiting officers: Second Lieutenant William P. Pence, Fifth Artillery, at Alcatraz Island, Cal.; First Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, Adjutant First Infantry, at Angel Island, Cal.; Second Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, at Benicia Barracks, Cal.; First Lieutenant Albert C. Blunt, Fifth Artillery, at Fort Mason, Cal.; Second Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, at the Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.; Second Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, at San Diego Barracks, Cal.

Mrs. William A. Morgan, widow of the late Commander Morgan, U. S. N., and Miss Morgan have returned from Southern California, and are in Vallejo.

Mrs. Sumner C. Paine, wife of Lieutenant Paine, U. S. N., of the *Yorktown*, is visiting her brother, Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, U. S. A., at the Presidio while en route to join her husband at the Asiatic Station.

Mrs. Francis E. Greene, wife of Lieutenant Greene, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, is residing in Vallejo.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed recruiting officer in this city.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Angel Island after temporary duty at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant J. H. Shipley, U. S. N., returned from the Asiatic Station last Thursday on the steamer *City of Peking*. He has been acting as flag lieutenant to Admiral Carpenter, U. S. N.

Champagne Sec.

The discerning judgment of the late Mme. Pomery in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. The firm of Veuve Pomery, Fils and Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pomery, Henry Vassier, the experienced director, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne, regardless of cost, that Pomery Sec occupies the elevated position it now holds, it being more the favorite of the refined and fastidious classes of Europe than that of the sporting fraternity. At the English wine sales Pomery always commands the highest prices.—*Ex.*

A Christmas Suggestion.

In the art of engraving, no more care or skill is required than in the stamping of note-papers. When properly executed, this makes a very pretty Xmas gift. We call special attention to our productions in this line. Cooper & Co., 746 Market St.

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—G. D. MORSE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 916 MARKET STREET, COLUMBIAN BUILDING, is making cabinets at reduced prices for the Xmas trade.

—ROUNTREE'S ENGLISH CONFECTIONERY AT Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

—DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.



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Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. PORTER, DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

No Shivering at Byron

To escape the discomforts and dangers of winter, some people go to Italy or Spain; others go to BYRON HOT SPRINGS. It isn't a matter of money but of judgment.

Address for details: Manager Byron Hot Springs P. O., Contra Costa Co., Cal.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults. Delightful after shaving.

Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Take no substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts. Sample mailed. (Name this paper) **FREE**

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If you want to be beautiful, to possess a clear skin, bright eyes, and steady nerves—in other words, be really healthy—drink nature's purest, best, most palatable, tonic and invigorant—cocoa. Try it as a substitute for medicinal tonics.

CHIRARDELLI'S COCOA

The kind of cocoa that is pure, of even quality, and of unadulterated manufacture—that's the kind you must use to obtain the full benefit. Chirardelli's Cocoa is of the highest known grade—the result of nearly fifty years of experience. Don't accept the offered substitutes.

C O C O A



Absolutely Pure.

Crockers' are in a rut, a horrible rut!

They started fifteen years ago to do first-rate engraving (cards, invitations, etc), and got so in the habit of it that they can't stop.

The horrible part of it is: nobody likes it except Crockers' and their customers.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Carrie Huntington, niece of Mr. C. P. Huntington, to Mr. E. Burke Holladay, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Holladay, of this city.

Word comes from Paris that Miss Jennie Sanderson is engaged to be married to an American gentleman named Herrick, who is a resident of Minneapolis.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Sophie Kaufman to Mr. Frank T. Bowers, of this city.

Miss Emma S. Childs, daughter of Mrs. O. W. Childs, of Los Angeles, was married last Tuesday evening to Mr. John Wilbur Dwight, of Elmira, N. Y., at the home of the bride's mother in Los Angeles. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Mora assisted by Bishop Montgomery. Miss Hortense Cecilia Childs was the maid of honor, Miss Ruth Edith Childs and Miss Edith O. Shorb were the bridesmaids, Hon. J. Sloot Fassett, of New York, was the best man, and the ushers were Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. James Slauson. Only a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was followed by a large reception. After an Eastern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight will sail for Europe on January 8th, to be away a couple of months. They will reside in New York.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin has issued invitations for a dance which he will give at the Maple Hall in the Palace Hotel next Tuesday evening. It is to be fashioned as nearly as possible after the English "bunt balls," and the cotillion will be danced. There will be about fifty couples present. The ladies are expected to appear in powdered hair and the gentlemen to wear scarlet coats.

The Friday Night Club will give its first cotillion of this season—the second meeting—at Odd Fellows' Hall next Friday evening. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will act as leader with Miss Hannab Williams as his partner, and they will be assisted by Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Miss Romietta Wallace, Mr. R. M. Duperu, Miss McNutt, and Mr. W. R. Heath.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will hold its next party at Lunt's Hall on Monday night, December 16th.

Miss Frances Currey will give a matinee tea today at her residence, 1819 Octavia Street, and will be assisted in receiving by Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Annie Buckbee, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Bessie Cole, and Miss Bernie Brown.

Miss Jennie Catherwood gave a dinner-party at her home recently as a compliment to Miss Ethel Lincoln. Those invited to meet her were Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, and Lieutenant William H. Coffin, U. S. A.

Mr. James D. Phelan gave a dinner-party at the Bohemian Club last Thursday evening in honor of Miss Emelie Hager, who returned from an Eastern trip the day previous. After dinner the party attended the concert at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. Mr. Phelan's guests were Mrs. Hager, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. J. A. Hart, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

Mrs. George C. Boardman gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at her residence on Franklin Street, and entertained Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss McNutt, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. S. C. Pardee, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. George C. Boardman, Jr., Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. T. Danforth Boardman.

Mr. F. A. Greenwood gave a violet dinner-party in the Owl Room at the Bohemian Club last Thursday evening, and had as his guests Mr. and Mrs. John Crooks, Miss Williams, Miss Hannah Williams, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, and Mr. S. C. Pardee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett gave a dinner-party at their residence on Bush Street last Wednesday evening in honor of Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A. Covers were laid for nine.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster gave an elaborate supper at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening, December 7th, after the Horse Show in honor of Mr. Samuel Taylor, Mr. Francis T. Underbill, Mr. H. K. Bloodgood, and Mr. R. Carman. There were twenty-six guests present.

Miss Virginia Aldrich gave a luncheon at her residence recently, and entertained Mrs. Rounsvell Wildman, Mrs. J. N. Brown, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Harrington, Miss Foote, Miss McNeil, and Miss Wetherell.

The Benedicts and Bachelors Cotillion Club of Oakland gave its first ball last Tuesday evening, and it was quite successful. Several figures of the german were danced, and an excellent supper was served. The patronesses were Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs.

George Greenwood, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr.

Miss Edith McBean gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Thursday. Her guests were: Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Juliet Williams, and Miss Hannah Williams.

The Misses Dunham gave a private theatrical entertainment last Monday evening at their residence, 1397 Alice Street, in Oakland, which was attended by quite a number of their friends. "Ici on Parle Français" was cleverly presented by Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Alexander Baldwin, Miss Coralie Selby, and others. Afterward there was a supper and dancing.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington and her daughter, Miss Clara Huntington, gave a matinee tea last Saturday at their residence, 2840 Jackson Street, in honor of Miss Josephine Blackmore, of Cincinnati. The ladies who assisted in receiving were: Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mrs. Alphonse Wigmore, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Emma Butler, Misses Wilson, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Eloise Davis, Miss Mary Stubbs, Miss Landers, and Miss Green.

Mr. William M. Randol, assisted by his sisters, the Misses Randol, entertained a number of his friends on Tuesday afternoon at a reception at his bachelor apartments on Sutter Street. Refreshments were served, there was some music, and the handsome rooms were crowded for a couple of hours.

Mr. Peter Donahue Martin entertained a couple of hundred of his friends last Thursday at a matinee reception that he gave at the home of his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. The hours were from four until six o'clock. The host was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Schneely, and Miss Isabel McKenna.

Miss Williams and Miss Hannab Williams gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Wednesday evening. Supper was enjoyed afterward at the Hotel Richelieu. Their guests comprised Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Helen W. Boss, Miss Findley, Miss Maraquita Collier, Miss Edith McBean, General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Frank Findley, Mr. W. R. Heath, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. G. L. Ratbone, Mr. W. D. Page, Mr. Augustus Taylor, and Mr. Henry W. Poett.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Tuesday evening, followed by a supper at the University Club.

Mr. Everett N. Bee gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin on Wednesday evening, followed by a supper at the University Club. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

There was a large theatre-party at the Baldwin last Tuesday evening. The party comprised Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Rountree, Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. M. S. Latbam, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Sophie Coleman, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Ella Hobart, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Emily Cotter, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. C. K. McIntosh, Mr. Gerald L. Ratbone, Mr. Latbam McMullin, Mr. H. W. Poett, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. Richard Harrison, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, and Mr. Francis Michael.

The Fortnightly Dancing Club gave a party on Friday evening at Lunt's Hall. There was quite a good attendance of the younger set. The feature of the evening was the cotillion, which was led by Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

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—London World.

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She—"What is a burlesque?" He—"A take-off." She—"A take-off of what?" He—"Clothes, generally."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

She—"I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigarette in my presence." He—"Then I'll throw it away." She—"Oh, I didn't mean that."—*Life*.

Right reverend host—"I'm afraid you've got a bad egg, Mr. Jones!" The curate—"Oh, no, my lord, I assure you! Parts of it are excellent!"—*Punch*.

Teacher—"Have you learned the Golden Rule, Tommy?" Tommy—"Yes'm. It is to do to other people like they would do to you."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

She—"I hope you can come next Thursday. We're having some music and a supper after." He—"Oh, yes, I'll come; but—er—I may be late."—*The Sketch*.

First author—"Have you heard that our chum, Smithers, has married?" Second author—"Yes, he wanted to double his circle of readers!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"What is Jarley's paper to be—a weekly or a monthly?" "I don't really know. Judging from the quality of the first number, it ought to be a centennial."—*Bazar*.

Smiley Barker—"What do you think of a woman of conversational gifts as a companion?" *La Conic* "Charming." Smiley Barker—"And as a wife?" *La Conic*—"Better still."—*Puck*.

Tommy—"Paw, what does the paper mean by practical Christianity?" Paw—"Practical Christianity is the kind that does not interfere with a man's business."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"What impressed you as the most remarkable thing you saw while on your trip through the South?" "A live chicken running at large in the streets of Charleston."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Limber—"The only way I can get even with old Neighbour is to sue him for the size of his pile." Legget—"For kicking you out?" Limber—"No; for alienating his daughter's affections."—*Puck*.

Uncle 'Rastus—"I done won dat turkey at de raffle to-night." Aunt Dinah—"Yo' was lucky, eh?" Uncle 'Rastus—"Yas, I was po'ful lucky. While de res' was shakin' dice, I 'scused myse'f."—*Life*.

Williamson—"Do artists make money?" Henderson—"Some do. Take Van Dabhlle, for instance. Whenever he sells a ten-dollar picture, he horrors twenty-five dollars on the strength of it."—*Puck*.

Grace—"Weren't you educated in a convent?" Constance—"No. Why?" Grace—"Oh, I heard somebody say that if you saw a man on the other side of the street, you crossed yourself."—*High School World*.

Wife—"You are going to your office, my friend?" Husband—"No. I go to fight a duel." Wife—"Ah! You will be so obliging if, on returning, you will pass by my dressmaker's and tell her to send home my corsage."—*French exchange*.

Jinks—"I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vaze, vace, vazh, or vawse." Binks—"You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as 'them there.'"—*Truth*.

"Baptiste!" "Monsieur?" "You are getting careless, my hoy." "Oh, monsieur!" "You don't brush my clothes now." "I assure you—" "I left a half-franc piece in my waistcoat pocket yesterday, and it is there yet."—*Le Petit Parisien*.

Mistress—"I told you that I did not want you to have so many male callers in the kitchen." Pretty domestic—"Yes'm." Mistress—"Last night you were entertaining three policemen." Domestic—"Yes'm. I had them there so as to keep the others out."—*New York Weekly*.

Author—"By the way, Deepvoice, there is a point to which I should like to call your attention." Deepvoice (the villain)—"Well?" Author—"Where I make the heroine say to you, 'Do your worst!' I do not intend the remark to be a stage direction in regard to your acting."—*Truth*.

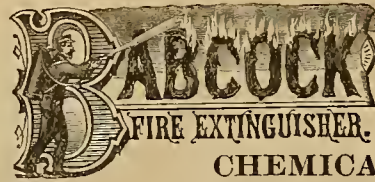
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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 23, 1895.

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The Pacific Coast baby as a product of special climatic and social environment has hitherto been ignored by science, but at last the enterprising eye of modern journalism has been turned upon the infant. Our intelligently inquisitive contemporary, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has been seized with a commendable desire—growing out of its permanent hunger for new subscribers—to learn how many babies will be born on Christmas Day, 1895, in the States of California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada, and the Territory of Arizona. It wishes to be informed of the sex, color, weight, and every proper particular relating

to the Christmas stragglers, to each of whom it will present a silver cup.

So far as it goes, this curiosity is laudable, and it is possible that the *Chronicle's* baby boom may give the spur to further inquiries of a more valuable sort. Vital statistics are very imperfectly kept on this side of the world. Even in San Francisco no record is preserved of the numbers of legitimate and illegitimate births, respectively. It is to be desired that official facts were accessible on this coast as to the birth rate, male and female babies, weight, legitimacy, and illegitimacy. Thus we should be enabled to compare the Pacific baby with the now more carefully inventoried baby of the East. Scientific attention to our baby would breed scientific interest in him, or her, as the years go on, and we should ascertain to a certainty the truth or falsity of general impressions concerning the characteristics of the native inhabitants, which are now not only held at home but throughout the country. One of these impressions is that the female born here weighs more, is taller, stronger, and more handsome than the native male, or at least is more favored in these regards than the female in other portions of the United States relatively to the man of her habitat. Is this true? Is our baby heavier and our woman lovelier than the baby and the woman of the East?

The *Chronicle's* approximate figures for one day will give the scientifically minded something to work upon, and that will be an advance on general impressions. As to the superior beauty of our women, it should be kept in the minds of those capable of allowing for the biases of sex and propinquity that the extraordinary pulchritude of the Pacific female rests on the testimony of men. True, it is supported by the corroborative testimony of the women themselves; but then women, on and off the Pacific Coast, have in all ages been gracefully willing to credit all that gentlemen have said and sung in their praise. When the Pacific Coast adventures to the simmering or frigid regions lying eastward of the Rocky Mountains, he is prone, in viewing the females of the localities into which he penetrates and to whom he has not been introduced, to look on them with a homesick eye, behind which is a brain that retains fond memories of ladies with whom he is acquainted. The same man on his travels up and down the coast will confess, to any one save an Easterner or a foreigner, that he sees enough ugly women to load many large ships.

As for our native men, it is noticeable that the jeers, once so common among the lusty and not abnormally modest pioneers, as to narrow chests, spindle shanks, and scant inches are not often heard now. Perhaps to Professor Corbett something in this behalf is due, and since athletics have come into fashion, our lads hold their own pretty well. If statisticians would give us the physical measurements of the students at the various Pacific Coast universities and colleges and the measurements of the students at like institutions in the trans-rocky region, we might not be put to the blush, despite the unflattering general impression. And the observer, if he be not a pioneer, with the pioneer's persuasion that he is a hold-over giant from heroic days, must admit that he sees in the fields and factories and streets and drawing-rooms of the Pacific Coast a great number of tall and stalwart young fellows who in their time were native babies. It is also of common knowledge that our women, famed for beauty, avoirdupois, and charm, evince no reluctance to mate with Pacific Coast men, which would hardly be the case were the men meagre and feeble.

It is undeniable that the grandsons of pioneers are, on the average, a stouter and taller race than the sons of pioneers. This would go to show that the Argonauts needed most of their vitality for themselves, and were niggardly about passing any of it on to their offspring. Some fifteen years ago the New York *Tribune*, being in a bad temper (which is unscientific), and yielding to the general impression, wrote spitefully of the young men of this State, both as to brawn and manners, and holdly predicted that "in the third generation all Californians will be hoodlums." The third generation is with us, and that fell prophecy has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, observa-

tion permits the *Argonaut* to announce that our young men are better mannered and of quieter morals than the gentlemen from the East, and South, and Europe who were good enough to form the original population.

To return to babies: Whether they weigh more here, or less, than they do in New York city, for instance, there can be no doubt whatever that when they have grown to the speaking and sportive age they are better animals, male and female, than their contemporaries of the Atlantic metropolis. Take a summer day there, when the heat-enfeebled, pallid little ones are out in the parks at languid play under the eyes of their nurses, and suddenly introduce a California boy and girl of the same age and class among them, and the contrast in strength, color, and flesh would make them noticed by every passer-by as pleasing curiosities.

But the laborious aid of science should come to the aid of lay observation. Beginning with the baby—the Californian baby preferably—it seems reasonable to the unscientific mind to assume that the human race here, under bland climatic conditions—our genial skies, unoppressive summers, and sunny winters—should eventually differ greatly, and for the better, from the race when it is condemned to alternate parboiling and freezing.

A most painful discovery has been made at Rome and cabled to America. It has been learned that a book written in 1874 by Joachim Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia and cardinal, was, at the instigation and with the approval of Pope Pius the Ninth, placed under the ban of the Cogregation of the Index, and added to the long catalogue of impious works which the Roman Catholic may not read without sin and, unless he takes timely precautions, eternal damnation as well. The judgment of Pius the Ninth can not be questioned. He was Pope, and therefore infallible. Cardinal Pecci recognized the uselessness of disputing the dictum of so formidable a critic, for under the title of his book in the *Index Expurgatorius* this record follows in good Latin: "The author has laudably submitted and retracted his work," that being the form which signifies that a Roman Catholic writer has abandoned the use of his own brain as a thinking apparatus.

These facts are extremely interesting, since Cardinal Pecci, the author condemned for heresy by the infallible Pius the Ninth, is himself infallible, he having been Pope Leo the Thirteenth since 1878. Were he now to write the book which was heretical in 1874, it would be preposterous to say that it was heretical, and any Congregation that might talk of putting the sacred volume on the fatal Index would not only be laughed at, but obviously stand in just peril of excommunication and endless torments hereafter. Yet the members of the Congregation of the Index of 1874, if they have left this sphere, have joined Pius the Ninth in bliss.

The history of a work which is thus double-edged in its theological aspect can not but interest mankind. The Roman correspondent who sends the momentous news that His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth was once a heretic, recalls the fact that Pius was not in love with the Cardinal Archbishop of Perugia, and long delayed bestowing upon him the red hat which would qualify him to become a candidate for the chair of St. Peter. In 1853 the hat was given, but the cardinal found himself closely restricted to the petty cares of his diocese, and vainly sought for a wider field wherein he might exercise his abilities and nurse a boom against the day when Pius the Ninth should ascend to the companionship of the saints. A friend who did politics in and about the Vatican, gave Cardinal Pecci what both thought was a good bit of advice. "Why," suggested the worker, "as you are a fine writer, don't you put together a book that will please the Pope?" The cardinal was aware that His Holiness had a special devotion to the worship of the Virgin, "whose glory he had increased by a new dogma"—that of her "immaculate conception"—and also was much given "to the adoration of the holy blood of Christ." Therefore Cardinal Pecci toiled and produced a work, whose Italian title translated into English reads: "On the All-

Sacred Blood of Mary. Observations Showing Why We Should Have a Festival to Adore." In other words, it was a plea for the introduction by the church of a holiday for the worship of the Virgin Mary. The correspondent adds:

"The book did not fail deeply to impress Pope Pius. Unfortunately, however, for Cardinal Pecci, his calculations proved faulty. The Pope knew as well as anybody that this particular cardinal was not given to mysticism, and, divining the real purpose of his literary effort, promptly caused the book to be placed in the Index."

Since the elevation of the cardinal to the Papal throne his name has not appeared in the Index, though the book's title and condemnation remain. Notwithstanding the judgment of Pius, it may be taken for granted that Leo as an author has a tolerably firm opinion as to the merit of that able hook; but he has not disturbed the judgment of Pius, which he has the power to do. "His name," the correspondent informs us, "was removed more as a concession to non-Catholics, who, observing it in the list of prohibited authors, might draw false inferences from the fact, than from any desire to shield His Holiness. It speaks volumes for the unselfishness and grace of his conceptions of the Pope's duties that Leo refuses to interfere with the Index in his own behalf." To be sure; but it also speaks volumes for Leo's discretion. If Pius was infallible, Leo must be; and if one infallible person should repeal the decision of another infallible person, what would become of the dogma of infallibility? Of course popes have frequently undone the work of other popes, and rescinded their infallible ukases by other infallible ukases; but the world is not the same as it was in those godly days when to believe on demand that white was black, and then again that black was white, gave little strain to the pious mind. In that blessed time Cardinal Pecci would have been excommunicated for his artless book and been handed over to the secular arm to be racked and roasted. The correspondent says it is not known whether Cardinal Pecci was excommunicated by Pius the Ninth; but probably not, as the author hastened to retract his heresy.

Pope Leo is justified in feeling satisfied to let well enough alone. He lives in an age when laughter respects the open windows of the Vatican no more than it does other open windows. Even though his pride as an author sheds blood at the sight of the Index, he knows that as Pope he must stand by the infallibility of his predecessor in order to protect his own. The fancy may be irreverent, but one can think of the good and formerly infallible Pius leaning over the battlements of heaven and chuckling at the fix in which he left the infallible Leo.

This journal, as its readers know, entertains no maudlin ideas concerning the treatment of criminals. It believes in hanging men convicted of murder in the first degree, in whipping men convicted of crimes against the person, in jailing all tramps and vagrants, and it believes in making all of them—murderers, thieves, vagrants, and tramps—work. But while we entertain and frequently express these ideas concerning criminals, we are free to say that we think a petition recently forwarded to Governor Budd deserves his earnest consideration. It is a petition from the seventy men who are serving life sentences at San Quentin Prison. In it they beg the governor to inaugurate the annual custom of executive clemency to one life prisoner—either by pardon or by commutation of sentence. They say that among their number there are men who have been behind the bars from fifteen to twenty-four years; that their terms can not be shortened by good-conduct credits; that they have nothing to live for; that their lives are hopeless; but that if one life prisoner per year be selected for clemency, it would give them all an incentive to good behavior, and give them all the stimulus of hope.

Governor Budd referred the petition to Warden Aull, of the Folsom State Prison, and asked his opinion. Warden Aull replied, in substance, that the element of hope was vital to the good conduct and reformation of criminals; that the average life-term convict is a chained brute; he is the embittered foe of society without and the enemy of authority within the prison walls; that most of the life-term convicts are men convicted of homicide; that "such men usually have more character than those who commit crimes against property"; that the fact that they were not hanged "generally points to some extenuating circumstance or a lingering doubt of guilt." As a practical man, engaged for many years in handling convicts, Warden Aull closes by saying that an annual act of executive clemency "would be an act of mercy which could not be abused, and would greatly aid in promoting discipline, industry, and correct behavior." The prison commissioners agree with Warden Aull, and have urged Governor Budd to inaugurate this custom. It is believed that he will do so on Christmas Day.

As we said above, the *Argonaut* is not prone to excessive tenderness toward criminals. But the plan suggested seems to us adapted to remove the bitterness of the life-term convict, and put him more on a level with the other prisoners

around him. As matters are at present, he is a hopeless and therefore a desperate man. Nearly all of the determined prison-breakers have been led by "lifers."

From a condition of profound peace, in which the citizens of the United States have been wondering how they were going to pay their taxes and meet their Christmas bills; from a discussion of purely domestic politics, such as a tariff for protection or for free trade, the retirement of greenbacks, the disappearance of the gold reserve, and the necessity of borrowing more money on bonds, Mr. Cleveland has suddenly diverted attention from Democratic maladministration by threatening war with England.

In reading the mass of matter which the daily newspapers laid before their readers the day after the President's bellicose message, there are many unconscious touches here and there—touches of pathos, touches of humor. To the contemplative citizen—he who is not so hysterical as the reporters of his favorite daily, nor so ecstatic as its editors—there is a strong vein of humor running through the whole of the newspaper accounts. The *Examiner* states that the "available British fleet for attacking San Francisco" consists of the *Royal Arthur*, the *Wild Swan*, and the *Pheasant*. There is an evident disposition to "hurry up" on the part of the newspapers—to declare war at once, without waiting for the Boundary Commission to act—to sink the British ships of the Pacific and Atlantic squadrons "right away"—to conquer Canada while you wait—and then to devastate Great Britain proper with fire and sword. This impetuosity has no patience with slower people. For example, an *Examiner* reporter interviewed General Forsyth, commander of the Department of the Pacific. General Forsyth has grown gray in the military service of his country; he has seen many battle-fields other than her own; he accompanied General Sheridan as a military *attaché* through the Franco-Prussian War; yet this grizzled old soldier obviously disappointed the *Examiner* reporter by the tameness of his utterances. General Forsyth seemed to take a humorous view of the *Examiner* reporter's excited queries, at which that war-like person seems in the interview to show decided umbrage. But he hurls a Parthian arrow at the general when he reports him as saying, at the end of the interview, "I do not think that we want to fight very badly. Our condition does not warrant it."

While there are humorous touches in the voluminous newspaper accounts, there are also, as we have said, touches of pathos. These are noticeable in the replies of some of the Southern governors to the questions of the Associated Press. They are all of them patriotic, all of them ringing true, all of them loyal. Yet they do not speak with enthusiasm of war. "I am in sympathy with the message, but I do not wish to see our country involved in war," writes Governor Stone, of Mississippi. "The message is exceedingly strong, but I am not in favor of war," writes Governor Pence, of North Carolina. "We are for the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, but the Virginia people know what war means, and would greatly deprecate a resort to arms," writes Governor O'Ferrall, of Virginia.

There is the difference—the people of the South "know what war means"—those of the North do not. Practically all of the bloody battles of the late Civil War were fought upon Southern soil. We of the North lavished blood and treasure upon the war, but we were not brought face to face with it. War did not leave its broad swath of blood and fire across our land. It did in the Southern States. And the people of the South, though their bravery can not be questioned, "do not want war," because they know what war means. There are not so many jingoes in the South as in the North.

The newspapers seem to have brought this misunderstanding to a point where they want war declared, whether the Monroe doctrine has been infringed or not. But that would scarcely be seemly—even if it were sensible. Inasmuch as the sole ground of complaint the United States has against Great Britain in this Venezuela imbroglio is infraction of the Monroe doctrine, it is well to see what that doctrine is.

In 1822, both Russia and Great Britain claimed that the territory now known as British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon was "still open to colonization and settlement by European powers." John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State under Monroe; under date of July 17, 1823, he notes: "Informed the Russian Minister, Baron Tuyl, that we should assume that the American continents are no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishments." This was one branch of the Monroe doctrine.

In December, 1823, President Monroe sent his famous message to Congress, when Spain was seeking to enlist the aid of the allied European powers to recover her lost American colonies. Monroe said:

"We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we

should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This is the main part of the Monroe doctrine. John Quincy Adams succeeded Monroe, and Henry Clay became his Secretary of State. President Adams, on December 26, 1825, sent a special message to Congress concerning the Panama Conference of Spanish-American Republics. In it, he said:

"An agreement between the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders, may be found advisable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both American continents."

Note the language in the quotation—"any future European colony"—that was the way John Quincy Adams construed the doctrine of James Monroe. He did not assume that it meant a protectorate over the South American republics.

In 1848, Yucatan offered to cede its dominion to the United States, to Spain, or to Great Britain. The Monroe doctrine was invoked. John C. Calhoun, who had been a member of Monroe's Cabinet, maintained in the Senate that the case did not come within the scope of the Monroe doctrine. President Woolsey, in his work on international law, upholds the position of Calhoun.

In January, 1856, Senator Cass, who was certainly strongly American, delivered a speech in the Senate on the Monroe doctrine, in which he said:

"To suppose that the Monroe declaration was intended as a promise, pledge, or engagement that the United States would guard from European encroachment the territory of the whole boundless continent, is greatly to misconceive the purpose of its promulgator, and to misconstrue the explicit interpretation published to the world by its author, Mr. Adams."

Even Congress has never indorsed the modern newspaper view of the Monroe doctrine, for it has twice refused to pass resolutions in that direction.

From the foregoing, to sum up, it is apparent that—

1. President Monroe did not mean by his declaration that the United States should assume the protection of the Spanish-American republics.
2. John Quincy Adams, Monroe's Secretary of State, did not so understand the Monroe doctrine.
3. Henry Clay, when Secretary of State to President John Quincy Adams, did not so understand it.
4. Senator Cass, one of the most strongly American of all the men who ever sat in the United States Senate, did not so understand it.
5. John C. Calhoun, one of President Monroe's Cabinet, did not so understand it.
6. President Woolsey, one of the most able writers on international law, does not so understand it.

Who, then, does so understand it? The modern interpretation, which differs totally from that of James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay, is purely a newspaper interpretation.

Leaving the historical side of this question, let us come down to the modern and common-sense side. What have we to do with Venezuela? How do her quarrels concern us? We have shown that her disputed boundary lines have nothing to do with the Monroe question—what, then, have we to do with her disputed boundary lines? Why should the United States take up her quarrel? There are fifty-seven millions of people in Spanish America, all of whom are of the same race, language, and religion as the Venezuelans. Why do they not rush to the assistance of their sister country? It concerns them more than it does us. The Spanish-Americans are an alien race; they are foreign to us in everything; there is much negro blood among them; they differ from us in language, in race, in color, and in religion. They do not like us. We do not like them. Why, then, assume their quarrels? If we undertake to defend the Spanish-American republics from aggression, we would be giving them a privilege denied to the States of this Union—that of forcing the United States into war. The State of California is under the control of the Federal Government; it therefore could be restrained from acting in any manner which would bring about a state of war between this country and a foreign power. If the coast of California were to be attacked by a foreign navy, the State of California would be defended by the Federal Government. The reason is plain—the State of California owes allegiance to the Federal Government, and would share in its defense if attacked. But Venezuela owes us no allegiance. If we were attacked, we could rely upon no aid from Venezuela. Therefore it is

folly for us to attempt to protect a distant republic over whose acts we have no control.

We do not wish to be understood as setting forth the British side in this dispute. We have no love for Great Britain. We think that in her treatment of all questions with weaker nations she is the most selfish and the most cowardly of the great powers. But cowardly and selfish as she is, she may be right in this dispute. The Boundary Commission called for by the President, and for which the House of Representatives has just voted funds, may so decide. In the interim, talk of war is premature.

If the people of the United States desire a war with Great Britain, let us fight for ourselves and not for South American republics. There are enough causes of quarrel. We have our Bebring Sea wrangles and our own boundary disputes. There is an ancient quarrel over the line between British Columbia and United States territory. It comes down from the old days of the disputed parallel of fifty-four degrees forty minutes, when the slogan in this country was "fifty-four forty or fight." If this country wants to fight with England, let us do so over our own disputed boundaries—conquer Canada, and make the continent American from the Gulf to the Arctic Seas. But we should not involve ourselves in war over a disputed boundary line running through tropical swamps and jungles and over lofty mountains, in a country thousands of miles away, and inhabited principally by "greasers," negroes, Indians, and monkeys.

But there will be no war. We think that after the lapse of a very brief period, the excited Republican Senators, Republican Congressmen, and Republican newspapers will simmer down, and will come to the disagreeable conclusion that President Cleveland's threats of foreign war were devised to distract public attention from the deplorable condition into which he and his party have brought our domestic affairs.

The annual world's fair of wines has just taken place at Bordeaux, and the wine countries of the world have there met in competition. If any Californian thinks that the wine-producing countries of the world are few in number, he ought to travel. In nearly every country in Continental Europe he will find native wines, and most of them very good indeed. He may travel through Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Germany, and drink native wines in each country. In fact, the only Continental country we recall where we did not observe native wines was Switzerland, and it is quite possible that the thrifty Swiss preferred to sell imported wines to the stranger, and drink their own, because they were cheaper. But in the recent exhibition of wines the fact, as we say, that the wine-producing countries are legion was borne out by the number of exhibits. Russia surprised everybody by her varied exhibits—she had wines from the Crimea, Bessarabia, the Caucasus, Turkistan, the Don, and Astracan. It was stated at the exposition that there were five hundred thousand acres planted in vines in Southern Russia, producing from eighty to ninety million American gallons each year—nearly six times as much as California produces. There were wines at the exhibit from all the wine districts of France—from the Médoc, the Burgundy, and the champagne districts; wines from the Midi, or South of France; wines from the French colonies, such as Algiers; wines from Spain, Bavaria, Italy, Portugal, Chile, Argentina, Russia, Cyprus, Greece, California, Austro-Hungary, Canary Islands, Madeira, Japan, Roumania, Switzerland, Sicily, Denmark, Norway, and Turkey.

It would be gratifying to our State pride to say that the wines from California had attracted most of the attention and won most of the prizes. But it would not be true. A few of our wines, both red and white, won prizes, but the French papers say that many bottles of wine have turned cloudy, and have become what wine-makers call *malade*. The French experts object to our corks, capsules, and labels. It may be that had corkage caused the poor condition of some of the wines. As to prizes, one silver and six bronze medals were awarded to California exhibitors. On the other hand, Australia received thirty-six. Yet few Californians look upon Australia as a serious competitor with California in wines. In brandies, however, California ranked higher than most countries, receiving three silver medals.

The management of our State institutions, penal and charitable, is attracting a good deal of official and popular attention just now. Governor Budd appears to be in earnest in his efforts to bring about something like uniformity in the cost of administration in the insane asylums, and he has heartily concurred in the proposition that the inmates of the penitentiaries and refugees should be made mutually helpful to the end of entire self-support. To the normal mind it seems self-evident that if the thing can be done, the convicts should

make not only the shoes, clothing, and blankets which they require themselves, but also those needed for the asylums, and that the inmates of the Institution for the Deaf, Blind, and Dumb should supply the hrooms for the prisons and the retreats for unfortunates. The prison directors, as well as the governor, take this view, and it has been announced that legislation will be asked to carry the plan into effect.

But the editorial mind is not always a normal mind. It is apt to be biased by politics. The workingman has a vote, and his prejudices and apparent immediate interests are therefore appealed to, regardless of the effect on the State treasury or the future welfare of those who are kept idle while in prison, and turned loose when their time is served uninstructed in any trade by which they may make an honest livelihood. The whole gospel of narrow demagoguery was set forth in a recent editorial in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The article admits that the State has nearly ten thousand persons in its institutions, mostly unemployed, but it objects to the utilization of the labor of these criminals or unfortunates in manufactures for institutional use. "In the long run," the *Chronicle* says, "the people can better afford to pay the free man, the honest, industrious mechanic, who is working for the support of himself and his family, a fair living wage than to put convict labor into competition with him."

This is mere midwinter madness. It has neither political economy, humanity, nor plain, practical sense to stand so. It is cruel to the convicts and unfortunates, and of no real service to the free laborer. For while our laws forbid the home market to the products of the prisons, they do not, and can not, forbid the importation of prison products from other States. Consequently, while the Californian taxpayer is burdened unnecessarily with the support of the incarcerated, the Californian workingman is compelled to compete with convict labor just the same. It is not right that either of these facts should be true, but neither can be disputed. The situation is as ridiculous as it is hard in its bearing on both the taxpayer and the workingman.

The *Argonaut* does not believe that the products of prisons should be permitted to compete with the products of free labor in the open market here or elsewhere; but it does believe in keeping convicts at work. It believes in compelling them to earn their bread and requiring them to make their clothes, and shoes, and blankets, and to supply the asylums with whatever the latter need that can be fabricated in prison work-shops. In short, it is plainly reasonable that all the penal and charitable institutions of the State should, if possible, be made by their inmates self-supporting. Beyond that the industry of the inmates should not go. That point reached, the right of the free workman to be protected from competition properly asserts itself and ought to be recognized. But any kind of logic which contends that a man behind a prison or an asylum door should be kept idle in order to give employment to a man outside, is a false and pernicious logic, of which an American workingman, not to speak of an American journalist, should be ashamed. Under the *Chronicle's* argument, made declaredly in behalf of the "dignity of labor," the more convicts we have in California the better for the State, for the more numerous the workless prisoners the more employment would accrue to the "honest, industrious mechanics." It is already the practice of adjoining States to pour in upon us their criminals, and lunatics, and idiots. According to the *Chronicle's* reasoning we should be thankful for this, and more thankful in proportion to the increase of such immigration.

The cost of our penitentiaries and charitable institutions has become appalling. They have been run, and are now being run, on a scale of lavishness which meets with the approval only of the beneficiaries who draw the salaries and furnish the supplies, and newspapers that care more for encouraging the unreasonable demands of the trades-unions than for the protection of the helpless citizens whose taxes, indefensibly high, must pay the bills. It is discouraging to officials who are acquainted with the wrong, and are seeking a remedy, to find themselves opposed in quarters to which they have a right to look for championship when they are assailed by sordidness and unthinking ignorance.

It would be too much to hope for, of course, that the trades-unions should take a look beyond their noses and speak out as intelligent citizens in behalf of common sense. The labor unions compose a trust, whose sole purpose is to keep up wages regardless of what the community may suffer. There are plenty of workingmen who understand as well as anybody the right and wrong of the problem of prison labor, but they are without the courage to lift their voices against the dull and selfish majority. But it is surprising to find a newspaper, which should be the guardian of the community's interests, deliberately turning its back on good sense and the general welfare and uttering fudge of the grossest sort to please that portion of the masses who are willing to sacrifice everybody else's rights so long as they are kept intrenched in their privileges.

The governor, the prison directors, and others who have

in hand schemes for rendering the prisons and other State institutions self-supporting, need not, however, be disheartened. The people of the State as a whole are reasonable beings, and do not let the newspapers do their thinking for them. The State has rights as well as the trades-unions, and the convicts and lunatics also have rights. Self-supporting institutions would be institutions with a high reformatory record, and the persons who should lose money by their becoming such are not the kind of persons that humane and patriotic citizens need suffer any concern about.

An *Argonaut* reader writing from Riverside, who signs himself "American Citizen," asks "whether it is true that there is an institution in San Francisco called the Magdalen Asylum, toward the maintenance of which the San Francisco taxpayers contribute, but which is under Roman Catholic control?" Yes, it is entirely true. The matter is one of such long standing and is so flagrant that the grand jury now in session is taking official cognizance of it. One of the committees of the grand jury has examined into the Magdalen Asylum matter, and has found that it is a Roman Catholic institution, and is conducted as a sectarian school. Section 8 of Article 9 of the constitution of California provides: "No public money shall ever be appropriated for the support of any sectarian or denominational school, or any school not under the exclusive control of the officers of the public schools."

This settles the Magdalen Asylum question. It is illegal for the city to pay public moneys toward the maintenance of a Roman Catholic or any other sectarian school. Even if it were not illegal, it would be a senseless waste of the taxpayers' money, for they are already taxed by the State to support a reformatory institution for young women—the Whittier Reform School. Why the board of supervisors, after San Francisco has paid her share of the State taxes to support a State reformatory institution, should make the taxpayers pay their money all over again to a Roman Catholic institution to do the same work, passes comprehension. It is on a par with the school board paying out the city's money to support a "municipal" normal school when there are three State normal schools in operation, for which San Francisco's taxpayers have paid their share. But paying the public money into the coffers of this Roman Catholic institution is more than a "waste" of money. It is illegal. We are glad to see that the grand jury has at last taken cognizance of this infraction of the law. No more public money must be paid to the Magdalen Asylum. San Francisco should send girls needing reformation to the State Reform School at Whittier.

The recent sale of eleven hundred and fifty acres of the Brittan estate near Redwood City last week was a striking one in many points. The land is some of the best on the peninsula. It lies near the railway, rises from level to gently rolling land, and extends back to the first range of foot-hills—spurs of the Sierra Morena Mountains. The land is good, and there are living streams of water upon it. It has been assessed at seventy dollars an acre, which was, of course, supposed to be much less than its value. But it sold for forty dollars an acre. Land-owners in that part of the country have been holding their land all the way from one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, as is the case with farmers near Redwood City, to two thousand dollars an acre, as is the case with the millionaires who own land around Burlingame. The prices realized at the Brittan sale must come in the nature of a disagreeable shock. If choice land near the railway, fifty minutes from San Francisco, and situated as the Brittan land is, sells for forty dollars an acre, a good many of our land-owning San Mateo millionaires will have to revise their own and their friends' figures of what they are worth.

The statements in various editorials in these columns concerning the influx of paupers, idiots, and other dependent persons into California from adjoining States are borne out by some recent statistics concerning the Whittier Reform School. There are eighty girls in this establishment, thirty-six of whom are natives of California. All of the rest came from other States. Thirty-two of the eighty sprang from parents born in the United States. Forty-eight of them are of foreign parentage. It is therefore apparent that this reform school, which is sustained by the money paid by the taxpayers of California, is supporting and reforming more girls from other States than from our own. Little more than one-third are Californians, and only about one-third were born in the United States. It is probable that this proportion of non-Californians—as shown by these statistics of the Whittier Reform School—would be even larger in the institutions maintaining adults.

KEEPING CONVICTS
IDLE TO MAKE
OUTSIDE WORK.

THE SWAMP GOBLIN.

A Wild Tale of the Old Slavery Days before the War.

Cyril Veoner was a slave-owner down in Arkasas, and a cruel one. There were oot many such, let the North say what it likes. But Venner was just as bad as bad could be. He almost justified the whole war itself. More than ooe girl committed suicide io his house, and he sold his own children. He always carried a shoted lash—"just to keep the flies off the niggers' backs," he said—aod kept blood-hounds. But his death was bad enough even for such a bad life.

He had an old slave called "Mo," who, they said, had saved Venner's life as a baby when the Old Mansion caught fire, and, years after, had saved his life again by taking io his own breast the knife-stab intended by a desperate slave for his master's. But Venner seemed to hate him all the worse, and was oever tired of ill-treating the faithful old mao, though his hair had grown white in his service and his poor scarred limbs were all shruoken with sickness aod sufferiog. And at last Mo ran away, "to die quietly io the swamp, by aod by," he said, and he took his little grandson Dollar with him. Venner was away at the time, and the other slaves helped Mo to get off, and they clubbed together to fill a hag for him with corn and put in a bottle of molasses for little Dollar—and so old Mo went.

When Veoner came back he was furious. He had a blood-hound out, but it was no use, for the scent was dead long ago. So he turned on the dog to strike it, but it spraog at him, and Venner had to empty his six-shooter into its head to save himself, and this seot him nearly mad with rage. He promised any slave his freedom who would fiod Mo and the child, and though none of them believed him, they had to go straight away from the platoon io gangs, under the overseers, and search for the runaways. They never thought they could find them, for Mo had been gone seven days, and, if he was alive, must have been clear out of the State by that time. But they began hunting all the place through, and, on the second day, one of the gangs came up to the Blood Swamp, aod there, right out in the middle of it, on a heap of snags and water-roots, with his bag heside him, was little Dollar sittiog. But no sign of old Mo. And they began shouting to the child, but, though it lifted its head up as if it heard them, it gave no other sign of life, but went on staring into the swamp in front of it. It was close on night and the mist was creeping up over the slime, so they lit fires and seot hack word that the ruoaways were foud.

Before daylight, Venner was there with his other blood-hound, and he looked as cruel as sin. As the fog lifted, they saw little Dollar sitting just where he was the night before, with his face set toward the very same spot in the swamp. It was no use for Venner to curse and shout. The child would just lift up his head for a momeot and then resume his watch on the swamp. So Venner told a slave to wade in. The man started, sinkiog deeper aod deeper as he weot, and then, all of a sudden, just when the black stuff was about up to his armpits, he gave a kind of cry and turned to come back. And if you could only have seen his face! It was like a man's who had gone mad with sudden fright. The same instant the swamp seemed to heave up close behind him. There was no splash; but the slave went under without a sound. They waited for him to come up, but the thick ooze leveled again over the spot, the great black bubbles hurst one by one, and in a few minutes there was not a trace of the spot where the slave had gone down.

"There's a hole there," said Venner, quietly, and he looked round the gang.

The men all seemed scared except Shucks, the brother of the drowned man. He was lookiog straight ahead at the place where the man sank.

"Go in, Shucks," said Venner, "and keep clear of that hole, mind you, or—I'll put a bullet into you."

And Shucks, without a word, stepped into the swamp. But his face, they say, was dreadful to look at, and he waded, step for step, exactly where the other had gone before him.

"Turn to one side," shouted Veoner, as he saw him going straight to his death. "Keep out of that hole," he screamed, pouring out oaths and stamping in his helpless fury.

And the infection of the excitement took them all as the slave neared the fatal spot, and every voice was raised in warniog. The blood-hound, thinking game was afoot, strained at his leash and hellowed. The horrible fascination of suicide was upon him. And Venner kept his word, for just as Shucks reached the spot, he drew his revolver and fired, and that instant Shucks went down. He made no effort for his life, but flung up his hands above his head and was gone.

A swell passed slowly over the swamp, the snags heaved up and sank again with a thick, gurgling noise, then all was quiet.

And there, exactly where he was before, sat little Dollar, staring straight in front of him into the horrid slime. But Venner was not to be heaten so easily. Two good slaves, it is true, were gone, but there were plenty more. So he went along the edge of the swamp for half a mile or so, till he came to where a long drift of dead-wood and water stuff had made a kind of jetty, and the end of it was not a hundred yards off the snag-heap that Dollar was sitting on, and he called an old slave, whom he sometimes treated a little better than the rest, and told him to go across and fetch the hoy. The old man walked along the drift as far as it would hear him, and then, feeling bottom with his feet, began to wade.

They watched him breathlessly. Even Venner was silent.

Nexrer and nexrer the old man got, every step as cautious as if he were going to surprise some sleeping thing, and at

every step sinking deeper into the ooze. At last he was almost withio reach of the child.

It had now shifted its gaze and was staring with eyes of blank, mad terror at the approaching man. Those who were watching saw the slave reach out his arm and throw it over a log. Then he dragged one leg up out of the rotting ooze, and they saw him get his knee upon the log and begin to pull himself up. And then—all of a sudden—the log seemed to slip round under him, and the old slave fell backward, right in front of the child. He did not sink at once, but struggled a little and grasped at the air. Aod then, just as before, it looked as if the swamp humped up. A thick ripple rolled toward the spot. The soag-heap on which Dollar was sittiog lifted a little and then gently sank again. The drift heaved perceptibly all down its length, but nothing more.

Venner stood with his eyes fixed on the black bubbles that marked the slave's dying struggle, and his face was as grim as face could be; but he suddenly roused himself, and, turning to an overseer, ordered the gang to begin collecting drift-wood at once.

"I'll make a bridge right across," he said, "and go and bring back the devil myself, or else, hy ———, it shall have me, too!" Had the wretched man then already formulated the uoosen terror? Had his fancy created some flesh-eating thing, reptile or goblin, that had dragged his slaves down under the swamp?

The slaves worked as slaves do, aod, as the jetty lengthened foot by foot, Venner tried his weight upon it and looked grimly across the lesseog gap at the child. Dollar watched them coming nexrer and nexrer, without any change of expression. The child was feeding itself from the bag heside it, but never moving its eyes from the slaves at work. And then evening began to close in and the heavy fog to rise from the swamp. But Venner would not stop work. A large dark-lantern was sent for, and the slaves, looking like demons as they passed into the streak of light and out of it, went on with their task, and foot by foot Venner found the causeway firm beoearth him. The light thrown along the causeway fell full upon the soag-heap, and on Dollar sittiog there, with his head hanging dowa in sleep. But the work went on.

"Mo is under those snags," said Venner, "and I'll have him out if I have to pull him out with my teeth."

And then came a check in the work; there was no bottom to be found. Load after load of roots and hraoches were thrown io, but let the slaves tread them down as they would, oo footing could be made. The sodden logs were rolled in, score after score, but always with the same result; the quagmire seemed bottomless. It was now midnight, but Venner would not halt in his reveoge. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"So long as the light is on the heap, Mo won't come out," he said; "if we turn it off and keep quiet, the darned 'possum 'll think we're gone, and come out for food, and as soon as we hear him, we'll turn the light on to him again, aod then, hy ———, I'll shoot him like a rat." So a dry platform was made for the master and a log placed for a seat, and there, when the blood-hound had lain down and the canteen of whisky been put by him, Venner sat down, turned off the lantern, and waited. Lest they should make any noise during the vigil, all the rest were sent off the jetty, and, lying down under the trees at the edge of the swamp, were soon asleep. Only one man—Harley, the overseer of the women—remained with him, sitting close behind. And there Venner waited for the old slave to creep out from his hiding-place to shoot him, as he said, like a rat. The night-mists thickened round them and there was utter silence. Harley had fallen asleep, but he woke up suddenly, hearing a branch snap. His master whispered something to him, but he could not hear what. But there was the sound of something stirring on the snag-heap, and a stealthy motion of the water as if something were creeping in the swamp, for the water lapped among the snags and the jetty softly swayed. The blood-hound heard it aod was up. Again the snapping of wood. A heavy foot was evidently upon the snags; and again came the dull plashing of the ooze.

"Mo's coming out," whispered Venner, and without a sound he flashed the light of the lantern on to the heap.

"And then," said Harley, as he told the story, "only God knows what happened. There was no Mo there. But I saw the Thing as plain as I see you now. It looked like a hairy hoat, keel upwards; and it was leaning on its elbows—just as a tarantula does—and its shoulders seemed like a man's, only hairy. I could not see its head. It seemed to be eating Dollar. But this was all in a second, for Mr. Venner jumped up and cried out something. And then he fired—and the dog gave a roar and a dash past him, and he must have struck the master as he sprang, for I saw Mr. Venner reel and fall right across the lantern-light into the swamp. And the Thing, sir, had left the heap then, and was turned around in the water and had got the dog. I leaned over to reach out my hand to Mr. Venner; but instead of stretching out his hand to me, I saw him hitting out with his revolver, and for half a minute there was an awful struggle—the man, the blood-hound, and the Thing; and then all the swamp seemed to hunch up, as it were—it was the Thing getting on top of Mr. Venner and the dog, I suppose—and then they all sank down together. The jetty swung so with the swell that I was afraid it would part, and I turned and ran."

And that was the end of Cyril Venner.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

In round figures, the exposition has cost the City of Atlanta \$825,000; the national government has spent \$200,000 on its building and exhibit; the State of New York, \$25,000; Pennsylvania, \$25,000; Massachusetts, \$25,000; Illinois, \$25,000; Alabama, \$20,000; Georgia, \$17,000 on their State buildings and exhibits, and various other States have spent large sums of money on their respective exhibits, so that a conservative estimate of the entire cost of the exposition would be \$5,000,000.

DUMAS AND HIS WIVES.

Some Curious Facts in his Life—His Relations with his Famous Father—A "Left-Handed" Dynasty of Geniuses—Dumas as a Father—Confessor of Dames.

Père Dumas ooce said of Dumas fils: "My son is a bundle of antitheses, of lights and shadows; he is lazily active, a sober epicure, an ecooomical prodigal; both credulous and suspicious, he is *blasé*, candid, careless and devoted at ooce; his speech is cold aod his hand is ready; he uses me as a whetstooe for his wit, and he loves me with all his heart; in a word, he is equally ready to steal my purse or to fight my battles. Now and again we quarrel, and, like the Prodigal Son, he runs away; but that very day I purchase a calf and fatten it up, sure that before a mooth is over he will return to eat his share."

Light words uttered half in jest, half in earnest, but with a fund of truth in them. In his caustic, good-humored way, the elder Dumas had gauged the personality of the youoger very accurately. They understood each other well, these two, which did not prevent their being deeply attached to one another, and the son who has just passed away cherished jealously a loving memory of his father. The room in which he died at Marly held the writing-table and easy chair of the author of the "Trois Mousquetaires," even the hed itself was one his father had lain in, and the walls are hung with portraits of Dumas père, and with that of General Dumas, his grandsire, about whom we have heard something of late, since it has pleased the friends and admirers of the Dumas dynasty to erect a statue to him.

As we all koow, it is a *dynastie de la main gauche*. Neither Dumas père nor Dumas fils was horn in wedlock. Ooe was the natural son of a mulatto woman, and the other the offspring of an obscure Parisian about whom history is very sileot; each, however, recognized his child—a good deed that brought the general posthumous fame and earoed for Dumas the life-long affection of his gifted son. The strain of negro blood was hardly perceptible in the youoger man, although in his father it was very decidedly marked. The son was considered very handsome in his early days, but when time thinned the fair locks and the supple limbs lost their elasticity, his physiognomy gaioed in power what it lost in elegance and beauty. We are told that Dumas fils once daoced divinely, and all through his life he has been beloved of women. It is hardly five months ago that he took to wife a woman who had shared his heart but not his home for many years. It was a romance of which all Paris was the confidant, and to-day much true sympathy is felt for the sorrowing widow who bore for so short a time the title of wife.

Of course, there were many people old-fashioned enough to think that a man should always remain faithful to his first choice, and so pity the late Mme. Alexandre Dumas, who had not considered it derogatory io her—a princess—to stoop to wed the famous author. But to a man who is still young in spirit, an elderly wife—considerably older than himself—an iovalid, does not appeal very stroogly, and pretty little Mme. Escalier, with her white camellia complexion, compared only too favorably with the faded valetudinarian.

Some time before this, Alexandre Dumas had realized the bulk of his fortune, so that he might place the woman he loved in an independent position whatever happened. As it was, he was able to give her more—his name. "I have great capabilities for loviog," says the author of "La Dame aux Camélias" of himself, "no special desire to be beloved. I do not want those who helong to me to love me, I only ask them to understand me when I show them the way to my heart—that is to say, I ask of them two very difficult things, confidence and submission." Probably the ex-princess was not submissive, and probably dainty little Mme. Escalier added a pretty submission and a charming confidence to her other attractions.

It is a known fact that Alexandre Dumas was continually appealed to by women with whom he was personally unacquainted for advice on different matters—generally matters of the heart. By many he was looked up to as a sort of lay father confessor. They never applied in vain, and he advised or consoled them to the best of his ability.

Nevertheless, he never volunteered advice to any one, and never asked it. In the early days of his career, he was very anxious to preserve his own personality, and never allowed himself to be influenced by his father's ideas. The elder Dumas arrived at the dress-rehearsals of his son's plays completely ignorant of all concerning them, "and when," the former admits, "I have made a suggestion, I must, in justice to him, declare that he invariably neglected to follow it." There were never two people more unlike than the two Dumas, and their natural dissimilarity was rendered still greater by this determination on the part of the younger man to preserve his own individuality of character and talent. He seemed to strive to he all that his father was not. The well-known prodigality of the father, from which his son suffered in his youth, rendered the latter careful of money, and he has frequently been accused of avarice, although with not much show of reason. The most ordinary economy would appear like parsimony when compared to the open-handed generosity and prodigality of Dumas père, who was always borrowiog from Peter to pay Paul, and who during the latter years of his life was completely dependent for the necessities of existence on his son.

Alexandre Dumas fils had reached the age of seventy-two, and as he commenced writing before he was twenty, his literary career was a long one. Comparatively speaking, the number of his works is rather limited. He was a laborious writer; he had inherited none of his father's extraordinary facility. He confesses to have been naturally rather idly inclined. Dumas fils died, as he lived, a free-thinker. "I have no fear of death," he wrote some time since, "everything seems to me so admirable and harmonious in this world, and I am convinced that this harmony is uninterrupted, and that it is in death as it is in life."

PARIS, November 29, 1895.

PARISINA.

UNPOPULAR PARKHURSTISM.

New York is Shocked by Recorder Goff, the Parkhurst Judge—
Women on the Langerman-Aub Trial—Parkhurst
Agents Arresting Decent Women.

New York is getting restless under Parkhurstism. There has long been a smoldering feeling of resentment at the methods of Parkhurst and his band of reformers. But since the extraordinary conduct of Recorder Goff in the case of Barbara Aub, this smoldering resentment has suddenly burst into flame.

Recorder Goff is the man who acted as prosecutor in the sittings of the Lexow Committee last winter. He it was who conducted the examinations of bribe-taking policemen, and carried terror into the ranks of the banded liquor-dealers and gambling-hell keepers. Such was the notoriety acquired by Goff in his rôle as public prosecutor in the Lexow Committee that he was swept into office on the crest of this wave of reform. Mr. Goff became Recorder Goff. He became the presiding official of the court of general sessions, the most important criminal court in New York city. He stepped into a comfortable berth which insured him a very large salary for a long term of years.

But Recorder Goff, while he may be a typical reformer, is not the stuff of which judges are made. His conduct upon the bench in the trial of Walter Langerman for assaulting Barbara Aub has shocked the community. Not a voice has been raised in his defense. When the Aub woman had confessed that her accusation against Langerman was false, Recorder Goff sedulously concealed this fact until he had an opportunity of delivering from the bench a philippic against Langerman. As I wrote last week, he denounced Langerman in unmeasured terms, and then closed with a dramatic climax by announcing Barbara Aub's confession. Although the case against Langerman was dismissed, the recorder ordered him confined in the House of Detention under heavy bonds, as a witness against the Aub girl. The confession of Barbara Aub was made to Recorder Goff in the presence of witnesses on Thursday night—Thanksgiving night. Langerman's sentence had been set for the following Friday. Recorder Goff postponed it until the following Monday. A man accused of an infamous crime, yet who had been cleared of that crime by the confession of the complainant, was thus kept by Goff in prison from Thursday until the following Monday, although the recorder knew that the man was innocent. He kept the facts not only from the public and the prisoner, but also from his judicial colleagues, and from the district attorney, who had a right, as an official of the court, to know it. He then called Langerman up on Monday, and made the dramatic harangue of which I have spoken.

Langerman's attorneys were filled with indignation at his treatment, and made application to Justice Andrews of the supreme court for a writ of *habeas corpus*. When Judge Andrews examined the papers he at once granted the writ; but before it could be served, Recorder Goff, finding that he was getting himself into a hole, issued an order discharging Langerman from custody. Thus the matter stands at present.

The Aub girl has since been figuring in the papers as making confessions and counter-confessions. Her record has been closely searched, and, while it is not exactly a bad one, it is not very good. She has been accused by one Lawrence Olsen of trying to black-mail him into marrying her five years ago. She denies this, but his narrative is circumstantial.

For Langerman there is no sympathy. He is a low fellow, who has lived the life of a swinish, sensual animal. He has not even the grace to be ashamed of it, but has flaunted his cheap amours in the light of day. He was named as co-respondent in a suit for divorce brought in 1889 by Dr. Eugene L. Kauffman against Minnie Seligman Kauffman. No specific allegations were made against Langerman in this case, but, none the less, the fellow boasted of it as if it had been a feather in his cap. Therefore it is that I say no sympathy is felt for him. But his trial shows the danger to which better men than he might be exposed, and the unheard-of conduct of the recorder has alarmed the public. As I said, there is not a single voice raised in defense of Recorder Goff, and many say he ought to be impeached. Even lawyers, who are generally careful in speaking about judges, do not hesitate to condemn him. It is but fair to say, however, that it is only the lawyers who do not practice in the criminal courts who express themselves freely. As to the criminal lawyers, they all request the reporters not to use their names.

One of the papers here has secured a verdict from a jury of twelve women instead of twelve men. They put their views in writing. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says: "Barbara Aub should be punished for perjury. The majesty of the law must be sustained, but I believe in reformation rather than in punishment. She should go to a reformatory." Phoebe A. Hanaford is more radical than Mrs. Stanton. She says: "If the man goes free with all his sins upon him, the young woman should also." Miss Hanaford ignores the fact that Barbara Aub is not to be tried for her "sin," which was a mutual act of her own and Langerman's, but which was not an infraction of the civil but of the moral law. She is to be tried for her perjury, which is an offense against the civil as well as the moral law. Miss Hanaford goes on: "If Langerman had been sent to prison, New York would have been rid of one more rascal. Barbara Aub has suffered enough already through this man's wickedness, and though self-convicted of perjury, the fact that she made confession of her guilt and crime should recommend her to mercy. Of course, the law must be upheld, but the woman should not go to prison unless the man does. Her confession should answer for atonement." According to this peculiar reasoning, a woman has a right to bring any kind of an infamous charge against a man if she subsequently retracts it. I do not admire Miss Hanaford's peculiar order of brain. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis is more reasonable than Miss

Hanaford. She says: "This case may result in rendering it difficult for women and girls to obtain justice, as there will exist a doubt as to the truth of charges brought by them in the future. But, however criminal this man may be, Barbara Aub should receive the full penalty of the law for the sin of perjury." Mrs. Belva Lockwood, herself a lawyer, is more logical than some of her sisters. She says: "It is hardly possible to imagine anything more heinous than Barbara Aub's crime. If the reputation of a bad man can be assailed by such means, the reputation of a good man may be attacked in the same manner. Langerman's reputation has nothing to do with the affair. As for Barbara Aub, she ought to be imprisoned for a term of years. She deserves no mercy. I believe in man's rights as much as in woman's rights. A man's reputation is always at the mercy of any woman who chooses to swear to a lie against him." Ada C. Sweet says: "Barbara's crime is against society, the State, and especially against womanhood. She should be punished according to the law." Mrs. A. M. Palmer, wife of the well-known stage-manager, writes: "I would like to acquit Barbara Aub if it were possible, and if it is not possible to acquit, I would give her the lightest of light punishments." Elizabeth Archard Conner says: "This case will work dangerously against other girls. Barbara Aub should be sent to some reformatory." Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake writes: "There is too much hasty judgment in the world. As for this girl, I can only feel as charitable as possible." Kate E. Hogan writes: "Barbara Aub is a dangerous person—either a black-mailer or a moral degenerate. It was a dreadful crime for this girl to accuse the man falsely and have his liberty taken away." Eunice W. Beecher, the widow of the famous clergyman, Henry Ward Beecher, writes: "Women like Barbara Aub, who make vile charges against innocent men, are more dangerous than any other class. They should be severely dealt with. She should be punished for perjury according to the law." Mme. Janauschek writes: "Where both the man and the woman are guilty, both should pay the penalty. The man should not go free and the woman he wronged be condemned. Her confession is in part an atonement." Mme. Janauschek shares the extraordinary confusion of ideas which Miss Hanaford entertained. She does not see that Langerman's act was not a crime in the eyes of the law, when the woman was a consenting agent. Cynthia Westover writes: "The fact that Langerman is low and brutal does not excuse the grievous crime of Barbara Aub in accusing him wrongfully. She should be punished."

From the foregoing, it may be seen that even women, who, as a rule, are hard to convince in a case like this, believe in punishing Barbara Aub. It shows how much the community has been shocked by Recorder Goff's treatment of Langerman. As Goff is, in a way, the exponent of the Parkhurst reformers, it has caused the smoldering discontent of which I spoke to burst into flame. It has been intensified by the fact that within the last fortnight a number of Parkhurst agents have been going around the streets of New York, accosting women, and then bawling them arrested for soliciting. They have carried this too far, however, because in several cases they have had decent women arrested. Two janitors' wives in down-town buildings were arrested, and released on the showing of their husbands that they were respectable women. Altogether, the Parkhurst reformers are bringing themselves and their methods into very bad odor.

NEW YORK, December 12, 1895.

OLD FAVORITES.

Mercedes.

Under a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smolder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,
He knows where the red gold lies;
He knows where the diamonds shine.
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground,
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up,
I tear its flaming leaves apart;
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate,
In the hedge I lay in wait:
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day;
Then I rose and stole away,
But left my dagger in the gate,
Now she knows her lover's fate!

—Elizabeth Stoddard.

On the first working day of Congress, bills for public buildings amounting to \$3,550,000 were introduced in the House, and others amounting to \$4,000,000 in the Senate, the latter exclusive of one for increasing to \$1,500,000 the cost of St. Paul's buildings. Americus, Anniston, Salem, Ala., and Salem, Or., Fitchburg, Stockton, Holyoke, Aberdeen, Deadwood, Butte City, Newport News, Spokane Falls, and Walla Walla figured among the places thus demanding buildings. Mr. Squire modestly asked for the State of Washington alone four buildings, aggregating \$1,200,000. In only a solitary case, apparently, that of Americus, was so little as \$50,000 asked. This part of the draft on the public revenues has thus started with vigor and dispatch.

All the electric-car lines of Genoa have been stopped by a decree of the Syndic, on account of the frequency of accidents. The hills of Genoa are very steep, and the people of the town were so much alarmed at the possible consequences of a runaway that they threatened violence.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Victoria Morosini-Schilling, who started the fashion of eloping with coachmeo, is now in St. Joseph's Convent, in Rutland, Vt.

Professor Dyche, the distinguished naturalist, is entirely self-taught. When thirteen years old he had not yet learned the alphabet.

Congressman Harry Miner, from New York, whose brilliant raiment is the wonder of Washington, has been dubbed "the lily of the valet."

Mlle. About, daughter of the late Edmond About, was married the other day, in Paris, to M. Pierre de Courcelle, a son of the dramatist of that name. The late Alexandre Dumas was to have given her away, but, owing to his illness, his place was taken by M. Henner, the artist.

Theodore Havemeyer has resigned his post as Austrian consul-general at New York, after having held the office for twenty-five years. It is said that his successor will bring him a patent of nobility from the Emperor Francis Joseph, in recognition of his long and faithful service.

"London ought to take a long breath," says the *Figaro*. "Lady Henry Somerset, accompanied by that other 'wild woman,' Miss Frances Willard, left Brindisi on November 24th for Bombay in the *Caledonia*. It is to be regretted that Miss Jane Cakebread could not make one of the party."

The Prince of Wales was once asked how he liked having relatives in business—an allusion to the two brothers of the Marquis of Lorne, one of whom is a stock-broker, while the other is in the tea trade. "If ——— would have me," answered his royal highness, mentioning a shop-keeper on a huge scale, "I would go into partnership with him myself to-morrow."

Failure of Senator Hill's Western lecture tour indicates that the curiosity of the people to see the defender of Tammany methods in politics, the hero of the celebrated "snap convention," and the once ambitious rival of Mr. Cleveland as the leader of New York Democracy, was not great enough to cause them to pay a high price to listen to what a Chicago paper calls "a string of platitudes on liberty, mitigated by demagoguery."

The new American duchess will be presented at court "on her marriage" next season by either her grandmother-in-law or her mother-in-law. The former, the Dowager-Duchess of Marlborough, is now staying at Branksome Dene, the place of her son-in-law, Lord Wimborne, near Bournemouth; and her mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Blanford, is, with her daughters, at her town house in Lowndes Square.

W. D. Howells's name is misspelled on the programme of the Avenue Theatre in London, where "The Garroters," rechristened "A Dangerous Ruffian," is triumphant as a curtain-raiser; his name appears as "W. D. Howels" in the City Directory, and an indiscreet gossip says that a merchant of New York recently telephoned to one of the novelist's publishers, saying: "A man named Howells refers to you. Do you know him?"

By the promotion of Thomas O. Selfridge to a rear-admiralship, it happens for the first time in American history that a father and his son are both on the navy lists at the same time as rear-admirals. The father, appointed a midshipman in 1818, is a hale and bearty veteran of ninety-four years, while the son was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1853. He was in command of the gun-deck battery of the old *Cumberland* when the *Merrimac* sunk it in 1862.

No other painter has a home of such artistic luxuriousness as Alma-Tadema. Perhaps its most remarkable feature is the wall, which is paneled with tall, slim pictures, each of them by a different painter. Leighton, Boughton, Sargent, Calderon, and a full score of the artist's friends have contributed to this remarkable embellishment. Another feature is the oak and ivory piano, on the lid of which, inside, are inscribed by their own hands the names of the most celebrated singers and musicians of Europe.

A young Englishman who will, in the natural course of events, become the Duke of Montrose, has started on a globe-trotting tour, in the course of which he will visit San Francisco. He is the Marquis of Graham, and although but seventeen years of age, may have his heart stirred and later return to claim a bride. The famous Duchess of Montrose, whose penchant for horse-racing was so marked, was married three times, and was the original of the character the Duchess of Milford in "The Derby Winner."

Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, who died recently, was neither a Turk nor a Mohammedan, but an Italian Catholic born in Hamburg. He began life as an interpreter in the Turkish service, in which he rose to the highest posts. He had been the Sultan's envoy to Italy, to the Vatican, to Russia, and Governor-General of the Lebanon, which he administered to the satisfaction of the European powers. He was seventy-five years old when appointed to the Court of St. James's, and eighty-three when he died.

Jabez Balfour has just been sentenced at London to fourteen years' imprisonment. It is estimated that five hundred thousand dollars have been spent in keeping him out of the clutches of justice. A professional philanthropist, he employed his opportunities to cozen ministers, curates, widows, and guardians on promises that only the immature could have believed to be honest. The so-called "Liberator companies" were, in plain terms, swindles, but their character was not developed until after Balfour and his copartners had got away with nearly five millions of dollars of savings, the loss of which ruined, by actual record, nearly forty thousand persons.

"ECHOES OF THE PLAYHOUSE."

A New Collection of Stage Anecdotes—Queen Anne's Excellent Innovation—Tales of Garrick, Peg Woffington, and Others.

"Echoes of the Playhouse," by Edward Robins, Jr., is a work in a similar vein to Wingate's "Shakespeare's Heroines," which we noticed at some length in a recent issue, and much of the same matter appears in both. But, unlike the latter work, it confines itself to earlier times, as is intimated in the sub-title, "Reminiscences of Some Past Glories of the English Stage." Though chronologically arranged, it is largely anecdotal in its nature, and the writer has been burrowing so deeply into memoirs of stage life that his pages are well sprinkled with quotation marks. Indeed, for the most part, the volume is little else than a collection of well-chosen extracts. We quote from the book concerning an old custom which Queen Anne had the good sense to do away with:

The greatest confusion came from a custom which Anne, who was no enthusiastic admirer of the theatre, but who had a keen sense of decorum and decency, tried hard to correct. This was in allowing members of the audience to sit on the stage during the performance, mingle with the actors, stroll behind the scenes, and even penetrate into the dressing-rooms of the actresses. It is hard to picture such a helter-skelter state of affairs in the nineteenth century, when even the meanest theatre has stringent regulations as to the admission of outsiders into the quarters of the performers. Imagine Mr. Irving acting Hamlet with some of his audience nonchalantly reclining on chairs or sofas placed near the wings; or, worse still, think of empty-headed specimens of the *jeunesse dorée* calmly walking around the players and almost jostling them, while the latter were speaking their lines; then stumbling out among the scene-shifters, and finally ending by superintending the toilets and make-up of the feminine members of the company. Yet an anomaly like this was patiently endured when Anne came to the throne, probably because the public was hardened to the whole wretched business.

The following anecdote concerning James Quin, of fighting renown, has a similar ring to one told of a leading man and manager of our own day:

He soon had a falling out with Rich, the manager, and went off in a huff to Bath (1748), where he resided until the beginning of the next season. Then he sent the following brief note to Rich, intending it, probably, in the double light of an apology and a gentle reminder: "I am at Bath. Quin." To this the manager laconically replied: "Stay there and be damned. Rich."

Macklin's famous innovation when he revolutionized the usual conception of Shylock, ceasing to play it from the low-comedy standpoint, is told at length. He writes himself of his triumph, ending thus:

"On my return to the greenroom after the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner, and the situation I felt myself in, I must confess, was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life. No money, no title could purchase what I felt. And let no man tell me after this what Fame will not inspire a man to do, and bow far the attainment of it will not remunerate his greatest labors. By G—, sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was Charles the Great for that night."

There is much space devoted to Garrick, but this anecdote is sufficient to show his standing as a man and as an actor:

A curious distinction was made by Arthur Murphy, the actor, between Garrick's private and professional life. "Mr. Murphy, sir, you knew Mr. Garrick?" "Yes, sir, I did, and no man better." "Well, sir, what did you think of his acting?" After a pause: "Well, sir, off the stage he was a mean, sneaking little fellow. But on the stage—throwing up his hands and eyes—oh, my great God!"

Garrick's disastrous attempt to introduce what would now be called a spectacular play is interesting:

In November, 1755, there was produced, after the most elaborate preparations, a spectacle called "The Chinese Festival," in which rich costumes, fine scenic effects, music, dancing, and a variety of other features made up a performance of a kind that would be highly popular in these "degenerate" days. The affair might have been just as popular then, had not an unfortunate matter, which had no real bearing on this "Chinese" or any other "Festival," arisen at that time. This was the breaking out of hostilities between England and France, and the London public, in its frantic endeavors to be patriotic, lost all common sense—as the public will do at certain seasons—and took violent umbrage because Mr. Garrick's new venture enlisted the services of a number of French dancers.

For five nights the theatre was the scene of tumults, the occupants of the boxes sustaining Mr. Garrick, and thereby only infuriating the more the malcontents in the pit and galleries, who insisted on having the spectacle withdrawn from the boards altogether. As a climax to the disorder, some gentlemen jumped from their boxes, into the pit, and entered, sword in hand, into a conflict with the ringleaders; blood was shed, women screamed and fainted, as was to be expected, and the now exasperated mob ended up by wrecking the inside of the theatre and doing as much incidental damage as possible. Garrick actually feared for his life, and the rioters repaired to his house, where they smashed the windows as a slight mark of their august disapproval.

There are many pathetic tales of last appearances, but we quote but one—that of Peg Woffington's last night on the boards. Tate Wilkinson, a young actor, tells the story:

"She went through 'Rosalind' for four acts without my perceiving that she was in the least disordered; but in the fifth act she complained of great indisposition. I offered her my arm, which she graciously accepted. I thought she looked softened in her manner, and had less of the hauteur. When she came off at the quick change of dress, she again complained of being ill, but got accoutred, and returned to finish the part, and pronounced the Epilogue speech, 'If it be true, that good wine needs no bush,' etc. But when she arrived at 'If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had heads,' etc., her voice broke—she faltered—endeavored to go on, but could not proceed; then, in a voice of tremor,

exclaimed: 'Oh, God! Oh, God!' and tottered to the stage-door speechless, where she was caught. The audience, of course, applauded till she was out of sight, and then sunk into awful looks of astonishment, both young and old, before and behind the curtain, to see one of the most handsome women of the age, a favorite principal actress, and who had for several seasons given high entertainment, struck so suddenly by the hand of Death, in such a time and place and in the prime of life."

The illustrations in the book are numerous and of unusual interest.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

Old Favorites in New Dress.

Among the holiday publications this year there is an old friend in a new guise. It is "Robinson Crusoe," but so bedizened that he is scarcely recognizable. The book is a square octavo of three hundred-odd pages, with some eighty black-and-white drawings, and a number of colored pictures which look like chromo-zincographs. The colored pictures are not good, and the black-and-whites are only mediocre. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.; price, \$2.50.

The latest issue in the Elia Series is Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," containing the first preface and that written in 1871 and the three lectures: "Of Kings' Treasures," "Of Queens' Gardens," and "The Mystery of Life and Its Arts." It is a very tasteful edition of the book; the type is clear, the deckle-edge paper takes a clean impression, and the cover is bound in dark green ozeal calf, with a design in black and the title in letters of gold. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.25.

One of the publishers' innovations of late years is the replacing of the enormous holiday gift books, so called—which were so big that no one could read them, and so heavy that no one could handle them—by handsome library editions of standard works. This year there is among these a handsome two-volume edition of "Spain and the Spaniards," by Edmondo de Amicis. We call this book a "standard" because De Amicis is probably the best-known modern Italian writer. His books on Spain, Holland, and Constantinople have been translated into all the languages of modern Europe. He is a most popular writer. This edition is a handsomely printed one, with an elaborate binding, and contains some forty-odd illustrations. These are photogravures, and very well done. They include such interesting bits of Spain as the Alhambra, the Alcazar at Seville, the Valley of the Darro, the Royal Palace at Madrid, and reproductions of some of the famous pictures in the Spanish galleries by Murillo. The work is in two volumes, octavo, and contains a good index and a map. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, in cloth, \$5.00.

Books for Children.

"The Young Pretenders," by Edith Henrietta Fowler, a pretty story of two imaginative children who live in an English country-house, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Paddy O'Leary and his Wonderful Pig," by Elizabeth W. Champney, a rollicking little Irish story in which there is just enough pathos to make the fun all the more acceptable, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls" is a picture-book that little children will enjoy. Bertha Upton tells the story, in jingling rhyme, of the high revel enjoyed by two Dutch dolls in a toyshop at "the midnight hour, when dolls and toys taste human joys and revel in their power." Their pranks are also shown by Florence K. Upton in an amusing series of colored pictures. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"The Brownies Through the Union" is Palmer Cox's latest book on his now famous fairies. Their journey extends from New York to California, and they see everything worth seeing, from the coal mines of Pennsylvania to the wild cattle of Texas, logging-camps of Michigan to the Big Trees of California. Their adventures are narrated in rhyme, and these are accompanied by Mr. Cox's inimitable pictures. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Snow Bird and the Water Tiger and Other American Indian Tales," by Margaret Compton, is a book of fairy stories founded on the legends of the North American aborigines, as recorded in the government reports of Indian life and in the standard works of Schoolcraft, Copway, and Catlin. There is both poetry and humor in these stories of birds, and beasts, and spirits; children will find them very entertaining. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Mr. Rabbit at Home" is Joel Chandler Harris's latest book of marvelous tales for children. In it Buster John and Sweetest Susan, accompanied by Drusilla, the amusing little darkey child, go through the spring—very much as Alice went through the looking-glass—and come upon many strange and surprising things in Mr. Rabbit's country. The story is a sequel to "Little Mr. Tumblefinger

and his Queer Country." Oliver Herford provides the illustrations. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Stories and Poems for Children" is as dainty in its cover of green and gold as a children's book by Celia Thaxter should be. The first half of the volume is given up to prose tales, very charming ones, distinguished by the fine finish peculiar to her verses; but the true value of the book lies in its poems. Celia Thaxter is one of the sweetest of poetesses, and her work breathes forth the love of nature that is inherent in children and that will find an echo in their hearts. Poems like these, full of pretty fancies and delicate beauty, will never be unappreciated. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Heart of a Boy (Cuore)," by Edmondo de Amicis, has been translated from the Italian by G. Mantellini. It has reached the one hundred and sixty-sixth edition in the original, but is hardly likely to prove so popular with youthful American readers. It is in the form of a journal, and it recounts all the daily happenings, at school, at home, and abroad, that take up a school-boy's mind. There is a plentiful variety of incident, and the fresh scenes and genuine foreign flavor lend it interest. It is written, too, with a pleasant simplicity and unconsciousness, but it is rather long-drawn-out, and has something of the heaviness of the old-fashioned moral tale. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

Andrew Lang has made numerous collections and translations of other people's fairy tales in the past, but "My Own Fairy Book" is his first original effort in that line. It is, he tells us, made up altogether out of his own head, and it is a volume that will please the children well. They will find the adventures of Prince Priglio delightfully humorous, and also the climax of the tale, where he outwits the cross fairy of his christening party who wished that he should be "too clever." The children who like something in a tenderer vein will enjoy the pretty story called "The Gold of Fairnilee," where they will read of a Scotch lad and lassie who looked into a wishing-well, and of the many strange consequences thereof. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Mark Twain on the Lecture Platform.

Mark Twain's success in Australia as a lecturer continues unabated. His tour, which will last a year, extends over all the Australian colonies, New Zealand, Mauritius, Ceylon, and South Africa. He had an offer of ten thousand dollars for ten lectures in London, but for the present had to refuse it. He will finish his colonial tour, and get the resultant book on these hitherto unvisited countries, to be called "A Tramp Abroad, Volume II.," off his hands before thinking of a trip to England. An Australian correspondent of the *Sketch* gives this account of him as a story-teller—for he objects to being called a lecturer—and his "At Homes" consist in his re-telling, with fresh touches, stories from his published books:

"Mark Twain steals unobtrusively on to the platform, dressed in the regulation evening clothes, with the trouser-pockets cut high up, into which he occasionally dives both hands. He bows with a quiet dignity to the roaring cheers which greet him. Then, with scarcely any prelude, he gets under weigh with his first story. His long, shaggy, white hair surmounts a face full of intellectual fire. The eyes, arched with bushy brows, and which seem to be closed most of the time while he is speaking, flash out now and then from their deep sockets with a genial, kindly, pathetic look. He talks in short sentences, with a peculiar smack of the lips at the end of each. His language is just that of his books, showing an utter disregard for the polished diction of most lecturers. 'It was not 'is always 'twarn't' with Mark Twain, and 'mighty fine' and 'my kingdom' and 'they done it,' and 'catched,' crop up profusely during his talk. He speaks slowly, lazily, and wearily, as of a man dropping off to sleep, rarely raising his voice above a conversational tone; but it is that characteristic nasal sound which penetrates to the back of the largest building. His figure is rather slight, not above middle height, and the whole man suggests an utter lack of physical energy. With the exception of an occasional curious trot, as when recounting his buck-jumping experiences, Mark Twain stands perfectly still in one place during the whole of the time he is talking to the audience. He rarely moves his arms, unless it is to adjust his spectacles or to show by action how a certain thing was done. His characteristic attitude is to stand quite still, with the right arm across the abdomen and the left resting on it and supporting his chin. In this way he talks on for nearly two hours; and, while the audience is laughing uproariously, he never by any chance relapses into a smile."

Miss Anna Miller Wood, the San Francisco singer, a pupil of Mme. Julie Rosewald, after a sojourn of almost a year in London, where she continued her studies with Mr. Georg Henschel and Mr. William Shakespeare, has returned to the United States, and is now in Boston, where she has decided to remain for the present, and has accepted the position of contralto of the First Unitarian Church at a large salary. Mr. Arthur Foote, the celebrated composer, is organist of the church. During his summer vacation, spent in London, Mr. Foote heard Miss Wood sing at a reception at Alma Tadema's studio, and on her arrival in Boston, in November, he at once offered her the position, and secured her voice for his church. Miss Wood has also made many engagements for concerts and oratorios during the winter in Boston and also in Orange and New York.

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A lady's glass is incomplete without one. It is a labor-saving device—you can keep your glass to your eyes easily and gracefully without tiring your arm. Some glasses have handles attached—we can match and fit any opera-glass.

A LORGNETTE

lends an indescribable air of refinement and grace. It is so easily carried, so quickly lifted into place, in itself so graceful and *chic*, that probably for many years it will be as stylish as it is at present. It is, in tortoise-shell, silver, or silver-gilt, a very charming gift. We have a large variety of the popular "glove" and "half-length" lorgnettes.

There are many articles which lack of space forbids a detailed description of. We have issued a handsomely illustrated booklet entitled "Hints for the Holidays." Sent free upon application.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Treacherous Husband, False Friend.

Mr. Percy White's novel, "Corruption," has not a pretty title, nor is the hook a wholly pleasant one, but it is well named. It treats of the deterioration and downfall of a Parliamentary leader whose sole end is his own advancement, and who plays the part of treacherous husband and false friend. He and the woman he loves, the frail wife of his friend, make a law for themselves of their own pleasure, and succeed in ruining their own and others' lives. The career of Paul Carew, the hero of the book, bears a resemblance, possibly intentional, to that of Parnell.

Though the story deals with the disillusionizing theme of guilt and depravity following on a defiance of moral law, it is cleanly told. Mr. Percy White has already shown a curious talent for stripping bare the baser, sordid side of humanity, and he displays this pessimistic trait here in a marked degree. He has, however, acquired a lighter and firmer touch. If the dialogue is at times too epigrammatic to be natural, the style is lucid and the story interesting.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

More Stories of the Tennessee Mountains.

"Charles Egbert Craddock" (Mary N. Murfree) is still true to the Tennessee mountains, though rivals are springing up who know these scenes as well as she. Her latest volume, "The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain," contains four stories, the first taking up more than half the volume. It is a tale of the discovery of oil in a region where the superstitious fears of the natives have been excited by luminous and, to them, unexplainable appearances on the rugged side of the mountain.

The physical features of the country and the gigantic sinister face limned on the mountain side are described with Miss Murfree's usual skill; but, as is not uncommon with her, the setting supersedes in interest the thread of her tale. She can portray a picturesque environment and create characters true to life, but her stories are apt to run on a dead level and to rise to no climax of interest. That is, perhaps, the reason why her tales of moonshiners and "revenuers," of sun-bonneted maids and hardy mountaineers, begin to meet with a fading interest. We know them all too well.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Volumes of the "Century" and "St. Nicholas."

The fiftieth volume of the *Century*, containing the numbers of the magazine for the past six months, has appeared. Perhaps the most notable feature of the volume is Professor William M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," which is not yet completed. A contrast in the character of the two Napoleons is furnished by Miss Anna L. Bicknell's reminiscences of "Life in the Tuileries Under the Second Empire." A paper that has attracted wide attention all over the world is "The Battle of the Yalu," by Commander McGiffen, who was in charge of the Chinese warship *Chen Yuen*, the first representative of Western civilization to take part in a naval engagement between vessels armed with modern guns and equipments. Supplemental to this paper is "Lessons From the Yalu Fight," by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the great naval historian and tactician. Max Nordau is represented by a lively "Answer to My Critics," while Professor Cesare Lombroso discusses the value and the errors of Nordau's "Degeneration," which was dedicated to him. In the line of fiction there are the closing portions of Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio," the whole of Julia Magruder's "Princess Sonia," and many short stories by favorite writers.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$3.00.

Two handsome bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* contain the numbers for the past year. Here one will find Palmer Cox's irrepressible Brownies, on their tour through the Union; Howard Pyle's brave "Jack Ballister," who got the best of Blackbeard's piratical crew; Albert Stearns's "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp"; Napoleon's dashing page, in Elbridge S. Brooks's "A Boy of the First Empire"; "The Quadrupeds of North America," of all sorts and conditions, described by W. T. Hornaday; and a number of famous horses, historic and legendary, written about by James Baldwin. There are a series of sketches in a simple and sympathetic vein of "Famous American Authors," by Brander Matthews, and Theodore Roosevelt's "Hero-Tales from American History." Aside from these serial features the volumes are crowded with stories, sketches, and verses that will help as well as amuse childish readers. One of the best of Rudyard Kipling's jungle stories, "The King's Ankus," is printed in one of these volumes.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

A Story of Twin Brothers.

The woman who gives Henry Seton Merriman's novel, "The Grey Lady," its title is not the heroine of the tale or its most interesting personage, but she exerts a determining influence on the twin brothers of whom the story is told.

These young fellows come of a family that has

always had a Henry Fitzhenry in the Royal Navy, and they are both destined for the service. But, while they are alike in ability and love for the sea, Henry seems to have absorbed all the good fortune fate has allotted to their twin souls, and Luke all the evil. When Luke fails to enter the navy and is driven from her home by their aunt, the grey lady, their careers take different paths. Henry wins high honor in his profession and marries the girl of his choice. Luke, on the other hand, does well in the merchant service, until the mercenary spirit of the woman he loves, augmented by the vacillations of the supposedly wealthy aunt in favoritism between the nephews, lures him to wrecking a great passenger steamer.

The two girls—one an orphan with a delightful old sea-dog of an uncle, and the other cursed with a weak and silly mother; the world-weary but kindly Majorcan count; the unscrupulous insurance man; and the editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, are all well-drawn characters, and the events that bring them into the two young fellows' lives constitute an absorbing story.

Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"The German Declensions Made Easy for Beginners," by William R. Wheatley, A. B., a little pamphlet to be used in connection with any good first German book, has been published by C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.; price, 15 cents.

A "Canon Farrar Year Book" has been prepared by W. M. L. Jay. Under each date in the year is given a selection from one of Archdeacon Farrar's fourteen published books, preceded by a text from the Scriptures, and followed, where there is still room on the page, by an appropriate selection from one of the poets. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Some Unconventional People," by Mrs. J. Gladwin Jehu, is a volume of short stories whose scenes range over a wide extent of country. Mexico and Central and South America are all represented, and the writer displays a pretty thorough acquaintance with Spanish-American manners and customs. The stories are, most of them, in a humorous vein, consisting principally of character sketches. They are constructed of slight incidents, but they have a happy knack of rising to a climax, and they furnish a certain degree of amusement. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

"In the Smoke of War," by Walter Raymond, is a story of the days of the Roundheads and Cavaliers—not a pretty tale of a Puritan maid and a heruffled courtier of King Charles, but a strong story of the harried English peasants who were ground beneath the upper and the nether stones until their sufferings goaded them to madness. The particular peasants of this tale are an old miller and his beautiful daughter and the two suitors for her hand—an enthusiastic Roundhead and a cowardly farmer, whose sympathies lie with those who will insure him a full purse and a whole skin. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A pleasantly written series of papers by Susan Coolidge has been gathered into a volume called "An Old Convent School in Paris." It dips into the past, and relates the career of the brilliant Hélène Massalski, of Louis the Sixteenth's court, who married the Prince de Ligne, and afterward became the Countess Potocki. "The Girlhood of an Autocrat" is an interesting account of the early days of Catherine the Second of Russia. A chatty paper called "The Duc de Saint-Simon" discusses the memoirs of that nobleman, written in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. It is an entertaining volume, semi-biographical in its nature, and as attractive as a romance in its vividness. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"A Colonial Wooing," by Charles Conrad Abbott, goes back to the years of the early Quaker settlements in America. The story, which seems to be founded on a real incident gathered from old papers, relates the wooing of a Quaker maiden by a youth who meets with the disapproval of her step-father. How he overcame difficulties and sped his suit is the burden of the tale. The book is built up of slender material, and seems hardly worth the telling. The enthusiasm of the writer for colonial times and ways helps somewhat to carry it, but he neglects the opportunity of presenting a picture of a quaint Quaker community. Indeed, he shows no special fitness for the task of writing a romance beyond simplicity and directness of style and interest in his subject. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$2.00.

"That Dome in Air," by John Vance Cheney, consists of a series of papers, originally prepared as lectures, on some of the great poets. Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, and a half-dozen more are discussed with keenness and judgment. The book is written with the appreciation of a true lover of poetry, but the critical faculty is by no means dormant. There is much clear and subtle analysis displayed in these thoughtful and gracefully written essays. After reading them, those who love their poets—and woefully few their num-

ber, the author declares—will return to them with a freshness of enjoyment lent by contact with an earnest mind and the spirit of sincere thought. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

"The King of Andaman," by I. Maclaren Cobban, is a Scotch story which concerns itself with the Chartist Rising of 1848. The Master of Hutcheon, who is of the disaffected party and a man of property, forms a Utopian scheme to carry a ship-load of the hard-worked and half-starved weavers of Ilkistan to Andaman, a tropic isle in the Bay of Bengal. There they are to spend their days in peace and happiness, and he is to be king. The book is unpromising at the start, but turns out to possess some originality. The character of the future King of Andaman is new in its conception and well carried out, and though the work is unevenly written and too much crowded with detail, it will be followed with interest when once begun. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A new edition has been issued of the late Eugene and Roswell Martin Field's "Echoes from the Sabine Farm." These humorous paraphrases of the odes of Horace are very audacious in the modern setting they often give to the old Roman's songs; the following may be taken as characteristic, though it is a bit more slangy than the others:

"THE PREFERENCE DECLARED.
"Boy, I detest the Persia pump;
I hate those linden-hark devices;
And as for roses, boly Moses!
They can't be got at living prices!
Myrtle is good enough for us—
For you as bearer of my flagon;
For me, supine beneath this vine,
Doing my best to get a jag on."

The book is handsomely made and is provided with a fanciful and pretty series of head-pieces. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

In "The Sale of a Soul" F. Frankfort Moore constructs an elaborate sort of a plot, in which a wife eloping to the West Indies with her lover unexpectedly finds that her husband has taken passage on the same vessel. His design is to watch over her, but he makes no claim on her, embarking instead on an elaborate flirtation with another woman. The lover is scared off, and the wife is left lamenting, until the husband reveals that he has only been trying her. They swing around to a honeymoon state of tenderness, and the lover is properly punished for his villainy by drowning. According to the writer's code, the heroine of this hysterical romance is worthy of being restored to her husband's love on the ground that she has never kissed the other man. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

Dividend Notices.

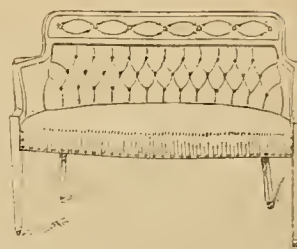
SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the second of January, 1896.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, No. 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31st, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-fifth (4 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-half (3 1-2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896.

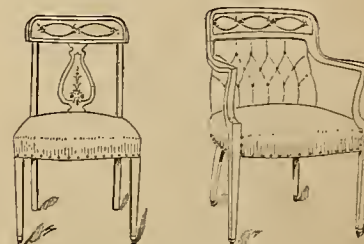
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LITERARY NOTES.

An Aggrieved Novelist.

Marie Corelli refused to send her latest novel, "The Sorrows of Satan," in the English reviewers, saying "they could buy it if they wanted to read it." This was unkind of her, for she knew they would want to. It is leveled straight at them, and though Miss Corelli essays to be light and glancing in her attacks, the volcanic fires that glow beneath her playfulness are truly terrifying.

It is a tale of two novelists, one the possessor of five million pounds who can not induce the public to read his book, though the reviewers—at so much a head—vie with each other in its praises; the other a lofty genius and charming young creature whose hooks are slashed by the critics when they deign to notice them at all, but who is nevertheless adored by the public. She is called "Mavis Clare"—the name reminds one a little of Marie Corelli. Her works sell at a phenomenal rate, and she, too, is superbly indifferent to adverse reviewers, laughing merrily at their most scorching efforts.

She often conducts her visitors—among whom royalty not infrequently figures—to see her legion of pet doves, which she has named after the London journals devoted to book-reviewing. Though she amuses her visitors by saying some pretty harsh things of them in her sweet, laughing way—the *Athenaeum* gets it the hottest—the birds all know their names and come at her call, which goes to prove that Mavis Clare, like Marie Corelli, having discovered that nobody reads the critics, has allowed the very thought of their existence to escape her.

It must not be supposed that Marie Corelli has neglected her usual audience. This is large and enthusiastic, and is even more indifferent to reviewers than she. They are, as usual, served with a Niagara flood of words, describing mystical visions, supernatural occurrences, and beautiful women with dead hearts. This time she has introduced the devil himself, who walks the earth in the guise of a handsome and mysterious multi-billionaire.

The unsophisticated reader will perhaps be puzzled at finding critics and book-reviewers cropping up on every other page, like King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's memoirs; but if they can continue to overlook this ever-recurring theme, and if the reviewers skip the devil and the mysticism, no doubt both sides will be equally edified.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

An Old Favorite in Brave Attire.

It is related by Alphonse Daudet that once when he was at school he met a little Spanish boy, a new arrival, who was in tears. He interrogated the weeping Castilian as to the cause of his emotion, and was informed that when leaving home he was half-through a book called "Los Tres Mosqueteros," and that his hard-hearted parents had sent him to school without permitting him to finish the book. Those of us who have read and enjoyed "The Three Musketeers" will sympathize with the little Spaniard. It is one of those books that will never die. It is pure action. It is pure story. The present reader confesses to having read "The Three Musketeers" at least half a dozen times, and with the present handsome edition before him, he is strongly tempted to read it all over again. The edition of which we speak is a new translation done by William Rohson. It is prefaced by a letter from Alexander Dumas, *filii*, addressed to his father—a very charming letter—a letter which is all the more striking since its writer has just gone to join his father in the elder world. The book is in two handsome volumes, with an elaborate binding hearing an *écusson* with crossed swords upon it, typifying the ring and clash of steel that sounds through the book. There are two hundred and fifty illustrations by Maurice Leloir, and they are engraved on wood by J. Huyot. When we say engraved, we mean engraved. They are not "process blocks," but good, honest wood engravings, done with a graver and a cunning hand. In these days of process work, it is very refreshing to see them.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

A Pair of Married Lovers.

"The Romance of Prince Eugene," written by Albert Pulitzer and translated by Mrs. B. M. Sherman, tells the story of those married lovers, Princess Augusta of Bavaria and Prince Eugene, son of the Empress Josephine. From a mass of official correspondence, M. Pulitzer has taken delight in extracting the letters exchanged by the pair, and from them has constructed these two pretty volumes.

The two were married for reasons of state, scarcely having seen each other's faces before the wedding-day. But destiny was kind. They were truly mated, and loved one another with a devotion pleasant to read of. Separated for months at a time by Prince Eugene's continued calls to the field of war, they kept up a correspondence which reads like the intimate chat of people who love each other.

In the amount of detail given, the book forms in some sort a biography of Prince Eugene, and the author shows a romantic admiration and enthu-

siasm for his subject which idealizes him, gallant soldier and loyal gentleman as he was, into something almost too bright and good. But Mr. Pulitzer has the faculty of winning the sympathy of the reader, and he has told most gracefully "this idyl of the time of Napoleon the First." Moreover, though history is not the purpose of the work, there is much involved in the narration of events which will command interest.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$5.00.

Some Striking Western Stories.

Mary Hallock Foote has done good work in each of the four stories that make up her latest volume, but "The Cup of Trembling," which gives its name to the book, is the best. The heroine, Esmée, is not a new creation. We have met before, in her stories, this delicate town-bred beauty whose daintiness is sharply contrasted against the roughness of the life about her. She appears this time as a married woman, eloping with the superintendent of her husband's mine to a lonely cabin in the mountains. The picture of the pair in their forlorn seclusion strikes one as drawn from imagination, as does Esmée's subsequent renunciation of life; but the tragedy of the brother's death, shut out among the snows when he comes to seek them, is very real and haunts the memory. "On a Side-Track" is a romance of the rail and does not end in a tragedy, though it comes near to it; and one does not grudge Ludovic his pretty little bride, though he won her by means hardly fair. The two remaining stories are both written with unusual strength, and are the better for the absence of the authoress's favorite type of heroine. "Maverick" contains a wonderfully vivid picture of the Black Lava Fields of Idaho and the arid surrounding region.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

E. S. Martin's Essays.

"Cousin Anthony and I" is the name Edward Sandford Martin has given to a volume of essays made up from his contributions to *Scribner's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other periodicals. They are on such topics as "Readers and Reading," "Work and the Yankee," "Considerations Matrimonial," "Love, Friendship, and Gossip," "Arcadia and Belgravia," "Certain Assets of Age," and "The After-Dinner Speech." At least such are the formal titles given the essays; but, though they may start out straight enough, Mr. Martin's roving fancy constantly wanders off from the strict text of his discourse into all manner of delightful by-ways of thought. Their tone is leisurely, genial, and cultivated, modern in tolerance of new ideas, and old-fashioned in the carefully chosen diction.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Book which Made a Successful Play.

The keen eye of the dramatist saw the possibilities in "A Social Highwayman," by Elizabeth Phipps Train, at the first reading. It had scarcely appeared in magazine form before the announcement of its dramatization for the stage followed. It is far from being a work of high standing or great power. It is not even original. But for a play it has excellent qualities. It has good strong scenes, swift action, a well-balanced distribution of characters, and an exciting dénouement.

The story is told by Hanby, an ex-thief who becomes valet to a New York dude of the highest fashion. The valet soon discovers that his master is also a professional thief, his field being the brilliant social affairs he attends, where he accomplishes his work by sleight of hand. Both these rascals win the evanescent sympathy of the reader—Hanby through the devotion which impels him to sacrifice himself rather than betray his master, and Jaffrey, the dude, because he is depicted as possessing much innate nobility of soul. It is not a book to be taken seriously, but it supplies an hour's amusement, and makes a good play of the sensational sort.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

A Study of a "Society" Wife.

In "A Hard Woman," Violet Hunt has essayed a character study. Mrs. Munday, the one in question, is represented as a cold and selfish woman who marries a man much too good for her. She lives beyond his income and gets into debt; and she drags him into a society he is indifferent to, and succeeds in compromising herself by her flirtations. The book is written almost entirely in the form of dialogue, Mrs. Munday herself being the chief spokeswoman. To reveal her character, therefore, she is obliged to condemn herself out of her own mouth. This must necessarily constitute a weak point, for a woman as openly and flagrantly heartless as she proves herself by her own utterances would only alienate those about her. It makes the other characters appear stupid to be imposed upon by her. The dialogue form gives the book a transient effect of brightness, and a clever thing is occasionally said. But Mrs. Munday is metallic instead of brilliant and witty, and she buzzes so incessantly that she wearies the reader out.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

There are to be five notable serials in the next few numbers of *Harper's Magazine*—"Briseis," a novel by William Black; "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Ground," a record of travel and sport by Caspar W. Whitney; "Washington," a biography by Professor Woodrow Wilson; "The German Struggle for Liberty," by Poultney Bigelow; and "Joan of Arc," a romance whose author is not known, but is thought by many to be Mark Twain.

Edmund C. Stedman has declined an offer of the new Billings chair in English literature at Yale University.

The American Economic Association will publish very shortly, through Macmillan & Co., "Letters of Ricardo to McCulloch," lately discovered, edited and annotated by J. H. Hollander, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University, and "Race Traits and Tendencies of the American Negro," by F. L. Hoffman.

Away back in the sixties, the late G. A. Sala, then in the United States, wrote for *All the Year Round* a serial story entitled "Quite Alone." Thirty or forty chapters were in due order published, when, to the surprise of the literary world, the story ceased to be "continued in our next." For reasons which can not now be determined, Sala failed to send on copy. Mr. Dickens placed the matter in the hands of Andrew Halliday, who completed the novel. Sala afterward finished the story, but in a different fashion altogether from the Halliday type. By the way, the *New York Times*, discussing Mr. Sala editorially, says:

"He was an inexhaustible fountain, or rather fount, of copy. His reading, at first, though neither profound nor diversified, and later his personal experiences, which had really been interesting and peculiar, furnished him with topics and with materials for illustration, and he poured forth an unending flood of printed talk about them. There was not a memorable sentence in the whole ocean of it, and yet it was not wholly twaddle, and was even readable when the topics with which it dealt were still alive. Of the florid and meretricious style by which the London *Telegraph* attracted the admiration of the half-educated British public at the time of its foundation, and which subsequently gave so much pain to Matthew Arnold, who called it the 'Corinthian' style, Mr. Sala was perhaps the pioneer, and was certainly a past-master."

The Christmas *Harper's Weekly* (December 14th) contains articles and stories by William Dean Howells, Owen Wister, Richard Harding Davis, and John Kendrick Bangs, and illustrations by Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Peter Newell, and others.

Richard Harding Davis is said to have been paid five hundred dollars by W. R. Hearst's *New York Journal*, for writing the introduction to the Yale-Princeton foot-ball match. Heffelfinger, the giant foot-ball player, received a like amount from the same newspaper for publishing a technical description of the game.

In the Macmillan's new edition of Dickens, edited by his eldest son, there are many interesting reminiscences of the novelist and bits of his correspondence in the prefaces.

Mrs. D. F. Verdenal, formerly of San Francisco, but now living in New York, where her husband is a correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has written a novel which is to be published early in January. It is entitled "Ladies First," and deals with the experiences of a well-known mine promoter of early days.

The December number of the *Forum* contains a paper by Albert D. Vandam, author of "An Englishman in Paris," entitled "The Trail of 'Trilby.'" In a letter to the editor of the *Forum* about this article, Mr. Vandam writes:

"I intend to make the hook ['Trilby'] a peg for my own recollections of the Quartier Latin and Bohemian haunts during the Second Empire, rather than a literary and pseudo-psychological criticism of the characters. . . . I have numberless notes on the subject, apart from my own very personal experience of the models, among whom there is not one but a score of Trilbys. In short, I am going to dot Mr. du Maurier's *ts* and cross his *ts*; that is, give the places and characters in 'Trilby' their real names."

In the same number of the *Forum* the author of "Confessions of a Literary Hack" replies to his critics.

Some letters especially interesting to lawyers are to be published in the January *Century*. They were written by Webster, Wirt, Calhoun, and addressed to a lucky young law student, and they are packed with advice as to his course of study.

Douglas Sladen's new book, "A Japanese Marriage," which has had an immense run in England, has just been issued in America by Macmillan & Co. In it Mr. Sladen declares himself a strong advocate of the New Woman movement. The book is dedicated to the Earl of Dunraven, "the most eloquent advocate of the rights of the deceased wife's sister."

"Captured by a Slave," by Captain Howard Patterson; "The Victoria Disaster," a story of presence of mind, by David Graham Phillips; the first paper on "How to Enter the Army," by General O. O. Howard; "Tableaux Vivants," the first of a series of short entertainments by Emma J. Gray; installments of the serial stories: "For

"King and Country," by James Barnes, "A New Life," by Florence Hallowell Hoyt; "The Imp at the Telephone," by John Kendrick Bangs—these are a few of the good things in *Harper's Round Table* dated December 10th.

Paul Bourget is writing a one-act play in prose for the Comédie-Française. The title is "The Screen."

T. B. Aldrich has sent the following letter to the *Boston Transcript*:

"Some verses called 'The Ideal Husband,' and having my name attached to them as the author, are being extensively reprinted by the newspapers. I beg leave to say—and it gives me great pleasure to say it—that I am not the author of those verses."

Maria Louise Pool, a popular writer of New England stories, begins a new serial, "Mrs. Gerald," in the *Bazar* of January 4th.

Macmillan & Co. will at once bring out William Archer's translation of George Brandes's study of Shakespeare. The book is mentioned as "an exhaustive critical biography."

In speaking of a passage in "Vallima Letters," Andrew Lang says: ". . . Mr. Stevenson was 'crazy' over M. Bourget's 'Sensations d'Italie,' and fired a dedication at him. It hit M. Bourget in a book-seller's shop in Paris (he informed me), a bolt out of the blue, and sorely puzzled he was as to how to communicate with his remote admirer."

LATE VERSE.

Yesterday.

Oh, you are mine, and mine away,
More mine than in our marriage May,
And yet I want your yesterday.

And yet I want your yester-year—
The strange sad season when we were
Cold as stone to each other, dear.

Ignorant, we went up and down
The wind-blown streets of the old town,
Where oft, perchance, you brushed my gown;

Where we, perchance, as cold as ice
Looked in each other's stranger eyes.
Dear eyes that light my Paradise!

Your name, that now with tears I say,
More dear than in our marriage May,
Had no place in my prayers that day.

Your face had no place in my dreams,
Came in no faint prophetic gleams,
Across the star-heams and moon-beams!

Another woman beld the key
Of your true heart that knew not me
Nor all the heaven that was to be.

And yet my place was mine away,
Mine still as in our marriage May.
But, Love, I want your yesterday!

—Katharine Tynan in *Illustrated London News*.

The Pirate's Dream.

"Quien va?" cries the Captain, with face agast,
As the palms sing low in the autumn blast
The song of the dead and crime-stained past:
The Captain Núñez, haggard and wild,
Starts from his seat, like a frightened child.
"Tis the ghost of the Padre of Santa Fé
You robbed and killed on the fifth of May!"
"Whose face is that in the wine-bowl red,
That nods and beckons and shakes his head?"
"Tis the merchant Gomez, of Alhauqueque,
Whose heart was the sheath of the Captain's dirk."
"What gleams so white in the cañon deep,
Where the stream flows black and the walls are steep?"
"Tis Sergeant Blas of the *guardia civil*,
Who was shot in the back at Baraquil."
"And who are you?" cries the Captain pale,
And the answer comes through the moaning gale:
"I come to claim my load of sin,"
And Diablo gathered the Captain in.—*Vanity*.

The Reply of Socrates.

This from that soul incorrupt whom Athens had doomed
To the death,
When Crito brought promise of freedom: "Vainly
thou spendest thy breath!
Dost remember the wild Coryhantes? feel they the knife
or the rod?
Heed they the fierce summer sun, the frost, or wintery
flaws?"
If any entreat them, they answer, 'We bear hut the
flutes of the God!'
"So even am I, O my Crito! Thou pleadest a losing
cause!
Thy words are hut sound without import—I hear hut
the voice of the Laws;
And, know thou! the voice of the Laws is to me as the
flutes of the God."

Thus spake that soul incorrupt; and wherever, since
hemlock was quaffed,
A man has stood forth without fear—has chosen the
dark deep draught—
Has taken the lone one way, nor the path of disonor
has trod—
Behold! he, too, hears hut the voice of the Laws, the
flutes of the God!

—Edith M. Thomas in *Independent*.

A panoramic view of "The Bay of San Francisco," as seen from the Berkeley hills, has been prepared by H. J. Brenner and is published by W. K. Vickery, of this city. It is a curiously long panel, being about six feet in length and only one foot wide, and, with the Golden Gate in the centre, it shows the bay from the San Bruno Mountains on the south to San Pablo Bay on the north.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FIVE GREAT SERIALS

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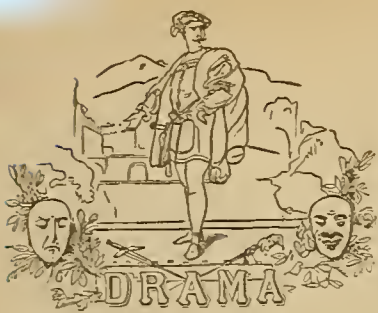
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10 Spruce Street, New York.



The Italy of the Middle Ages teems with material for the dramatist of tragedy and horror. From there the tranquil Elizabethans drew the materials for plays of terror that paled the rubicund cheeks of their stalwart auditors. There the playwrights who were Maeterlinck's predecessors in the cult of the shudder found "stories made to their hand." In Italy, Shelley found the tale of "The Cenci"; Byron, "Marino Falieri"; and Sardou, "La Tosca."

In its commingling of splendor and sin, spiritual bigotry with barbaric lawlessness, the Italy of the Borgias and the Medici offered the most sumptuous pageant of romance in the extent of history. Crime gained in horror and lost its meanness in such a splendid setting. Against a background of rich magnificence, the men and women of that superb and terrible day lived the lives of lawless gods, obedient only to their own desires, holding death in a crystal vial or a perfumed glove, smiting down their enemy with a sip of wine, a bite of fruit, or a dagger that struck from the shadow of an archway. And then away to the church, to bow before that Sacred Image whose worship was as ardent as in the far-distant "Peace of the Church" that Marcus Aurelius brought to a close.

From this Italy came that diabolic conception of villainy that Shakespeare used in Iago and Webster in Flamineo—the two most complete and invincible villains in the drama. The subtle Italian mind, with its native tendency to craft and intrigue, was fortified by a brain of appalling vigor and complexity. Neither fear of man nor dread of God laid a check upon the machinations of these fearsome creatures. Slowly, like the inexorable workings of fate, their plots drew close and closer about their victims. Then came the lightning stroke of doom—the whiff of a poisoned rose, the gleam of a dagger from the folds of a cloak, and in the starlit garden, gray with dew, a body lay face down among the flowers, or noiselessly, in the blackness where the houses crowd close to the water, was slipped down into the canal.

But the splendor of it! The splendor of life in palaces whose moldering frescoes we wonder at to-day. The splendor of the great patricians—princely assassins—whose glories still live to the stately gardens where they once sat at ease under the ilex-trees, in their dim palaces so full of secrets, in their portraits looking down at the curious modern with unfathomable, mysterious eyes that tell no tales. Strange and sphinx-like beings, creatures of a gorgeous and corrupt age—the age of the poisoner, of the artist, of the religious assassin. With life producing on one side the richest blossoms of art, on the other the poisoner was deftly perfecting his powders. Influences are slowly combining to flower in that genius which is to enchant the world with the wan, mysterious smile of Monna Lisa, when one of the Medici is suddenly poisoned by eating half a peach presented to him by a woman who herself ate the other half and suffered no ill. Only one side of the knife, so the story goes, had upon it the fatal liquid.

The combination of religious bigotry and absolute disregard of law and order has before attracted Sardou. He, with his keen eye of a French dramatist, glimpsing in every direction for the dramatic point, saw the effectiveness of this contrast. La Tosca, with her fiery peasant blood and her small respect for the conventions of life, yet worshiped at the shrine of the Virgin, and paid her dole to the Divine Mother in offerings of flowers. Back in the days of Guelph and Ghibelline, life was fiercer, deeds more lawless, heroines were fully as free with their stilettoes as heroes. By the light of blazing palaces, pallid mothers sought their murdered sons upon the wayside, and, as they sought, lifted up haggard eyes to listen to the first solemn notes of the Angelus.

When Guelph and Ghibelline fight, burning and blasting the city of Siena—that city where once another family feud, that of the Polentas and the Malatestas of Rimini, was healed by the marriage of a Polenta with the head of the Malatestas—then the slaying and the burning must be stopped a while for a little necessary praying. A stay in hostilities is occasionally demanded, not alone for the burying of the dead, but for the good of the living, who, with blood so fresh upon their hands and murders not yet condoned upon their souls, can not risk being sent shuddering to Paradise. The cathedral looms up at the back of most of the quarrels in black and white solemnity. Into the whispered conference of murderers the Angelus sends its deep-toned note of warning. Men who slay and torture have always a moment to pause and bend a

reverential knee before the crucifix; women who slay and weep, beneath the shadow of the cross bow their heads and whisper a prayer for the soul they have sent unshriven to its God.

Sanctuary, however, which was the one sacred thing of that era, and of eras long before it and after it, is violated by Guido, one of Sardou's heroes. Upon the steps of the altar, the murderer, with the blood of his victim wet upon him, was safe. Yet Guido, finding his sister here, has her given the contents of a vial which produces speedy death. As he looks at her, lying in a heavy trance, he dips his hand in the holy-water font and sprinkles her with a gesture and expression of defiant repugnance—a real Sardou touch! The disrespect to the sacrocity is difficult to reconcile with the terror of the rest of the play. The most hardened wretch had a superstitious and overpowering awe of the altar of his faith. There are few accounts in history where one seeking sanctuary was attacked. One of the most celebrated was the case of Thomas à Becket, in which the sanctuary was disregarded and the archbishop was killed upon the steps of the altar.

A genius so wedded to the bloody, the fiercely dramatic, the barbaric as Sardou, finds material mountains high in one of the Italian civil wars of the fourteenth century. In "Helena," there are sensations in every act, and the play being old-fashioned in point of view and structure, the curtain is only allowed to fall on climaxes where swords wave and furious Guelphs or rampant Ghibellines are roaring out with the full volume of their lungs theirangers, or their loves, or their vows of vengeance. The people of the age and place the author has chosen are sufficiently untrammelled by any hampering principles to be consistent in doing anything the playwright may think dramatic. It is perfectly natural and fitting for Helena to stab Orso in the back. Her immediate prayers for his soul are exactly what one expected. And when, upon his return to consciousness, she develops a sudden ardent joy at the thought of his recovery, a sudden yearning of pity for the pain he suffers, she still remains consistent to the barbaric ideal, which has its own savage, feline femininity.

With all their lawless magnificence of unrestraint, Sardou's early Italians are not quite convincing. They are Freoch, and sometimes have a modern suggestion about them—the modernness of "Fedora" and "La Tosca." Miss Blair, who is a soft, comely, maternal-looking woman, with a melodious voice and a suave, gentle style, is not suited to portray such a tigress as Helena. With all her tawny locks and loose-hanging cloaks that she twists over her shoulders in the paroxysms of hate which the voice of Orso rouses in her, she does not give one the impression of the terrible and imperious patrician in whom unquenchable fires smolder. The character bears the Bernhardt trade-mark, and when done in the feline Bernhardt style—the padding footfall, the honey-smooth voice, the narrow eyes full of subtle flame, the lingering touch of love, the lightning blow of hate—could be lifted upward by the power of genius to a stormy harmoniousness.

The two first acts move forward with vigor and tumultuous dignity. Only Sardou could handle such a passion-torn story and withhold it from the sensational and the meretricious. In the third act, however, there is a drop in the standard, a discord in the tone. The scene between Orso and Helena is like an echo from one of those French drawing-rooms in which we have seen the hero and heroine of the French modern play making love, and quarreling, and bidding life-long good-byes, and meeting after heart-breaking separations, since the time of Dumas fils. After all the primeval emotions that have been rioting through the two first acts, this high-keyed and stately interview has an air of ill-setting unfitness. Helena and Orso step from the picturesque perspective of their wild remoteness to a close-viewed modernness of tone and idea that brings the scene suddenly near to us and makes it seem repulsively brutal and coarse. Helena and Orso belonged to their age—a savage age of simply savage emotions—not to the era into which the third act slips, of restrained dignity, of stately reticence, of seemingly pride.

The play, however, is as a whole so stirring, so sweeping in its onward movement, so overwhelmingly bloodthirsty and dramatic, that one's critical faculties are overpowered by one's curiosity as to how the author is going to work out into daylight through such a mass of incongruous material. In the hands of any dramatist but Sardou, the piece would have simply sunk to the level of a vulgar chaos of crime and brutality. As it is, the pitch is strained in the end, and locking up Orso in the cathedral as a subject of the plague, is a striking but rather desperate way of getting rid of that unfortunate young man. It is uncertain, too, of what he died. Did Helena's lips retain sufficient of the poison for the touch of them to kill Orso? This must have been as effective a drug as that with which Brancaccio had the lips of his portrait washed, so that his devoted wife, kissing the pictured face, might taste of the deadly potion and forthwith die.

—THE NEW ETCHINGS AND ENGRAVINGS JUST RECEIVED BY S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street, are beautiful. Don't fail to see them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The "Power" of the Daily Press.

SEATTLE, WASH., December 12, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am a constant reader and great admirer of your valuable paper. I do not believe I have missed an issue thereof in seven years.

Anent your recent editorials on the influence exerted by the daily press, I desire to reinforce your observations with one more example.

There was a special election held in this city last Tuesday.

The principal question submitted to the electors for their decision was whether or not the city should change from the present system of pumping water from Lake Washington into its reservoirs to that of a gravity system with Cedar River as the source of supply.

The municipality owns the complete water plant under the present plan, and will continue to own it under the gravity plan.

The entire daily press of the city, consisting of one morning paper and two evening papers, opposed the change.

The proposition carried by a large majority—more than three-fifths of the votes cast being in favor of the change to the gravity system.

Great is the power of the daily press!

A CONSTANT READER.

—THE OLYMPIC SALT WATER COMPANY announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths, and now extend an invitation to the public to call and inspect the operation of discharging and refilling. This operation can be witnessed any evening, commencing at 10 o'clock, and for which no charge will be made by the company.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

May Irwin as a Star.

May Irwin is now announced as a star, but she has been little else since she left the Boston Athenæum Company. Even in Augustin Daly's she was a notable figure. Now, however, she has her own company, and appears in a play written especially for her. It is "The Widow Jones," and was concocted by John J. McNally, who is responsible for "A Straight Tip" and "A Country Sport." "The Widow Jones" had a long run in New York, and comes here direct from Boston, where it was equally successful. In the company are Ada Lewis, the "tough girl," Annie Sutherland, Joe Sparks, Jacques Kruger, John C. Rice, George Barnum, Sallie Cohen, and others of minor note.

"The Widow Jones" appears at the California Theatre on Monday night, and will continue there through the holidays.

"Around the World in Eighty Days."

It is close upon twenty years since the dramatization of Jules Verne's famous story, "Around the World in Eighty Days," was first given at the Grand Opera House, and Manager Morosco's revival of it for the holidays is not by any means the first since then. In the original production, Matt Lingham was the Phineas Fogg, Eleanor Carey was the widow of the Rajah, J. B. Polk was the Passepartout, and it was in a minor part that James O. Barrows made one of his earliest hits with the query, "Don't you think so, Bill?" The last time it was given here was by the Kralfys at the California Theatre, and it was in this company that Carmencia, the now famous dancer—or, perhaps, recently famous, for she has almost dropped out of sight—made her only appearance in this city.

The production at the Grand Opera House on Monday night is to be an elaborate one. The tremendous stage and ingenious stage mechanism will be utilized for picturesque scenic effects, the cast calls for nearly forty characters—Louis Imhaus has been specially engaged to play Passepartout, the valet who leaves the gas burning—and there will be ballets and Amazon marches galore.

A Biblical Play from Australia.

George Rignold, whom many will remember as a stalwart and handsome King Henry the Fifth, has produced a Biblical play in Australia, which is said to be the strongest Antipodean contribution to the English drama. It is from the pen of the Rev. George Walters, and is called "Joseph of Canaan," disposing of the sale of Joseph by his brothers in a prologue, and then setting forth Joseph's temptation in the house of Potiphar, the translation of Pharaoh's dream, Joseph's elevation, and his interviews with his brethren. Joseph is, of course, the central figure, and almost equally important is Ayesha, Potiphar's wife; other notable characters are Joseph's wife, Asenath, and Ata, a priest of the Temple of On, who loves Asenath and is a political intriguer.

The latter character is, of course, an invention of the author; otherwise the play follows the Biblical story very closely, merely amplifying it. There is no word of comedy in the play, and the dialogue is simple and direct. The opportunity for spectacular effect is considerable, and the Australian production is said to have been decidedly gorgeous.

"At the French Ball."

Fanny Rice comes to the Columbia Theatre with her new comedy, "At the French Ball," on Monday night, to remain through the holidays. She has always been popular in this city since she made such a plump and pleasing Javotte in "Erminie," when W. T. Carlton first presented the opera in this city, and "At the French Ball" is, from general report, an excellent vehicle for the display of her talents as singer, mimic, and comedienne.

The company comprises a number of well-known people of the stage. W. H. Fitzgerald used to be in the "Robin Hood" company; Alice Vincent was the graceful Pitt-Sing when W. T. Carlton's company first sang "The Mikado" at the Baldwin, and Herman Ehrent also sang with Carlton; John J. Conley was with Donnelly and Girard; Edward Trautman, with Nellie McHenry; Frank E. Morse, with Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown"; Reba Haight, with the New York Casino Company; Grace Wolvin, with the Lyceum Company; and H. W. Frillman is the well-known minstrel basso. Willie Meek, the juvenile soprano of the company, is new to the stage, but he has sung in several of the New York churches.

The Holiday Spectacle at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli has been preparing for many weeks past for its Christmas spectacle, and it is expected to have a long run. The piece is "Ixion," adapted by John P. Wilson, brought up to date with new dialogue, songs, and situations, and the music has been specially composed and arranged by Adolph Bauer.

The cast of characters is an unusually long one, but the leading parts are Ixion, taken by Alice Carle; Acropolis, his court poet, by Ferris Hartman; Dia, Ixion's queen, by Inez Dean; Jupiter, by John J. Raffael; Juno, Laura Millard; Venus, Lulu Ward; Minerva, Mabella Baker; Apollo, president of the Celestial Coaching Club, Martin

Pache; Bacchus, W. H. West; Mars, G. H. Broderick; and Ganymede, Thomas C. Leary.

Special features of the performance will be the ballet and a transformation scene at the end devised and painted by Oscar L. Fest.

Last Week of "1492."

"1492" is to be continued for only one week more at the Baldwin Theatre. It has enjoyed large audiences every night so far, and the advance sale for next week indicates that the engagement could be prolonged with profit. But it must give way to Herrmann, the magician, whose engagement begins on Sunday night, December 29th, so that the last Sunday-night performance of "1492" will be to-morrow night.

By beginning and ending on Sunday nights and giving New-Year's Day and Saturday matinees, Herrmann will crowd ten performances into his week. He has a new and startling trick, and he wants to make the most of it. It consists in catching the bullets shot from guns by soldiers, and he has exhibited it only once before, at a charity matinee in New York. Of course he will have also a long programme of other clever illusions and feats of legerdemain, and Mme. Herrmann will present some new dances.

Sad Death of an Actor and his Wife.

The English theatrical world has been much shocked by the double suicide in Australia of Arthur Dacre, an English actor, and his wife, Miss Roselle. About four years ago, Miss Roselle was at the height of her career, playing prominent parts in the leading London theatres, while her husband was a good, reliable actor and found steady demand for his services. Then they came to the United States, but hate seemed to be against them. They soon went to Australia, and there had a hard experience, until finally discouragement and want drove them to suicide. He shot her and then killed himself.

Clement Scott, the noted London critic, gives this account of his first knowledge of the tragedy: "The other night I was awakened long past midnight. There was a loud knocking of doors and ringing of bells. Half dazed, I opened the window and looked down into the street. 'Is anything the matter?' 'Yes; something dreadful.' 'What is it?' 'Murder and suicide!' were the words that echoed in the lonely square. 'Amy Roselle has been murdered, and Arthur Dacre, her husband, has committed suicide, and a letter is on its way to England written to you and explaining the dreadful deed.' And so I had to go down and tell my story of the poor creatures; and my Christmas present will be this message from the dead, which I await with horror. A more piteous story of love, despair, disappointment, and fate has never been told before."

MUSICAL NOTES.

Bogart Song Recital.

Mr. Andrew Bogart gave his final concert of the first series last Wednesday evening in Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Two Tuscan Folk Songs (Nos. 3 and 5), (Translated by Marzials), Caracciolo, Mrs. Susie Hurt-Mark and Miss Esther Needham; "My Love Lay Thy Hand," "Twins in the Mouth of May," "Moonlight," "I'll Not Complain," Schumann, Mr. Andrew Bogart; "Sunshine Song," "Good-Morning," Grieg, Miss Sofia Newland; "Be Thou Faithful" (from St. Paul), Mendelssohn, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham; Three Songs (German text), Robert Franz, "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not," Mascagni, Mrs. Susie Hurt-Mark; "The Monotone" (by desire), Cornelius, Mr. Bogart; "Como Va" (by desire), Tosti, Miss Newland; duet from "Lakme," Delibes, Miss Berglund and Miss Newland; "Persian Serenade," Cloyne, "Sleep, Little Tulip," Nevin, "Bye, Baby Bye," Clayton Johns, Miss Esther Needham; "Where'er You Walk" (from "Semle"), Handel, Mr. Bogart; "Bolo," Thome, "Repose-Toi," Bemberg, Miss Newland; "My Love," Nevin, Mrs. Mark, Miss Needham, Dr. Graham, and Mr. McCurrie; accompanist, Miss Constance Jordan.

Mr. Bogart announces a matinee recital at Golden Gate Hall for Saturday, January 11, 1896.

The Mercantile Library Auxiliary Concert.

A song recital was given by Mr. S. Homer Henley and Miss Maud Chappelle, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, at the library on Thursday evening. The principals had the assistance of the Hawthorne Quartet; Dr. Regensberger, 'celloist; and R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist, in presenting the following excellent programme:

"In the Sea," Buck, Hawthorne Quartet; "It is Enough," Mendelssohn, Mr. Henley; "cello solo, Dr. Regensberger; (a) "Es grolle Nicht," Schumann, (b) "When at Early Dawn," Schumann, (c) "Morning Dew," Grieg, Miss Chappelle; "Annie Laurie," Buck, Hawthorne Quartet; (a) "There'll Never be One Like You," Fancher, (b) "Still as the Night," Bohm, Mr. Henley; (a) "Quest," Smith, (b) "Tears," Cowen, Miss Chappelle; "Strive to Steal Thy Heart," Bemberg, Mr. Henley; "Good Night," Buck, Hawthorne Quartet.

Mr. James Hamilton Howe, the conductor of the San Francisco Oratorio Society, is arranging for a series of popular and symphonic concerts, the former to begin early in January and the latter as soon as a sufficient guarantee fund shall have been subscribed. The orchestra, which will include several of Scheel's men, will number thirty-six musicians for the popular concerts and forty-one for the symphonies. Mr. Howe will be the conductor of the orchestra, Bernhard Mollenhauer will be the concert-master, and the advisory board will include, in addition to them, Nathan Landsberger, Rudolph Patek, E. W. Kent, William Delaney, and V. von Buskirk.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Charles Mayne the following testamentary provisions were made:

Balbina Merzbach, \$4,000; Hulda Merzbach, \$4,000; Julius Merzbach, \$5,000; Sylvius Merzbach, \$5,000; Felix Merzbach, \$5,000; Francisca Merzbach, \$4,000; Flora Merzbach Lowenthal, \$3,000; Leopold Merzbach, \$3,000; Joseph Merzbach, \$3,000; Leo Merzbach, \$5,000; Gustav Merzbach, \$3,000; to each of the two children of Dorothea Merzbach Tausky, \$12,500; to the widow of Louis Merzbach, \$25,000; Irene Steirley, 100 shares of stock in the Spring Valley Water Company and \$1,500; Mary Hoffman, niece of the late Judge Ogden Hoffman and daughter of Southard Hoffman, 200 shares of the same stock; to Alice Hoffman, of the same family, 300 shares of the same stock; to Edward J. Pringle, \$10,000; Peter Caluipis, \$1,000; the German Benevolent Society, \$2,000; the French Benevolent Society, \$2,000; the Hebrew Benevolent Society, organized in 1867, \$2,000; the Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$2,000; the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, \$2,000; the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, \$2,000; each of the kindergartens named in Langley's Directory for 1893, \$200; George de Golia, \$5,000; John T. Ward, \$3,000; Kate A. Ward and Hortense H. Ward, \$10,000.

His residuary legatee is Mrs. Louisa Rabe Barroilhet, and her share will reach up into the hundred thousands. Antoine Borel and Mrs. Barroilhet are named as executors. The value of the estate is not alleged, but it will reach several hundred thousands.

The will is holographic and was executed March 5, 1894. The first codicil was added August 27, 1894, and the second March 8, 1895. William Alvord and Prentiss Smith are witnesses to the will, D. H. Ward and J. M. Duke to the first codicil, and Charles Webb Howard and Frederick Hess to the second.

By the will of the late Albert Dibblee, of San Rafael, the following testamentary provisions were made:

One-fifth of the entire estate is to be set aside for the support of the widow during her life-time. Three-fifths are bequeathed to the three sons, Albert James, Harrison, and Benjamin Harrison Dibblee. To the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Rafael is bequeathed \$1,000, and \$1,000 to the trustees of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ross Valley. He leaves an annuity of \$500 to his brother, William C. Dibblee, and an annuity of \$300 to his sister, Frances J. Dibblee. The balance is to be held in trust for his children. The executors are Thomas G. Dibblee, of Santa Barbara, and E. H. Hutchinson, of 1910 Howard Street, San Francisco. The property is estimated to be worth over \$750,000. No appraisements have yet been made.

James O'Neill, Hoyt's base-ball play, "A Runaway Colt," Frederick Warde in "The Mountebank" and other pieces, and the Tavery Grand Opera Company are among the coming attractions of the Baldwin Theatre.

There will be matinees at all the theatres—including the Tivoli, which is an innovation—on Christmas Day.



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GRUENHAGEN'S,

Fine Candies. 20 KEARNY ST. Ice Cream Soda.

Tied Down

to household work, to the scrubbing
brush and bucket, to the dish pan and
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until

GOLD DUST
Washing Powder

came to her release. Now she does all her
work in the morning—does as she pleases
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an entrance to many thousand homes, will
you welcome it to yours? Large packages,
price 25c. Sold everywhere. Made only by

The N. K. Fairbank
Company,

St. Louis, Chicago, New York,
Boston, Philadelphia,
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VANITY FAIR.

Girls, if you want to give him something at Christmas that will please him, do not give him "fancy things" that you make yourself. The idea of love and affection and all that sort of thing being woven into every stitch is all very well, but you will find that he will prefer "boughten things," as they say in New England. You can always give him ties and handkerchiefs. Meo never have enough ties, and are always running out of handkerchiefs. Or give him a desk-pad with silver corners; or a cut-glass and silver inkstand, three to seven dollars; or a silver seal, three dollars; or a lamp of glass and silver for heating sealing-wax, two dollars and a half; or a silver pen-rest, two dollars; or a pen-wiper in the shape of a piece of chamouis, with a silver ring around it, one dollar and a half; silver-backed hair-brushes, five dollars up; silver-backed hat-brushes, silver button-hook, silver nail-file, silver shoe-horn, any price you like; silver flasks, from four dollars up; dressiog-case, any price you like; card-case, cigar-case, cigarette-case, various prices. A new thing this year is the scarf-pin box of leather from two dollars up. The scarf-pin box is very useful, particularly for carrying pins while traveling. If you like, you can give him another pin to go with the box; a man never has too many scarf-pins. But do not give him "fancy things." Do not give him sofa pillows bearing his monogram, or sachet-cases for holding gloves and ties. If you do, and if you marry him, you will find, many months after, your handiwork tucked away in some box or drawer, still in the original package.

We remarked last week on the absooce of diamonds in European opera-houses. On the other hand, the number and brilliancy of the gems worn in New York is most notable. On the first night of the opera season there, Mrs. Henry Sloaoe wore a triple necklace of huge solitaire diamonds, above them three ropes of pearls, and on her coiffure a blazing diamond star. Mrs. Fred Neilson wore a riviere of diamonds and a coronet of the same gems. Mrs. William D. Sloaoe, Mrs. Ogdeo Goelet, Mrs. William F. Bronsoo, Mrs. William Astor, and many others were blaziog with gems.

The recent elopement in Boston of Mrs. Frank Higginsoo and James Wheatland Smith has attracted the attentioo of the entire United States. Mrs. Higginsoo is the wife of a prominent banker in Boston, and Smith a young attorney, a Harvard man, and an ex-member of the foot-ball team. The people of both their families are the best in Boston, and Mrs. Higginsoo's eldest daughter, a girl of seventeen, was about to make her debut this season. Mrs. Higginsoo is forty, and Smith is twenty-eight. The lady is said to be still very beautiful, although older than he. The story told in the dispatches about the husbaod cabling ooe hundred thousand dollars to Genoa, the first port at which the eloping couple were to touch, is doubtless a fairy-tale. It would be more probable that he would cable to stop her letter of credit. But the amout of space given to this incident by the newspapers is due entirely to the extreme rarity of elopements among American people of position. Elopements by women of education, refinement, and standing in American communities are almost unknown. A good rule to follow is for each commuioy to recall instances in its own knowledge. How many elopements have there beeo among the better class of San Francisco io forty years? The Boston papers say that this is the first that can be recalled there for a couple of generations. The fact that this elopement has excited so much attention is due to the fact that such cases are so rare.

We are all of us familiar with the "bicycle face," and many of us have noticed the curd "bicycle bob," but a new horror is comiog in with the wheel, called the "bicycle pigeon-toe." It is a melancholy fact, but lovely woman naturally turns her toes io. If she is caught young, and properly traioed, she may be made to turn them out. But girl babies all walk like Indians, with their feet pointing together at the toes like a V. This hereditary habit, although sometimes overcome, reasserts itself with great violence when the girl baby grows up and takes to riding the bicycle. Watch one next time she dismounts. You will see her pigeon-toeing and leaving crow-tracks upon the dust of the road. It is a subject to which young women who ride should pay heed.

The *Haberdasher*, which is an authority, says that "not more than fifty per cent. of the men of the United States wear night-shirts, but the women throughout the country almost without exception wear night-gowos." It seems that in the city the percentage of men who wear night-shirts is much higher than in the country. But it is said that in the country the practice of wearing oight-shirts is increasing all the time. "Still," the *Haberdasher* says, "it is an acquired habit." There is one house in New York city that manufactures nothing but men's sleeping garments, and it has over four thousand numbers on its catalogue. This house

says that the sale of pajamas is increasing, but that the increase is slow. It seems that men first acquire the night-shirt habit, and gradually are led by easy stages to the pajama. While on this subject, it may be of interest to say that on the New York stage this winter there seems to be a boom in night-gowns. Four young women appear in their night-gowns in "The Gay Parisians," and eight figure io their nighties in "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown." The most strikiog of these is said to be a very tall young woman who wears a white slip tied with baby blue ribbons. Beneath her chubby face there is a long stretch of apparently plump feminioity, and then the slip terminates. The view is then broken up by pale-blue stockings which extend some distance downward and disappear in black slippers. This tall young womao is said to exercise a marked fascination upon the male members of the audience.

Paul Bourget, the psychological author, who writes about the heart, who analyzed the women of the United States after a five-days' study in his book "Outre Mer," is now beginning another serial for the New York *Herald*. The opening scene is laid in Monte Carlo. This reminds us that "Gyp," the Countess de Martel, who writes for the *Vie Parisienne* and other French journaols of fashion, severely criticised Bourget once because he made ooe of his heroines wear a black satin corset. It seems, according to "Gyp," that this is not *comme il faut*. She is probably right, but we fancy she is more particular about the corset which iocases a lady's person than about the morals of the person whom the corset incases.

The uncertainty about the "dinner jacket," Tuxedo coat, or Cowes coat, whatever it may be called, is, we observe, felt in London as well as io New York. *Vogue*, in the latter city, has much trouble in explaining to its masculine readers when they should wear their dinooer jackets. We note in a recent number of a Londoo society weekly an answer to several correspondents asking "when the dinner jacket may be wore." The fashion paper replies that the dinooer jacket "may be worn at any small dinner when those present are either related or are on very intimate terms with each other. The jacket is often seen now at the theatres, even when the man has ladies with him, but the jacket can oot be worn at a ball, io public gatherings, or at a dinner the hostess of which is only a slight acquaintance." The perplexing problems connected with the dinner jacket seem to be accumulating.

It is said not to cost a fortune to entertain the Prince of Wales. A young American widow, who received much atteenio from him at Homburg, gave him a dinner last summer there. There were five persons at the dinner and it cost only sixty dollars. In accordance with his custom, the prince ordered the dinooer himself, suggesting a clear soup, a squab, hock, and champagne of a certain brand. He invited his intimate friend, Christopher Sykes, and a duke and duchess. The widow's mother was left out. After the dinner the party went to the theatre. This is certainly a cheap way of entertaining a prince.

There are many chaoges going on io New York society. Not the least of them is the taste for gambliog which many of its members have picked up while abroad. By gambliog they do oot mean round games like poker. That has always been played io America. But there is a vast difference between round games and baokiog games. The particular game which flourishes most abroad is baccarat. It is played at Homburg, at Wiesbaden, at Aix-les-Baiois, at Nice, and in the *trips* io Paris—the gambliog-hells which are dignified by the name of clubs. It is as bad as the banking games at Moote Carlo. It is worse, because it is played in private houses. This species of foreign dissipation has beeo planted on American soil, and at Newport during the season there has been a good deal of baccarat. It is said that people have begun playing it in New York this wiotoer.

The fact that Egypt is going to be more fashionaable this wiotoer than ever before is shown by the number of hookings at the hotels. The hotel-keepers say that five years ago they had about four thousand people io Cairo for the wiotoer, nine-tenths of them English. Last year there were eight thousand, one-half of them Americans. This year the hotel-keepers estimate that they will have at least ten thousand, and the American influx will be larger than ever before.

Concerning the different ideas as to the wearing of gems in America and Englaod, the London *Graphic* remarks that "diamond tias are very common among the trousseaus of young ladies." None the less, it says that tias are generally worn only for the fullest of full dress, and that many fashionable women in Eogland leave their jewelry at their bankers three-fourths of the year. The *Graphic* dryly remarks that the ideas prevailing in America as to the wearing of diamonds by great ladies inspired a curious incident in a play acted in the United States. A duchess seated in her hooour

is informed by her maid that the villain is coming to see her. "Mary," says she, with digoitly, "hriog me my coronet."

THE LITTLE LASS IN PINK.

A peerless pearl of beauty,
A jewel of romance!
Who would not ride in tourney
To gain her winsome glance?
Who would not be a minstrel,
The golden rhymes to link,
And sing her praise in merry lays—
The little lass in pink?

So tiny are her glovelets,
So dainty are her shoos,
I throw the pixies wrought them
Beneath the midnight moo;
And o'er the elfin stitches
They sang, with many a wink,
"We twine a twist that none resist
The little lass in pink."

She hath a witching dimple;
Now was it not a sio
That when the fairies crowded her
They put that dimple io?
The heartaches it hath given
It grieves my soul to think:
She hath no care how lovers fare—
The little lass in pink.

Her smile is like a dew-drop
That glistens io the morn.
Her frown—no eye hath seen it:
She never looks in scorn.
Her footsteps fall like rose-leaves
Beside the fountain's briok.
The gallants sigh as she goes by—
The little lass in pink.

After the revel's over,
When stars grow dim above,
And slumber's drowsy fingers
Have kissed the eyes we love,
Ho! gallant cavaliers,
Your parting beakers clink:
"May time tread light and never blight
The little lass in pink!"

—Samuel Minturn Peck in the Bazar.

— WHEN YOU ARE SELECTING A WEDDING-present, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street. They have a magnificent variety to choose from.

— NOVELTIES IN ATOMIZERS FROM 50 CENTS up, at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

"And did he say he remembered me when I was a girl?" "No; he said he remembered you when he was a boy."—*Life*.

Dealers do not take enough pains to sell the right chimneys for lamps. Get the "Index to Chimneys"—free.

Write Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, maker of "pearl glass" and "pearl top."

A Gule-tide puzzle solved

There are a thousand and one things that may please him—but if he is a smoker you are sure to please him with a box of the new "Estrella" cigars. Finest quality of All-Havana Cigars ever sold at the price; and thoroughly up-to-date as to shapes, sizes and colors.

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Guarantee skirt edges from wearing out. Don't take any binding unless you see "S.H. & M." on the label no matter what anybody tells you.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf with one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."

The late Professor Blackie was once standing in front of the fire at the lodge of Balliol, and shouting out, with a roll of the famous plaid and a toss of the equally famous wild white hair: "I should like to know what you Oxford fellows say of me behind my back!" After a moment's pause, Jowett, the master of Balliol, replied mildly, "We don't mention you at all."

Sir Robert Peel, brother to the late Speaker, was noted for his "sharp tongue." On one occasion an Irish member, heated in debate, shouted out that "if he could pass the charter, he wouldn't care if Satan were king!" Sir Robert bowed courteously, and mildly expressed his belief "that when the honorable member should be under the sovereignty of his choice, he would enjoy the full confidence of the crown."

Among a lot of Fresh-Air Fund children sent to the sea-side last summer was one poor little waif who did not join in the other children's games, but was found alone down on the rocks surveying the ocean. "Wouldn't you like to come and play some games with the other little girls?" she was asked. "Oh, no, sir," said the waif; "I'd rather look at the water." "And what do you find to interest you in the water?" "Oh, there's such lots of it," said the waif, enthusiastically; "and it's the only time in my life I ever seen enough of anything."

When the Princess Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, came to Paris as the bride of Prince Napoleon, Eugénie, herself a parvenu, felt some constraint in her dealings with the daughter of a race of kings, but did all that she could to conceal her feelings. Clotilde was very good, very pious, very quiet, but as proud as Lucifer. At one of the splendid fêtes that were arranged to celebrate her arrival in Paris, the empress remarked to her, with an air of one who has been accustomed to that sort of thing always: "I am awfully bored, aren't you?" "Yes," answered Clotilde, quietly; "but I am used to it." Eugénie never forgave her for this remark.

Some weeks ago we printed two forms of a patent reversible anecdote, and remarked that it seemed adaptable to any time and locality. A writer on the *Call* has evidently treasured up the remark and the story, for he has worked the material over and evolved the following:

"Burlingame is merry over the repartee of quick-witted 'White Hat' Dan McCarty. Dan, as everybody knows, has been teaching J. Talbot Clifton the ropes around the stables, race-tracks, and horse shows of this country. The two inseparables visited Burlingame last Friday, J. Talbot Clifton reaching the club-house register first. He glanced around, and seeing McCarty engaged elsewhere, he registered in a bold, aristocratic hand: 'J. Talbot Clifton and valet.' Then he stood by and watched the expression on Dan's face when he strutted up to the register. McCarty's bump of humor is well enough developed, and he grasped the situation without hesitancy. Taking up the pen and murmuring softly to himself, 'This duck can't get the best of me,' he wrote: 'Daniel McCarty and valise.'"

The junior member of the old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston, Hoadley & Johnson having used the phrase "a shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar" in referring to some other lawyer, Murat Halstead seized upon the phrase and thereafter invariably referred to Mr. Johnson as "the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar." At an evening gathering Mr. Halstead saw a handsome woman. He begged to be presented, and was—to Mrs. Johnson. It did not occur to him who the lady might be. He was curious about her. "Johnson, Johnson?" he repeated; "I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mrs. Johnson. Do you live in Ohio?" "Oh, yes," replied the lady, brimming over with smiles; "I live in Cincinnati." "Indeed!" said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished; "may I inquire of what family of Johnsons you are?" The smiles were more than merry this time. "Mr. Halstead," she replied, "for fifteen years I have been trying to polish up the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar!"

Dr. Richard Busby, the second centenary of whose death was celebrated recently at Westminster School, where he was head-master for fifty-seven years, was a disciplinarian of the old school. When Charles the Second visited the school, Dr. Busby asked the king to take off his hat while he kept on his own, on the ground that discipline could not be maintained if the boys should believe that there was a greater man in England than their head-master. A Frenchman, once wandering into the school playground, was set upon by the boys. Dr. Busby saw the row, and ordered those engaged to be flogged; the Frenchman was taken with the boys and flogged, too. He then went in his wrath to the doctor to demand an explanation, but as he

could not speak English well, after a few words the doctor got angry, and ordered him to be horsed, which was done. The Frenchman, mad with rage, went to his inn, wrote a challenge, and sent it to Busby by the porter. The doctor read the challenge, and at once had the porter horsed. That was too much for the Frenchman. He packed his valise and fled in terror to France.

Not long after Lincoln's election to the Presidency, he was in his office in the old state-house in Springfield, when a tall, lank countryman put his head into the door and asked to see Mr. Lincoln. He was from Kansas, be explained, and with his family was going back to Indiana. He had voted for Mr. Lincoln, and wanted to see him. Mr. Lincoln received his unconventional caller with politeness, and presently the man asked: "What kind of a tree is that helow there in the yard?" It was a warm November day, and the window was open. Mr. Lincoln looked out, and said: "It is a cypress. I suppose you would have known it if you had been on the ground." "No, I don't mean that," said the countryman; "I mean the other one nearer the house. You will have to lean farther out." Mr. Lincoln leaned out, and then, straightening up, he said: "There is no other one." "No?" said the man; "well, do you see that woman and them three children over there in that wagon? That is my wife and children. I told them I would show them the President-elect of the United States, and I have. Good-bye, Mr. Lincoln." And so saying, he stalked down-stairs.

Hans Christian Andersen received one Christmas a box of cakes from an unknown admirer (says the *Critic*), and was all gratification at the compliment. Suddenly a strange apprehension assailed him. He had just read some account of poison conveyed in this fashion; possibly the gift was the murderous device of a rival. With more aptitude than grace, he decided, in a half-absent fashion, to send them on to his friend, Mme. A—, to test their quality. A day or two later he called. "Is Mme. A— in?" "Yes, sir." "Is she quite well?" "Quite, sir." "Could I see her?" "Certainly, sir." Face to face with Mme. A—, he recurred to the same anxiety. "She was well? Yes. The children well? Yes. And had she received the cakes he sent? Eaten some? And was quite well? And the children had eaten some? And were quite well?" And then at last the old man's excitement boiled over. "You can't think how pleased I am," he said; "those cakes were sent me by an unknown admirer, and I was afraid they might be poisoned. So I sent them on to you. And you have eaten them, and are quite well. You can't think how pleased I am!" And he passed out smiling and in high good humor.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Dec. 21, Jan. 15, 30.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Dec. 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Dec. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Dec. 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Dec. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Willamette Valley*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK,

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MATTLAND KERSEY, Agent,
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COOK'S Egypt, the Nile, Palestine, and other Mediterranean Resorts. Special rates by direct steamer January 8th.
Japan, China, and the Hawaiian Islands in February. Programmes free.

621 Market Street, **TOURS**
San Francisco. Established 1841.

SOCIETY.

The Friday Night Club.

The second meeting of the Friday Night Club was held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening. There were nearly three hundred and fifty members present. This meeting was a cotillion, and five figures were danced under the direction of Mr. Edward M. Greenway and his partner, Miss Hannah Williams, who were assisted by Miss Ella Hobart, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Miss Romietta Wallace, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Miss McNutt, and Mr. William R. Heath. The cotillion terminated at midnight, and then supper was served under Ludwig's direction. The menu was as follows:

HOT SERVICE.

Eastern Oysters, Escalloped.
Chicken Timbales à la Reine.
Mallard Ducks.
Boiled Hominy.
Canvas-back Ducks.
Kalamazoo Celery Salad.

COLD SERVICE.

Roast Turkey.
Pâté de Foie Gras, au Gelée.
Ham and Tongue, au Gelée.
Bread, Butter, Sandwiches.

DESSERT.

Plombière and Nougat Ice Cream.
Assorted Cakes, Candies.
Camellia Cream Cake, Mocha Cream Cake.
Pistache Cream Cake.

Champagne.
Shasta Water.

After supper dancing was resumed until two o'clock. The next cotillion will take place on January 3d, 1896. The final cotillion is set for January 17th. It will be a leap-year cotillion and will be led by Miss Sally Mayo. The ladies are expected to appear in peasant costumes, and the gentlemen are requested to wear scarlet coats and the accessories that are worn at a "huot" ball.

The Baldwin Hunt-Ball.

Mr. Charles A. Baldwin gave the first hunt-ball in San Francisco last Tuesday evening in the Maple Hall at the Palace Hotel. Prior to the ball the host gave a dinner in one of the private dining-rooms, having as his guests:

Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mr. Henry R. Simpkins, Miss Ella Hobart, Major J. L. Rathbone, Miss Juliette Williams, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Miss Celia Tobin, Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Miss Genevieve Goad, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Miss Hannah Williams, Mr. Harold Wheeler, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Mr. J. Talbot Clifton, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Mr. Richard Tobin, Miss Helen Boss, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Miss Anna Head, Count du Parc, Miss McNutt, Consul Vladimir Artimovitch, and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre.

After dinner the party adjourned to the reception-room, and the guests who had been invited to the ball began to arrive. They were received by Mr. Baldwin and Mrs. A. Page Brown. The guests did not observe the strict formality of a hunt ball; some wore scarlet coats, others had their coat lapels faced with scarlet, and the remainder were in conventional evening-dress. The ladies, however, almost without exception, appeared in light gowns. White satin predominated. All either wore white wigs or had their hair powdered. There was dancing until midnight, when supper was served, after which four figures of the cotillion were danced under the direction of Mr. Baldwin, who was assisted by Lieutenant Smedberg, U. S. A., and Miss Hannah Williams. Very handsome favors were distributed. It was nearly four o'clock when the ball came to an end. Among those present, in addition to the guests at dinner, were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Prince and Princess Poniatowski, Baron and Baroness von Schröder, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss

Lanra McKinstry, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Rose Hooper, Misses Borel, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss McNutt, Miss Cora Smedberg, Brigadier-General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., Captain Marion P. Maus, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Colonel W. R. Smedberg, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Walter Leonard Dean, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. John G. Doyle, Mr. R. McKee Duperu, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Lieutenant W. S. Sims, U. S. N., Mr. George H. Howard, Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Mr. Malcolm Bond, Mr. Atherton Macondray, Mr. Clement Tobin, and Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr.

The ball was a most striking affair. Mr. Baldwin is to be congratulated on its unique features, the beauty of its favors, its brilliant color, and its marked success.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Truxton Beale, formerly United States Minister to Persia, was in Paris last week. He was then about to start on an extended tour along the southern frontier of Asiatic Russia, from the east shore of the Caspian Sea to Port Arthur. He denied that his wife had instituted divorce proceedings against him.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is occupying her cottage on Beach Hill, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan have returned to the city, after passing about six months at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury returned from the East last Wednesday.

Mme. Julie Rosewald, who is visiting relatives in Baltimore, expects to arrive here on December 30th.

Mr. Claude T. Hamilton has returned from a visit to New York and other Eastern cities.

Mr. W. F. Whittier, Miss Whittier, and Mr. W. R. Whittier have returned from a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Edith Patton Wildes and her sister, Miss Dorothy Patton, returned to the city on Thursday after an absence of two years in the East and Europe. They will reside with their mother, Mrs. William H. Patton, who has leased the residence at 2220 Broadway for the winter.

Mr. Brooks Jones is in the city on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Winfield S. Jones.

Mrs. William S. Tevis came up from Bakersfield on Thursday, and will return to-day, accompanied by Miss Bessie Bowie.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas are in Paris, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. Robert Bolton and Miss Bolton arrived in Paris early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, and Mr. George E. P. Hall are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase left last Saturday for the East on the Sunset Limited.

Mr. Horace G. Platt left for the East this week.

Mr. E. A. Bruguière left for the East Thursday night.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral Charles C. Carpenter, U. S. N., is at his home in Portsmouth, N. H., where his wife is seriously ill.

Lieutenant-Colonel James G. C. Lee, U. S. A., Deputy Quartermaster-General of the Department of California, is visiting New York city, and will be away until after the holidays.

Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., has been assigned to duty at the Navy Department in Washington, D. C.

Major and Mrs. H. A. Bartlett, U. S. M. C., are at San Diego for the benefit of Mrs. Bartlett's health.

Major Clarence Ewen, Surgeon, U. S. N., has been ordered to appear before a retiring board for examination.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., are now occupying a cottage at the Presidio.

Captain M. A. Healy, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Bear* and placed on waiting orders.

Captain C. L. Hooper, U. S. R. C. S., will have charge of the repairs to be done on the *Bear*, *Rush*, *Grant*, *Corwin*, and *Perry*.

Captain J. Estcourt Sawyer, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as Post Quartermaster at the Presidio, and ordered to Buffalo, N. Y., to relieve Captain William W. Robinson, Jr., U. S. A., who will come to the Presidio.

Paymaster J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Independence*.

Paymaster O. C. Tiffany, U. S. N., is on duty on the *Monterey*.

Paymaster Henry C. Machette, U. S. N., of the *Independence*, has been granted six months' leave of absence, owing to ill health, and will then be retired.

Passed Assistant Surgeon E. S. Bogart, U. S. N., of the *Albatross*, left Mare Island a week ago with Chief-Engineer Henry Herwig, U. S. N., who is invalided to his home in Alexandria from the *Marion*, which is on the lower coast of South America.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Gordon Voorbies, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., have returned to Fort Walla Walla after visiting relatives in Kentucky.

First Lieutenant W. E. Reynolds, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Grant*.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Harry Coupland Benson, U. S. A., *de Breeze*, have returned from their wedding trip, and are residing at the Presidio.

Additional Second Lieutenant Conway H. Arnold, Jr., Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed second lieutenant.

Ensign De Witt Blamer, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger* and ordered to the *Thetis*.

"A Calendar of Roses," consisting of fac-similes of water-color designs by Newton A. Wells; a similar "Calendar of Cats," by Frederick J. Boston; and an "Elves' Calendar," have been published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; prices, \$1.25, \$1.00, and 50 cents, respectively.

The usual assortment of Christmas and New Year's cards, art calendars for 1896, and similar publications have been sent out by L. Prang & Co., of Boston. Among their calendars the "Poster Calendar" is particularly striking, being made in the style of magazine posters.

THE SOCIETY MAN.

Those Pink Coats.

Yes [said the Society Man], the agitation about the affair was really extraordinary. Binks came to me—you know Binks—nice fellow, in a way, but impossible, don't you know. Well, Binks came to me, and said, excitedly:

"Have you got a red coat?"

"A red coat?" said I; "my dear man, I never had a red coat—do you mean a pink coat?"

"Well," grumbled Binks, "a pink coat, then—isn't pink red?"

"Yes, but red isn't pink," I replied, suavely; "there are three grades of coats, my dear fellow—only cads and Tommy Atkins wear red coats—we of the upper classes wear pink coats, and we always leave off the coats and say pink. You wouldn't say 'sherry wine' now, would you, Binks?"

But I thought the beggar would, don't you know. Father was in trade in something—sold things, I believe.

"But you haven't told me," persisted Binks, "whether you have a pink coat or not?"

"Of course I have," I replied; "every man has to have a pink coat—part of a gentleman's wardrobe, don't you know. Why, the last time I wore mine was at a little dance at the country-seat of the Duke of Thigumy—Thigumy Towers, you know. If I hadn't had a pink coat, my dear Binks, I would therefore have been beyond the pale of decent society."

The perspiration started out on Binks's brow.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," he stammered; "I've been to Janders & Samson, and two other tailors, and one of 'em can make one for me—rushed to death with red—I mean pink—coats. One tailor told me he had to make nineteen in two days."

"Really, Binks," said I, "you shock me. Is it possible that among our men here there are no pink coats? Why, I thought the town was civilized; I shall really have to leave it. What are all these pinkless coatless persons going to do?"

"I don't know," said Binks, gloomily. "One tailor told me that most of them were having red—I mean pink—facings put on the lapels of their dress-coats, and cuffs of the same color. How do you think I would look that way?"

"My dear Binks," said I, reflectively inspecting him, "you would certainly look—er—chromatic—and as certainly—er—peculiar. Sort of semi-pink Binks, eh?"

"Well, it's got to go," said Binks, grimly.

"What?" said I, "the chromatic coat?"

"Exactly," said Binks, with a sickly smile.

"Ta-ta, old man," and he disappeared.

Do you know, the beggar actually appeared in his chromatic coat?—lapels and cuffs faced with pink silk?—looked like a sort of glorified lackey, don't you know—my lord, the carriage waits, and all that sort of thing.

But the most dreadful shock to my nerves there was when my friend Blank appeared. Citizen of the world. Runs over to Lunnon once a year to get trousers. Has his shins made in a little place off Jermyo Street, and sends his hats over to have them ironed in Piccadilly. Carries an umbrella still which was rolled by a shop-keeper in Bond Street. Never been unrolled. Very correct feller.

Well, blessed if Blank didn't appear with the two tail-buttens of his pink coat done up in tissue paper.

Only fancy—a feller supposed to be leaping five-barred fences, right at the heels of the 'ounds all day, talking on the level with the M. F. H., presenting the brush to Lady Ermyntude Watchemay-callit (second daughter of the Duke of Thigumy), and then appearing at a hunt-ball with tissue paper on his buttens. Tut, tut! Dreadful, isn't it?

Wonder what the Prince of Wales would say if he heard of it—what?

Thanks, no, old man, don't believe I'll join you in your B. & S. Too English. This pink coat business and the talk of war with England has developed my latent Americanism. Think I'll take a cocktail. Here, boy—bring me a gin cocktail.

Make it of A. V. H. gin, Stoughton bitters, not Angostura, no lemon peel. And make it very dry. See?

Decorative Art.

As an example of what may be done in the way of decorative art in a show window, it is only necessary to take a look at one of the windows of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s store, on Sutter Street, which was arranged by Miss Mary D. Bates, the well-known society decorator. This is her first attempt at this class of work, and it is certainly ingenious.

It represents an impromptu supper, with settings of scarlet cloth, and holly, and candelabra, with scarlet candles. There are chafing dishes for Welsh rarebits, and German steins of various sizes. Some of these steins were made in Sweden, and are of wood, hand-painted. The array must be seen to be appreciated.

THE RARE BEAUTY DISPLAYED IN THIS year's calendars has caused a larger sale than ever before. Mr. Cooper, the Market Street stationer, says that they have imported the most gorgeous line of cards and calendars that have ever before been shown here, and that the sales, so far, are simply unprecedented.

GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Citicura

Instantly Relieves

SKIN TORTURES



A warm bath with Citicura Soap, a single application of Citicura (ointment), the great skin cure, followed by mild doses of Citicura Resolvent (the new blood purifier), will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure in every form of torturing and disfiguring skin humours.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

A Modern Mecca

From fog-veiled sea-coast and swamp-covered plains as well as from the snow and ice of the mountains and the regions beyond, sick folks flock to Byron for its delightful winter climate.

Isn't there many winter resorts in California? Not one so near San Francisco; not one with such powerful springs and baths.

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

Write for interesting booklet. Free.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum

Toilet Powder



Approved by Highest Medical Authorities as a Perfect Sanitary Toilet Preparation for infants and adults.

Positively Relieves Prickly Heat, Nettle Rash, Chafed Skin, Sunburn, etc. Removes Blisters, Pimples, makes the skin smooth and healthy. Take no substitutes. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cts. Sample mailed. (Name this paper) FREE GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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Absolutely Pure.

THE BEST
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COLUMBIA
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HARTFORD
Bicycle
'96 MODELS NOW IN STOCK
Store open evenings until after
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MONOGRAMS,
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Designed, Engraved,
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ROBERTSON'S
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OPEN EVENINGS.

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N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.
The Principal and Finest
Family Hotel of San Francisco.
Special Pride Taken in the
Excellence of the Cuisine.
Elegantly Furnished Rooms
Single and En Suite.
Permanent Guests Will be
Given Special Rates.
Elevator Runs Day and Night.
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LADIES' GRILL ROOM
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Palace Hotel
A Delightful Place to Take
Luncheon while Making
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You can't hurry Crockers'.
They have to take just so much
time to do their sort of engraving.
If they took less time
they'd be the biggest losers, and
they know it.
That's reason enough for doing
the best engraving in town.
They are proud of their work
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PIANO FORTES
UNEQUALLED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability.
MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS.
BENJ. CURTAZ & SON
16 to 20 O'Farrell Street.
OPEN EVENINGS.

SOCIETY.
Notes and Gossip.
The wedding of Miss Ella W. Goad, daughter of Mr. W. F. Goad, and Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, will take place on Wednesday, February 5, 1896, at the residence of the bride's father, north-west corner of Washington and Gough Streets. The wedding will be celebrated very quietly.
The wedding of Miss Kathryn Jarboe and Mr. Jerome Case Bull will take place next month.
A ball will be given at the Burlingame Club on New Year's eve, and many house-parties will be given by residents in the vicinity. It is supposed that the gentlemen will wear scarlet coats, as at the hunt ball.
Mrs. William F. Herrin will give a matinee tea to-day at her residence, 2590 Broadway, to introduce her sister-in-law, Miss Herrin. Those who will assist in receiving are: Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Aldrich, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Cole, Miss Sherrard, Miss Della Mills, Miss Bernie Drown, and the Misses Stubbs.
The tea that Mrs. E. E. Eyre was to have given to-day will not take place, owing to the death of Mrs. Robert F. Morrison.
A hop will be given at the Presidio next Tuesday evening.
The Friday Fortnightly Club will give a party next Friday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence on Franklin Street in honor of Miss Randol and Miss Mary Randol. The others present were: Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Harriet Graham, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. William M. Randol, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Peter Donahue, Mr. Henry N. Stetson, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Addison Mizner, and Mr. George B. Davidson.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1100 O'Farrell Street. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. James Nash Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerome, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGee, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Harrington, Miss Ethel Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Zane, Miss Loughborough, Dr. Henry L. Tevis, Mr. George Almer Newhall, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. Frank L. Owen, and Mr. Van Brunt.
Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1001 Leavenworth Street, in honor of Mr. J. Sloat Fassett, of New York. Covers were laid for twelve.
Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder gave a dinner on Friday evening at their residence on Sutter Street complimentary to Mrs. Harold Sewall. After dinner all attended the cotillion.
Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Henley gave a dinner-party last Sunday evening at their residence, 2131 Green Street. Their guests were Captain and Mrs. M. A. Healy, U. S. R. C. S., Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, and Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A.
Miss Jessie Fillmore, daughter of Mr. J. A. Fillmore, gave a lunch-party last Tuesday, and entertained Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Marguerite Savage, Miss Josephine Blackmore, Miss Marie Sibley, Miss Olive Holbrook, Miss Heloise Davis, Miss Sophie Pierce, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Clara Hellman, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Gertrude Forman, Miss Mahel Foster, Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Helen Woolworth, Miss Fannie Baldwin, Miss Annie Deuprey, Miss Josephine Loughborough, Miss Lillian Finigan, and Miss Mabel McDonald.
A surprise party was given to Mrs. Harold Sewall last Saturday evening at the residence of her mother, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, 2315 Sacramento Street.
Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Tuesday in honor of Miss Kathryn Jarboe.
Miss Alice Hager gave a lunch-party last Thursday at the residence of her mother on Gough Street. Covers were laid for eighteen.
The Misses Castle recently entertained a few friends of Mrs. A. E. Garceau, nee Hyde, to bid her adieu, as she left for her home in Chicago on Friday.
Mrs. Alexander Forbes gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, 2604 Jackson Street, in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Johnson, who has been absent abroad during the past four years. Those who assisted in receiving were: Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Harry C. Benson, Miss Barber, Miss Page, Miss Breeze, Miss Adèle Perrin, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Kate Forbes, and Miss McNutt.
A matinee tea was given by Mrs. Barclay Henley recently at her residence, 2131 Green Street, in honor of her niece, Miss Dorothy Ames. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Hill, Miss Lillian Young, Miss Riley, Miss Bessie Henley, and Miss Lewis.
Mrs. Frank Selfridge gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence on Jackson Street in

honor of Miss Sibley. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, Mrs. J. S. Wethered, Mrs. Selim Woodworth, Mrs. Harry Martinez, Miss Wethered, Miss Bessie Cole, and Miss May Palmer.
The Monday Evening Dancing Class held its second meeting last Monday night in Golden Gate Hall, and the members enjoyed dancing until midnight.
Californians Abroad.
An extract from a private letter from Paris to a friend in this city, dated December 1st, reads:
"The weather in Paris has been gloomy for some time, but we have had sunshine from the Golden Gate lately in the form of some California boys—Frank Unger, Ned Townsend, and Harry Gillig. They have made the studios of some American artists ring with song and merriment, and there have been some dinners given in the Latin quarter by them that will be long talked of in the American art colony. Some of the dinners are said to have lasted from seven P. M. until—G. M. Those who were there said that it is rarely that such jolly, witty, and talented gatherings assembled in the art colony. Ned Townsend was delighted with his experience in Paris. The party left for London this morning, with lots of friends to bid them good-bye at the Gare du Nord."
Photos Framed or Bound in Mats.
R. R. Hill, 724 1/2 Market Street. Telephone, "Black 141." Christmas work quickly attended to.
— THE FASHIONS IN LADIES' PURSES THIS YEAR have changed but little. Some new leathers have been introduced by Cooper & Co., of Market Street, and they are displaying a very pretty line of dainty shades, with new designs in gold and silver mountings. The "Crushed" Levant seems to be the popular leather, while the snake and alligator cause a goodly demand also. In gentlemen's letter and card-cases, the black seal seems to hold sway.
— IVORY FIGURES AND IVORY MINIATURE PAINTINGS. Do not fail to see the splendid collection just received at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street.
— G. D. MORSE, PHOTOGRAPHER, 916 MARKET Street, Columbian Building, is making cabinets at reduced prices for the Xmas trade.
— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.
— CUT-GLASS BOTTLES FROM 25 CENTS UP, AT Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.
— DR. C. W. DECKER, DENTIST, 806 MARKET.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS
NOTICE
NAME THIS
ON LABEL
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN'S

THE TRIBUNE
A Gentleman's Wheel.



Let us convince you that it is to your interest to make it your '96 mount.

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COAST AGENTS,
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SYRACUSE BICYCLES
"The famous crimson rims."
"It's a pleasure to ride one, they run so easy."

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Universally Acknowledged by Connoisseurs the HIGHEST GRADE of Champagne. Tourists to the Continent of Europe observe that POMMERY SEC Commands the Highest Price at all Better Hotels and Resorts. At the English Wine Sales, POMMERY SEC invariably Realizes the Highest Values.

Exclusively served at the Banquet in Atlanta, tendered to PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND.
—Atlanta "Constitution."
Selected for the Banquet in Hamburg given to the GERMAN EMPEROR and GERMAN PRINCES.—New York "Times."
Selected for the Banquet in Bordeaux given to the PRESIDENT of the FRENCH REPUBLIC.
—New York "Tribune."
POMMERY SEC, favored by H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES and by ROYALTY IN ENGLAND.—New York "Mail and Express."

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO., PACIFIC COAST AGENTS
327-329 Market St.

NEATH CHILL DECEMBER'S BLAST,
SWEET SUMMER & LOOMS AGAIN IN

THE MATCHLESS PERFUME
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
FOR HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET, AND BATH.
CAN IDEAL
CHRISTMAS GIFT.



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—THE—
Sunset
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Limited
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For the Season of 1895-96

-WILL RUN-

SEMI-WEEKLY

—BETWEEN—

San Francisco,
Los Angeles,
AND New Orleans

—OVER THE GREAT—

Sunset Route

LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO

TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS

From Tuesday, November 5, 1895.

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Joe Hardup—"What's yer readin', Tom?" Tom Tatters—"Jes' something easy. 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.'"—Puck.

"I wonder if he really loves me?" she mused. Again she read his letter. "It must be so. I can make no sense of it."—Truth.

Clara—"May has refused a man with half a million." Carrie—"Is it possible? I never thought she was so mercenary."—Puck.

He—"That's a very extravagant cook you've got." She—"Yes, she seems to think we have victuals to burn."—Yonkers Statesman.

The embarrassments of divorce: He—"We met last in eighty-two." She—"Ah, yes! Let me see. Who was I in eighty-two?"—Life.

"How much does your Christmas turkey weigh?" "Only two pounds, old man, but it's a fine bird." "How are you going to have it? On toast?"—Life.

Tourist—"What's the mean temperature around here?" Boomer—"Stranger, thar ain't any mean temperature hyarabouts. It's allus delightful."—Truth.

Funnies—"Er—why—I can't really say that I write my jokes. They come to me, as it were." Snippus—"From whom do they come?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Muggins—"I am afflicted with lung trouble." Buggins—"Why, you look all right." Muggins—"Oh, it isn't me. We've got twins at our house."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Bingo—"I wish you would tell that servant-girl that we don't require her any more." Bingo—"Certainly, my dear." (Later, to servant.) "Bridget, Mrs. Bingo wants to see you."—Life.

"I am ashamed of you, my dear, laughing at those risqué stories of Mrs. de French. You would better have blushed." "But, mamma, if I had blushed, it would have shown that I understood them."—Life.

Editor (looking it over)—"It's a little too late to publish a menu for a Thanksgiving dinner, ma'am, and a little too early for a Christmas dinner. Otherwise I should be glad to use this, and—" Indignant caller—"Sir, that is poetry."—Chicago Tribune.

A negro preacher addressed his flock with great earnestness on the subject of "Miracles" as follows: "My beloved friends, de greatest of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and fishes. Dey was five thousand loaves and two thousand fishes, and de twelve 'postles had to eat 'em all. De miracle is, dey didn't bust."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Bobby," said a teacher in a Boston school, "I am surprised at you! You are usually so studious, and here you are drawing horrid, idle pictures on your slate." "I beg your pardon, miss," replied the youth, with the hauteur of misunderstood genius, "but you are laboring under a misapprehension. This is not a horrid, idle picture. It is a design for a magazine poster."—Washington Star.

"Your wife is very successful on the lecture platform, Binks." "Yes?" "She is, indeed. She speaks right to the point, and never seems a bit afraid." "Glad you think so. I'm responsible for all that." "You? How?" "I sit in the audience, and she fixes her eye on me and fires ahead. She says she feels just as she does when she's got me in a corner with something I ought to hear."—Bazar.

"For the life of me, colonel, I don't see why you persist in maintaining that whisky is of any value in the cure of snake-bites. Why, all the modern scientists—" "Young man," answered Colonel Bluegrass, turning purple, "it stands to reason, sah, that good whisky, being beneficial in every other complaint, must be of benefit in snake-bites. When there is a uniform law in nature, sah, it does not vary for a mere snake, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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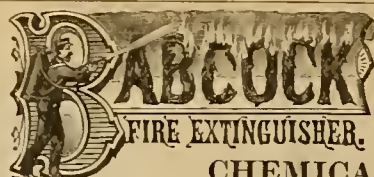
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The Argonaut.

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Among the many conjectures concerning the effects of a war between the United States and Great Britain, not the least interesting is the settlement of financial matters between the two countries. We do not refer to war indemnities, collectible after hostilities are over, but to the outstanding accounts between firms and individuals in the two countries, the property owned in the United States by subjects of Great Britain, and the revenues from property in this country accruing to American wives of British subjects. What

effect would an Anglo-American war have upon these complicated and intertangled interests?

The effect would be very simple and very sweeping. It would probably be to annihilate all the debts owing from one country to the other. It would wipe out all British ownership of property in America. The value of American securities held by British investors is estimated at five thousand millions of dollars. This would probably be at once confiscated by the American Government. Such an action would make many of our railways government property. A majority of the stock of the Central Pacific, for example, is owned by British subjects; it will be remembered that Sir Charles Rivers Wilson was out here, not long ago, in their interests. The Central Pacific—or so much of it as belonged to British subjects, to wit, the control—would be confiscated by the government. We would speedily have governmental operation of railways here, for the Federal Government would become possessed of so much railway property taken from British subjects that it would be forced to operate its railways in order to make its newly acquired property productive.

To those individuals who may be disposed to cavil at the foregoing assertions, and to believe that "the rights of property" and "the sacredness of possessory titles" are respected when two powerful nations are grappling one another's throats, we commend the study of history—our own as well as that of other nations. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, many a Northern merchant with Southern accounts outstanding was ruined. The Southern debtors did not pay for the goods they had purchased. This was notably the case in Philadelphia, a city which before the war had large dealings with the South. Even if the Southern debtors had desired to pay, the Confederate Government would have restrained them from paying money to "enemies of the State," and it takes very little to restrain a man from paying a debt. Under those circumstances, a silken thread will hold him.

During the revolution in France, the goods, chattels, châteaux, and realty of the fleeing royalists were seized by the state. During all the English wars, from the days of Harold to Oliver Cromwell, an inevitable sequence of civil war was the confiscation of the property of the defeated faction. Little was thought of it then, as the owner infinitely preferred losing his goods and gear rather than to have his attainted right hand chopped off, or to have his ears cropped close to his head, or even to have the head itself removed, a not uncommon way of treating "traitors," as a defeated enemy was always denominated in the good old days of Merrie England.

In this country, when the Revolutionary War was in progress, much property changed hands by confiscation. In Connecticut, not only was the property of Tories confiscated, but they were often deprived of liberty. In his "Narrative and Critical History of America," Justin Winsor says: "Massachusetts first initiated severe proceedings against the Tories, which involved banishment and confiscation of property." As the tide of battle swept this way and that, thrifty souls made an honest penny by denouncing neighbors as "Tories," or "Rebels," as the case might be—the "case" depending on whether the advancing troops wore the continental colors, or King George's scarlet coat. New York city remained in the possession of the British from 1776 to 1783; at the expiration of that time, when the British evacuated it, the entire town was practically Tory. All of the patriots had been denounced by thrifty souls, who got a certain part of the property as their commission; these same thrifty persons made haste to turn their coats when the British evacuated New York city, and thus retained possession of their ill-gotten belongings. It is a fact that the foundation of many a New York fortune was laid in the hurly-burly of changing property during the Revolution. And it is a further fact that the long years of British occupation, when New York was a Tory town, left an indelible impress upon that city. It is still a semi-Tory town. There has always existed there a sub-acute condition of anglo-mania since the old days when it was a Tory town. At

times, the anglo-mania becomes acute. New York has never become a thoroughly American city.

But we wander from our subject, which is, the title to property in time of war. Lest our readers should be disposed to doubt these *ex cathedra* utterances, we may profitably quote here a few lines germane to the subject from the pen of Professor E. Robertson, a well-known English authority on international law. We select an English authority for obvious reasons. Professor Robertson says:

"A state of war transforms the two nations engaged into two hostile camps, every man in either being the enemy of all in the other, and entitled to slay and capture as best he can. This is the *natural* theory. It has been modified by international law so as to confine hostile acts to soldiers acting under direct public authority; non-combatants must abstain from hostile acts, and must be left unharmed by the enemy.

"Contracts entered into between the subjects of hostile states are void. Rights already created by contracts entered into before the war are not destroyed, but the remedy is suspended, an alien enemy having no redress in courts of law."

The suspension of the remedy practically destroys the right; a man who possesses a "right," for the tort or wrong of which there is no remedy, does not own a valuable asset.

Concerning the effect of war on the property or persons of one state within the confines of a hostile state, Professor Robertson says that it "has been greatly softened in modern practice." But the softening is not very marked, in our opinion. It has been held from the earliest times that such debts and property were liable to confiscation, and such persons liable to restraint. The United States Supreme Court has held (in *Brown versus United States*) that "the ancient rule remained still unimpaired as a right recognized by the rule of nations, however much it might have been mitigated." This theory was evidently entertained by the Southern Confederacy, for the Confederate Congress, in 1861, passed an act "confiscating all property and debts due to an alien enemy."

While there is an evident disposition on the part of the writers on international law to imply that nations respect private property, the facts do not bear out this theory. Generals in the field have no time to search titles. During our Civil War, many a loyal turkey disappeared beneath a blue jacket and a belt with "U. S." on it. When Sherman marched to the sea, he may have destroyed the property of some secretly loyal men. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he did not. But there is no doubt about what he started out to do and what he did do—he cut the Confederacy in two in the middle.

War is a savage and a cruel thing. It is difficult to mitigate its horrors—nay, it is almost impossible. Even the war between two such highly civilized nations as France and Germany was accompanied by all sorts of infractions of "the laws of war." The Germans decided that the "francs-tireurs" were guerrillas, and not regular troops, and began shooting them out of hand whenever captured. In revenge, the exasperated French peasantry began killing all the Uhlans whom they captured; they even burned some of them to death. These statements are not pretty. But they are true.

The fact that the theory of "the sacredness of private property" has gained little standing when great nations are contending, is borne out by the chaotic condition of international "law" regarding captures on the high seas. The Treaty of Paris promulgated the rule "free ships make free goods." But the United States has never given its adhesion to this treaty, owing to the provisions abolishing privateering. Therefore private property on the seas can not yet be considered as definitely withdrawn from capture or confiscation. On the whole, the gist of the matter, in the light of our own and previous wars, would seem to be that the private property of a public enemy may be confiscated, whether on land or on the high seas. A part of the United States—while in a state of civil war—passed an act confiscating "all property and debts due to public enemies." And the whole of the United States, through its Department of State, has stubbornly refused to do so.

the rules of the Treaty of Paris of 1856, prohibiting the capture of private property by privateers. From this, it is very evident that the United States takes a practical instead of a sentimental view of the rights of private property of enemies in time of war. The Brussels Conference of 1874 declared in favor of excepting private property from seizure in time of war. But England repudiated the declaration of this conference. Thus both powers stand on record as formally opposed to the protection of private property in time of war.

With these facts before us, what would be the attitude of this government toward the many Englishmen who have married American wives? In almost every case these gentlemen draw large revenues from their wives' fortunes, which are almost invariably invested in this country. Many of them are officers in the British army, or in the Volunteers. Few, however, are in the navy, as that would involve long absences from the lucrative American bride. One of them—Joseph Chamberlain—is a member of the British Cabinet. Would it be considered correct for this country during a state of war to ship these gentlemen their dividends quarterly? Or would they rather have them monthly? Or would this government refuse to forward the dividends at all? And suppose we confiscated not only the dividends, but the principal as well? Who is there to say us nay? There is no court of last resort to which the aggrieved Britons could appeal. The two highest tribunals of America and Great Britain surely would not recognize one another's paper pellets when bullets and shells were flying. The only obligations that Uncle Sam could construe as a moral obligation would be his obligation to his expatriated daughters. But that would probably sit lightly on his conscience, for the ladies in question have all become denationalized; by the mere fact of their marriages, they have become English subjects; and many of them are the mothers of English sons. It would be folly for Uncle Sam to send the sinews of war to husbands and sons bent on his destruction—even if they were the husbands and sons of sometime daughters of America. We have an idea that Uncle Sam would not send any money over to these Anglo-American couples in case of war. He might even take the principal. And then he would use the money to make murderous engines of war, with which to kill the English husbands and sons.

In a booklet called "Titled Americans" we find the names of over fifty American women who have married English gentlemen—most of them men of title. From this list we reprint some of the best-known names. It will be observed that the amounts of their dowries are appended. It is, of course, impossible to expect that such estimates should be accurate, but they give an approximate idea of the enormous amount of property which is owned in the United States by American wives of English husbands, and will faintly indicate the vast drain of money with which these holdings burden the United States.

Miss Virginia Bonyne, of San Francisco, \$4,000,000. Viscount Deerpurst.
Miss Louise Corbin, of New York, \$400,000. Captain Walpole, heir of Earl of Oxford.
Miss Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, O., \$200,000. Herbert Naylor Leyland, Captain Second Life Guards.
Miss Eleanor Cuyler, \$500,000. Sir Philip Grey Egerton.
Miss Minnie Stevens, daughter of Mrs. Paron Stevens, \$1,000,000. Arthur Henry Fitzroy Paget, Colonel Scots Guards.
Miss Janie Lucinda Field, of New York, \$300,000. Sir Anthony Musgrave.
Miss Flora Davis, \$250,000. Lord Terence Blackwood.
Miss Ellen Stager, \$200,000. Lord James Butler, Lieutenant First Life Guards.
Miss Edith Fish, of New York, \$200,000. Hon. Hugh Northcote.
Miss Mary Endicott, of Massachusetts, \$200,000. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P. Secretary of State for the Colonies.
Miss Louise Frost, of St. Louis, \$100,000. Hon. Frederick William Vernon.
Miss Mary Livingstone King, of Georgia, \$200,000. Marquis of Anglesey, Colonel of Staffordshire Volunteers.
Miss Florence Garner, \$4,000,000. Sir William Gordon Cumming.
Miss Natica Yznaga, of New York, \$400,000. Sir John Lister-Kaye, Lieutenant Royal Horse Guards.
Miss Adele Grant, of Cleveland, O., \$150,000. Earl of Essex.
Miss Leonie Jerome, of New York, \$250,000. John Leslie, Lieutenant Grenadier Guards.
Mrs. Hammesley, of New York, \$7,000,000. Duke of Marlborough; in second marriage, Lord William Beresford.
Mrs. J. P. Ives, of New York, \$5,000,000. Sir William Vernon Harcourt.
Miss Consuela Yznaga, of New York, \$400,000. Viscount Mandeville, Captain Third Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, \$250,000. The late Lord Randolph Churchill. (Her son is an army officer.)
Miss Elizabeth Livingston, of New York, \$250,000. W. G. Cavenish Bentinck, M. P.
Miss Cornelia Martin, daughter of Mrs. Bradley Martin, of New York, \$2,000,000. Earl of Craven.
Miss Katherine McVicker, \$300,000. Lord Grantley.
Miss Anita Theresa Murphy, of San Francisco, \$2,000,000. Sir Charles M. Wolseley.
Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, of New York, \$12,000,000. Ralph Vivian, Colonel in the Household Guards.
Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago, \$5,000,000. Hon. G. N. Curzon, M. P.

Miss Frances Work, of New York, \$1,000,000. Hon. J. B. Burke Roch.

Miss Sarah Phelps Stokes, \$5,000,000. Baron Halkett.
Miss Belle Wilson, \$5,000,000. Hon. Michael Henry Herbert.
Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York, \$5,000,000. Duke of Marlborough.

From the foregoing incomplete list it will be seen that there are included among the husbands of these American wives members of the Cabinet, members of Parliament, and officers of the army and of the Volunteers. These would certainly be considered "public enemies." Whether it would be condemned by "the law of nations" or not, we consider it extremely probable that if war should break out between the United States and Great Britain, these husbands would find their wives' property confiscated. If the five thousand millions of American securities held by British investors were confiscated, some sympathy might be felt for them, but there would be little expressed or felt for Uncle Sam's sons-in-law.

Several times of late, the *Argonaut* has been severely rapped over the knuckles by some of its women readers for its articles about women.

But this castigation is in a way unjust. The articles to which the strongest objection was made were simply synopses of two profound papers in erudite scientific journals. One of them was a careful study by a naturalist and ethnologist writing in the *American Naturalist*; his article tended to show that the New Woman's demand for suffrage and governmental functions was simply an atavistic reversion, a step backward in civilization, a reversion toward the primitive form of government known as the matriarchate, wherein women presided over the governmental deliberations of the tribe, and polyandry, or plurality of husbands, prevailed. This naturalist stigmatized those women who believed in this reversion to low ancestral traits as "viragints." The word has an unpleasant sound, and we think it had as much to do with exciting feminine ire as his arguments. Another article which caused some feeling on the part of our women readers was an abstruse study by a German biologist, in which he showed that the number of red corpuscles in the blood of woman was much less than those in the blood of man. From this, he argued that the congenital, sanguineous, and physical inferiority of women was so marked, was so ingrained in their blood, their tissues, their brains, that they could never be the equal of men. The *Argonaut* merely stated the theories of these two scientific gentlemen. Their theories were not ours. We made digests of their articles, and put them into such shape that he who runneth might read. In this case we merely served as a journalistic phonograph. But none the less we incurred the ire of some angry ladies.

We make this statement in explanation and avoidance. We are about to print some other criticisms upon the sex, but as they are merely the opinions expressed upon women by a woman, we may perhaps save ourselves from the wrath to come by hiding behind her petticoats. The woman is Mrs. Ellen S. H. Richie, an English lady of prominence, and she writes in the *Westminster Review*, one of the most serious and authoritative periodicals published in Great Britain. Mrs. Richie certainly takes a very severe view of her sisters. She says that in these modern times men are trained to skillful work, whatever their calling, while women remain unskilled workers; that in the old days "marriage was a profession for women and they learned their profession"; that while among the poor the profession of marriage involved work, and work alone, it involved among the upper class the direction of the workers of the household; that in the good old days the young woman of position who married had not only learned how to embroider samplers, but she had also learned how the household should be conducted, how her domestic servants should cook, and bake, and brew, and make beds. In our days, says Mrs. Richie, all this has changed. "The ideal wife in the upper class is merely ornamental." She knows nothing of her share of the matrimonial partnership. She has come to believe that a husband ought to demand no labor from his wife. To use her language, "Women nowadays undertake to bring their husband's children into the world, but they undertake nothing else, and to bring children into the world requires no training." She goes on to say that such is the utter ignorance and ineptitude of modern marriageable women that modern men recognize their uselessness, and hence wait to marry until they shall be able to support a wife who is not a helpmate, who knows nothing of her share of the partnership, and who is a purely ornamental person. Thus, says Mrs. Richie, a large number of the picked men of this age "have nothing but a somewhat stale middle age to offer to their country as a basis for the future generation." She also touches upon the fact that women's ignorance of household duties involves continual complaining on their part, on account of the way in which their ill-directed servants scamp their work. When at evening a husband

returns home from his conflict with the outer world, says Mrs. Richie, he returns imbued with the idea "that half the human race are more or less rogues. When the dessert is on the table and the servants have withdrawn, his wife endeavors to convince him that the other half is no better." This is what is called "relaxation at home."

Among the lower classes, she says, the condition of things is equally bad. According to Mrs. Richie, the average woman of the working class marries when she does not know how to make her children's clothes, and knows absolutely nothing about the preparation of food, unless she has been a cook. In the households of the working class, says Mrs. Richie, the husband, who is generally a skilled workman, comes home every evening to eat meals that are cooked by an utterly unskilled woman. As to the question of clothing children, she says that the women of the lower class know nothing; as to the care of children's bodies they know even less. In fact, says Mrs. Richie, the only children of the lower classes who are brought up under really hygienic conditions are the children of paupers and criminals, who are reared in work-houses, industrial schools, and private charitable institutions.

Altogether, this indictment, made by a woman against women, is infinitely more stinging than anything a mere man could write. But it carries with it the accent of conviction. Many men will agree with Mrs. Richie. When two young people in this world marry, and the husband is a young professional man, a lawyer, a doctor, a young merchant, or an accountant, he generally understands his business, and hopes to rise. But joined with him in the marital partnership there comes a young woman who knows nothing whatever about her share of the partnership. She may not necessarily have to cook, to sew, or to wash dishes herself, but she does not know whether her servants can cook, can bake, can sew, or make a bed properly. It would seem, if Mrs. Richie is right, that women should learn their share of the duties which devolve upon them in this world.

We have received from Mr. Walter N. Bush, principal of the Polytechnic High School, a long communication in which he requests us "to de-lay carrying out our suggestion"—to wit, that we intended to discuss the various ways in which money was expended in the Polytechnic School—until we "had personally investigated the course of study and management." We have neither the time nor the inclination to "investigate the management" of the Polytechnic High School. We have no doubt that it is well managed from the standpoint of principal, teachers, and pupils. What we are talking about is the standpoint of the tax-payer. It is not a question about the management of the Polytechnic School, but whether the tax-payers should be forced to support any Polytechnic School at all.

We can find room for only a few extracts from Mr Bush's communication. He says:

"The Polytechnic School is run on an economical basis. Our teachers in English, science, history, and math. are conducting each thirty recitations per week against twenty-two recitations per week in similar studies in the other city high schools. To save expense, I have voluntarily taken this year two classes a day in senior math. Although our enrollment is larger than that of the other high schools, and our corps of teachers, on account of the character of our work, larger, our salary-list is less than that of the other high schools. We paid \$15,275 for the brick building on the corner of Stockton and Bush. It is three stories, one hundred by fifty-five. The machinery, tools, and entire equipment of the manual training department cost a trifle over \$8,000."

Mr. Bush says that there are "classes daily in wood-work, iron-work, mechanical and architectural drawing, and math., also classes in pen-and-ink sketching, clay-modeling, wood-carving, and free-hand drawing, as well as the commercial course, which includes short-hand, and all pupils study math." He closes by saying:

"I sincerely hope that you will delay adverse criticism until you have studied our conditions closely. If you are to direct your argument against the system of high-school education, why aim it directly at our school, the youngest, but, if numbers are significant, the most popular school in the city?"

There is no need for us to "study the conditions" of the Polytechnic School. All that is necessary is to study the curriculum and the list of teachers. We find that it contains a "Wood-Working Shop," with fifteen pieces of expensive machinery, and a large supply of tools; a "Machine Shop," with thirteen pieces of expensive machinery, a large supply of tools, and an Otto gas-engine; a "Blacksmith Shop," with "twelve Sturtevant Forges, Anvils, Sets of Blacksmiths' Tools, a Bolt-Heading Machine, a Drill Press, Sbears, a 45-inch Exhaust Blower, and a Sturtevant Pressure Blower." We also find that "the Free-Hand Drawing Rooms are provided with facilities for work in color, cast drawing, etc." We note that "the Cooking and Sewing Rooms are suitably equipped." We observe that "Pupils in the Clay-Modeling and Wood-Carving Classes are provided with all the necessary materials." We find that "the appliances for work in the Biological, Physical, and Chem-

ical Laboratories are complete," and it is gratifying to learn that "there are fifteen microscopes in the Biological Laboratory." We hope that these microscopes are high-power instruments, and of the most costly description; anything cheap would be evidently unsuited for the Polytechnic School. We note with interest that the pupils of the Polytechnic School, in defending their municipal *alma mater*, point out with much indignation that "the Chemical Laboratory in the Girls' High School cost over \$3,000." We did not know this fact. We do not think the tax-payers know it, either. It is a fact worth remembering—and returning to.

Leaving the curriculum of the Polytechnic School, let us take up the list of instructors, or "Faculty," as it is called in the printed circular before us. We find a "Principal," annual salary, \$3,000; "Head of English Department," \$1,860; "Head of Mathematical Department," \$1,860; "Head of History and Political Science Department," \$1,860; "Head of Manual Training Department," \$1,860; "Teacher of Free-Hand Drawing," \$1,320; "Teacher of Science," \$960; "Teacher of Stenography," \$900; "Assistant in Book-Keeping," \$780; "Teacher of Penmanship," \$900; "First Assistant in Book-Keeping," \$780; "Teacher of Type-Writing," \$780; "Assistant in History," \$720; "Assistant in English," \$720; "Second Assistant in Book-Keeping," \$720; "Teacher of Stenography," \$900; "Teacher of Spanish," \$960; "Assistant in Book-Keeping," \$780; "Teacher of Clay Modeling and Wood Carving," \$780; "Assistant in Book-Keeping," \$780.

These salaries, we may remark, are not in the printed circular issued by the Polytechnic School. We have dug them out of the Municipal Reports, and they come to nearly twenty-four thousand dollars per annum.

Now, we have nothing to say against the Polytechnic School as a school. It is doubtless a very good school; it is probably well conducted; its principal and its teachers are doubtless thoroughly equipped for their work; it is evidently a pleasant place in which young people can learn drawing, type-writing, Spanish, and other things. But what we object to is forcing the rest of us to pay for it. We have no objection to any number of young people learning Spanish, stenography, cookery, biology, chemistry, zoölogy, bacteriology, fiddling, skirt-dancing, and whatever best pleases them, but we want them or their people to pay for it. It is no concern of the rest of us. We all have enough to do paying our own bills, without paying for the instruction of other people's children in foreign languages and biology.

We think that the average tax-payer in San Francisco will be rather surprised when he finds that he is helping to run a machine-shop, a modeling-room, and a chemical and biological laboratory for the benefit of his neighbors' children. We think he will be rather more surprised than pleased. Quite recently three primary and grammar schools were closed by the board of health. This was because the board of education had so long neglected the sanitary appliances of these schools that the health board was forced to declare them a nuisance. The board of education weakly pleaded that they "had no money for repairs." Apparently they have money enough to buy microscopes for the Polytechnic School and magic-lanterns for the Girls' High School, but not to clean noxious and disease-breeding cess-pools. The city owes its children a primary and grammar-school education. It owes them nothing more. Yet the sanitary appliances of these primary schools were first shockingly neglected, and then the children were turned into the street—"for lack of funds." But the expensive Polytechnic and the other high schools were kept going all the time.

In reply to Mr. Bush's remark, we may say that we do not intend to direct our arguments solely against the Polytechnic High School, but against the high schools generally. When the board of education claims that its lack of funds forces it to close primary schools, to dock the salaries of the hard-working assistant teachers, and to breed disease in the city by neglecting its cess-pools, we want to know why it can spend twenty-four thousand dollars a year on the Polytechnic High School, buy expensive microscopes and magic-lanterns, and purchase eight-thousand-dollar chemical laboratories for the Girls' High School. The board of education had better first pay its debts and mend its leaky latrines.

During the last week, the daily papers have been giving large amounts of space to the "Patriotic Offers of Irishmen" to help the United States in case of war. A very little of this makes us exceedingly tired. In the *Call* of December 22d, for example, there is a long and fulsome article, with staring headings, running thus: "Hibernian Volunteers—Twenty-Five Thousand Fighting Men Ready To Defend America—Message To The President—Local Members Of The Ancient Order Offer Their Services To Fight England."

Following this is a dispatch from the "Ancient Order of Hibernians," couched in these terms:

"SAN FRANCISCO, December 21, 1895.

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY GROVER CLEVELAND, PRESIDENT UNITED STATES: The Ancient Order of Hibernians of America of the State of California, greeting: Wishing you a merry Christmas, we offer you the service of twenty-five thousand fighting members of our order on ten days' notice. Yours respectfully, B. Higgins, State president, San José; D. S. McCarthy, State secretary, Oakland; M. J. Manning, county president, San Francisco; M. H. McCafferty, county secretary, San Francisco."

No American, we hope, could read that message without intense irritation. There is a patronizing and insolent air about it, as if this country were dependent for her fighting-men upon the "Ancient Hibernians" and other Irishmen within her borders. With the irritation engendered by these Ancient Hibernians still possessing us, we opened the morning mail, and found this letter:

RODEO, CONTRA COSTA, CAL., December 22, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I put in my time reading newspapers today, being anxious to see how the Monroe issue between the United States and England was getting along. I read that news first, and was glad to find out that no real battles had been fought yet. I further found that there was no likelihood of any battles being fought either, if Governor Budd can only keep California's Irish militia from taking a notion again to cover themselves with the same kind of glory that they achieved and so gloriously won at the Battle of Nothing, on the fourth of July, 1894, in front of Sacramento depot. I was near at the time, and had a splendid view of the combat between the mob dressed up in soldiers' clothes and the mob composed of men, women, and children who held possession of the depot. I felt extremely glad when I found out that the militia had saved their bacon, their swords, and their military uniforms to display in future Fourth of July parades—different from the one I have just described.

I will also say I think it would be better for American newspapers to have less Irish talk and more American, or the English will come, sure. For if they get it into their heads that they have only to deal with their ancient, harmless foes, who only fight with their mouths at long range, John Bull will be more stubborn than ever. Consequently I would like to have a few of the honest newspapers of America tell the world at large, and John Bull in particular, that there are still a few Americans left in the United States who can do their own fighting.

AN AMERICAN.

"It would be better for American newspapers to have less Irish talk and more American"—never was a truer word written. Much of the utter ignorance of the English concerning the deep national feeling in this country on the Monroe doctrine is due to the fact that our blatherskite newspapers print so much "Irish talk" that the English imagine all of their talk is Irish. And a great deal of it is.

But they are pushing the thing too far. The daily papers are filled with nauseating flattery of the "Ancient Hibernians," "Knights of the Red Branch," "Clan-na-Gaels," and similar Irish orders, who are "proffering their services" to the President to "defend the United States against England." We may as well inform the editors of these dailies that they will cause more irritation among Americans by their tone than gratification among the Irish. The daily papers have flattered the Irish so long that the Hibernian palate has become cloyed with newspaper gush, the Celtic nostril wearied of newspaper incense.

But while Americans pay little attention to this thrifty newspaper adulation in ordinary times, they will not stand it when there is talk of war. It would be a poor, low, paltry, cowardly people that could sit down meekly when threatened with war, and listen to the boasting of foreigners within their gates as to their intention to "protect" them. Ours is not such a nation. The American people are of a proud and indomitable spirit. They have never been conquered in war. If wealth has accumulated, men have not decayed in this broad land. That is shown by the flame of anger which leaped over the land like a prairie fire when Cleveland assumed—we think without reason—that the rights of this country had been outraged by Great Britain. That such a people—haughty, indomitable, unconquerable, and war-like to an extreme—should submit to the insolent vaporings, the patronizing offers of "saving their country" for them, by these Ancient Hibernians and Clan-na-Gaels, seems incomprehensible.

For years, the Irish have been boasting that they "saved this country" in the Civil War. Emboldened by lack of contradiction, they became retroactive, and went back and "saved the country" during the Revolution. Now they are boasting that they will "save the country" again. We wish to inform these Irish gentry that they did not save this country in our Revolutionary War; that they did not save this country during our Civil War; that they will not save it during any war that we may have; and that they had better keep their assistance until it is asked for—which it will not be. Whenever they feel like talking too much about "saving this country during the Civil War," we would like to recall to their recollection the New York draft riot of 1863, which was an Irish riot against the forced enlistment of troops.

We do not think there will be any war with England. But if there is, we want the Irish here to understand that in this country there are seventy millions of people; that

nearly all of them—thank God!—are Americans; that one-half of them are males; that all of them are ready to fight their country's battles; and that Americans need no Irish aid to "defend America."

An "ice palace" has just been completed at Truckee (California). It is "covered with from two to ten inches of solid ice." A "toboggan slide" adjoins it, and on Christmas Day "hundreds of people shot down the icy slides."

An "ice palace" is all very well, but we do not think that it is calculated to be a good advertisement for California. In most of the northern hemisphere, at the present writing, there is a superabundance of ice. People are leaving their homes for the winter, but not in search of ice. Therefore, when they hear that an "ice palace" is one of the attractions of Truckee (California), they will be apt to revise their judgment of California.

But they would be in error. California's physical conformation is most peculiar. Truckee is up on the very summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in the extreme eastern part of the State. The mountains rise there, in not many miles, from the fertile Sacramento Valley, where flowers are blooming in the open air, to an altitude of seven thousand feet. It is upon this sharp ridge that Truckee sits—sticking up like a sore thumb, which in some other respects she resembles. Truckee has hitherto been famous for her "601" vigilance committees, her shocking treatment of the Chinese, and the fact that she has faro banks and skin games all the time "wide open" and in full blast on her main street. As Truckee is the first point in California that the west-bound stranger strikes, the peculiar conditions there generally excite his wonder when he stops over—which, fortunately, he rarely does, unless snow-bound. In fact, a dazed Eastern man once remarked to a fellow-traveler in Truckee, as they promenaded the "plaza": "Well, what *have* we struck?" To which a native affably responded: "Wall, stranger, ye've jest nat'rally struck hell." And so they had.

Now that Truckee has sprung an "ice palace" on us as one of the added charms of California as a winter resort, we may say that it is a wide-spread belief among Californians that there is a mistake in the State line somewhere in the middle of Lake Tahoe; that it ought to be straightened out; that when it is straightened out, Truckee will be found to belong to Nevada instead of California. If Truckee and her "ice palace" were to leave us, and go over to the Sage-Brush State, there might be mourning in California. But we would not call for a boundary commission, or declare war on Nevada.

There was one—and only one—redeeming feature about the bulky Christmas editions of the dailies: that there was so much in them that you did not have to read. In the case of the *Examiner*, this feature was carried to its extreme—there was absolutely nothing that you wanted to read. On picking it up, and observing that the vast mass of stuff was the work of school children, and therefore probably more puerile than the work of the regular reporters, you laid it down unread, with a sigh of relief. As for the *Call*, which was equally bulky, but more sensible, we looked over the table of contents; we found two subjects mentioned therein which interested us—"Public School Education in California," by various hands, and "Land Titles in San Francisco," by L. R. Ellert. We gingerly turned over the unturnable pages, with their flapping dogs'-ears. We sought vainly for the two titles. At last we found that the section containing one of them was missing, and that the other was not on the page indicated in the table of contents. Life is too short to hunt through forty-eight large newspaper pages for a single article. So we laid down the *Call*, too, with a sigh of relief, unread, and picked up the *Chronicle*, which was of the usual size, and in which one could find the news. And our experience was probably that of thousands of others.

The *Chronicle's* Christmas Baby Competition—by which every baby born on the Pacific Coast on Christmas Day is to receive a silver cup—started off with a boom. Twelve were reported from San Francisco and suburbs on the first day. The first lady to report was Mrs. Antonio Rosano. She passed under the wire with a boy at 12:55:17 A. M., December 25, 1895. From her name, we imagine she is from sunny Italy. When the youthful Rosanolette is weaned, we hope she will teach him to eschew spaghetti, eat roast beef, and make a good American out of him. Apropos of the baby competition, the *Post*, with a gravity which is as sententious as it is impressive, remarks that to give the ladies a fair chance the contest ought to have been started last Christmas instead of last month. Now, as it points out with much justice, if a baby is born on Christmas, it will be due merely to blind luck.

A RANCH IN PARIS.

How Frisco's Friends Fought the Indians of the Latin Quarter.

The boys called him "Frisco" because he hailed from the Golden Gate city, and considered it appropriate when he dubbed his apartment "the ranch." The room in question was one of many in a large house on the Rue de Vaugirard, and faced an open court paved with asphalt, upon which opened a number of other apartments occupied by lodgers, of whom some made a well-feigned pretense of studying art at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Every room on the court was entered by a door in the centre, and windows at either side admitted plenty of light. At one end of the close there was a narrow passage-way that communicated with the street, and here was the lodge of the *conciërge*, who was charged with the preservation of order, an impossibility among tenants so dissimilar in character and disposition.

Frisco's room also was paved with asphalt, and contained three divans, two beds, and one stove. It will be seen, therefore, that there were abundant accommodations for visiting friends, a circumstance that was appreciated by Frisco's cronies. The walls had been decorated *al fresco* by former occupants of the place, and the stove—a veteran, with somewhat shaky legs—with its flat top, was just the thing, when not in use, for a sociable game of poker. The apartment had been engaged for three months in advance, as is the custom in Paris, but not paid for. Frisco did not believe in paying for things in advance; he was one of those sanguine fellows who trust in the future as well as in the present.

One of the most frequent visitors of the ranch was "Missouri," who was a native of St. Louis, stood six feet in his shoes, had coal-black hair and eyes to match, a rather effeminate countenance, and was careless in his dress. Frisco, on the other hand, was as neat as a pin in his personal appearance, looked at the world through blue eyes, had his blonde hair occasionally dressed by a *friseur*, was of medium height, and sported a mustache, while his friend was clean-shaven. Owing, probably to their dissimilar looks, Frisco and Missouri were close friends, and were known as "Les Inseparables." Curiously, while Frisco's room was always in a chronic state of disorder, Missouri was very fastidious about the appearance of his. It must be stated, however, in justice to Frisco, that it was not difficult to maintain order in Missouri's chamber, since that worthy generally left it in the morning and seldom returned before night.

Despite his wild and negligent appearance, Missouri was known to be the fortunate son of a rich and indulgent father. His checks arrived with regularity, yet he was always hard up. And the Indian fights, in which he was engaged periodically, contributed no little to this result.

The first contest with the savages was a memorable occurrence. We were, as usual, assembled at the ranch, and had consumed all drinkables in sight, when a guard was sent to the fort—a *brasserie* on the Boulevard Moutparnasse—to get more ammunition. The latter consisted of cases, each of which contained twelve cartridges—that is to say, *cannelles* of beer. The guard, having braved all danger and returning in safety, was hailed with cheers of delight by the *rancheros*, who set to work at once to dispose of the ammunition, a proceeding that greatly increased the hilarity. The charge having been withdrawn from all the cartridges, a replenishment of ammunition became necessary, and another guard, under command of Missouri, was dispatched to the fort. Here the guard found, to their dismay, that the war-funds had given out; but Missouri came promptly to the rescue, and, by pawing his watch and rings, secured the required munition. The guard once more gained the ranch in security, and the general merriment proceeded apace. So marked, in fact, became the exuberance of spirits, that there was a consensus of protest on the part of the *locataires*—as the other lodgers were called—who stood in double file outside the windows and glared impatiently at the disturbers of the peace within, who did not allow such a manifestation to interfere with their amusement. Some of the *locataires* relieved their feelings by exhausting the swearing vocabulary of the French language, but the fun went on just the same. Seen from within, this aggregation of faces was not uninteresting; as the court was dark and the illumination of the ranch rather insufficient, the countenances at the windows assumed an appearance that was extremely picturesque and reminded one of the paintings of Rembrandt. As for the *locataires*, they might flatten their noses on the widow-panes as long as they chose and swear till the air was blue, it did not bother the *rancheros* in the least.

Suddenly Missouri jumped up and raised his hand to command silence.

"Hark!" said he, "what was that noise?"

He approached the door cautiously, and, opening it a few inches, peered into the Cimmerian darkness. "What is that I see over yonder hill? Redskins, hy heaven! To arms! To arms!"

The effect of his words was almost magical. Instantly the ranch was in uproar and confusion. Most of the *locataires* fled in terror to the end of the court and awaited developments. Those that remained soon followed their example. There are circumstances in this life when discretion is the better part of valor.

Frisco called for his trusty rifle, which proved to be an old broom, while the rest of the boys armed themselves with empty *cannelles*. Missouri was the first to secure a round of ammunition, and he opened the conflict. Recklessly tearing the door wide open and exposing himself to the fire of an enemy that did not materialize, he flung one *cannelle* after another into the resounding court. The heavy bottles struck the pavement with a bang like a pistol-shot. Soon the fusillade became general. When the *cannelles* were all gone, the pitchers and wash-basins followed. The pitchers, especially, were much admired, for they went off like a cannon and made a fine noise. Finally the two burn-

ing lamps were pitched into the mass of debris that littered the court, and darkness fell suddenly on the scene of conflict.

The Redskins having been vanquished, the tired combatants quickly harried the door and dropped, like so many stones, upon the divans and beds, where they speedily fell into a dreamless sleep. Peace at last reigned supreme in the court. The tired lodgers went to rest without delay, and soon nobody was astir in the big house.

Next morning the devil was to pay. The *conciërge*, egged on by the other tenants, demanded to know who was responsible for the disturbance, made himself extremely disagreeable, and intimated rather plainly that a repetition of the performance would cause Frisco to make the acquaintance of the *commissaire*.

"If monsieur," the little Frenchman said, gesticulating wildly, "is going to keep the tenants of the house awake when they are in need of rest, he had better look for other quarters." At any rate, he would not brook a repetition of "ze jamboree," a word he had adopted from Missouri.

Frisco assured the *conciërge* that he was well satisfied with his quarters, and had not the slightest intention of canceling his contract. "But," said he, earnestly, "when my room is besieged by Indians, I must defend myself."

"Indians!" the *conciërge* cried, excitedly, as he gaped with astonishment. "Bah, monsieur, there are no Indians in Paris! What do you take me for? *Un fou, n'est-ce pas?* Sacre bleu!"

"Well, there were Indians here last night," Missouri interposed; "I saw them with my own eyes."

"Ah, you must have labored under a delusion—*une chimère*, monsieur."

"Not at all, my good friend. I tell you I saw them as plainly as I see you. I know an Indian when I see him. Let me tell you an experience I had in the far West." And Missouri spun an admirable yarn about poor Lo that made the angry *conciërge* forget his grievance, calmed his ruffled feelings, and induced him to accept *un petit verre de vin* at the coal merchant's in the annex.

A coal merchant selling wine was then, as now, no novelty in Paris, and, as the boys enjoyed unlimited credit at his *boutique*, his modest establishment did not lack patronage, but, to their credit be it said, the boys never took advantage of his liberality; he got his money sooner or later—generally later.

Sometimes the estimable coal merchant was in doubt whether he or the art-students owned the little shop. At all events, they took possession of it whenever it suited their fancy, painted on the walls, and flirted with the customers—mostly domestics from the neighborhood—and made themselves generally obnoxious. But the vender of black diamonds only smiled when he was remonstrated with, and excused his artistic friends with the stock phrase that genius is inseparably linked with eccentricity.

On New-Year's morning it was the privilege of the boys, in accordance with Gallic custom, to kiss all female customers that entered the shop—it was noticed that their number was larger than usual on this particular day—a privilege they made full use of, even kissing the coal-merchant's wife, who was rather pretty. But when a homely girl appeared, the shop-keeper himself had to do the kissing.

On this particular occasion the wine tasted so good, and the boys were such liberal hosts—thanks to the credit—that the *conciërge* was soon on the best of terms with both, and finally swore, by all the saints of the calendar, that his friends, *messieurs les artistes*, had no better friend than he in all the world.

And much need the knights of the brush had of his kindly offices, for, sad to relate, the fierce Indian fight of the previous night was neither the last nor the most desperate. An unconfirmed rumor circulated in the Latin quarter that one night the exasperated *locataires* took sides with the Indians, whereupon there was as pretty a row in the court as one could wish to see, and many combatants were disabled. It was the only time on record when the *rancheros* were defeated by their savage foes.

Things take a turn, now and then, and in the case of our friends it was a bad one. Missouri's father failed in business, and, instead of the ample check that came with unfailing regularity, arrived a dolorous letter requesting his immediate return to the land of dollars—and, alas! pennies, too. Inclosed was a ticket, *via* the French line, and just enough cash to purchase a few necessities and pay for a railroad ticket to Havre. As for paying Missouri's debts—his father had no knowledge of them. How could he, when his dutiful son had wasted reams of paper—Missouri was always a good hand at writing—in describing his economical habits and industrious ways, and picturing in glowing language his progress in glorious art?

And thus it came that Missouri paid for his passage to the sea-port, and "blew in" the rest of his cash in royal fashion by entertaining his friends in a farewell carouse, which the good people of the neighborhood remember to this day. And after his effects had been carried off in a manner to be detailed further on, the small crowd of art-students made its way to the Gare de St. Lazare, where the parting took place, with the usual protestations of eternal friendship, and the iron horse carried off Missouri—wild, light-hearted Missouri—to cold and unsympathetic Philistia, whence but few return. A day or two later, there were some sad but wiser creditors in the city on the Seine.

Frisco's paternal ancestor, too, had much to say about the hard times, and advised the strictest economy. Frisco had taken to chumming with Billy Morton, but their combined income failed to meet their usual expenditures. Credit is a good thing under such circumstances, and it is as elastic as an india-rubber string, but even credit has the nasty habit of giving out, and when it does, hunger is apt to be a persistent and unwelcome visitor.

Time came when cash and credit both gave out, and Billy and Frisco were reduced to a condition that would have been unbearable but for their good humor. There is no fun in studying art on an empty stomach! But our

friends had their wits about them, than which nothing is better to extricate one from an unpleasant position. The *conciërge* was put off with promises—besides, the quarter had not yet expired—and that arch enemy of mankind, hunger, yielded to a culinary invention of Frisco's fertile brain. He called it "Potage à la Bohème," and it was a capital soup, prepared in the following manner: A two-gallon porcelain pot, containing a gallon of water, was set over the fire; into this was thrown a large chunk of lard, followed by peas and beans, which had to cook longer than the other ingredients; onions were introduced to flavor the dish, and then cabbage, cut up, fine; as many potatoes as were on hand, rice, bread-crusts broken up, and finally a cup of milk were added. This mess, after cooking a sufficient length of time, and frequent stirring, made a not unpalatable dish, the chief merit of which was its quality of filling a long-felt want. After Frisco and Billy had satiated their appetites on the day of this great discovery, which deserves a prominent place in culinary annals, two other art-students testified to the excellence of the dish and compared Frisco to some of the great chefs of the metropolis. I ought to know, for I was one of them.

While hunger was staved off in this ingenious manner, things went from bad to worse. The last day of the quarter was drawing nigh, and there was no money wherewith to pay the rent. In this emergency Frisco had recourse to Missouri's expedient. He borrowed twenty francs from a *nouveaux* at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and invited his friends to spend a social evening with him. They came *en masse* and made things interesting for the *locataires*. After midnight, when the merry party proceeded to break up, some of the boys concealed sketches and drawings under their coats, others took books and other things under their arms, and four of them picked up Billy's and Frisco's trunks. Thus equipped, they went, single file and in silence, through the dark court and up to the *conciërge's* lodge.

Here Jack Bristol, who was officiating as grand marshal with a hoot-jack, knocked at the door, singing out lustily at the same time:

"Cordon, s'il vous plait!"

"Who's there?" inquired the sleepy voice of the *conciërge*, whose rest had been disturbed.

"Monsieur Bristol," was the prompt reply. Whereupon the door-keeper pulled the string and released the latch. The door was opened and held ajar, while the procession trooped out upon the sidewalk, where our friends were secure from the French tenant law, which contains the singular provision that a tenant's belongings are not liable for the rent if he gains the street with them without being molested by the *conciërge*.

A cab was in waiting in the thoroughfare; the small trunks were placed beside the coachman; our friends, and as many as the carriage held, piled in; and off they went to new quarters.

HUGO ERICHSEN.
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1895.

The Denver Voice has gathered the opinions of a number of physicians in that city, where Michael Schlatter made a long stay, on the subject of his alleged cures, and the results are interesting. Three of the doctors say that they know of no cures which the alleged healer effected. Dr. C. J. Scott says that, so far as he knows, there were no cures of any actual disease; a number of his patients who had diseases of the eyes and ears were "blessed" by Schlatter, but without any apparent result. Dr. Scott, however, recalls one of his own cases—that of a woman who was losing her mind. "She was extremely nervous, morose, and could not sleep," but after being "blessed," she recovered entirely, slept well, and became quite rational. He admits that Schlatter did for her what he could not do, and adds: "The majority of humanity wants something or some one to lean upon. Schlatter's strong mind furnished that something, and many were greatly benefited in mind. He did good, and I am glad he came." Charles N. Hart, M. D., president of the State Medical Society, says he knows of several cures for which he is willing to give Schlatter credit. All were cases of nervousness, and it is his opinion that Schlatter helped about one per cent. of all those that came to him. That would be, as he estimates it, fifteen to twenty daily.

A new and interesting phase of scientific research is described in the *Amateur Photographer* in an account of what it calls "thought photographs." The paper says that some one gazed steadily at a postage-stamp stuck to a black card for about a minute, and then, in the darkened room, a sensitive photographic plate was placed on the spot just occupied by the stamp, and the person continued to look—for twenty minutes, this time. The plate was then removed for development, and two distinct impressions of the postage-stamp were obtained. Credible witnesses were there to see that everything was in order, and the more one thinks of this experiment, the more startling its possibilities become. In the course of a few years, the instantaneous-photograph fiend will take snap-shots of our thoughts, develop them, and find out our most hidden sentiments toward humanity at large.

The dense fog enveloping England during the early part of the month, had its tragic and comic incidents. The sinking of the *Cumbrae* by the *Germanic* off the mouth of the Mersey was a disaster which brought out fine qualities of seamanship. The captain of the White Star steamer showed presence of mind in holding the two ships together until everybody had been rescued. The rescue of the theatrical company which had been playing "Saved from the Sea" was a comic incident. More ludicrous was the "Varsity foot-hall game in West Kensington, played in a thick fog while ten thousand spectators looked on and saw nothing.

The silver service presented by the State of Maine to the battleship *Maine* contains no piece that could possibly be used as a punch-bowl.

A WOMAN WHO MAKES MONEY.

Yvette Guilbert, the French Singer of Obscene Songs—Four Thousand Dollars a Week in New York—A "Society" Audience to Hear Her.

Last night Yvette Guilbert made her New York debut at Hammerstein's new Olympia Music-Hall. The place was crowded, and the audience received her with stormy applause. It was a little surprising to me, because not one person in one hundred understood a single word she said. But it was a characteristic New York first-night audience, and every member of it seemed determined to make the others believe that he or she was thoroughly posted in the *argot Parisien* spoken by Yvette Guilbert.

This French singer—or *diseuse*, rather, because she speaks rather than sings her songs—is a curiosity in her way. Five years ago Yvette Guilbert was a saleswoman in the big shop known as the Printemps, a vast establishment like the Bon Marché. She was very ugly, very thin, very shapeless, very shabby. But she possessed a genius at mimicry which excited the admiration of her companions. During the few moments of leisure they had at the Printemps, after taking their luncheon, Yvette used to amuse them by imitating the celebrities of the *cafés chantants*. About five years ago she suddenly concluded that her talents for mimicry were too much confined in the narrow circle of the Printemps shopwomen. She wanted a larger circle. So she went upon the stage.

Five years. Only five years. In that space of time she has acquired a celebrity—or shall I say notoriety?—that is world-wide. The fact that she has been paid sixteen thousand dollars for four weeks in New York, shows how managers value her. She is still quite young, calls herself twenty-five, and looks as if she were about twenty-eight. She is very ugly, and has a turned-up nose which has been immortalized in the celebrated posters painted of her by Lautrec, Chéret, Steinlen, and others. She has red hair, a sallown skin, and no figure at all. She always dresses the same way upon the stage—a white gown cut V shape and very low in the neck, with black suede gloves coming up to the elbows.

She gave a private performance in one of the parlors of her hotel two or three days ago, and those who saw her there came to the conclusion that she looked better off the stage than on. She endeavors on the stage to intensify the peculiarities of her face and figure. In short, she is what in America would be called a freak. At her parlor in the Savoy, the other day, she wore a handsome tea-gown of white brocaded silk, trimmed with white lace and bands of sable fur. She has sparkling black eyes, and her red hair looks as if its peculiar shade came from a bottle instead of *le bon Dieu*. She was being sketched by numerous artists while she was being interviewed by hordes of reporters. She talks English with great fluency, although she interpolates many French words. While she was rattling off her conversation to the reporters, she turned suddenly to an artist and said: "Give me a Grecian nose. That is what I wanted all my life. Give me a Grecian nose."

Yvette has expressed surprise at the views entertained in America regarding her songs. She does not consider them improper. In fact, she said to one reporter that she often sang them in Paris in private houses—among others, in the house of the Duchess d'Uzès. She did not add that when she sang them in private houses the daughters of the household were locked up in the plate-closet, and that the house was disinfected after she went away. As a matter of fact, there is not one young woman of position in Paris out of fifty thousand who has ever heard Yvette Guilbert sing. As for the Duchess d'Uzès, she is an old lady with a lot of money, a past, and cranky ideas. She "staked" Boulanger. Nothing could hurt her, least of all Yvette Guilbert's songs. Therefore, when she and other elderly ladies with a taste for high game, *petits verres*, and risky songs hire Yvette to sing for them, it is not particularly significant—that is, morally.

As to Yvette's songs, they are of several types. There is, first, the classical or resurrected Béranger; second, what may be called the picture song, depicting street scenes; and third, the frankly obscene. When she appeared last night at Olympia, she began with the song "Les Ingénues." This is a satirical description of the modest manners and hearing of the demure young girl out of the convent, who is supposed to know nothing in particular about anything at all. It is the type which Judic played in this country under the name of "Mademoiselle Nitouche." Yvette's song dwells on the virtue of the innocent maid, but each stanza closes with a refrain which gives the lie to the preceding lines. In the refrain Yvette's face takes on a look of ingenuous diabolism. From that she goes back to hypocritical innocence as she begins the next stanza. Her second song was "La Soularde," which portrays a female drunkard who wallows in the gutter. Her third song was Béranger's "Grandmother." Those who are familiar with Béranger will recall the well-known poem—it is an old lady indulging in senile babbling over her conquests as a girl. Her fifth song was entitled "La Pierreuse," the tragic story of a woman of the streets—one of the lowest class—so low that her very name can not be explained. The woman's lover is a murderer and robber, and she is his accomplice. They deal in what in New York is called "the badger game." He comes to grief, and is beheaded at La Roquette. As the knife falls, and as his head rolls into the basket, there comes over the heads of the crowd a call to her, "Pi-ouit," which was a signal between them. The song is indescribably grim and unspeakably unpleasant. The remaining two songs were "A la Villette" and "Linger Longer, Lucy," an idiotic music-hall ballad which is so imbecile that it has become a favorite in Paris. The audience applauded the first song most, although there was no particular reason why they should, inasmuch as "La Pierreuse" is the most artistic, in its evil way.

But is it not extraordinary that an American audience should attend and listen with apparent pleasure to such songs? As I said, it is not considered decent in Paris for a respectable young woman to bear Yvette Guilbert, and yet on this first night in New York the house was crowded, and there were many so-called "society people" present. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. James Beekman, Mr. and Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Butler Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Havemeyer, and people of that description. There were many young girls in the various theatre-parties. But I freely confess that I do not understand how people can take young girls to listen to such songs—that is, if they understand them. I have often heard Yvette in Paris at the Café des Ambassadeurs, the El Dorado, and similar places, but I am free to confess that I never saw any young girls there—that is, decent young girls. The young women I saw there were the kind Yvette sings about in her songs.

Lest people might think that I am too harsh in my judgment of Yvette's songs, I will give a couple of stanzas from one of them, and by no means the worst. I think the most disgusting of all her songs is one called "Cochon, Cochon." Yet any one familiar with French who will read the annexed stanzas will freely admit that this song is bad enough, although the stanzas herewith appended are by no means the worst in the song. It is called "Eros Vanné," and is supposed to be sung by the God of Love in person:

Je ne suis pas ce Dieu vainqueur
Né sous le ciel bleu de la Grèce,
Qui s'en allait perçant les cœurs
Avec ses flèches d'allégresse.

* * * * *
Je suis le fruit d'un rendezvous
Pris dans une arrière-boutique
Par un bookmaker au poil roux
Avec un trotin chlorotique.

Still success is, I suppose, the test of merit. Yvette has rolled up a fortune by her obscene songs. Five years ago she was a shabby shopwoman. To-day she is known all over the world, has a villa in the country, a handsome apartment in Paris, has accumulated about eight hundred thousand francs, and is now receiving sixteen thousand dollars and expenses for four weeks in the United States. And yet she is paid this money for singing songs which, if sung in English, would result in her being run off to the police-station in the "burry-up wagon."

Dear, dear! How we have departed from the habits of our Puritan forefathers!

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1895.

How completely *The Black Cat*, Boston's new five-cent magazine, has captivated the story-reading world is shown by the fact that in three months it has already reached a sale of 150,000 copies. And the favor it has found with the press is equally well indicated by the editorial comments of leading papers throughout the country. The New York *Mail and Express*, for instance, refers to it as "the literary pet," while the Louisville *Commercial* says: "We predict that this delightfully original and interesting magazine will have the largest sale ever reached by any publication. Its cleverly told stories of mystery, exciting detective tales, and thrilling stories of adventure render *The Black Cat* a delightful new departure in story-telling."

Early on the morning of Friday, December 6th, there was a great commotion in the dove-cote of the Nansen household in Christiania, which made Mrs. Nansen hurry to the poultry-yard. A carrier-pigeon which had been absent for many months had suddenly returned safe and sound to his mates. The bird had come all the way from the icy North Polar regions, and on its neck was a message to Mrs. Nansen from her ice-bound husband, the explorer, in the far North. It is learned from the letter that no accidents have thus far befallen the party, and that the intrepid Norseman is still confident of planting his country's flag on the North Pole.

The South African newspapers are full of amusing incidents in connection with the Rand water famine. Soda water, at five shillings a bottle, was in general use for culinary and washing purposes. The demand for Florida water, bay rum, eau de cologne, and other liquids of like character was unprecedentedly great, and anything that could be pressed into the service of the toilet commanded a fancy price. A mixture of ammonia and lavender water is said to have yielded satisfactory results, and even vaseline and benzine were by no means despised.

The hutler of the Duchesse de Brissac the other day gave notice of his intention to leave. Being asked for the reason, he explained that he had made one hundred thousand dollars by speculating in South African mining shares; and an hour later her first footman followed the butler's example by giving notice on the ground that he, too, had won six thousand dollars by speculation, and that he had determined to enter the service of his friend, the ex-hutler, to whose pointers and advice he was indebted for his good luck.

Birmingham is overrun by rats that are fed from the sewers. The authorities have taken no steps to exterminate them, because Mr. Chamberlain, when mayor, declared that rats were good scavengers, who, by eating up garbage, prevented the spread of disease.

What is said to be the largest professional fee ever received by an engineer—one hundred and twenty thousand dollars—was recently paid to Professor E. A. Puentes, of Cornell, for devising a sanitary system for the City of Santos, Brazil.

At Halle, in Germany, hereafter any student seen with fresh cuts from a duel on his face will be handed over to the police by the university authorities.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Congressman William A. Smith, of Michigan, began his career as a newsboy and street pop-corn seller.

Paul Bourget has lost a brother in the Madagascar expedition. He died of fever as he was on the point of starting home.

Alfred Rothschild keeps seven *chefs*, one of whom has nothing to do beyond making curries. Rothschild rarely dines away from home, frankly declaring that he prefers his own table to any other.

Maine was the birth-place of three noted singers—Annie Louise Cary Raymond was born in Durham, Me.; Lillian Norton Gower (Nordica) was born in Farmingham, Me.; and Emma Eames Story was born in Bath, Me.

Sir Frederick Leighton has, it is understood, drawn up a deed of gift by which his magnificent house in London will eventually become the property of the Royal Academy of Arts, to be used as an official residence for future presidents.

Charles Kingsley's niece, who has been exploring the West Coast of Africa, has reached the Cross River in safety after having ascended to the top of the Cameroons Mountain, which is thirteen thousand feet. She is the first woman to accomplish the feat.

A. J. Balfour's versatility as a public speaker was demonstrated a fortnight ago, when he delivered six speeches before as many public meetings in a single day. As each of the meetings was held with a distinctly different end in view, his task was not an easy one.

The Prince of Naples declares that he will never marry, for fear that he might give Italy a hunchback king. This prince is himself physically perfect, but his uncle, Prince Oddone, brother of King Humbert, was a hunchback, and the prince is morbid on the subject.

Some one having asked Speaker Reed, the other day, what he considered the most important problem now before the public, he is reported to have answered: "How to dodge a bicycle; at least, I judge so from my own experience since I came to Washington."

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway recently appeared in a new rôle at the performance given by Stuart Cumberland in Stockholm. Mr. Cumberland does not know Swedish, and his interpreter failed to appear; so the king offered his services and explained things to the crowded audience with surprising ease and fluency.

Schiaparelli, the astronomer who first discovered the so-called "canals" of Mars, did so with a much smaller telescope than those in use in many other observatories at that time. And yet he is a very near-sighted man. He has to hold a visitor's card within five or six inches of his eyes in order to decipher it. Yet he refuses to wear glasses.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett astonished her audience at the dinner given by the Vagabonds, a London literary club, a few days ago, by the facility with which she made herself heard in King's Hall in response to a toast by Frankfort Moore in her honor. She made a speech which was pronounced one of the best ever listened to by that unique body of Bohemians.

Robert Barr—who, as "Luke Sharp," is a popular author in the Old World and the New—has just become a landed proprietor in England, having bought a large piece of ground on the Surrey Hills, and is building a handsome residence for himself. He also has a winter place in Florida and a large grape-farm and residence on the Canadian bank of the Detroit River.

When the queen and Empress Eugénie are together they spend all their spare time in doing needle-work for the poor. Both the queen and the ex-empress are fond of the old-fashioned style of needle-work. The queen bestows all her handiwork upon her poor tenants at Balmoral and at Windsor. The Empress Eugénie sends hers to poor convents, whence it is distributed to the needy.

Mrs. Cleveland, since she has become matronly and devoted to her children, seems anxious to avoid being conspicuous, and whenever she appears in public is quietly gowned and unobtrusive in manner. She has lost something of the attractiveness of person which once distinguished her, having become stout and dressing generally in black, "and sometimes shabby black at that."

Barney Barnato endures unmoved the many newspaper attacks on himself and his schemes. He says that on only one occasion have the journalists succeeded in causing him real pain. He was playing in private theatricals at a big country house. He played, as he believed, extremely well, and was immensely proud of himself in consequence. To his chagrin, the local papers did not even mention his name, much less praise him.

The younger Dumas often declared that his school days were the unhappiest of his life. He hated the routine of the class-room, and was subjected to continued insult on account of his parentage. He once went to his father and told him he had run into debt ten thousand dollars. "Work as I do," said the elder Dumas. "I have just cleared off fifty thousand dollars." Alexander Dumas *père* left five francs. Alexander Dumas *fils* left three millions of francs.

Hanotaux, whom the Parisians expect to see in Berthelot's place at the ministry of foreign affairs soon, likes Americans. He had issued an order against the marriage of French diplomats with foreign women when he was foreign minister in Ribot's cabinet, and J. J. Jusserand, the much admired writer on English literature, wrote for permission to ask for Miss Richards in marriage. "A Frenchman does not need his government's permission to marry an American," he taunt replied, rather inconsistently, but charmingly.

A FORECASTLE COURT-MARTIAL.

How the Jack Tars of the Navy Enforce Their Own Decrees.

The aptitude of the Anglo-Saxon race for local self-government has manifested itself among the American people on several notable occasions since the first settlement of the New England States. Among the most remarkable cases known to our history (writes Admiral S. B. Luce in the *Yough's Companion*) was that on board an American man-of-war then lying in the harbor of Monterey, California.

The ship to which we have reference was a large seventy-four. She was in a high state of discipline; but among her crew of some six hundred men and boys there was a strong foreign element, which, while keeping within the rules of discipline, rendered itself extremely obnoxious to the American-horn seamen, of which the larger part of the ship's company was made up. Matters finally reached a crisis, when a court-martial, composed entirely of the leading members of the crew, was convened for the trial of all offenders against the unwritten law of the fore-castle of an American man-of-war.

A naval general court-martial, after which this one was supposed to be modeled, is an imposing affair. The officers, dressed in uniform, with their side-arms, assemble in the cabin of the ship designated for the purpose, or in some convenient place in a navy-yard. On convening, each member takes a solemn oath, his hand on the Holy Bible, to try, without prejudice or partiality, the case.

The fore-castle court-martial had few, if any, of the characteristics of the ordinary naval courts. It was composed, as I have already said, of petty officers and seamen.

While the ship lay at Callao, half the crew had been allowed to go ashore, and a number of men were brought off in such a disorderly state that they had to be put in irons and confined in the "brig," under charge of a sentry.

One of the seamen so confined was a foreigner. As soon as he found himself under the charge of a sentry, and, as a consequence, under protection, he began a most abusive tirade against the ship and every Yankee "son of a sea-cook" on board of her. Nor did he hesitate to anathematize the American flag and "the whole cowardly race serving under it," and much more to the same effect, all delivered in language more forcible than polite.

Now the "brig," an open space of arbitrary limits, was located between the two forward guns on the starboard side of the main gun-deck, and just forward of the place where the working part of the crew habitually congregate when not engaged on ship's duty.

It may be readily understood, therefore, that these uncompensated remarks were heard by the greater part of the ship's company. That there might be no mistake about it, the man raised his voice to a high pitch and shook his manacled hands as if to punctuate his remarks and give them additional force. His most emphatic asseveration was that he could thrash any two Yankees aboard.

As he was a man of very powerful build, with a bright, penetrating eye, the fierceness of which when under excitement was heightened by shaggy eyebrows and a heavy black beard, he seemed quite capable of going far toward the execution of his boast.

Although it was perfectly well known that this man, whose name was George Calvin, was not as much under the influence of strong drink as he pretended to be, yet the discipline of the ship would not permit any one to notice his vile language. So he harangued at will until the sergeant of the guard came around and put a stop to it.

This incident, taken by itself as simply the vapors of an intoxicated man, would have been passed by unnoticed. But it was, in fact, the culmination of a series of events of a similar character. As Calvin had a strong support among other foreigners of the crew, it was felt that an end must be put to such demonstrations, that it must be done by the men themselves, and done quickly and effectively.

To that end a plan of action was agreed upon by the more prominent members of the ship's company, and an opportunity for putting it into execution soon presented itself. A few weeks later, while at Monterey, the officers gave a grand ball on shore which took nearly every available officer out of the ship. This left the coast clear for carrying out the plan already matured; which was nothing less than the convening of a court-martial for the trial of Calvin and his adherents.

A "drum-head" court-martial is a summary method of trial employed when the nature of the offense calls for instant judgment, or when the circumstances render more formal proceedings impracticable. In the present case, although we have termed it a "fore-castle court-martial," it was really a "sheet-anchor court," for the chair of the president was the peak of the sheet-anchor which, in those days, was stowed on the rail in the waist, with the inner fluke projecting inboard. The proceedings were even more summary than those of a "drum-head" trial.

The court met in the larboard gangway, about eight o'clock in the evening. George Martin, quartermaster, being the president, took his seat on the peak of the sheet-anchor. Partly over his head, its folds reaching the deck, depended the American flag.

A strong force under a provost had scoured the ship for all offenders, a list of them being in the hands of the president. One by one the accused were dragged from their hiding-places, brought before the court, and each in turn tried for disloyalty to the flag. It mattered not what plea might be entered, the accused was found guilty on abundant evidence.

The sentence of the court was that he should then and there swear allegiance to the American flag, take a solemn oath never to speak disrespectfully of it, and, as long as he remained on board that ship, to hear himself as an American citizen, on pain of such punishment as a future court should adjudge.

The four or five cases were thus disposed of when there was a call for George Calvin. He could not be found. The president of the court, on hearing that, called upon the provost marshal to summon his entire force, search the ship throughout, and produce the body of George Calvin, dead or alive.

After another and still more thorough search, Calvin was found in an obscure corner of the sick-hay, or hospital of the ship, writhing in apparent agony. He groaned out that he was suffering from an attack of Asiatic cholera, a disease that had stricken down many of the crew while at Manila, and would surely die if disturbed.

His protestations were in vain. Taken hold of by men little disposed to trifle, he soon stood in the presence of the court, every sign of cholera having disappeared. His plea to the charge of using language disrespectful to the flag and the country was intoxication.

He was found guilty and sentenced to kneel in the presence of the court, abjure his own country and its flag, and to kiss the American flag and swear eternal fidelity to it; all of which he did with alacrity.

The moral effect of this trial upon the ship's company was marked. From that time on till the flag came down, putting the ship out of commission, the most perfect harmony among the crew prevailed. Singularly enough, there were only one or two of the officers of the ship who ever knew anything of the trial or its incidents.

The inquisitive reader may ask what power such a court had to enforce its decrees. Supposing the same troubles had broken out again, what then? A story currently reported throughout the ship at that time, and generally believed, may suggest the answer.

"A case very much like this one, sir, happened on my last cruise," said a boatswain's mate. "The ship had just been 'put about,' and the after part of the watch had been tugging at the main-sheet until it was 'shrouded.' It was a dark and hazy night, with a high, topping sea, and it was all we could do to carry fore and maintopgallant sails with a single reef in the topsails.

"Yes, sir," continued the boatswain's mate, as we stood alone by the capstan, the watch having gone forward, "we had a man on board just like this Calvin, only his trouble ended somewhat differently. One morning while at sea, on mustering the crew at quarters, he was missing, and he has never been seen since. Whether he committed suicide, or whether he had fallen overboard by accident, the officers of the ship could not quite make out; for it was just such a night as this that he disappeared, and you can see yourself, sir, that a man in the water, rough as it is now, might call out at the top of his voice and no one hear him. It was not till long after the cruise had ended and the crew dispersed that it came out in a death-bed confession that the man who had rendered himself hateful to his shipmates had been gagged and hound, and his living body committed to the deep."

I shuddered as I looked at the foaming brine that the muzzles of our lee guns were skimming and at the dark waters beyond, and thought that there were then in the watch with me men quite capable of treating Calvin in the same way; and Calvin knew it.

OLD FAVORITES.

Under the Holly-bough.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow;
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing
Under the holly-bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow;
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly-bough.—Charles Mackay.

For the first time in the history of total eclipses of the sun, a popular excursion has been organized to witness this most spectacular of natural events. The Orient Steam Navigation Company of London propose to send one of their steamships to Lapland, next summer, to convey any travelers who may wish to Vadsö, a point in the path of totality. Leaving London on July 21st, the party will visit the North Cape, reaching Vadsö on August 3d. The eclipse occurring the ninth, the steamer will arrive in London again by the seventeenth. The round-trip fare for this unique journey will be forty guineas, and the excursion promises to be very popular.

There is a toboggan-slide at St. Moritz, Switzerland, three-quarters of a mile long, that has been descended in seventy-one seconds.

THE LORDLY BRITISH BUTLER.

How He and his Helpers Rule the Swells—Fear of the Servants
Keeps the Aristocracy on its Good Behavior—But
How They do Relax on Sundays.

The London correspondent of New York *Vogue*, I see, has recently given it as a startling piece of news that Englishmen of fashion no longer provide themselves with a top-hat and frock-coat for Sunday when they pay a visit over that day at a country-house. I can not imagine where the gentleman got his information about this. It was certainly a long time in coming. For it must be quite ten years or more since English gentlemen began to slacken the old-time strict observance of "Sunday-go-to-meeting" apparel when in the country.

I believe the motive for so doing came, in the first instance, from a desire to make some difference in dress on Sunday from tradespeople. Of course, you could always tell from the cut and shape of coat and hat which was the gentleman and which not. It would be rather a ligh on West End tailors and hatters to say otherwise. But the frock-coat and high hat were there, all the same, whether well-made or ill. And it was not only the frock-coat. The morning-coat was as had. Indeed, in time it got to be worse, for a morning-coat is considerably cheaper than a frock-coat, and consequently more easily within reach of men to whom economy is necessarily an object. However, a vast number of smart shop-men have always clung, and still cling, to the frock. It certainly is more swaggy than a morning-coat, and is commonly supposed to be the mark of a gentleman more than the other.

However, it only shows how mistaken people often are who rely on commonly supposed ideas. One of the smartest-looking men in a very smartly made frock-coat I ever saw was the butler at a country-house where I once stayed. I met him walking down Pall Mall one afternoon, on one of his afternoons out during his master's residence in town for the season. I can only say I have seen few gentlemen who looked better dressed or wore their clothes more easily. But, after all, he was perhaps an exception, for, generally speaking, the Sunday garb of an out and out 'Arry is unmistakable.

"Frocks" and "mornings" and "toppers" are still *de rigueur* on the Sabbath in London, and that is where Mr. 'Arry abounds, for it is his habitat. It is because Englishmen of fashion have grown sick and tired of this enforced livery worn in common with every shop-boy and flunkey (for the nonce out of his own huttons and plush), and have made an effort to throw off the yoke by beginning the attempt where the rules of prohibition were not so formidable. But, as I say, the fashion is now some years old. Indeed, to such lengths have some of the swells gone that, in order to make themselves as different as possible from the cads, they have made no alteration whatever in their Sunday garb from that of the week—if anything, there would be an affectation of over-roughness and untidiness of apparel on that day. I remember on one occasion, a year or so ago, being forcibly struck by this in one of the big garrison towns where I was one Sunday. Two of the smartest, swellest regiments in the British army were in quarters at the barracks, yet the officers walked about the streets in tweed and serge "dittoes," straw hats, and yellow boots. One of the heaviest, "bowlingest" swells of the lot had the bottoms of his trouser legs turned up about four inches and flapping about the tops of his socks, to the occasional exposure of his hare shins. This was abominable and little short of disgusting, of course. But it was one of those instances of reaction from restraint which often show themselves among natures incapable of the self-control of innate refinement.

And it shows how quickly the fabric of English society would crumble, were any of its rules and customs, its ceremonies and forms, relaxed in the very least. I have often contended that but for the eyes of servants, under which "high life" lives in fear and trembling, English society would soon degenerate into a hear-garden. It is the grooms of the chambers—the hutlers, the footmen, the grooms, the valets, and the lady's-maids—who keep their masters and mistresses, their families and households, in order. Remove their restraining influence, and wouldn't chaos reign again? Look at the cold, informal suppers which in London on Sundays take the place of the regular state dinners of the week days. What sort of a scramble are they? Men come in to them with their street clothes on, and ladies keep on the bonnets and wraps which they have worn to evening service. There is no form, no ceremony, everybody helps himself and as often as he likes. And mark the loud talk and laughter. Why is this? What is the cause of this sudden lack of order and decorum where all is usually so strict and proper, so disciplined and silent? The servants are not present. The hutler and footmen have their Sunday night out.

But as to this discontinuance of Sunday clothes in the country, it is only the entering wedge which will presently make its edge felt in London. As it is, much that even a year ago would not have been tolerated is gradually gaining footing—men wearing straw hats, with frock-coats, for example. It was a common sight during the hot days of last summer. And the wearers were some of the highest swells in London.

Another Sunday infringement is only mooted among the fair creatures as yet. But I doubt not it will be achieved.

"I don't see why I shouldn't ride to church and hack on my bicycle," I heard a lady of high birth remark the other day.

"Nor I, either," agreed a friend. "It's all nonsense saying we shan't. Let's begin next Sunday. Will you?"

"Better wait a bit, and see."

And that's about how it is. They are only waiting to see what some one else will do. Like bicycling itself for ladies, it hut lacks some great leader to set the example.

LONDON, November 27, 1895.

COCKAIGNE.

THE "POETS" ON EUGENE FIELD.

Since the lamented death of Eugene Field, floods of alleged verse have been poured upon an afflicted country by his admirers. It is curious that to a certain order of mind a resort to verse seems necessary in moments of mourning. The most familiar illustration of this may be found in the elegiac verses in the death column of the daily newspapers. How many times have we not seen a notice of the death of a relative—father, mother, sister, or what not—followed by some lines of doggerel infused with a spirit of mourning, but limping sadly in metre and often hopelessly at sea in grammar. The "poems to Eugene Field" which have come under our notice resemble the elegiac verses in the death column. We have examined some sixteen, and of these sixteen there is not one that could lay claim to the title of poetry, and even it has the machine-made air that goes with so much "occasional" verse. There is but one out of the sixteen which rises above mediocrity. As for the other fifteen, they run from bad to very bad. Some extracts from these so-called "poems" will not be uninteresting. They may, if they serve no other purpose, serve as terrible examples. A peculiarity of them is that many are suggested by Field's own poems, and "Little Boy Blue" appears continually. But the poetic ideas and musical words of Field, when filtered through the weak minds of his admirers, are ineffably commonplace. Henry Ellsworth Hayden, writing in the Chicago *Times-Herald*, has a poem suggested by "Little Boy Blue," framed in an attempt at the same metre. But Mr. Hayden comes to grief in the middle of his first stanza when he says:

"Say, have you seen him, Little Boy Blue,
As you rock on the sunlit sea?
Have the beautiful dreams he dreamed come true,
Does he sing 'Love Songs' for thee?"

The sudden transition which Mr. Hayden is forced to make from the second person plural to the second person singular, in order to make a rhyme for "sea," is apparent to the meagrest intelligence. In the same paper, Maxwell Edgar writes a "threnody to Eugene Field," which he begins with an epigraph from Horace: "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit." This learned introduction predisposes one to respectful consideration of Mr. Edgar's work. But, waiving questions of irregularity in meter, Mr. Edgar comes to grief on a cold grammatical question:

"The night is passing sweet and will return,
But thou art gone and will return no more."

That Mr. Edgar is the same line should suddenly change from the second person singular to "art" to the third person "will" can not be pardoned.

Harry J. Smalley, writing in a Chicago paper, entitles his paper "Our 'Gene'." The meter which Mr. Smalley has chosen is one which is *sui generis*. It has been likened to the sound of pumpkins rolling over a barn floor. Not only is the meter of Mr. Smalley *sui generis*, but so are his ideas. A few extracts will serve to show how peculiar is his muse:

"There was a festive hall with mirth resounding;
Beauty and wit and friendliness surrounding;
With minstrelsy above and dancing feet rebounding.
And at the height came news that held suspended
The sparkling glass—till slow the hand descended—
And ruddy cheeks grew pale—and all the mirth was ended.

Riches and health, fine taste, all means of pleasure;
Success in highest efforts—fame's best treasure—
All these were thine—'eraptured and overweighed measure.

But in recording this life's night-shade warning,
We hold the memory of thy kind heart's morning;
Man's intellect is not man's sole nest adorning."

In the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, Mary E. Buell drops into poetry under the title of "The Poet's Dream." A single stanza, the focal one, will show her poetic power. It runs as follows:

"He awoke, at length, from his lofty trance,
And knew in a moment—a single glance—
That the fetters of flesh had fallen away,
That to him, indeed, it was healing day—
It was healing day,
Ah, love supreme
Made the poet dream."

In the Minneapolis *Tribune*, Emily Ross-Perry in a "memorial poem" thus moralizes:

"Fond hearts are stricken, his life like a flower
That bloomed for us here, has closed in an hour.
How often we read his fond verses while here,
His children will miss him and fond friends so dear.
Our sad hearts are bleeding, our love is here sealed,
For thy pen is laid down, our loved Eugene Field."

Laurence C. Hodgson, in the Minneapolis *Times*, perpetrates a poem whose chief attribute is confusion of metaphor. Mr. Hodgson sings:

"He is not dead. For singers never die,
Until the lips of summer winds grow mute;
His songs still tinkle softly down the sky
Like lyrics of a lute.

"Nearer to earth shall heaven henceforth seem,
Since somewhere yonder his dear face shall be;
Ah, Death! Thou art kinder than we deem,
Else our beloved had not welcomed thee."

Inasmuch as Eugene Field died while asleep, and evidently did not know when he went to bed that he was going to die before morning, it is difficult to understand how he could have "welcomed death."

Charles R. Trowbridge, in the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, thus muses:

"Though hearts be saddened, hopes be crushed,
And sorrow like a river run,
We can meekly how and say,
O Lord of hosts, thy will be done.

"How brittle is the thread that binds
The spirit to the mortal frame;
It breaks so easy, and the dust
Returns to dust from whence it came."

For Mr. Trowbridge it was evidently easier to use "easy" than "easily." But if he had used the adverb instead of the adjective, he would have dealt a deadly blow to his metre, and as it was already staggering, he mercifully refrained.

William Marjoe Reedy, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, thus invokes the poet:

"E'er yet thy frolic fancy runs,
With fairies frisks its fill.
In days to be, 'neath senile suns,
Thy soul goes singing still.

"His heart was full as heart could hold
Of Love's own gentleness.
He taught song age to soothe, not scold;
He coralled Christ's caress."

In this free-for-all competition, Mr. Reedy evidently bears away the belt. For wild and luxuriant imagery, the phrase "coralled Christ's caress" is unique. There is some difference of opinion in England as to the successor of Tennyson as Poet Laureate. What is the matter with William Marjoe Reedy, of St. Louis?

LITERARY NOTES.

The Mad Empress.

Until the present day, the only occasion on which the Monroe doctrine was actively asserted by the United States was when Napoleon the Third and the Austria Maximilian attempted to found an empire in Mexico. It was destined to fail, even without the intervention of the United States, and its memory is kept green by the pathetic fate of the Empress Carlotta, who is owed dying to the close confinement meted only to the hopelessly mad. The story of her affliction is told anew in the memoirs of the Baron de Malortie, a gentleman of her court, which has just been published in Paris. Much of it is the narration of his own experience, and what he did not see or hear was dictated to him by Mme. del Barrio, a lady-in-waiting to Carlotta, who has remained with her imperial mistress to the last. It is a book of unusual interest, and presents some startling facts about Napoleon's treatment of Carlotta.

"A Republic Without a President and Other Stories," containing six tales by Herbert D. Ward, has been re-issued by Lovell, Coryell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Young Raocers; or, Fighting the Sioux," by Edward S. Ellis, has been issued as the third volume of the Forest and Prairie Series published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

"As It Was in the Fifties," by "Kim Bilal," a story of a young Englishman's unsuccessful quest for fortune in British Columbia, has been published by the Providence Publishing Company, Victoria, B. C.

"Jack Midwood; or, Bread Cast Upon the Waters," by Edward S. Ellis, a lively story of a young railroad man's experiences, has been issued in the Through On Time Series published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A little book, entitled "Ancestry," has been compiled by Eugene Zieher. It sets forth the objects and the requirements for membership of the hereditary societies and the military and naval orders of the United States, and contains a transcript of the acts of Congress relating to the insignia of the war-hereditary societies. Published by the Bailey, Banks & Biddle Company, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents.

A new edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" has just been issued, with new illustrations by Charles Robinson. The verses are well known: many have read them, not because they are good poetry, but because Stevenson wrote them. The illustrations do not add to the book; they are in Walter Crane's manner, but badly drawn. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Little Rivers," by Henry Van Dyke, is a handsome book of delightful essays on out-of-door life, especially that phase of it enjoyed by the disciples of Izaak Walton. The author has fished, and tramped, and paddled his canoe in inland waters from Albany to Aberdeen, from the Penobscot to the Salzkammergut, and wherever he goes, he finds new beauties to point out to his readers in graceful and entertaining prose. The book is very copiously illustrated, largely from photographs, and, curiously enough, it is indexed. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

"Lady Bonnie's Experiment," by Tighe Hopkins, is an amusing novelette. It opens in the train from Dover to London, where a young man who has scraped acquaintance with a fair fellow-traveler attempts to test the probability of a friend's plot for a melodrama by relating it to the lady as the story of his own life. As he relates the tale, the lady looks at him curiously, and just as he has reached the most exciting part, he falls asleep. The lady has hypnotized him. This suggests an admirable means of defense to the unprotected female who is afraid of luauatics and adventurers; but the author follows another lead, and evolves a

highly entertaining story; wildly impossible, to be sure, but full of originality and clever bits. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

Jobo La Farge, one of the highest authorities on art in this country to-day, has printed the series of lectures he delivered at the Metropolitan Museum in New York two years ago in a book to which he gives the title "Considerations on Painting." The lectures are but little changed from the form they had when delivered to his pupils, but they contain a great deal that is of interest and value for all lovers of art. The scope of the book is shown by the list of the lectures' titles: "Essential Divisions of the Work of Art," "Personality and Choice," "Suggestion and Intention," "Misapprehensions of Meaning," "Maia, or Illusions," and "Sincerity." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Much anxiety is felt by the friends of Mr. B. F. Norris, who left this city for South Africa some weeks ago and has not been heard from since leaving Madeira. His latest advices to his mother in this city stated that he intended to leave Madeira on the *Northam* for Cape Town, but, though the *Northam* reached the African port on December 4th, Mr. Norris did not cable news of his arrival there, nor has anything been heard of him since. Mr. Norris was graduated from the University of California in 1894, and spent the past year in special studies at Harvard College, but he had already made a name for himself as an unusually clever writer of short stories. One of them, "A Defense of the Flag," was printed in the *Argonaut* only a few weeks ago. Mr. Norris has also published a long narrative poem, and he had evinced so small ability as an artist. His trip to Africa was for pleasure, but he was acting as special correspondent of one of the Sao Francisco papers.

Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Wehh.—For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the second of January, 1896.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, No. 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31st, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-fifth (4 1-5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896.
GEO. A. STORY, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six one-hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five one-hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2d, 1896.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT-gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum for the half-year ending December 31, 1895. Will be payable, free of taxes, on and after January 2, 1896.
S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1895, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and thirty-two one-hundredths (4 32-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and sixty one-hundredths (3 60-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 1, 1896. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal, from and after January 1, 1896.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE NEVADA BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital Paid Up - - - - \$3,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - 663,750

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENTS:
American Exchange National Bank,
Importers and Traders' National Bank.
LONDON BANKERS:
Union Bank of London, Limited.
PARIS BANKERS:
Comptoir National d'Escompte de Paris.

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JOHN F. BIGLOW, Vice-President
D. B. DAVIDSON, Cashier
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JAMES L. FLOOD,
LEVI STRAUSS,
LEWIS GESTLE,
D. N. WALTER,
ISAIAS W. HELLMAN,
H. L. DODGE,
HENRY F. ALLEN,
JOHN F. BIGLOW,
C. DEGUIGNE.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO,

At the Close of Business December 13, 1895

ASSETS.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$3,943,818 70
United States Bonds.....	252,000 00
Other Stocks and Bonds.....	115,000 00
Bond Premium Account.....	31,650 00
Banking Building and other Real Estate ..	349,277 21
Due from Banks and Bankers.....	\$68,833 97
Due from United States Treas- urer (5 per cent. Redem- tion Fund).....	2,250 00
Cash.....	1,461,378 75
	\$6,724,208 63
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in.....	\$1,500,000 00
Surplus Fund.....	800,000 00
Undivided Profits.....	210,866 91
Circulation.....	45,000 00
	\$6,724,208 63
DEPOSITS.	
Individuals.....	\$2,821,687 54
Bank and Bankers.....	1,238,288 18
U. S. Deposits.....	108,366 00
	4,168,341 72
	\$6,724,208 63

SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT.

Chrome Steel Vaults; Time Locks; Constant Supervision Secured for Valuables at a cost of \$5 a Year.

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N. E. cor. Pine and Sansome Sts.

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AGENTS AT NEW YORK,

J. & W. SELIGMAN & CO.
21 Broad Street.

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED - - - \$6,000,000
SUBSCRIBED - - - - - 3,000,000
PAID UP - - - - - 1,500,000
RESERVE FUND - - - - - 700,000

IGN. STEINHART,
P. N. LILIENTHAL,
MANAGERS.

A. L. SELIGMAN,
CASHIER.

Founded 1850. Incorporated 1891.

Tallant Banking Company

Cor. California and Battery Streets.

Authorized Capital - \$1,000,000
Paid in Coin - - - 500,000

DIRECTORS:

JOHN D. TALLANT.....President
FREDERICK W. TALLANT.....Vice-President
JOHN DEMPSTER MCKEE.....Cashier
AUSTIN C. TUBBS.....KIRKHAM WRIGHT.

CORRESPONDENTS:

J. S. Morgan & Co.....London
J. P. Morgan & Co.....New York, N. Y.
Knanth, Nachod & Kuhne.....New York, N. Y.
National Bank of America.....Chicago, Ill.
National Bank of Commerce.....Kansas City, Mo.
Colorado National Bank.....Denver, Colo.
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THE WHITE RIMMED HUMMER IS THE CORNER
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COAST AGENTS FOR
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BICYCLES

LITERARY NOTES.

A History of Electricity.

If there is any one thing which to the general mind is essentially modern, *fin de siècle*, in fact, it is electricity; and yet Park Benjamin has traced human knowledge of the phenomenon back to prehistoric times.

In his new book on the history of that manifestation of force and its relations to the growth of the human race, "The Intellectual Rise in Electricity," he begins with mention of the amber beads found in the royal tombs at Mycenæ and ancient Etruria. These beads, which came from the Baltic Sea, overlaid as well as by sea, were called "electron"—"children of the sun"—in Greek, and "harpaga"—"the clutcher"—by the Syrian women, who first observed electric phenomenon in the attraction that their amber spindles, electrified by friction on their gowns, exerted over particles of dust, fringes, and other light objects. As to magnetism—first observed, according to Hellenic legend, by the shepherd Magnes—Mr. Benjamin points out that its first observation can not have antedated the Iron Age, but concedes that it and the magoetic needle were known to the Chinese and the Finns and Laps some centuries before the Christian era.

Of the six hundred or so pages in the book, two hundred and fifty are devoted to the ancient records of observation of electric phenomena, and the remainder follow the modern development of the science from the investigations of William Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, to those of Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Benjamin has limited his field to the historical aspects of the science, stopping short of the marvelous growth of practical applications of electricity which has in a few decades changed it from a little understood force, which was now a toy and again a terror, to the most powerful and most obedient servant of mankind.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

A Social Climb to—Chicago.

Hamlin Garland is veering in the wrong direction in his latest book, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly." It is the story of a girl's development as she advances from early childhood to womanhood, and the theme is unsuited to his pen. His skill does not lie in delicacy of touch, and he handles his subject with a heavy-handed, masculine roughness that makes one wince. There is much in the book that had better been left unsaid, and the question of sex is harped upon with disagreeable persistence. It is not an erotic novel, but it is unrefined and rank in flavor, and the character of the heroine has not the charm the writer hopes for.

There are some vivid pictures of Chicago in its varying aspects, and the life on a prairie stock-farm is drawn with a vigorous hand. Not so the "society" scenes in Chicago; here the treatment is crude, and the *habits* of the New Woman's saloon are shadowy personages.

Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

A Very Unnatural Mother.

Mrs. Campbell-Præd has a bright, pleasant style, and her novel, "Mrs. Tregaskiss," is an interesting one. It is an Australian story, and the life in the hush is well described. There are one or two good character studies in the book. Mr. Tregaskiss, the coarse-grained husband of a sensitive and high-strung woman, is true to life. Ooe feels compassion for her in the midst of her barren and uncongenial surroundings, but the draught on the sympathies becomes too heavy when she prepares to abandon her children and elope with another man. The nursing mother of a six weeks' babe falling in love with a man not her husband is an unattractive picture. That the author feels this herself becomes evident in her climax.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Good-fur-Nothin'," by William R. A. Wilson, a sad little story of Tennessee mountaineers during the war, has been published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo.

"Raphael's Almanac; or, The Prophetic Messenger and Weather Guide for 1896," prepared by Raphael, "the astrologer of the nineteenth century," is imported by the San Francisco News Company, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

A little hook of "Yarns," by Alice Turner, an even dozen in number, and ranging from a love-story in which a pretty model, a young artist, and a wicked aunt figure, to a tale of the Civil War, has been published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

"Sermons for the Church Year," by the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., late Bishop of Massachusetts, and edited by the Rev. John Cotton Brooks, contains twenty-two sermons for the principal festivals and fasts of the Episcopal year. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

"My Sister Henriette," the late Ernest Renan's touching memoir of his sister, which was written thirty-three years ago but has only recently been

given to the world, has been translated into English by Walter J. C. Gussenrode, and is published in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Honor of the Flag," containing eight short stories of the sea by W. Clark Russell; and "The Red Star," by L. McManus, a story of a young Russian who is wedded by the Czar's orders to a Polish girl during the Napoleonic wars, have been issued in the Autonym Library published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"Francis Bacon and His Shakespeare," by Theron S. E. Dixon, is, as its name implies, another plea in favor of the theory that Lord Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare. Mr. Dixon's method is to discover parallelisms between thoughts and expressions in Bacon's acknowledged writings and in the Shakespearean plays. Published by the Sargent Publishing Company, Chicago; price, \$1.50.

"Apples of Istakhar" is the title William Lindsey has chosen for the book of his verses which has just been published. It contains a number of lyrics and light songs, two long poems, several seventeenth-century airs, a few rondeaus, ballades, and other French forms of verse, and finally fourteen sonnets. The book is rather sumptuous in appearance, being bound in coarse green linen, and the pages displaying great luxury of margin. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

A single-volume edition of George Cary Eggleston's "American War Ballads" has just been issued. This comprehensive and well-chosen anthology of the songs and ballads of the Colonial wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812, the war with Mexico, and the Civil War, is well known in its two-volume form, which appeared half a dozen years ago, and the present edition is, we believe, an exact reprint of the two volumes in one cover. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$0.00.

"The One Who Looked On," by F. F. Montresor, is a girl's story of a love-affair of which she was not the heroine. She is the heroine of the book, however, and the point of the story lies in the fact that she loved the man herself, though no one ever knew it. Her character is not a successful presentation. Like Dame Durden in "Bleak House," her humility and self-unconsciousness are overdone, and become irritating. The boy, Charlie, is a story-book child, and would be an atrocious youngster in real life. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Elbert Hubbard's odd little monthly publication, entitled "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great," now appears as a volume of twelve essays. They are not a "guide" to the places described nor biographies of the characters mentioned, but simply pleasant little outline sketches of certain notable men and the scenes that knew them in their life. The "great men"—the first of whom is a woman, by the way—are George Eliot, Carlyle, Ruskin, Gladstone, Turner, Swift, Victor Hugo, Wordsworth, Thackeray, Dickens, Goldsmith, and Shakespeare, and an excellent portrait of each is given. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$0.00.

Douglas Sladen's "Japanese Marriage" is attracting much attention in England, where it has just appeared. It is difficult to understand what it is that the British public finds in it to admire. The style is wordy, the characters unreal, and the plot an old one. The incidents are almost identical with those in Miss Mulock's "Hannah." "His deceased wife's sister" defies public opinion and lives with the man she loves as his wife, without a legal tie to bind them. The scene of the story is in Japan, and much space is devoted to shopping excursions, trips to temples, and the like means of disseminating guide-book lore. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Reflections and Comments, 1865-1895," by Edwin Lawrence Godkin, consists of a number of articles which Mr. Godkin has printed in the *Nation* in the past thirty years. They are chiefly non-political, some notable topics from the long list being "The Comparative Morality of Nations," "Mr. Froude as a Lecturer," "Horace Greeley," "John Stuart Mill," "Panics," "Tyndall and the Theologians," "Rôle of the Universities in Politics," "The South After the War," "Chromocivilization," "Living in Europe and Going to It," "The Evolution of the Summer Resort," and "The Survival of Types." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.00.

Louis Becke, some of whose short stories of South Sea Island life have been printed in the *Argonaut*, has written a novelette entitled "His Native Wife," which appears as the initial volume of the Australander Library. It, also, is a story of the South Seas, and brings together the most notable types of the life in that region—an English sailor who loves his beautiful native wife; a fanatical missionary and his disillusioned wife, who sees the justice of the natives' hatred of his class; her sister, a young girl who has been led to adopt missionary work by the hysterical exhortations of narrow-minded preachers; a brutal but grimly humorous Yankee whaling skipper; and the usual

background of island chief, witches, and natives. Mr. Becke does not mince his words, and the story he tells is a dramatic one and vivid in its portrayal of island life. Published by Alexander Lindsay, Sydney.

"Macaire," a melodramatic farce by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, the English poet, has been issued in a pretty rough green linen binding uniform with the "Vailima Letters." It is the old story of Robert Macaire and his companion, a sort of peccolating Alan Friday, escaping from prison and cozening a lot of yokels. There is a story of the marriage of a loo-lost son in the little piece, but as a play "Macaire" would not seem to be actable, and it is not particularly entertaining to read. Published by Stone & Kimball, Chicago; price, \$1.00.

A Gastronomic Ode.

The following poetic tribute appears in the *Sketch*, apropos of one of the late Mr. Sala's epicurean maxims: "To the hewing of fundamental beef broth, the osmazome, which is the most savory part of the meat, gently adds its uocation":

Tho' foreign dishes tempt the soul,
And fickle palates wander far,
Tho' toothsome salads haunt the howl,
And potted ecstasies the jar,
What is their varied grace to me,
Tho' vaunted in a learned tome?
And what the subtlest recipe
Compared with thee, my Osmazome?

Some seek the saviors of Japan,
And some the curries of Ceylon,
Full erring is the heart of man
When in the quest of sauces gone.
Yet stay I where my plighted troth
Forbids the faithful mind to roam,
Devoted to thy virgin broth,
My fundamental Osmazome!

Ah! *chefs* may holl, and *chefs* may moil,
And all their artful mixtures make,
But never can their hoastful toil
The highest minstrelsy awake!
The simple taste forsakes the throng
Of epicures who fret and foam,
And wings its one triumphant soog
To thee, my own, my Osmazome!

Apropos of the fact that everybody writes Scotch dialect sketches now, the *Independent* says: "We are heartily tired of bonnie, canny, drumlie bores, and we hope that the public soon will be." We concur.

HARPER'S BAZAR

See Issue of Dec. 28 for
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LITERARY NOTES.

An Exhibition of the Art Preservative.

The Guild of Arts and Crafts is to perform its first function as a public institution next month, when it will hold an exhibition of the various branches of the art of printing. The project is thus announced:

"The Guild of Arts and Crafts of San Francisco will hold an exhibition illustrative of printing and its relative arts at the Partington Studio, 442 Pine Street. There will be a private view for the members and their guests on Saturday evening, January 18th. The exhibition will be open to the public, afternoon and evening, from January 20th to 25th, inclusive, at twenty-five cents admission, and on Sunday from one to five o'clock, free. There will be on view: Books from the earliest period to the present time; original drawings for book illustrations; book plates; sumptuous bindings, old and modern; etching and engravings, with press in operation; lithography, with full illustration of process; engraving on wood, steel, and copper; reproductive processes—zincotypes, half-tones, chromatic printing, etc., with the original drawings; type-casting, electrotyping; the newspaper—chronological exhibit, modern processes of composition, stereotyping, etc.; poster exhibit, etc.

"It is probable that there will be brief addresses, historical and descriptive of processes, on designated evenings. Fuller particulars will be given later.

"This preliminary announcement is made to acquaint those whom we ask to contribute with the general nature of the exhibition and to assure them that the utmost care will be taken of articles loaned. A watchman will be on the premises day and night, and full insurance will be carried. Those desiring to exhibit are requested to place a valuation on their treasures at the time of consent, that the insurance may be placed in advance.

"Our friends are urged to cooperate in making this first exhibit by the guild a credit to the community.

"For the Guild of Arts and Crafts—Charles A. Muddock, Gelett Burgess, C. J. Dickman, Bernard Moses, W. A. Reaser, committee.

"J. A. Stanton, W. D. Armes, Douglas Tilden, Sigmond Beel, Clinton Day, Bruce Porter, Emil Pissis, directors."

The project is an excellent one, and if it meets with the encouragement it deserves at the hands of local book-lovers, the exhibition will be a credit and a benefit to the community.

A Poem and a Parody.

In our issue of the sixteenth instant, we printed, in the department of "Old Favorites," Belle Eugenia Smith's widely admired poem, "If I Should Die To-Night," prefacing it with a note to the effect that the New York Press had recently printed it as the composition of Ben King, who had died suddenly last April, the morning after a banquet at which he had recited it. We have since received several communications on this subject from our readers; their general tenor is shown by the two following letters, from points widely apart:

SAN DIEGO, CAL., December 19, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You published in your last issue a poem, "If I Should Die To-Night," with a statement reflecting upon Ben King in connection therewith.

I do not believe Ben King ever claimed to be the author of the poem. The Press Club of Chicago has published an edition of Ben King's verses, in which is the inclosed from the pen of King, which is a parody on the one you published, and which I have no doubt King recited on the occasion referred to.

OSCAR A. TRIFFET.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, December 18, 1895.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am confident that the poem "If I Should Die To-Night" was going the rounds of the newspapers as much as twenty years ago, and could not have been written by Ben King, who was a very young man when he died. In your publication of it on the 16th instant you have done me a favor, as I have been looking for it for some time. I think the mistake of the New York Press was made because some years ago (not many) a Chicago paper—the Mail, I think—printed some lines of Ben King's, which I have in a scrap-book, and have copied for you and inclosed herewith. These lines sound like Ben King—the others do not.

THAD. HUSTON.

The parody which these gentlemen inclose is not new to us. It was written a few years ago, and we have already printed it in the Argonaut. However, it is clever enough to bear repetition. It runs as follows:

IF I SHOULD DIE.

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heart-sick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night
And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large, white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my hier to show the grief you feel,
I say, if I should die to-night
And you should come to me, and there and then
Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,
I might arise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Senator Sherman is said to have already received one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars from the sales of his book, and expects his full returns to amount to at least one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The work is one of the most profitable issued since Grant's memoirs were published.

The new Congressional Library at Washington is described, with three pages of illustrations, in an article entitled "A National Monument of Art," in Harper's Weekly for December 28th.

The announcement that another journal kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne is about to be printed moves the Boston Transcript to say:

"It is enough to make cold chills run up and down discriminating spines to hear of the forthcoming publication of more memories and note-books of Nathaniel Haw-

thorne. Whittier once said that Hawthorne's heirs had very nearly sold his bones, and that was a gentle Quaker's phrase, so the rest of the world need not seek for strong language to deplore any further scraping of the Hawthorne flour-barrel to make bread for the hungry. The public is nothing loath, but it is the proper New England thing for a man's own family to keep him under perennial exploitation, when he was a really great man, and as modest as the great always are?"

Henry Norman has returned to London from a tour in the East, and will soon publish a new book, dealing with the "Near East," which will be issued as a companion to his work on the "Far East." Mr. Norman made his tour in the company of his wife, the "Girl in the Carpathians."

The entire edition of the December number of Harper's Magazine—an edition of unusual size—was exhausted immediately after publication. A second edition had to be printed to meet the demand.

Frederick Locker's memoirs, edited by his son-in-law, Augustine Birrell, are to be published early next year under the title "My Confidences."

Charles Baxter, the early comrade and life-long friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, says that the author in his university days was an immense lover of books, and was always writing away. He adds:

"But somehow, notwithstanding the velvet jacket, the Spanish cloak, and the poetic hair, we did not look upon him as a literary person. There was none of 'the pale cast of thought' in his character, and, indeed, he never at any time developed such a characteristic. He was simply a young fellow brimming over with life and laughter; a great reader, but a desultory one, and never a grinding student. He was a persistent scribbler; only, as I say, we thought that he was doing nothing more than wasting his time."

"How Spanish Women Keep their Charms" is the first of a series of articles on beauty and hygiene to be printed in Harper's Bazar. It appears in the issue of December 28th.

John Russell Young, of Philadelphia, is collecting materials for a life of General Grant, which he frequently promised the latter he would write. Mr. Young is now traveling in the West seeking data, and will extend his trip into Mexico.

Apropos of the appearance of George Meredith's novel "The Amazing Marriage," in book-form, Life says:

"The serial judgment on a book is usually made by the elderly maiden ladies in country towns who have the time and inclination to read it in that form. If their verdict on the earlier installments is of a kind to arouse curiosity among the frequenters of teas, charitable associations, and woman's clubs, a serial may be talked about considerably and even looked for with some eagerness. A serial has been known to affect the life and color of village society for a whole winter."

Contributions for the children's monument to the late Eugene Field have already been received from New Orleans. This shows that the movement is assuming national proportions, and that its success is assured.

S. R. Crockett's new novel, "The Gray Man," is to appear serially in Harper's Weekly, beginning with the first issue of the new year.

It is rumored that Signora Duse is writing an Italian romance, which will be put into English by Miss Lawrence Alma-Tadema. The distinguished actress and the distinguished painter's daughter are warm friends.

Among the articles in Harper's Magazine for January are:

The first of Professor Woodrow Wilson's papers on George Washington, entitled "In Washington's Day"; Caspar Whitney's second paper, "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds"; "The London Underground Railway," by Mrs. Joseph Pennell, illustrated by Mr. Pennell; the continuation of Poulney Bigelow's "The German Struggle for Liberty"; the second part of William Black's new novel, "Briseis"; a new part of "Joan of Arc"; "The Story of Miss Pi," a new Chinese story by Julian Ralph; "Twenty-Four: Four," a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward; "The Courtship of Colonel Bill," a Kentucky story by J. J. Eakins; and an article on the United States Naval Academy by Professor T. R. Lounsbury.

A new book of Marie Bashkirtseff's effusions has appeared in Paris. It consists of letters that passed between herself and Guy de Maupassant. She had a mania for associating herself with celebrities, and she was one of the many unknown feminine admirers to whose letters Maupassant sometimes in idle moments replied.

Richard Harding Davis has sold the serial right in his first novel, or novelette (it is only sixty thousand words), for what the New York World terms "a price that would make Hawthorne turn in his grave."

Elizabeth Bisland contributes the first of a series of articles on "Life in an English Government House" to Harper's Bazar for December 28th.

The director of a Paris literary journal—La Plume—has taken the initiative in circulating a petition in favor of lessening the punishment of Oscar Wilde. After he obtains as many names of the French men of letters as he can, the list will be circulated among English litterateurs. Alphonse Daudet hesitates to sign the petition, M. Sardou refuses, and others hold themselves in reserve. Maurice Dounay alone promises his signature, and, of course, Catulle Mendès. Not many months ago, Oscar Wilde was a fêted guest with these and other men of letters of Paris.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

for Dec. 28 will contain 3 pages of illustrations showing the architectural features of

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The New Congressional Library at Washington

To be followed by a series of illustrations of the sculptural and decorative features. The first chapters of a strong and stirring serial entitled

"THE GRAY MAN"

by S. R. CROCKETT, will be in the issue for Jan. 4. Also an important article by JULIAN RALPH, on The New Indian Question

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The Departments at Washington, Railroads, Politicians, Advertisers, and all interested in newspaperdom.

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It is an outlandish, un-Christian sort of thing to go to the theatre on Christmas Eve. Previously one wondered what sort of people did that—whether it was the people who habitually dined at restaurants, or the people who by preference lived in hotels. Whoever they were, they must undoubtedly be of the kind that one casually describes with the popular and elastic adjective "weird." "Weird people"—that is a great, broad, comprehensive phrase and covers them all, from the harmlessly eccentric who simply wear cotton in their ears, to the repulsively peculiar who want to argue about religion and tell you how much their clothes cost.

When, therefore, one receives the intimation that a play called "The Widow Jones" is to be acted on Christmas week, and that there have been no seats reserved for the critic for Monday evening, and that, therefore, that unfortunate being has got to go on Christmas eve, a dark and direful dislike to "The Widow Jones" unbalances the careful equilibrium of the critical mind. One finds one's self regarding "The Widow Jones" in a judiciously premeditated attitude of disapprobation. One can not banish from one's thoughts lurking fancies, such as "That's going to be a hateful play! I feel it. I loathe it already. I hope it will be so bad that one can honestly abuse it from beginning to end. It will be a bitter disappointment if it's good."

In this pinus frame of mind, one prepared to meet the Widow Jones—that obnoxious creature who has intruded upon one's Christmas Eve and, like Mercutio and Romeo, "fleeced at its solemnity," its solemnity being chiefly to have the peace and happiness of going to bed at eight o'clock. Yet back in the recesses of one's mind lurks a disturbing suspicion that "The Widow Jones" may be amusing. May Irwin is clever. Memories of her flit across one's thoughts, and one unconsciously begins to laugh. She used to be very funny long ago, when she was with Daly, and she used to sing excellently. Good gracious, what a horrible possibility! It may be a first-rate show.

One of the misfortunes of possessing the critical faculty is that one must tell the truth. Possessed of this faculty in the smallest possible degree, lying on those particular subjects upon which it is directed becomes an absolute impossibility. In other departments the critic may be the most inveterate liar that ever made a bed of roses of his existence; but in the department upon which his criticisms are concentrated, he can no more falsify than could the illustrious Father of his Country in the matter of cherry-trees. It is a cruel fate, and one often girds against it. How many times you do want to deviate just a trifle, just a mere hair's-breadth, from strict veracity! You may hate the player, he may have poisoned your sister, and traduced your brother, and stolen your hard-earned savings, but if he plays well, your reluctant pen writes down his praise in staring black and white. And more awful still it is to know the players and find them the nicest people in the world, and then have to get up and say they are, artistically speaking, a company of chumps and ought to be sawing wood or drawing water for a living. To do this, coolly, calmly, dispassionately, is to be as heroic as that Roman in history who condemned his son to death. It is the pinnacle of criticism—more especially as the players always say, "Now do say just exactly what you think of us. We want genuine criticism!" Then if you give it to them, and it isn't all rapturous praise, they would see you put on the rack with pleasure.

So it was that one awaited the raising of the curtain on the first act of "The Widow Jones" with melancholy qualms. During the first fifteen minutes of the play, the qualms grew stronger. It was very funny; it was detestably funny. Everybody laughed; you began to laugh. There was something indescribably ludicrous about Miss Irwin. First you reluctantly said it was because she had such a humorous face—a face with narrow eyes, full of a shrewd, twinkling sharpness, and a good, big mouth, not one of those nonsensical, meaningless, little pursed-up mouths, but a wide, generous, laughing mouth, one of the advantages of which she described when she said she could be kissed on one side of it and continue talking with the other.

By and by, however, the wit of the dialogue had to be acknowledged. It sounds like a dialogue that grew first on French soil. It has little Gallic suggestions about it—little Gallic suggestions that in the original were not suggestions, but must have been witty, but quite untranslatable. The Widow herself would be fearfully, uncannily witty if she

were not blessed with a face, the inborn humor of which shows a mind bubbling over with fun, and a manner that lends an additional touch of bluff jollity to the crowding jokes of the conversation. Her first interview with the farmer is conducted on a humorous plane from which she never descends. Her conversation with him is very funny. Written out in cold type, the dialogue is not what it is when she delivers it with all the force of a truly humorous personality. To understand the funniness of her reply to the farmer's indignant protest that he was born on the farm, "Well, I won't consider that against the place if the price is reasonable," one must hear her say it herself. And when in answer to his statement that he "takes in a few boarders," she slowly eyes him with pondering speculation, then asks, "What do you do with the rest of them?" it is her manner of delivering the query that convulses the audience.

It is a good thing for Miss Irwin that her talent lies in the direction of humor. She has grown much stouter since the Daly days, and had she been a player of lachrymose heroines or pensive, lighted beauties who had Pasts spelled with capitals, she would have to train herself down to a twenty-inch waist or retire on her laurels. We have been trained to know that prima donnas are always fat. We have seen Elizabeth dying of consumption at the foot of the cross when she weighed a good two hundred pounds, and we have raved over Marguerites of ponderous structure. But the sentimental heroine of the drama has got to be slim, or we will have none of her. If Georgia Cayvan gains ten pounds more, we will never more mingle our tears with hers when her life is lighted by love's young dream turning out a nightmare. When Croizette, the rival of Bernhardt, grew beyond the limits of grace and beauty, she married some man whom she found waiting about and adoring her, and retired to the tranquil shades of domesticity, where she might be as stout as Nature intended, and no one's artistic sensibilities would suffer.

Fortunately for Miss Irwin, her forte was humor, and with humor a cheerful fullness of outline is quite consistent and apropos. Miss Irwin has her stoutness somewhat on her mind, for she sings a song about the trials of the plump of the human race, rather on the lines of Lady Jane's inglorious plaint in "Patience"—"fading is the taper waist!" Miss Irwin's songs, by the way, are one of the features of the performance. It was the first of the negro melodies, "I want yeh, ma honey," which dispersed the last of the Christmas Eve rancor. The second one, "The New Bully," would have sonneted the ill-humor of Thomas Carlyle in his worst fit of dyspepsia. It is rarely that one hears negro songs sung with this rich, unctuous fullness of humor. The hunched-up shoulders, the sly, sidelong look, with its slow gleam of childlike glee, the mooning, thick-lipped utterance, the shuffling, rolling gait, blended into an inimitably delightful ensemble. One never remembers, even in the minstrels, to have heard negro songs so artistically rendered.

Miss Irwin has selected her company with great discrimination. Ada Lewis bids fair to go through life as "The Tough Girl." Many moons will go by before she lives down that glory of her past. Clothed in reasonable raiment, washed, and brushed, and combed into comeliness, she is a handsome girl, with the straight-backed, long-limbed, supple-jointed figure that Dr. Maurier admires. Like May Rohson, however, she seems to take an impersonal, artistic pleasure in making herself up to look as ugly as nature will permit. In the first act, her display of wrinkled white stockings was somewhat surprising, not to say alarming. As the Vassar young woman in the second act, she was one of the most trim and up-to-date figures we have seen on the stage this many a day. She was, in fact, the ideal tailor-made girl. That long, lithe figure, in the severely plain, long-tailed coat, that sleek head, smooth and brown as a wren's, with rigidly parted hair and tightly wound knot of glossy braids, are seen only in those young women who model themselves on their brothers, and who, though one may call them masculine, are certainly as handsome creatures as can be seen in a day's journey.

But long before Miss Lewis evokes one's admiration in her Vassar get-up, "The Widow Jones" has conquered, and resentment is no more. The spell of the Widow herself does it, and her assistant satellites assist. It is no use saying the piece is light, its structure flimsy, its plot absurd. All these things are incontrovertible truths, and yet it is so triumphantly, ridiculously funny, so well done in its unpretentious, spontaneous way, that they do not matter in the least. It is the Widow who makes it all go, and no one can describe how she does it. You must see her to realize.

—THE ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE BY THE OLYMPIC Salt Water Company, that while the price of the tub and plunge baths remain at 30 cents for single ticket, or four for \$1, they will now sell blocks of fifty tickets for \$10—to the plunge only. They further announce that all difficulties have been overcome in connection with the emptying and refilling of the mammoth swimming tank of the Lurline Baths.

—FRESH ROUNTREE'S CHOCOLATES FOR NEW Year's, at Greenbaum's, 128 Post Street.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Louis James is to come to the California Theatre after May Irwin. His engagement begins on Monday, January 6th. Guy Lindsley is the leading man in the supporting company.

After Herrmann's week at the Baldwin Theatre, Marie Wainwright will begin a brief engagement on Monday, January 6th, when she will present a new play by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus, entitled "The Daughters of Eve." Bartnn Hill is still a leading member of Miss Wainwright's company.

Réjane's latest success in Paris is in "The Fast Set," by Henri Lavedan. In one scene, in a café, an actress gathers up her skirts and leaps over a table to join her lover in another part of the room, and in another the stage represents the fitting-room of a fashionable dressmaker, where the actresses undress before the audience, one of them as far as her combination garment.

Emily Saldene has returned to England from Australia, where she wrote for the papers, and has joined the ranks of reminiscence-writers. She should be able to write a very interesting book, for her career began away back in the fifties, when, as Miss FitzHenry, she sang "operatic selections" from "Faust," which had become public property then, owing to careless registration.

Henry Norman was mad as a hatter, the other night in St. Louis. When he went on as the Cannibal King in "Little Robinson Crusoe" and proceeded to sing his best song, he was greeted with howls of derisive laughter. He could not imagine the cause of this treatment at the hands of the fickle public until he discovered a large Frankfurt sausage dangling from a string tied to his feather girdle. A chorus girl had tied it there for fun. She did not have a chance to resign.

The Frawley organization will return to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, January 6th, for an extended engagement at popular prices. Walter Bellows, an experienced stage-manager, is the latest acquisition to the company, which includes T. Daniel Frawley, Charles W. King, George W. Leslie, Maelyn Arhuckle, Wilson Enns, H. D. Blackmore, H. S. Duffield, George Bnsworth, Blanche L. Bates, Belle Archer, Hnpe Ross, Phnsa McAllister, Jennie Kennark, and others. The repertoire will include "The Lost Paradise," "Men and Women," "The Ensign," "The Senator," and Crane's new play, "The Westerner."

"The Melancholy Days Have Come The saddest of the year," not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sere and yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his digestive organs, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism, and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

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TIGHTS THEN AND NOW.

Christmas Plays in San Francisco—The Fairies of Years Ago—Obsolete Modesty.

The fact that Christmas pieces and burlesques are now running at nearly all the theatres brings up a flood of recollections, together with some reflections upon the many changes that have taken place in stage costumes and in the public view regarding them in the last two decades of years. There are two old favorites running at the theatres now, the "Black Crook" and "Ixion," pieces that were running here twenty-five years ago. When the "Black Crook" had its phenomenal run at Niblo's in New York, it was brought out here by Tom Maguire at the old opera-house which stood where Montgomery Avenue now runs into Washington. Maguire had bought the right for San Francisco. The piece had made an enormous hit in New York, owing to the attacks of the clergy upon it, which resulted in every one going to see it—the clergy to be shocked and the laymen to be delighted. Therefore Maguire was much irritated when he found that his preserves were being poached upon. Another show was put on at the old Metropolitan, which was just around the corner from Maguire's Opera House—a piece called "The Black Crook." The similarity in the title and the fact that both shows consisted principally of scantily clad damsels wandering around a plotless play, led many to go to the Metropolitan instead of Maguire's. Maguire sued out an injunction, the case passed into the courts, and is now one of the leading dramatic copyright cases in the law-books.

Old staggers will remember that one of the celebrities at the production of the "Black Crook" at Maguire's was Sallie Hinckley. Sallie was then a very beautiful woman, with a very beautiful figure. But the costume which she wore then would have excited surprise on the stage to-day, by reason of the large quantity of material required. Doublets, trunks, sleeves, and collars were much more liberal in those days than they are now.

In fact, the appearance of Elise Holt at the old California Theatre, some years later, created something of a sensation in San Francisco. Elise Holt was a pretty, plump, baby-faced little English-woman, who appeared in some senseless burlesque or other, under the management of Harry Clark. When she made her first appearance in the middle of the first act, the extreme brevity of her trunks caused a thrill of horror to run around the audience, and when, after some light and dashing repartee, such as we are familiar with on the burlesque stage, she flung herself full length, with her silken-clad legs extended, upon a lounge, there was a distinct groan of horror from the audience, and several of our most strait-laced dowagers rose and left the theatre. But the costume of Elise Holt to-day would be esteemed Quakerish. It was of Harry Clark, by the way, that this story is told. Once, when he was on his way to San Francisco for the first time, he met the elder Sothern, who was famous for his practical jokes. Sothern adjured him on his arrival in San Francisco to pay no attention to the hotel-runners for other hotels, but to go only to the Cliff House. "Whatever they may say," was Sothern's final advice, "don't heed them, but go to the Cliff House." Harry was much impressed, and on his arrival he turned a deaf ear to the importunities of the runners, and informed them that he was going to take his entire troupe, bags, baggage, and British beauties, out to the Cliff House. It is needless to say that presently the whole outfit, British beauties, blonde wigs, baggage and all, were soon on their way to the Cliff House. When they arrived there and found that it was only a wayside inn with no accommodations, Harry's anger found vent in picturesque profanity, and the caravan loaded up and returned to town.

Alice Dunning Lingard was also a great celebrity in tights once in San Francisco. She appeared in a sort of variety entertainment at that time—it was before she appeared on the dramatic stage—in conjunction with her husband, William Horace Lingard, who gave character impersonations, such as "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Another member of the company was Dickey Lingard, who subsequently married one Dalziel, who afterward started a daily paper called the *Mail*, which lasted only for a few months. He is now in London, running a press association. Dickey Lingard used to appear in songs dressed in a tiger's costume, with tight-fitting buckskin breeches and a very short coat. This also excited the deprecation of moral San Francisco. But the stunning Alice Dunning used to appear in a waltz song, called "Oh, how delightful," with one of those peculiar costumes which consisted of a very long train behind and nothing at all in front except tights. This terrified yet delighted the audience, and the women used to flock to see the stunning Alice and the cunning Dickey in their tights.

Even when Lydia Thompson came here with her celebrated English blondes, the anatomical disclosures which they made were by no means to be compared with those of the present day. In fact, Emily Soldene—the "mammoth Soldene"—recently wrote in a London paper that when she was with Lydia Thompson, they were in the habit of

going around among the chorus-girls and making them pull down their trunks on the hips, which they were in the habit of pinning up as high as the law allowed. Inasmuch as the "mammoth Soldene" was not noted for making her chorus-girls dress too modestly, and as Lydia was not, either, it may be imagined from their concern how much the style of dressing has changed to-day.

When "Ixion," now running at the Tivoli, was produced at the California many years ago, there were many beautiful women in the cast. One of the most beautiful was Marie Gordon, the wife of John T. Raymond. All of the female members of the stock company were expected to "put on tights" in "Ixion," and they did. They certainly looked up very well, although the star of the piece, Emilie Melville, was not particularly beautiful in the part of Ixion. Probably the most handsome woman in the old California Theatre company was Viola Crocker, a richly tinted, sensual-looking woman, who was said to be a cousin of Lawrence Barrett, and who subsequently died from morphine. But all of the women in "Ixion" then wore costumes which would have seemed like ulsters to-day.

The change in dress in burlesque artists since those days is very marked. Years ago it was considered by an actress a high crime and misdemeanor to appear in tights with a low-cut corset. The rule was "Tights, no low neck. Low neck, no tights." This rule was first abrogated by the Barton-Key Company about twelve years ago. Barton Key brought out a handsome lot of girls, and they appeared in Amazon marches in about as little clothing as had been seen on the San Francisco stage. San Francisco by this time was only slightly shocked. Since then there has been a *degringolade*, and now scarcely anything could shock San Francisco. Of late years it has become the rule instead of the exception for young women on the stage to wear low-cut bodices with tights, and they indulge in the pleasant freedom—which Soldene and Lydia Thompson condemned—of pinning up their trunks over their hips so high that they present the appearance of having only a slight girdle around the loins. In fact, the young women who appear in "Ixion"—who had their low-necked gowns cut down to about the line of the diaphragm, with ribbons for straps over their shoulders, with no sleeves, with microscopic trunks looped high over their hips, and with long tights disappearing into low-necked shoes—these young women presented an appearance which if seen in San Francisco in the days of the old "Black Crook," a quarter of a century ago, would have caused a scattering among the women in the theatre, and probably resulted in the house being closed by the police.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Fanny Rice in "The French Ball."

There was an overflowing audience at the Columbia Theatre, last Monday night, to greet Fanny Rice in her new play, and her popularity has grown through the week. "The French Ball," which is taken from a German source, is not much of a play; but the gratification of the little shoemaker's wife's longing to mingle with the gay world gives rise to a number of amusing situations, and affords Miss Rice and her company abundant opportunity to exhibit their specialties. The result is a farrago of merry songs, clever imitations, and amusing dialogue which go to make up a pleasant evening's entertainment.

"The French Ball" will be continued for one week more, with an extra matinee on New-Year's Day.

"Around the World."

The great seating capacity of the Grand Opera House has been pushed to the limit this week by the audiences that have gone to see Manager Morosco's holiday spectacle, "Around the World in Eighty Days." The piece has been on the stage for twenty years and more, but, the action constantly shifting as the eccentric Englishman hurries around the globe, it gives opportunity for unusually picturesque scenes, and so has been adopted as a standard holiday spectacle.

The regular stock company has been levied upon for the long list of characters, and in addition a large ballet-corps and many supernumeraries have been added. The scenic effects are unusually elaborate, and the generous patronage the play has enjoyed shows how nearly this revival has hit the popular taste. It is to be regretted that "Around the World" is not to be continued for a long run; but the management has determined to hold to its rule of a change of bill each week, and the spectacle will be withdrawn after Sunday night, to make way for Rankin and Maeder's popular drama, "The Runaway Wife."

Herrmann Defying Death.

Herrmann's great feat of catching the bullets shot at him from six rifles fired by a squad of United States regulars, which he is announced to do at each of his ten performances at the Baldwin next week—commencing Sunday evening, the twenty-eighth, and including two matinees and the following Sunday—is said to be attracting attention in military circles. The plan is that a squad of six privates from Battery I, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now

stationed at Fort Mason, under Sergeant Samuel E. Patterson, shall fire point blank at Herrmann from a distance of thirty feet, using regulation army rifles and cartridges, the bullets having previously been marked by a committee from the audience, and the magician promises to have the six marked bullets on a china plate when "the smoke of battle" shall have cleared away. Captain George Crahb, commandant at Fort Mason, who selected the squad that is to do the firing, and General Forsyth, commandant of the Department of California, are expected to be in attendance on Sunday night, and General Graham and Colonel Young have boxes for Monday. Naturally they are interested in something that will throw the late Tailor Dowie's bullet-proof coat in the shade; but it is not probable that Herrmann will give his scheme away.

Herrmann will also give a long programme of tricks and illusions, and Mme. Herrmann will be seen in her pretty dances.

The Spectacle at the Tivoli.

The Tivoli Opera House had never made so elaborate preparations for a Christmas spectacle as preceded the production of "Ixion"; or, The Man of the Wheel, and the result has amply repaid the management's expenditure of money, time, and trouble. Hamlet could not have pierced the ages and foreseen "Ixion" when he said "the play's the thing," for in this case the play isn't anything; it's the lively music Mr. Bauer has put into it, the crisp dialogue written by Mr. Wilson, and the good singing and comedy ability of the actors that make "Ixion" a success. Alice Carle as the dashing King of Thessaly who visits Olympus; Ferris Hartman as his poet laureate; Raffael as Jupiter; Laura Millard as Juno; Martin Pache as Apollo; Thomas Leary as Ganymede; and Inez Dean, the new-comer, as Ixion's queen, acquit themselves well of their rôles, and the ballets are gorgeously costumed and thoroughly drilled. The scenic and mechanical effects, especially the final transformation scene, are notably good. "Ixion" will be continued until after the holidays, with frequent changes of songs and specialties.

The California Theatre.

May Irwin and "The Widow Jones" are to remain at the California Theatre only through next week, with an extra matinee on New-Year's Day.

Louis James is to follow her at this theatre on Monday, January 6th, in a repertoire of tragedies. His opening play is "Virginia," in which he once scored a twelve months' run in New York. Other plays in his repertoire are "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and the new play, "Marmion," written by Percy Sage, which is romantic and picturesque and has been well received in the East. The principal actress in the company is Alma Kruger, whose most notable performances have been in the New York productions of Ibsen's plays, and the leading man is Guy Lindsley, who has been here with Modjeska, Robert Mantell, and Warde and James. Other members of the company are Florence Everett, Harry Langden, William Harris, James Harrison, and Wilfrid North.

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VANITY FAIR.

The famous "California Venus," so called, the work of Sculptor Rupert Schmid, has at last arrived in San Francisco. This statue was modeled from a Miss Marian Nolan, after an absurd photographic competition conducted by one of the daily newspapers. Miss Nolan was decided by a jury—whether of matrons we are not informed—to be the "typical California Venus," and it was from her that Sculptor Schmid modeled his work. After he had finished the clay model, the statue was completed in Italy from Carrara marble, and has just arrived in San Francisco by sailing-vessel. It is on exhibition in the city, but it does not seem to have attracted much attention. Several artists have criticised it unfavorably, and they say that the legs, thighs, and hips are too large for the rest of the body, and that the head is also out of proportion. As a matter of fact, no sculptor can expect to model an ideal figure from one woman. For all fine statues of nude women a number of models have posed—one woman for the feet, another for the legs, another for the thighs, another for the hips, another for the torso, another for the arms, another for the shoulders, and another for the head. No one woman possesses all these features in perfection. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the California Venus is defective.

A very curious feature of some English weekly papers is the number of advertisements which "cure of blushing." In a recent number of a London weekly we counted seven such advertisements. One will serve as a sample for all:

"BLUSHING.—I have perfected a positive cure for this ridiculous complaint which in every case gives immediate relief, and will send full particulars for home cure upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Address, Dr. —, —, Street, London."

It is most extraordinary that the women of England should desire to be cured of blushing. What is the matter with blushing? It is certainly a girl's trait, and occasionally an attractive one. Many a middle-aged woman would give her ears to be able to blush. We can not understand the desire of the British maiden for being cured of this virginal trait.

The large number of débutantes at present making their appearance in San Francisco society are having a very good time, doubtless, as all girls ought to have during their first season. But much of the attention that is paid to them is conventional, and already they are finding that there is a survival of the fittest, even among débutantes. Some are coming to the front, and others, even in their first season, find that they "don't go." They will find in their second season that fact even more noticeable. They will find the elder girls have many loyal adherents among the men, even among the younger men. They will also find that the young married women, particularly those over thirty, seem to have the power of attracting and holding men better even than the girls. The débutantes will perhaps wonder why this is so, but in their third season they will cease to wonder. By that time they will either have acquired the *je ne sais quoi* which makes them attractive to men—which makes women attractive not because they are pretty, not because they are young, but because they are charming—or else the débutantes will have learned that they do not possess that *je ne sais quoi* and never will.

There is a craze among young men for startling waistcoats. At the New York Horse Show this was very noticeable. The dudes are wearing russet-leather waistcoats of every conceivable shade. They also wear heavy ribbed corduroy. Another fabric which they affect is English moleskin. The white waistcoat has also made its reappearance with evening-dress, and it is worn in white duck, white corduroy, and white Marseilles. White silk waistcoats are also worn with evening-dress, but they become soiled if a man breathes hard.

Boston is still convulsed over the Smith-Higginson elopement. The fact that the two lovers occupied such a prominent position has made it more than a nine days' wonder. Mrs. Higginson has been for years one of the belles of Boston. She is the daughter of Dr. J. N. Borland, whose standing may be guessed when it is said that he has been president of the Somerset Club. He had three daughters, all of whom married prominent Bostonians. Higginson, the unfortunate husband, has a number of relatives in New York. As to the one hundred thousand dollars which rumor said Higginson cabled to Genoa, that rumor arose from the fact that Mrs. Higginson's dowry when she married was one hundred thousand dollars, and it was current gossip that she thought it ought to be returned to her. It is not probable, however, that Higginson will return it to her, because she has left children, one a beautiful daughter in her eighteenth year, who was to make her debut in society this year, and probably Higginson believes that her mother's fortune had better go to her rather than to Smith. Mrs. Higginson took away with her jewels said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, and is also reputed to have had ten thousand dollars in

cash with her. It will support handsome Jimmy Smith for a time, but when it is all gone, he will probably leave the somewhat mature partner of his elopement. "Men were deceivers ever."

We have received a letter from an Eastern manufacturer of cosmetics, in which he requests some information concerning the sale of toilet preparations in California. He says: "I am told that the ladies in California do not use toilet preparations for the face, hands, and complexion, claiming that they have such a beautiful skin that nothing is necessary to keep it in first-class condition." As to this, we do not know. The climate of California varies much in different parts of the State. We believe that the humidity of the atmosphere in San Francisco and the many foggy days throughout the year do much to mitigate the harshness of the winds that blow. In other parts of the State, where fog does not prevail, the dry winds which sweep in from the deserts of Arizona have a desiccating effect upon the skin. However this may be, we think the women of California use cosmetics as much or as little as the women do elsewhere. By "cosmetics," we do not mean paints. The use of many preparations for the skin is perfectly justifiable. Every man who has his face powdered after shaving is using a cosmetic. So is a fisherman who puts vaseline on his nose to prevent the tip of that useful organ from being sunburned. There are many harmless cosmetics that women use. We think that the Eastern manufacturer is mistaken in supposing that they use none at all in California.

There was a curious auction held in New York the other day. A bazaar was held for a charity fund, and a number of dolls were disposed of at auction. Among others, there was a doll which was a prototype of Blanche Walsh as she appears in the play of "Trilby," in the old military coat, and the striped petticoat, with bare feet thrust into Durien's big slippers. The auction was conducted by Wilton Lackaye, the famous Svengali, and Mr. Lackaye succeeded in hypnotizing the people only to the extent of twenty dollars for the Trilby doll. Manager Palmer bought it, and returned it to the auctioneer with the remark that he had more Trilbies on his hands already than he could manage. "Sell it again, Lackaye," he said. The doll was sold again to Mr. Martinetti for eighteen dollars, making thirty-eight dollars in all. Miss Ellen Terry brought to the bazaar a doll which she had dressed in the costume of Portia; it was sold for forty dollars. A doll representing Mme. Sans-Gêne also brought forty dollars, and on the following day Miss Virginia Harned was present and auctioned off herself a doll representing her as Trilby.

The judges of the court of common pleas in Philadelphia have decided to adopt the silk gown. This step has apparently given much satisfaction both to the bar and to the public. The court of appeals of New York is also deliberating upon assuming the gown, although they have not yet decided. We think the idea is an excellent one. No one can pooh-pooh at clothes. For as Polonius said: "The apparel oft proclaims the man." Dress used to be very important in the American colonies, but in the United States during the first two-thirds of the century it lost something of its importance. But in these end-of-the-century days it is again resuming its ancient state. Men dress more carefully than they used to do, and dress more with a view to their business or pleasure. It is eminently fitting that judges upon the bench—men intrusted with the most solemn functions of human life, the disposition of life, liberty, and property—should have some conventional attire which should betoken their calling. The black silk gown has been worn for centuries by judges in the Old World. There is no reason why it should not be worn in this. There certainly is more dignity given to the deliberations of a court of justice when the judge is properly clad than when he is, as is the case in some Western courts, seated in one arm-chair, with his feet upon another one, listening to the arguments, and spitting at the stove.

In *Harper's Bazar* there is a recent reference to the fact that "women with really refined instincts would far rather spend their money on fine linen and laces for underwear than on more showy and expensive undergarments." The journal goes on to say that fashions in underwear are not less fickle than in any other article of dress, but that the refined woman can always be told by the quality of her underwear. This is reminiscent of the fact that in old English novels there is frequently reference to the new governess who, when her trunk is unpacked, betrays the secret that she has been trying to hide—to wit, that she comes of a once wealthy family, by the exquisite fineness of her linen. According to these old English novels, gentlewomen always spent more money on their underwear than on their gowns.

Max O'Rell says that it was in the streets of Buda-Pesth and in the drawing-rooms of Dublin he found the finest and the most beautiful types of womanhood.

LOVE'S CRYPTOGRAM.

Andrew Lang declares in the January *Scribner's* that he awoke from a restless sleep with the first stanza of the following verses in his mind. He has no memory of composing it, either awake or asleep. He has long known the perhaps Pythagorean fable of the bean-juice, but certainly never thought of applying it to an amorous correspondence. The remaining verses are the contribution of his Conscious Self:

ELLE.
I can not write, I may not write,
I dare not write to thee,
But look on the face of the moon by night,
And my letters shall thou see,
For every letter that lovers write,
By their lovers on the moon is seen,
If they pen their thought on the paper white,
With the magic juice of the bean!

LUI.
Oh, I had written this many a year,
And my letters you had read,
Had you only told me the spell, my dear,
Ere ever we twain were wed!
But I have a lady, and you have a lord,
And their eyes are of the green,
And we dared not trust to the written word,
Lest our long, long love be seen!

ELLE.
"Oh, every thought that your heart has thought,
Since the world came us between,
The birds of the air to my heart have brought,
With no word heard or seen."
"Twice thus in a dream we spoke and said
Myself and my love unseen,
But I awoke and sighed on my weary bed,
For the spell of the juice of the bean!"

—VERONICA IS AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DIABETES and other forms of kidney troubles. So wonderful has been the result, that physicians now admit its great curative properties. Veronica is a natural medicinal spring water, and is for sale everywhere. Beware of imitations.

He—"Precious, did you give me this beautiful umbrella because you love me?" She—"No, darling. I gave it to you because I am tired of lending you mine."—Ex.

The "Index to Chimneys"

tells what shape and size and make to get for every burner and lamp.

Geo A Macbeth Co, Pittsburgh, Pa, will send it—write. Pearl glass, pearl top, tough glass.

SOZODONT
A GRATEFUL ODOR,

Indicative of health and purity, is communicated to the mouth by the aromatic

SOZODONT

which makes the teeth as white and as radiant as polished porcelain, and contains no ingredient that is not highly beneficial to both gums and teeth. The Lyric and Dramatic professions are loud in their praises of

SOZODONT

FALL GOODS

HAVE ARRIVED.

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Opposite the Palace Hotel.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
DIABETES FLOUR
Also Gluten, Dyspepsia Flour, Barley Crystals,
and Patent Biscuits, Cake and Pastry Flour.
Unrivalled in America or Europe.
Pamphlets and Baking Samples Free.
Write Farwell & Rhine, Watertown, N. Y., U. S. A.

PLANTING
well begun is half done. Begin well by getting Ferry's Seeds. Don't let chance determine your crop, but plant Ferry's Seeds. Known and sold everywhere.
Before you plant, get **Ferry's Seed Annual** for 1896. Contains more practical information for farmers and gardeners than many high-priced text books. Mailed free. N. E. FERRY & CO., RETROIT, MICH.

When to say "No."

When the clerk tries to get rid of some other binding by calling it just as good as the



Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Simply refuse to take it. No binding wears or looks as well as the "S. H. & M."

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

Electrohouse

The Modern Oxygen Cure for Disease.

WATSON & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents, 124 MARKET ST.
Send for Circulars.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO. (LTD.),
Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

SOLIO STERLING SILVER Butter Dish, sent to any address, for the next 30 days only, on receipt of \$1.00. This offer is limited, and is made for the sole purpose of advertising our extensive line of silverware. Every dish guaranteed solid sterling silver. An article of standard merit, and always beautiful and useful. Sterling Silverware Co., 402 Hagan Building, St. Louis, Mo. Dealers will positively not be supplied.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,**

From 30 to 720 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital and Undivided Profits \$3,000,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$3,158,129 70
October 1, 1894.

WILLIAM ALVORD, President
CHARLES R. BISHOP, Vice-President
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier
S. PRENTISS SMITH, Assistant Cashier
IRVING F. MOULTON, and Assistant Cashier
ALLEN M. CLAY, Secretary

CORRESPONDENTS:

New York..... {Messrs. Laidlaw & Co.
The Bank of New York, N. B. A.
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London..... {Messrs. N. M. Rothschild & Sons
Paris..... {Messrs. De Rothschild Freres
Virginia City, Nev..... {Agency of the Bank of California
Chicago..... {Union National Bank
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world. Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Or., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

WELLS FARGO & CO.'S BANK

N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager,
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. F. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Horatio S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000
Assets.....2,632,228
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,560,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.
Boyd & Dickson, San Francisco, Agents.
GENERAL OFFICE, 501 Montgomery St.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At a meeting in London lately, Lady Henry Somerset, the great temperance worker, was absent through illness. The lady who took her place made this kindly but unexpected explanation: "Dear Lady Henry has been overworked, and we must, of course, be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Dumas the elder had a good deal of the African in his appearance, and he had to no small degree the love of show common to that race. Referring to the latter trait, Alexandre Dumas fils made the remark: "My father is so vain and so fond of display that he would ride behind his own coach to make people believe that he keeps a colored foot-man."

When Canon Farrar left this country some years ago, he told Phillips Brooks that he was going to give a farewell lecture on his impressions of America. Brooks, who was a thorough American and a person of excellent common sense, said to him promptly: "Don't do any such thing. In the first place, you have no impressions; and in the second place, they are all wrong."

The abhorrence of respectable British persons for the synonym for "sanguinary" is almost as extraordinary as its popularity with the lower classes. In days gone by, O'Connell spoke of the "base, bloody, and brutal Whigs," and the *Times*, in reporting him, rendered it very ingeniously, with a view to exhibit his bad language, as the "base, —, and brutal Whigs."

A leader of the House, who at one time held the office of prime minister, was noted for his indolent, gentle manner and the soft drawl with which he sent stinging sarcasms home to his opponents. One of his long-suffering victims, however, dealt him a telling blow by complaining that the honorable member had been rude to him. "His manner," he asserted, "was not ungentlemanly, but less lady-like than usual."

The late Eugene Field once played a practical joke on two car-loads of Kansas City merchants, who were going on an excursion. Each car was to go by a different route, and the cars separated at an early hour in the morning when everybody was asleep, except Field, who was along to write up the trip. Just before the cars parted company, he carried all the shoes from one sleeper into the other and carefully exchanged them. The next morning there was a blue streak two ways across Kansas. Every man in both sleepers was miles and miles away from his own shoes.

A former constituent of Mr. Reed's from Maine, but who now lives in Arizona, called upon the Speaker the other day, and mentioned the fact that his adopted home would expect Statehood from this Congress. "Well," said the Speaker, "what are your claims for Statehood?" After reciting the wonderful resources of the Territory, the caller closed with a brilliant eulogy upon its climate. "Tut!" said Mr. Reed; "now, come down. I have been out to Fort Yuma, and the weather is so hot that if one should die there he would never discover his change of climate."

It was one of Platt Evans's pleasures to teach his friends how to purchase tender geese, though he could not always get them in the market. One morning he saw a lot, and inquired how many there were. "About a dozen," was the reply. "W-w-well," said Platt, "I k-k-keep a b-boarding-house, and my b-b-birds are the biggest e-e-eaters you ever s-s-saw. P-p-pick out n-nine of the t-t-toughest you've g-g-got." The farmer complied, and laid aside the other three tender ones. Platt picked them up carefully, and, putting them in his basket, said, "I b-b-believe I'll take these three."

The late Baron James Rothschild was on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated to him several of his novels. One day, when about to proceed to Germany, being short of funds, Balzac applied to the baron, who handed him the sum of three thousand francs and at the same time a letter of introduction addressed to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, as is usual in such cases. Balzac read it, thought its tone altogether inadequate (he was always puffed up with conceit), scorned to deliver it, and returned to Paris with the autograph in his pocket. On his arrival he waited upon the great banker. "Well," said the baron, "did you see my nephew?" Balzac boldly confessed that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry, for your sake," said the baron; "have you it by you?" "Why, certainly; here it is." "Do you observe this little mark below the signature? It gave you an open credit on our Vienna bank to the extent of twenty-five thousand francs."

Jones was high sheriff of Worcestershire when Maule and Coleridge (the elder) came to Tewkesbury for the assizes. Everybody was afraid of Maule, and Jones's knees knocked together at the

thought of entertaining that very free-spoken judge. As the three drove home together after the day's work, there was a great silence, for Maule was not in a humor for talk, and he generally got his way. Jones, however, thought he ought to make himself agreeable, and presently observed that he hoped there would be now less rain, as there was a new moon that night. "And are you such a fool as to believe," said Maule, contemptuously, "that the moon has any influence upon the weather?" Jones was so staggered at the notion of being called a fool by his honored guest that he said nothing; but Coleridge, the soft-spoken, hastily interfered in his behalf. "Really, Brother Maule, you are rather hard upon our friend Jones; I, for my part, think that the moon has a very considerable effect on the weather." "Then you are as great a fool as Jones is," was the uncompromising reply.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

"Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense."

King Edward in the Vaulted Hall
At Windsor gave a Royal ball;
No ball was ever smarter:
And Lady Salisbury, they say,
In some extremely curious way
Contrived to lose her garter.
"Twas found and picked up by the King—
A dainty little jeweled thing.
In fashion then prevailing:
And all the ladies of the Court
Tittered and laughed to see such sport;
They knew his little failing.

But Royal Edward raised his head;
With quiet dignity he said—
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

"Evil to him who evil thinks!"
The titter ceased; so did the winks,
In manner quite surprising.
On all the Court there fell a hush,
And here and there a rosy flush
Was presently seen rising.
But Edward smiled, and looked around:
"An order," said the King, "I'll found
At once by Royal Charter;
And of all orders this shall be
The very pink of chivalry—
The Order of the Garter."

Again King Edward raised his head:
"Our motto shall be this," he said—
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

This is the way in which, you see,
King Edward's witty repartee
Has been perpetuated.
(The words are in a strange old tongue,
And consequently for the young
They need to be translated.)
And so, whenever things are said
That make you blush a rosy red,
This motto comes in neatly;
And it will please you much to find
How persons of a vulgar mind
Are crushed by it completely.

Meanwhile, if you've the luck to see
Some little waltz above the knee—
Honi soit qui mal y pense—G. P. H.

Wanted: Perfection.

"There's only one girl in this world for me."
So say the Song and Law—so must it be.
But that which puts my poor head in a whirl
Is to find out just which is that one girl.
The eyes of Lucy, they're the eyes I love,
Deep as the seas, blue as the skies above;
But there her beauty stops, for, I confess,
She hath a nose that fills me with distress.
The ooze of Mabel—aye—that is the nose
To look on which would dissipate one's woes.
The only trouble is with Mabel's chin:
It falls off suddenly, sharp as a pin.
Now Hetty's chin is dimpled, soft, and firm;
To do its beauty justice there's no term.
But when I'd love dear Hetty, Cupid trips
And falls as soon as he sees Hetty's lips.
They are so colorless and thin, no bliss
Could possibly arise from Hetty's kiss.
But Fanny's lips—by Jove, ripe cherries they;
I think they'd lead the veriest saint astray.
They make me nervous—though I have no fears
When'er I gaze upon dear Fanny's ears.
And so it goes down through the whole long line;
There is not one that's wholly superfluous.

Some beautiful attribute there is in each,
And then some blemish puts me past their reach.
And till I find the maid with Mabel's nose,
And Fanny's lips, and red-haired Annie's pose,
And Lucy's eyes—a composite, you see—
There'll not be even one girl in this world for me.
—Bazarr.

To My Lady Disdain.

("Dear Lady Disdain!.....")

DEAR LADY DISDAIN, from the curl of your lip,
To your slender, arched foot with its satin shoe tip—
From your proud, midnight eyes to the dark locks above—
You're a picture to gaze on.....but hardly to love.
Oh! never was form fitter made for a throne,
Or brow for a crown, royal dame, than your own;
Yet, queo o'er my being, you never shall reign—
.....True love's a republic, dear Lady Disdain.

Away to the West, in a uicbe of the bills,
Where the breeze thro' the clover its roundelay trills,

There is one that, to me, is more lovely than you;
—For her voice is a song, and her eyes are of blue—
And she cares not to "pose," and she sneers not at all—
And her tongue distils honey, not wormwood and gall;
—She could look in your eyes without falter or pain,
.....Yea, and smile you to silence, proud Lady Disdain.
You are false as the moonlight, and cold as its ray;
—She—as warm and as true as the broad beam of day:
While perhaps not so brilliant, well-drilled, or well-dressed,
It is not 'neath the lamps that this maiden looks best;
—No!.....when roses of red in her cheeks are a-peep,
Your lilacs, pale lady, all languidly sleep.
Go, laugh o'er the beads that your glances have slain;
Mine lives for another.....dear Lady Disdain.
—Gerald Brennan in Puck.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything!"
Other Listener—"Yes, makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMANCE reads 'em to him."

HENRY ROMEIKE,
110 FIFTH AVENUE, - - - NEW YORK
Started the first Press-Cutting Bureau, and furnishes Newspaper Clippings from all the leading papers in the world on any subject.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for
YOKOHAMA and HONG KONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Japan, and Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.
Afridi, (Cargo only),.....Thursday, January 9
Coptic, (Via Honolulu),.....Tuesday, January 28
Gaelic,.....Saturday, February 15
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 13, Jan. 15, 30.
For B. C. and Puget Sound ports, Dec. 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Dec. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Dec. 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Dec. 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San Jose del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, Altata, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Williamette Valley*, to A. M. 25th of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 14 New Montgomery Street.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

PACIFIC SYSTEM.
Trains leave, and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE.	From July 27, 1895.	ARRIVE.
* 6:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	9:15 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Benicia, Vacaville, Rummey, Sacramento, and Redding via Davis.....	10:50 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff, and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
* 8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.....	* 4:15 P.
9:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	* 7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond, (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	11:45 A.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.....	10:45 A.
10:00 A.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Niles.....	10:45 P.
12:00 M.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore.....	8:45 A.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
† 1:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.....	† 7:45 P.
3:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	5:45 P.
4:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	6:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Yano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, and Stockton.....	7:15 P.
5:30 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	8:45 P.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Raymond (for Yosemite), Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	4:45 P.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	10:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	† 7:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	10:45 A.
7:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	10:50 P.
9:00 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	12:00 A.
† 11:15 P.	San Leandro, Haywards, and Way Stations.....	† 7:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz.....	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5:50 P.
* 2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and principal Way Stations.....	* 11:20 A.
4:45 P.	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 6:45 A.	San Jose, New Almaden, and Way Stations.....	* 1:45 P.
† 7:30 A.	Sunday Excursion for San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and Principal Way Stations.....	† 8:35 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, and principal Way Stations.....	7:05 P.
† 9:47 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	† 1:45 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5:00 P.
11:45 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
† 2:15 P.	"Del Monte Limited" for Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Castville, Del Monte, Monterey, and Pacific Grove only.....	† 11:20 A.
* 2:30 P.	San Jose, Pacific Grove, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove.....	* 10:40 A.
* 3:30 P.	San Jose and principal Way Stations.....	9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	* 8:48 A.
11:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	6:15 A.
* 7:45 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	* 7:45 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. ‡ Wednesdays only, † Mondays only.
§ Mondays only, † Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America. Sailings (at noon) from company's wharf, First and Brannan Streets. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
SS. San Jose.....December 28th
SS. Colon.....January 8th
SS. City of Sydney.....January 18th
SS. San Blas.....January 28th

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hong Kong.
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hong Kong for India, Straits, etc.
FOR HONG KONG, VIA YOKOHAMA:
China.....Tuesday, December 31, at 3 P. M.
Peru.....Saturday, January 18, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio Janeiro.....Thursday, February 6, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking (via Honolulu),.....Tuesday, Jan. 21, at 3 P. M.
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or Passage apply at company's office, No. 425 Market Street.
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers, Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.
PRIM NEW YORK.

Salon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$35 and \$40. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.
H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
20 Broadway, New York.

COOK'S TOURS

Egypt, the Nile, Palestine, and other Mediterranean Resorts. Special rates by direct steamer from Japan, China, and the Hawaiian Islands in February. Pro-grammes free. January 8th.
621 Market Street, San Francisco. Established 1841.

SOCIETY.

The Hooper Dinner-Dance.

Miss Rose Hooper, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. B. Hooper, gave an enjoyable dinner-dance last Wednesday evening and hospitably entertained quite a number of her friends. The dinner was elaborate, and dancing was enjoyed afterward until a late hour. Miss Hooper's guests were:

Miss Ella Morgan, Misses Graham, Miss Mary Kip, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Lizzie Carroll, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Leontine Blake-man, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Josephine Blackmore, Miss Flora Dean, Miss Mamie Stubbs, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Bates, Miss Mary Polhemus, Miss Juliet Tompkins, Miss Salie Maynard, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Addison Mizner, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Lieutenant A. S. Fleming, U. S. A., Mr. H. B. Houghton, Lieutenant J. W. Joyce, U. S. A., Mr. Somers, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Tompkins, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Power, Mr. E. M. Duperu, Mr. Frank McC. Van Ness, Mr. Leonard Cheney, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Landers, Mr. George H. Wheaton, Mr. Pardee, Mr. Wright, Mr. L. S. Van Winkle, Mr. Joseph Clement, Lieutenant Charles E. Fox, U. S. N., and Mr. H. B. Price, U. S. N.

Notes and Gossip.

There is a proposition at hand to form here what will be called "The San Francisco Golf Club." Mr. Harry Babcock is one of the prime movers in the project, and it is probable that William Robertson, of Burlingame, will act as instructor. The golf links will be on the Presidio, and will be ready about the middle of January.

The hunt hall to be given at the Burlingame Club on New-Year's eve promises to be a brilliant affair. Pink coats will be worn by many of the gentlemen. House-parties will be given by several cottagers in the vicinity.

Arrangements are being made to have a polo tournament at Burlingame next April. So far the polo clubs of Santa Monica and Fort Walla Walla have signified their willingness to enter the contest.

The New Year holidays will be appropriately celebrated at the Hotel del Monte, and a large number of rooms have been engaged for that period. Most of the people will leave here on the half-past two o'clock fast train this Saturday afternoon. Some coaching parties and picnics have been planned, and the bathing will be an attraction. A hall will be given on New Year's eve, and an elaborate supper will be served.

The Friday Night Club will hold its next meeting on the evening of January 3d.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will hold its next meeting on the evening of January 8th.

Miss Genevieve Goad gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at the residence of her father, Mr. W. F. Goad, on Washington Street. The affair was in honor of Miss Hyde, of New York, who is here on a visit. The others present were Miss Ella Gnad, Miss Aileen Gnad, Miss Ella Hohart, Miss McNutt, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Walter S. Hohart, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, and Mr. Robert M. Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence on Franklin Street in honor of Miss Rose Walter and her fiancé, Mr. A. Mertief.

Mrs. John Boggs entertained many of her friends last Saturday at a matinee tea, at her residence on Post Street, given in honor of her daughter, Miss Alice Boggs, and Miss Fanny Coleman. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Alfred Tubbs,

Miss Louise Harrington, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Mae Spring, and Miss McNeil.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire, who is making Los Angeles his permanent home, entertained about fifty of his friends there last Saturday evening. Lotto was played and handsome prizes awarded, and an elaborate supper was served at the California Club.

The Friday Fortnightly Club gave a party at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening. The attendance was much larger than usual. It was originally intended to make this a Christmas cotillion, but the illness of Mrs. Gordon Blanding and the absence in the East of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury prevented proper arrangements being made. Several figures of the cotillion were danced under the leadership of Mr. Edward M. Greenway and Miss Kate Salisbury. They were assisted by Miss Sawyer, Miss Susie Blanding, Miss Hohart, and Miss Jessie Glasgow.

The officers and ladies at the Presidin gave a hup last Monday evening.

Stag jinks were given at the San Francisco Verein and the Concordia Club on Christmas Eve. Both organizations will give elaborate balls on New Year's eve.

Christmas Weather at Burlingame.

At the Christmas cotillion of the Friday Night Club, Mr. Joseph D. Grant got up an impromptu house-party for Burlingame, consisting of those seated at the same supper-table. The party comprised Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Miss Mamie McNutt, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. W. R. Heath. The party went down to Burlingame the next day, and spent a couple of days very pleasantly at Mr. Grant's pretty cottage there. On Saturday they took their luncheon on the south veranda, which is flooded with sunshine. It was so warm that some bottles of Bordeaux were brought to the proper drinkable temperature by simply placing them on the veranda rail in the sun. There are few places where people can take luncheon pleasantly in the open air during the Christmas holidays except in California.

The Peasant Cotillion.

The "peasant cotillion" has disappeared into the twilight, as Hans Breitmann says. Although the dresses designed were modest enough, coming to the ankles, it seems that some mammas objected. It is believed that it was not so much on the score of propriety, as on the score of "Trilbyism." The mammas of large-footed daughters feared that undue prominence might be given to their daughters' Trilbys. Well, skirts cover a multitude of sins. But, like Sitting Bull's braves, the daughters should be dubbed "Young-Women-Afraid-Of-Their-Feet."

There was an interesting lot disposed of at the sale of unclaimed dutiable goods seized by the New York customs authorities last week. It consisted of one thousand six hundred and sixty-seven packages of cigarettes consigned to Della Fnx, the comic-opera singer, by a London admirer. Each package contained six cigarettes, and each cigarette had a genuine gold-foil mouth-piece, fourteen carats fine. Furthermore, each cigarette had Miss Fox's name printed on it in gold. The cigarettes were wrapped in red silk paper. The tobacco in the cigarettes was the finest Perique. The London, or invoice, valuation was two hundred and forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. It was said that the cigarettes sold in London for twenty-five dollars per one thousand. They were started at twenty-five dollars, and finally bought in by a dapper little man at one hundred and twenty dollars. It is rumored that the dapper little man has ordered a 200-foot steam-yacht for Miss Fox's use next summer.

Clement Scott's war upon "Trilby" in London is greatly perturbing theatrical and literary circles. The play was well received by the provincial critics, and of all the London critics he alone found fault with the play and its interpretation. So far did he go that his regular criticism for *Truth* was rejected and Henry Labouchère himself wrote the article that appeared. Various motives are assigned to Mr. Scott—that he was insulted at being given merely a stall instead of a box on the first night, and that it is the result of a family feud with Du Maurier, to whom he is related by marriage.

There are certain compensations in having a not unusual name. A play, entitled "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown," is now being given at the Standard Theatre in New York, and the manager invited all the Browns he could find in a certain social directory to witness the play one night last week. They came by the hundreds, from an ex-congressman, who sat in a box, to small Browns in the gallery. It is terrible to think what the result might have been if, between the acts, some one had audibly suggested "Brown, come out and have something."

Ned Townsend, the author of "Chimmie Fadden," arrived in San Francisco Tuesday night. But no one knew it until Thursday. It was concealed (to the extent of a column) in the Christmas *Examiner*.

The Death of Mrs. de Marville.

On Christmas Day, Mrs. H. B. de Marville, a bride of less than a year's standing, died suddenly, leaving an infant only a few days old. Mrs. de Marville was Miss Cora Caduc, and was married to Dr. de Marville in January of this year. She was a young lady of great personal beauty, and added to her unusual beauty the greater gift of a charm of manner which won all hearts. Some years ago, she wrote for the *Argonaut* a series of brilliant letters from France over the signature "L'Américaine"—letters which were *inédites* in more senses than one, for they described the life of the French *gentilhomme* in their châteaux in beautiful rural France—a life which few Americans have seen. Mrs. de Marville's death will be widely regretted. With the husband who has just lost a wife of such great beauty, such unusual charm, and one who was scarcely out of her honeymoon, even those who do not know him must sympathize deeply.

A most distressing accident occurred last Wednesday afternoon, in which Mrs. E. R. Dimond and Mrs. Joseph S. Tabin were the sufferers. The ladies had been out calling and had reached the corner of Van Ness and Pacific Avenues, when a hook-and-ladder truck suddenly appeared and frightened their horses, which ran away, the driver being hurled from his seat. After running a couple of blocks, the animals collided with a hydrant and then with a telegraph-pole, one of the horses being killed instantly. Mrs. Dimond and Mrs. Tabin were rescued from the wreckage, and were found to be much cut by the broken glass. At a late hour Thursday evening the ladies were resting easily, and their physicians were positive there would be no serious results, although it is probable that they will both be marked by the cuts for some time to come.

Carlyle had his flings against science, but they were not very virulent; nevertheless, in regard to literature, he placed himself in the position of the ill bird that fouled its own nest, as witness the following amenities:

Keats is "curried dead dog" (whatever that may mean); Shelley is "a ghastly object"; Coleridge, "a puffy, obstructed-looking old man, talking in a maudlin sleep an infinite deal of nothing"; Lamb, "a puer cratur, with a thin streak of cockney wit, nothing humorous but his dress"; Walter Scott, "a toothless retailer of old wives' fables"; Brougham, "an eternal grinder of commonplace"; Wordsworth, "stooping to extract a spiritual catnap from mushrooms that were little better than toadstools"; Sir Robert Peel, "a plausible fox"; J. W. Croker, "an unhangd hound"; Lord John Russell, "a turnspit of good pedigree"; Lord Melbourne, "a monkey."

Now that her honeymoon has reached its fullness, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin-Riggs has taken up her residence in New York. Next to Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Riggs is probably the most popular woman in Maine, which was her early home. She still retains a quaint, old-fashioned house in one of the country villages there, and continues to spend a part of the summer in it. While in New York she is busy with her duties in the Kindergarten Association, of which she is vice-president.

The regular annual meeting of the members of the Maria Kip Orphanage, a corporation, will be held at the Diocesan House, No. 731 California Street, San Francisco, Cal., on the thirteenth day of January, 1896, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing directors and managers for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may come before the meeting. E. H. Rixford, Secretary.

According to the instructions given by Dumas *fils* in his will, none of the manuscripts left by him is to be published or performed at the theatre. His admirers will therefore not see the two plays, which he had almost entirely completed, performed at the Théâtre Français.

Hall Caine has not yet exhausted his Marx material. He apprehends, however, danger from overworking the same field. His next story will be modern and English, the main scenes being enacted in London.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* has a bright and musical heading in its report of the case of Miss Barbara Aub. It is "Souvent femme varie."

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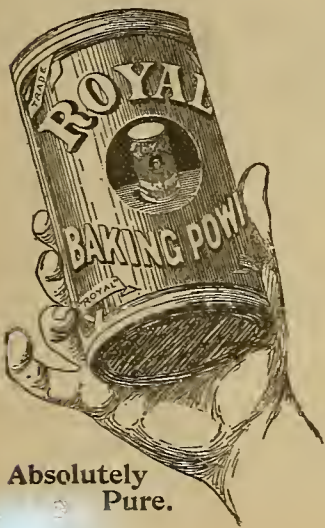
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SOCIETY.
Movements and Whereabouts.
Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:
Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Miss Dutton will leave for the Eastern States on January 2d.
Mr. Edward W. Townsend arrived here from New York last Tuesday night, and will remain some weeks.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from a visit to the Eastern States.
Mrs. Robert Howard Bennett will receive at 2400 Fillmore Street on the first and second Fridays in January with her mother, Mrs. Julia Conner, and her sisters, Mrs. Walter Ellis Rountree and Miss Conner.
Mr. and Mrs. John J. Crooks are passing the holidays with relatives in Chicago.
Dr. and Mrs. Clinton Cushing will soon remove to Washington, D. C., to reside there permanently, having purchased the residence of Hon. Robert M. McLane, of Maryland.
Mme. Julie Rosewald is expected to return from Baltimore next Monday.
Miss Bessie Bowie is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Army and Navy News.
The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:
General and Mrs. John Moore, U. S. A., gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening at their residence in Washington, D. C., in honor of Major-General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.
The United Service Club of New York city gave a reception last Saturday evening in honor of Major-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., and the members of his staff.
Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. H. Benyard, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to relieve Major Thomas H. Hanbury, U. S. A., in Florida.
Major William H. Heuer, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., who has been in charge of the river and harbor work at Humboldt Bay, has been transferred to Cincinnati as relief to Lieutenant-Colonel Stickney, U. S. A. Major C. F. L. B. Davis, U. S. A., now on duty at Washington, succeeds to the duties vacated by Major Heuer.
Captain Charles E. Woodruff, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., is now on duty at Fort Snelling.
Captain H. C. Cochran, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the *Philadelphia*, and ordered to report in person to the Colonel Commandant in Washington, D. C.
Lieutenant Rudolph Miner, U. S. N. (retired), has purchased a home in Los Angeles, corner of Scharff and Twenty-third Streets, where he and his family will henceforth reside.
Lieutenant C. K. Calkins, U. S. N., has been detached from the Branch Hydrographic Office at Port Oregon, and ordered to the *Boston*.
Lieutenant Dwight W. Ryther, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Second Infantry to the Sixth Infantry.
The following named officers will report in person to Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. M. Young, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., president of the examining board appointed to meet at the Presidio of San Francisco, at such time as they may be required by the board, for examination as to their fitness for promotion, and upon the conclusion of their respective examinations will return to their proper station: Second Lieutenant William S. Hart, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Second Lieutenant George E. Stockell, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Second Lieutenant William T. Litterant, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Second Lieutenant Richmond McA. Schofield, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.
First-Assistant Engineer E. P. Webber, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Hartley*.
First-Assistant Engineer C. W. Zastoons, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

She Wanted a Correspondence.
Mrs. L., a lady who has spent a number of years in Paris, came to San Francisco recently on a visit. People who have lived abroad for long periods realize more than others how unfamiliar certain phrases and customs seem. Mrs. L. had been used to the term "correspondence," used in Paris for transferring on the omnibuses and tramways, but our term "transfer," like Chaucer's abbeys, "was to her unknown." She had been directed by some friends how to reach their house by a certain street-car line, and where she should change cars. She remembered the name of the street, but she did not remember the name of the act. When she heard the street called, she rose hurriedly, and went to the conductor.
"I want a correspondence," said she.
"What's that, mum?" said the conductor.
"I want a correspondence," she repeated.
"Look here, lady," said the conductor, stiffly, drawing himself up, "I'm a married man, and I don't do no mashin'. I want you to understand that you don't git no mash notes from me. See? CHANGE FOR POLK AND LARKIN. Let them people out there! Cling-clog!"
And the car rolled on.

Here are a few bright sayings from the works of Dumas fils:
La femme, dit la Bible, est la dernière chose que Dieu ait faite. Il a du la faire le samedi soir. On sent la fatigue.
Dieu a fait les imbéciles pour que les gens d'esprit regrettent moins la vie.
La chaîne du mariage est si lourde qu'il faut se mettre deux pour la porter—quelquefois trois.
Cependant, de toutes les sottises que l'homme peut faire, c'est encore le mariage que je lui conseillerais le plus volontiers; c'est du moins la seule qu'il ne peut pas recommencer tous les jours.
C'est souvent la femme qui nous inspire les grandes choses qu'elle nous empêche d'accomplir.
L'homme est la seule chose qui fasse douter de Dieu.
Le jeu est la distraction de gens d'esprit et la passion des imbéciles.
Mr. Andrew Bogart will give a matinée song recital on Saturday, January 11th, at Golden Gate Hall.

A Brewer's Daughter's Wedding.
The Eastern press has had a great deal to say about the lavish magnificence of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding and the generally gorgeous send-off it gives its heiresses when they join their fortunes with the blue blood of European nobility. But all the wealth and style of this country is not centered in New York, and the woolly West has recently placed itself on record in a way that conclusively proves this fact.
The occasion was the marriage of Miss Clara Hazel Busch, eldest daughter of the St. Louis brewer, to Mr. Paul von Gontard, a solid German brewer of good though not noble family. Her father came to this country a generation ago, a ruddy-faced German lad, and when he had married his employer's daughter, turned the fifty-thousand-dollar Anheuser Brewery into the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company, assessed at about twenty millions of dollars, and raised a family of ten children. He determined that his daughter's wedding should be "the best that money could buy," and would "lay cleao over" anything the effete East could put up in the way of nuptial celebrations.
He has had his wish. The ceremony took place in St. Louis, a few days ago, and the affair cost him a matter of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, exclusive of the bride's dot, which mounts into the millions, and a little wedding gift of an estate in Germany valued at two hundred thousand dollars. About five hundred invitations to the ceremony were issued, and, as many of the guests came from Europe and distant cities of the United States, Mr. Busch provided them with transportation and hotel accommodations during their stay. The church decorations were on a like lavish scale, and for the reception the entire second floor of the Southern Hotel was engaged and specially decorated. It was in the upper floor of this hostelry that Mr. Busch's guests were put up, and each apartment used by them was newly furnished for the occasion. The bridal apartment was at the Planters' Hotel, and consisted of a suite of five rooms, occupying one hundred feet of the hotel frontage.
It would be tiresome to enumerate all the details of Mr. Busch's expenditure for this event, but the leading items are as follows:
Bridal dress and "trimmings"..... \$5,000
Trousseau and all that this implies..... 25,000
Souvenirs..... 5,000
Flowers..... 31,000
Presents to brewery workmen..... 10,000
Transportation of European guests and their entertainment..... 20,000
Rent, Southern Hotel..... 5,000
Supper..... 4,000
The Rev. Dr. Snyder, who performed the ceremony..... 1,000
Decorations of Southern and Planters' Hotels..... 5,000
Incidentals, including the bride's jewels..... 10,000
Total..... \$121,000
It is said that a special ship has been chartered to convey the wedding-gifts to the happy couple's future home, but this statement is not authenticated, and we give it simply for what it is worth.


Mr. Joseph Chamberlain once remarked to a vacillating and somewhat lazy member of the House of Commons: "My dear boy, observe the postage-stamp; its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."
There will be seven of the Paderewski concert at the California Theatre.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

His bluff called: *He*—"I was going to ask you to go sleighing with me to-day, but there's no snow on the ground." *She*—"Then, I am afraid, you will have to get a carriage."—*Puck*.

Young husband—"Why do you object to tobacco?" *Young wife*—"Because it's a poison." *Young husband*—"But it's a slow poison." *Young wife*—"That's my objection."—*Judge*.

Proved: Husband—"I don't see why it was necessary to call the doctor when the baby had only a trifling cough." *Wife*—"Well, dear, I asked the doctor, and he said I did right."—*Puck*.

"How much was that diamond ornament you had stolen from you worth?" asked the theatrical interviewer. "Fifteen columns," answered the actress, absent-mindedly.—*Boston Bulletin*.

Missionary—"Surely you remember Mr. Twaddles, who preached the Gospel to your tribe two years ago?" *Savage chief*—"Oh, yes! I remember him very well. He was delicious."—*Life*.

She—"Aod you really attended the queen's reception in London. The men, I suppose, stood uncovered in the presence of royalty?" "Yes, but not to the same extent as the women."—*Life*.

Cholly—"Yass; I tried to play golf last summer, but I gave it up when I was hit on the head and knocked silly." *Maud*—"Indeed, that's too bad; and cao the doctors do nothing for you?"—*Truth*.

Wheeler—"And don't you thioik the bicycle will ever be used in warfare?" *Walker*—"No, I doubt if it ever will get further than its present status, as a mere instrument for assault and battery."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

She—"I was afraid you were going to kiss me the, you pursed up your lips so." *He*—"Oh, no; I wouldn't dare do that. I merely had some sand in my mouth." *She* (disgustedly)—"Don't take it out. It may get into your system."—*Girls' High School World*.

"Yes, I had to give Plates his release," explained the base-ball baron; "he was a good player, but the drink habit was growing on him and he had become unreliable." "Ah, I see," said the sportiog editor; "his batting average was too high."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Madam," said the new boarder, "one of your family came very ocar dying last night." "Indeed. I was not aware that aoy one was ill. Who was it?" "The mao is the room next to mine who played the corocet till three A. M. He stopped just in time to save his life."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"If you would like something unusually fine," said the art dealer, "I have a genuine Turner I shall be happy to show you." "A picture that's painted on ooe side is good enough for me," responded the wealthy contractor, traosfixing the presumiog tradesman with a sharp glaoce, "ef it's well done."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Robbins (a visitor)—"Say, Dobbios, why do you have all these horrible Chioese masks around the bouse when you are raising a child? You know, they say a child receives its impressions from its surroundings." *Dobbios*—"That's just it, my boy! My wife's rich aunt is coming to visit us, and we have hopes of her making our little Heory her heir. I don't want him to be afraid of her, and I'm breaking him in with these."—*Puck*.

The Hamlet of the compaoay was fighting with the Ghost. Polooius and Laertes refused to make up until their two weeks' back pay was forthcoming; and Ophelia was in tears over the real and unexpected loss of nearly a pint of paste diamonds. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager, stepping in froot of the curtain and addressing the scattered auditors before him, "I regret to say that owing to circus traotrams, over which I have no control, there will be oo performance," etc.—*Chicago Tribune*.

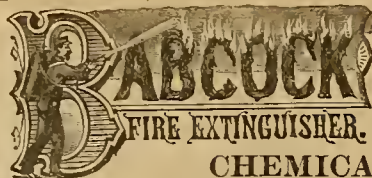
Mr. Sloper came in the other day and told Mrs. Sloper all about Mrs. Bloomer's oew bicycle-suit. "It was great," he said; "it had a skirt that came about up to her knees, and trousers underneath. The skirt wasn't ooe of those full thiogs, you know; it was real scant. Then there were leggings and low shoes just the same color as the suit—a sort of dusty brown. And the leggings—" "What sort of a bat did she wear?" interrupted Mrs. Sloper. Mr. Sloper was sileot for an instant. Then—"I didn't look at her hat," he said.—*New York Evening Sun*.

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